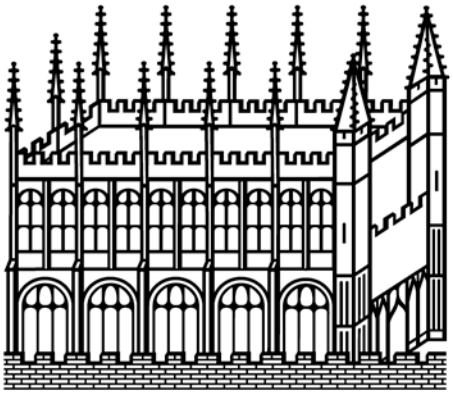

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ASMODEUS:

OR,

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
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ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE

ASMODEUS

OR THE

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS

PRECEDED BY

DIALOGUES, SERIOUS AND COMIC

BETWEEN

TWO CHIMNEYS OF MADRID

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE

With Four Original Etchings by R. de Los Rios

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DIALOGUES, SERIOUS AND COMIC,

BETWEEN

TWO CHIMNEYS OF MADRID.

—o—

DIALOGUE I.

The Chimney A, *and the Chimney* B.

A. It is all over with me, my dear neighbour, I am quite ruined; the Lares, my protecting gods, now freeze by my hearth, and the same chillness seizes myself from head to foot.—*B.* I am startled at what you tell me. How has this terrible distemper seized you? and how comes it you are so suddenly changed from hot to cold? for I have constantly seen you all in a fire.—*A.* Alas! I must of necessity follow the destiny of my friend the scholar and the poor man.—*B.* What has happened to him?—*A.* Oh! the greatest of misfortunes; his income, that is to say, the profits of his pen, are quite put a stop to.—*B.* I can't say, neighbour, that I yet understand you.—*A.* Why, then, I'll explain myself: I talk of an author; his finances depended upon

the sale of small pamphlets, calculated for amusement, which he composed, and they have forbid all writings of this kind.—*B.* What! did these pamphlets support him?—*A.* Yes; and at his ease too; for he did not take up his time in correcting and publishing a volume; he entertained the public with these flying numbers, at least seven or eight in the year.—*B.* What a pity it is to deprive the world of the industry of so good a hand; and how comes it they forbid writings of amusement, the very best things in the world? The public loves to be entertained, and why are they not at their liberty to buy what diverts them?—*A.* You are certainly in the right; and this prevailing taste makes both for authors and booksellers. But then this is the ground of the clamour against that kind of writings; they say that nothing is wrote nowadays but low nonsense and mere bagatelle; and that posterity will distinguish this age for the *Age of romances and all sorts of futility.* They say, moreover, that there is a general depravity of taste; that these broken numbers are a real tax upon the public; that by this means a romance is swelled to an intolerable size; and that an author is now actually proposing a scheme to divide one of them into three hundred and sixty-five parcels; that he may be able to supply his customers every day in the year.—*B.* Why, after the thousand and one nights, the thousand and one days, the thousand and one quarters of an hour, and so many other thousand and one things, I think they may very well put up with a romance split into no more than three hundred and sixty-five divisions.—*A.* Judge, then, if they ought to find fault with my author, who, in no work, has ever divided beyond number eight.—*B.* Indeed, my

dear friend, I pity you, as I do the chimneys of all authors and booksellers, who will soon become as cold as yours.—*A.* It is but cold comfort for the afflicted to have others as miserable as themselves.—*B.* You are to be pitied ; and I do pity you ; what else is in my power to do ? Besides, I must tell you freely, that a long time since, I have heard many people say it was high time to check that prevailing taste for low trifling amusements, and to put a stop to romance-writing.—*A.* What is this you say ?—*B.* Yes, it is true ; and men of discernment, who are unprejudiced, say now, that this inhibition is of great service to polite writing. That people ought to have some useful end in view, or not write at all. This is their judgment upon the affair, and all the world come into their sentiments.—*A.* But is not that which pleases at the same time useful ?—*B.* Yes, what gives pleasure is so far useful. But besides the utility arising only from pleasure, readers of taste want something solid and instructive, something that has its foundation laid in the real truth of manners : for example, "The Devil upon Two Sticks" is so far a romance, but, at the same time, more instructive than a treatise of morality. There the fable is both pleasant and useful ; that is, useful by joining pleasure with instruction. Let your author write such another, and I'll answer for his having permission to print it, provided, though, he don't publish it in eight numbers ; for that, you know, is robbing the public to enrich the bookseller.—*A.* Come, let us put an end to this conversation. One may easily perceive that you are a chimney belonging to a change-broker. You are a tasteless, insipid creature, and ignorant, in the superlative degree, of everything concerning

literature; your narrow genius does not reach beyond a sum in addition; and I am ready to hang myself for having been so free with you as I have been.—*B.* What! do you insult me, in return for my showing such concern for your misfortunes?—*A.* Is that showing concern for one's misfortunes, to commend those who are the cause of them? Go, once more, I tell you, you are as great a dunce as him you belong to.—*B.* For one that complains of being almost froze to death, methinks you show a good deal of warmth. But, in the meantime, I desire you will let my brother alone; one dash of his pen is worth all the volumes of Parnassus. Everything he writes is sensible, agreeable, and universally approved; and so long as his writings are but legible, I fear not the cold; my hearth will be kept as warm as if it had been the eternal fire of the vestals, and your poor chilled author will bless himself to be allowed to sit down by it. As for you, notwithstanding your ill-usage of me, all the harm I wish you, is such another brother as mine to put you into heat again.

DIALOGUE II.

The Chimney C, *and the Chimney* D.

C. WHAT a prodigy! what a miracle is this! Do you know, my friend, what has happened to me?—*D.* Is it long since?—*C.* About an hour ago.—*D.* No, my dear neighbour, I know not; for I was obliged to assist at a marriage which was celebrated in the apartment I belong to.—*C.* A marriage!—*D.* Yes, and a couple the best matched that can be. Lysander and Celimene have taken me witness to their vows. The Penates, my household gods, are the only guarantees of their mutual engagements, and the faith they have plighted to one another. No mortal was present at this ceremony, excepting Lizetta, the faithful servant of Celimene. They are now enjoying the pleasures of this mysterious union.—*C.* This marriage, to be sure, is very solemnly ratified!—*D.* Why, yes, I know as well as you, there are some little formalities wanting, but what then? Love will supply the place of all. They love one another, and I am convinced, let their parents do what they please, will continue so to do; and pray, do you find that common in marriages solemnised according to the rites of the church?—*C.* No, really. Marriages, for the most part, are only so many civil contracts, that bind two persons eternally together, who are so far from loving, that they generally hate one another during the whole course of their lives.—*D.* Well, I can answer for it, the bonds which unite

Lysander and Celimene are more sacred and solemn, for they are the bonds of love.—*C.* I wish you joy, my dear neighbour; and I like you all the better for interesting yourself so much in the happiness of lovers. It is what we owe them, as confidants of their secrets; and I myself would do all in my power to serve them, which you will easily believe, when I tell you what has happened to me, which is pretty much such another affair as yours. You know the apartment I belong to is a real cell.—*D.* Ay, and the cell of the charming little Julia.—*C.* Julia was beloved by a very pretty fellow of an officer, named Trason; and Trason did not bestow his love on one that was ungrateful.—*D.* Now, I did not know that.—*C.* There was nothing wanting to complete their mutual happiness but a favourable opportunity; and Julia's mother had more eyes than Argus. The cell where this unhappy young creature lay was more inaccessible than the tower of Danae.—*D.* Bless me, how learned you are! You understand the ancient fables. I fancy before you had Julia, some poet had studied by your fireside. But since you mention the tower of Danae, you remember it could not keep out a shower of gold.—*C.* True, and you remember likewise, that Danae was courted by Jupiter; and you know a god can change water and stones into gold; but Trason's pockets had been pretty well drained by three campaigns, so that it did not at all suit him to have recourse to that expedient.—*D.* What other expedient, then, did he fall upon?—*C.* The most simple and obvious one that could be. He lives but just by; and, without the help of any other magic than pure love, up he gets through his chimney to the ridge of the houses, comes

to the head of my chimney, which he easily removed; for I had no mind to hinder him; and then slides down through the funnel into the chamber of Julia, supporting himself by his hands and his knees.—*D.* Did she expect his coming?—*C.* No, she only wished it: and far from running with open arms to receive her lover, was in a most mortal fright at seeing him come down.—*D.* She swooned away, I warrant you.—*C.* If she did not at first, she would have done so very soon. Come, none of your joking. This gallant of a chimney-sweeper cast himself at the feet of Julia, and she soon knew him to be her dear Trason. You never saw anything more moving than the situation they were both in at that time. This is the advantage we chimneys enjoy: we are witnesses to a thousand sights that men would pay any price for seeing. At present Julia's fears are over: she feels emotions of quite a different kind. —*D.* There, now, my good neighbour, in one night two marriages pretty much alike.—*C.* Why, very nearly so, indeed. Though my couple not only exchange the solemn vow, but the consequences will, very probably, oblige the mother of Julia to acknowledge Trason for her son-in-law; and I rejoice beforehand in the thoughts of what perplexity this good woman will be reduced to.—*D.* And I in the pleasures her dear child at this moment enjoys.

DIALOGUE III.

Chimney E, *and Chimney* F.

E. PRAY tell me, if you please, good neighbour F, how you can, without being tired, put up with having nobody besides your two old maids? For from morning till night no one comes near your fireside; you have always the same people, and always the same subject of conversation. Indeed, I should imagine that by this time your patience was wore out.—*F.* I must indeed own to you, that I often wish they would change their quarters; though, perhaps, in that case, I should be hard put to it how to breathe, as, in all probability, I should not have so good a fire; for they are extremely devout, so of consequence take no less care of their bodies than of their souls; especially when a certain abbot, whom I could name, comes to visit them; then they spare no cost; their kitchen then may vie with that of a lord, and the smoke I breathe upon is a perfect perfume.—*E.* As far as I perceive, you love nothing but smoke. Well, every one to their own tastes, I love variety. New faces, and new adventures, are my delight. I am, as I suppose you know, the chimney of a furnished lodging.—*F.* And as such it is very happy for you that you have a turn for variety.—*E.* I have so great a turn that way, that I should be extremely sorry to see the same lodger six months together; and have reason to be thankful that it is a thing never happened to me since the first moment of my

existence.—*F.* Belike, then, you are not the oldest of your neighbourhood.—*E.* No, not by a great deal; but for all that, I believe I have the most experience.—*F.* Impart to me, then, some of your adventures; I beg you to do it, as you would oblige a neighbour.—*E.* With all my heart, if it don't tire you; and will begin from the time I first commenced chimney. He who first sat down by my fire was the younger son of a good family, but of a country where the portion of younger sons consists only in their sword, joined to a happy impudence of bullying every one with their being born gentlemen. This talent my gentleman possessed in an eminent degree; but had another at the same time much more profitable; for he played with constant good luck, and his good luck was the effect of the most assiduous study; every day he was busy in calculating the various chances upon the cards, and at night put his theory into practice.—*F.* He must, at that rate, have been always flush of money.—*E.* No, you are mistaken: for he squandered it away as fast as he got it; so that he was always needy. Indeed, sometimes he cut a great flash; that is a disease peculiar to his nation; but then it never lasted long. His good fortune exasperated the students, who frequented the same nurseries of education, against him, and they brought him into several scrapes, so that at the end of four months I lost him. He was, however, a mighty good lodger, and I regret the loss of him to this day.—*F.* Who came in his room?—*E.* A man the most singular, perhaps, that ever yet lived. A husband, faithful and affectionate even beyond the grave; that could not be comforted for the loss of his dear rib: in short, a phœnix of

a husband. The moment he came, he ordered his room to be hung with black, shut up his windows against the rays of the sun; and had no light in his chamber but the dim glimmerings of a lamp. Enclosed in this frightful gloom, his constant employment was to sob and shed tears without ceasing. Very often, as if he had been possessed, he would speak aloud to an urn that stood upon a table covered with black cloth, and which he seemed to adore. He would converse with that precious relic, and speak to it as if it answered his passionate expostulations.—*F.* It is a chance but some spirit was enclosed in that same urn.—*E.* A spirit! What a simpleton you are! No, it was the heart of his wife; that was the object of his vows and adoration. —*F.* This was tenderness of grief to excess. I can scarce believe what you tell me.—*E.* Nor should I, if I had not seen it. I remember, some time or other, to have heard one of my lodgers reading a book which mentioned a story of the same sort of fidelity, or madness, in an English philosopher, which I do not believe to this day, notwithstanding what I have told you; for an example of this kind ought to stand alone.—*F.* But how long did your lodger continue in this fit?—*E.* Full three months. True it is, his eyes, the fountains of his tears, began to dry up, and refused to furnish him with fresh supplies of continued grief, and by degrees his devotions to the urn seemed to relish of form and ceremony. Happily for him, his friends found him out, and of consequence relieved him. I believe he yielded to the violence they made use of with only a seeming reluctance. However, away they took him, and I was freed of this mournful guest.—*F.* And, I suppose,

did not much lament the loss of him.—*E.* Not in the least, I assure you. The room was afterwards let to a woman, at which I rejoiced mightily, as I had hitherto been acquainted only with men. A kind of quaker's dress, and a certificate of forty years marked upon her forehead, gave her a matron air, which struck me at first sight; and by what I had heard of devotees, I immediately judged her to be one.—*F.* Now, perhaps, you might be mistaken.—*E.* I was very soon convinced of my error; for the woman was a woman of sense and conduct; she loved pleasure, yet regarded her reputation, and came from the country, a great way off, to Madrid, that she might be sheltered from the malice of slander; and, a very short time after, the gentleman on whose account she had undertaken the journey followed her. Bless me! how surprised I was at the first visit she received from her lover; she flew with transport into his arms; her demureness was changed into a wanton sprightliness, and the glow upon her cheeks effaced the traits of her age.—*F.* A pretty lady for a devotee truly!—*E.* As she loved her man with all the violence of passion, she made use of every method to preserve her conquest. She was very well apprised, that, at her age, it is allowed for women to embellish the charms of nature by art, and accordingly she used everything she could for that purpose!—*F.* And what arts, pray, must she use for that purpose?—*E.* I will tell you. Besides black and white, which painted her complexion to what height of colour she pleased; she called in every other thing to her assistance, dress, baths, and perfumes. She was at her toilet always till her gallant came, and repaired to it again immediately

when he was gone away. She was perpetually at her glass, practising the different airs, either sprightly or languishing, which she imagined might do execution. As for the artillery of endearments and caresses, that she was perfect mistress of.—*F.* With all that, methinks, it was hardly possible she could miss of making herself beloved.—*E.* But then she had other charms infinitely more powerful over the heart of a young lover. She was liberal and rich, and one must have a heart of flint not to love a generous mistress. But the appointed days of man are numbered: when these two lovers were now at the height of mutual felicity, the gallant fell sick, and died a few days afterwards, in spite of all the assistance that could be administered by the most able physicians.—*F.* The lady, no doubt, took on mightily?—*E.* Yes, she wept, resumed her former demure air, and went back into her own country, to edify her neighbours by her example. My chamber was not long empty; it was taken by another woman, who was, by profession, a go-between, a match-maker.—*F.* A rare kind of occupation, truly.—*E.* It is an occupation that is very common. Negotiators of this sort require a deal of address, and this good lady did not want for that. She carried the proposals, procured interviews, and very often brought the matter to a final conclusion. How many of these contracts have been ratified in my apartment! She would make a younger brother, not worth a shilling, pass for a gentleman of fortune, and set off a demirep for a pattern of illustrious virtue.—*F.* What an admirable woman this was!—*E.* All this she could do with the greatest ease, and could take in the most cautious and wary; so that by her dexterity she had got

a pretty fortune; but at last she began to have scruples, and her remorses carried her so far, that she retired into a convent, there to repent of her former scandalous life. Thus a fit of devotion deprived me of this experienced brokeress. —*F.* Well, but happily for you the natural indifference of your temper prevented your regretting the loss of her.—*E.* That is true; however, after her I had a great many people of common characters in life; men and women, for example, that were concerned in lawsuits, a very troublesome sort of lodgers; or people who came from the country to see what o'clock it was at Madrid, and returned home, for the most part, as wise as they were before. But it now begins to grow late; so, neighbour, I wish you a good night; another time when we meet, I shall give you an account of some more original characters whom I have at my fireside.—*F.* Adieu, good neighbour; I will not fail to put you in mind of your promise.

ASMODEUS:

OR,

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT SORT OF A DEVIL THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS WAS; AND WHERE AND HOW DON CLEOFAS PEREZ ZAMBULLO BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH HIM.

ONE night in October, when thick darkness had overspread the famous city of Madrid, and the weary inhabitants, being retired to their respective homes, had left the streets free to those restless lovers, whose nightly care it is to sing their pains or pleasures under the balconies of their mistresses; and now the busy instruments had already roused the careful fathers, and alarmed the jealous husbands: in short, it was almost midnight when Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, a young student of Alcala, very nimbly bolted out of the garret window of a house, into which the indiscreet son of the Cytherean goddess had enticed him. He endeavoured to preserve his life and honour, by flying from three or four bullies, who followed close at his

heels, threatening to kill or force him to marry a lady, with whom they had just before surprised him.

Though alone, he yet bravely defended himself for some time against so much odds, and had still maintained his ground, if they had not wrested his sword from him in the fight. They followed him for some time along the gutters; but, favoured by the night, he at length got clear of them, and stealing along from one housetop to another, he made towards a light which he perceived at a great distance off, and which, feeble as it was, yet served him for a lantern in that dangerous conjuncture. After more than once running the risk of breaking his neck, he reached the garret where its rays proceeded, and entered it by a window, as much transported with joy as a pilot is when he finds himself and his ship safe in the harbour, after a narrow escape at sea and the terrors of a tempest.

He immediately looked around him, and much wondered he should meet with nobody in an apartment, which seemed so very odd and surprising. He examined it with great attention, and saw a copper lamp hanging from the ceiling, books and papers in confusion on the table, spheres and compasses on the one side, phials and quadrants on the other; all which made him conclude, that under this roof lived an astrologer, who usually retired hither to make his observations. He reflected on the dangers he had by good fortune escaped, and was considering what course was the most proper for him to take, when he was interrupted by a deep sigh that broke forth very near him. He at first took it for a nocturnal illusion, or imaginary phantom, proceeding from the

disturbance he was in, and without interruption continued his reflections.

But being interrupted a second time in the same manner, he then took it for something real; and, though he saw no soul in the room, could not help crying out, "Who the devil is it that sighs here?"—"It is me, Signor Student," answered a voice, which had somewhat very extraordinary in it; "I have been six months enclosed in one of these glass phials. In this house lives a skilful astrologer and magician, who, by the power of his art, has confined me to this close prison."—"You then are a spirit," said Cleofas, somewhat confused at this uncommon adventure." "I am a demon," replied the voice, "and you are come very opportunely to free me from a slavery where I languish in idleness; though I am the most active and indefatigable devil in hell."

Cleofas was somewhat affrighted at these words; but, being naturally courageous, he recollected himself, and, in a resolute tone, thus addressed himself to the spirit: "Signor Demon, pray inform me by what character you are distinguished amongst your brethren. Are you a devil of quality, or an ordinary one?"—"I am," replied the voice, "a very considerable devil, and am more esteemed in this and in the other world than any other."—"Perhaps," replied Cleofas, "you may be the demon which we call Lucifer?"—"No," replied the spirit, "he is the mountebank's devil."—"Are you then Uriel?" returned the student. "Fie!" hastily interrupted the voice, "he is the patron of traders, tailors, butchers, bakers, and other third-rate thieves."

"It may be you are Beelzebub?" said Leandro.

"You deceive yourself," answered the spirit; "he is the demon of governantes, and gentlemen-ushers, or waiting-men."—"This surprises me," said the student; "I took Beelzebub for one of the greatest of your number."—"He is one of the least," replied the demon; "you have no true notion of our hell."

"You must then," replied Don Cleofas, "be either Leviathan, Belphegor, or Ashtaroth."—"Oh! as for those three," said the voice, "they are devils of the first rank; they are the court-spirits; they enter into the councils of princes, animate their ministers, form leagues, stir up insurrections in states, and light the torches of war. These are not such boobies as the first you mentioned to me."—"Ah! tell me, I entreat you," said the student, "what post has Flagel?"—"He is the soul of the law, and the life of the bar," replied the devil. "It is he who makes out the attorneys' and bailiffs' writs; he inspires the pleaders, possesseth the council, and attends the judges.

"But my business lies another way: I make ridiculous matches, and marry old graybeards to raw girls under age, masters to their maids, virgins of low fortunes to lovers that have none. It is I that have introduced into the world luxury, debauchery, games of chance, and chemistry. I am the inventor of carousals, dancing, music, plays, and all the new French fashions. In a word, I am the celebrated Asmodeus, surnamed the *Devil upon two Sticks.*"

"Ah!" cried Don Cleofas, "are you then the famous Asmodeus, so gloriously celebrated by Agrippa and the Clavicula Salamonis? Really you have not told me all your amusements; you have forgotten the best of them. I know that you some-

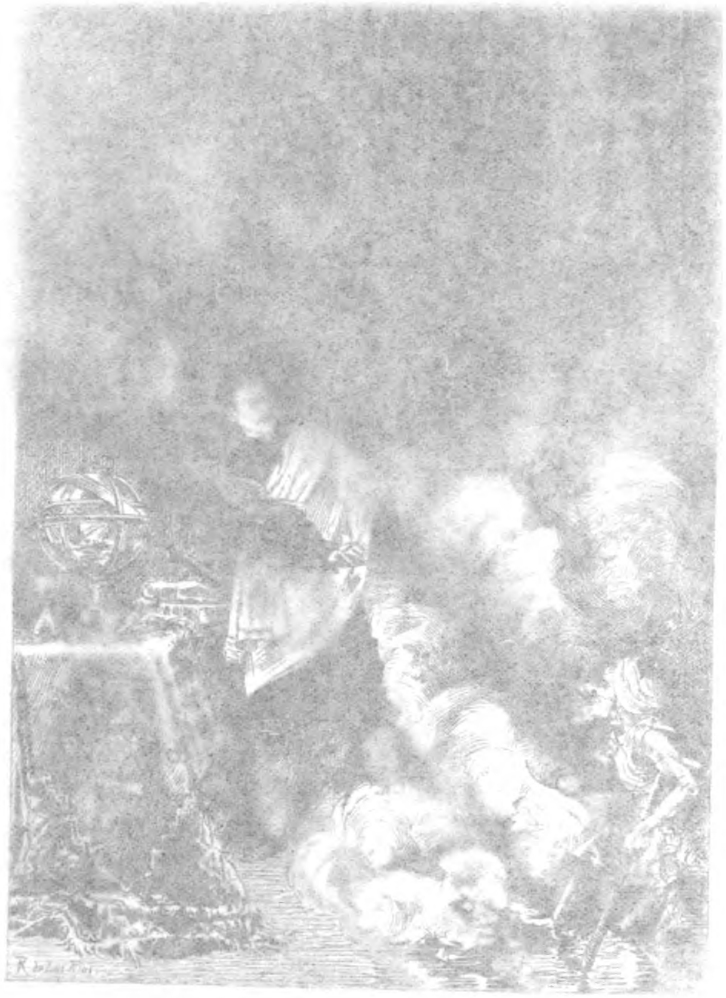
times divert yourself with assuaging the pains of unfortunate lovers; by the same token, it was by your assistance that a young gentleman, a friend of mine, crept into the good graces of a doctor of the university of Alcala's lady."—"It is true," said the spirit; "I reserved that till the last. I am the demon of luxury, or, to express it genteeler, the god Cupid; for the poets have bestowed that fine name on me, and, indeed, painted me in very advantageous colours; they describe me with gilded wings, a fillet bound over my eyes, a bow in my hand, a quiver of arrows on my shoulders, and a charming, beautiful face. What sort of a face it is you shall immediately see, if you please to set me at liberty."

"Signor Asmodeus," replied Don Cleofas, "you know that I have long been your sincere devotee; of the truth of which the dangers I just now run are sufficient evidences. I should be very ambitious of an opportunity of serving you; but the vessel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly enchanted, and all my endeavours to unstop or break it will be vain; wherefore, I cannot very well tell which way to deliver you out of prison. I am not much used to these sort of deliverances; and, betwixt you and I, if such a subtle devil as you are cannot make your way out, how can a wretched mortal like me effect it?"—"It is in your power to do it," answered the demon; "the phial in which I am enclosed is barely a plain glass bottle, which is very easy to break; you need only to throw it on the ground, and I shall immediately appear in human shape."—"If so," said the student, "it is easier than I imagined; tell me, then, in which phial you are, for I see so many like one

another, that I cannot distinguish them."—"It is the fourth from the window," replied the spirit; "though the cork be sealed with a magical seal, yet the bottle will easily break."

"It is enough, Signor Asmodeus," returned Don Cleofas; "there is now only one small difficulty which deters me: when I have done you this service, will you not make me pay for the broken pots?"—"No accident shall befall you," answered the demon; "but, on the contrary, you will be pleased with my acquaintance. I will learn you whatever you are desirous to know, inform you of all things which happen in the world, and discover to you all the faults of mankind; I will be your tutelar demon; you shall find me much more intelligent than that of Socrates; and I will make you far surpass that philosopher in wisdom. In a word, I will bestow myself on you, with my good and ill qualities; the latter of which shall not be less advantageous to you than the former."

"These are fine promises," replied the student, "but you gentlemen devils are accused of not being very religious observers of what you promise to men."—"It is a groundless charge," replied Asmodeus; "some of my brethren indeed make no scruple of breaking their word; but I (not to mention the service you are going to do me, which I can never sufficiently repay) am a slave to mine; and I swear, by all that renders our oaths inviolable, that I will not deceive you. Depend upon my assurances. I promise you, withal, that you shall revenge yourself on Donna Thomasa, that perfidious lady, who hid four ruffians to surprise and force you to marry her; a circumstance that should please you."



R. de Los Rios

Young Zambullo, charmed above all with this last promise, to hasten its accomplishment, immediately took the phial, and, without concerning himself what might be the event of it, he threw it hard against the ground. It broke into a thousand pieces, and overflowed the floor with a blackish liquor, which by little and little evaporated, and converted itself into a thick smoke; which dissipating all at once, the amazed student beheld the figure of a man in a cloak, about two feet and a half high, resting on two crutches. This diminutive lame monster had goat's legs, a long visage, sharp chin, a yellow and black complexion, and a very flat nose; his eyes, which seemed very little, resembled two lighted coals; his mouth was extremely wide, above which were two wretched red whiskers, edged with a pair of unparalleled lips.

This charming Cupid's head was wrapped up in a sort of turban of red crape, set off with a plume of cocks' and peacocks' feathers. About his neck he wore a yellow linen collar, on which were drawn several models of necklaces and earrings. He was dressed in a short white satin coat, and girt about with a girdle of virgin-parchment, marked with talismanical characters. On this coat were painted several pairs of women's stays, very advantageously fitted for the discovery of their breasts; scarfs, party-coloured aprons, new-fashioned head-dresses of various sorts, each more extravagant than the other.

But all these were nothing compared with his cloak, the ground of which was also of white satin; on it, with Indian ink, were drawn an infinite number of figures, with so much freedom, and such masterly

strokes, that it was natural enough to think the devil had a hand in it: on one side appeared a Spanish lady, covered with her veil, teasing a stranger as they were walking; and on the other, a French one, practising new airs in her glass, in order to try them at a young patched and painted abbot, who appeared at her chamber door. Here a parcel of Italian cavaliers were singing and playing on the guitar under their mistresses' balconies; and there a company of Germans, all in confusion, and unbuttoned, more intoxicated with wine and begrimed with snuff than your conceited French fops, surrounding a table overflowed with the filthy remains of their debauch. In one place was a great Mahometan lord coming out of the bath, and encompassed by all the women of his seraglio, officiously crowding to tender him their service; in another, an English gentleman very gallantly presenting a pipe and a pot of beer to his mistress.

There the gamesters were also wonderfully well represented; some of them animated by a sprightly joy, heaping up pieces of gold and silver in their hats; and others, broken and reduced to play upon honour, casting up their sacrilegious eyes to heaven, and gnawing their cards with despair. To conclude, there were as many curious things to be seen on it, as on the admirable buckler of the son of Peleus, which exhausted all Vulcan's art; with this difference betwixt the performance of the two cripples, that the figures on the buckler had no relation to the exploits of Achilles, but, on the contrary, those on the cloak were so many lively images of whatever was done in the world by the suggestion of Asmodeus.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE STORY OF ASMODEUS'S DELIVERANCE IS CONTINUED.

THE demon observing that the sight of him did not very agreeably prepossess the student in his favour, smiling, said: "Well, Signor Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, you see the charming God of Love, the sovereign ruler of hearts. What do you think of my beauty and air? do you not take the poets for excellent painters?"—"Why, really," answered Cleofas, "they do flatter a little. You did not, I suppose, appear in this shape to Psyche?"—"Doubtless no," replied Asmodeus; "I borrowed the appearance of a little French marquis, to make her dote on me: vice must always be covered with a fair appearance, without which it will never please. I assume whatever shape I will, and could have showed myself to you in a finer imaginary body; but designing, without any disguise, to lay myself open to you, I was willing that you should see me in a shape best suited to the opinion which the world entertains of me and my functions."

"I am not surprised," said the student, "that you are somewhat ugly: pardon, if you please, the harshness of the term; the conversation which we have had

together may admit of some freedom. Your features are very well proportioned to the idea I have of you; but pray tell me how you came to be a cripple."

"My lameness," answered the devil, "is owing to a quarrel I formerly had in France with Pillardoc, the Devil of Interest, about one Manceau, a man of business, and one of the farmers of the revenues: he being very rich, we as warmly contested who should have the possession of him, and fought it out in the middle region of the air, from whence Pillardoc (being the stronger of the two) threw me down to the earth, as the poets tell you Jupiter did Vulcan; and so, from the resemblance of our adventures, my comrades call me the *Lame Devil*, or the *Devil upon two Sticks;* and that nickname, which they gave me in raillery, has stuck by me ever since: but though a cripple, I can yet go pretty nimbly; you shall be a witness of my agility.

"But," adds he, "let us end this discourse, and make haste out of the garret. It will not be long before the magician comes up to labour at the immortality of a beautiful Sylph, which nightly visits him; and if he should surprise us, he would not fail to commit me to the bottle from whence I came, and confine you to the same. Let us, therefore, in the first place, throw away all the pieces of the broken phial, that the enchanter may not discover my enlargement."

"If he should find it out after our departure," said Cleofas, "what would then be the event?"—"What would be the event!" answered the demon; "I find you have not read the treatise concerning Compulsions. Alas! were I concealed at the farthest part

of the earth, or hidden in the region where the fiery Salamanders dwell; should I descend to the shades below, or the bottom of the deepest sea, I should not be secured from his resentment. His conjurations are so powerful, that all hell trembles at them. In short, I cannot resist his arbitrary commands, but shall be forced, much against my will, to appear before him, and submit to whatever pains he pleases to inflict on me."

"If so," replied the student, "I very much fear that our friendship will be of no long duration; this dreadful necromancer will soon discover your flight."—"I do not know that," replied the spirit, "for we cannot tell what may happen."—"What!" said Leandro Perez, "are you not acquainted with futurity?"—"No, indeed," replied the devil, "we know nothing of that matter; but those who depend upon our assistance are fine bubbles; and indeed to this opinion are to be ascribed all the fooleries which are imposed on women of quality by fortune-tellers of both sexes, when they consult them on future events. We only know the past and the present. I do not know therefore, whether the magician will soon discover my absence, but hope not; for here being several phials very like that in which I was enclosed, he may perhaps not miss a single one. I am much in the same condition in his laboratory as a law-book is in the library of a man of business; he never thinks of me, and when he doth, he never doth me the honour of conversing with me. He is the most insolent enchanter that I know; for, during the whole time that I was his prisoner, he did not once vouchsafe to speak to me."

"What sort of fellow is this?" replied Don Cleofas; "or what have you done to draw down his hatred upon you?"—"I crossed one of his designs," replied Asmodeus; "there was a place in an academy void, which he proposed to obtain for a friend of his; but I was resolved it should be given to another. The magician prepared a talisman, composed of the most powerful characters of the Cabala; but I placed my man in the service of a great minister, and his name accordingly carried it from the talisman."

At these words the demon gathered up all the pieces of the broken phial, and after having thrown them out of the window, "Come then," said he to the student, "let us make the best of our way; take hold of the end of my cloak and fear nothing." However dangerous the offer appeared to Don Cleofas, he yet chose rather to accept it than expose himself to the resentment of the magician; wherefore, he took as good hold as he could of the Devil, who carried him out of the window.

CHAPTER III.

WHITHER THE DEVIL CARRIED DON CLEOFAS, AND WHAT HE FIRST SHOWED HIM.

ASMODEUS was not in the wrong when he boasted his agility; he cleft the air with as much rapidity as an arrow from a bow, and perched on St. Saviour's steeple. When gotten on his feet, he said to Don Cleofas, "Well, Signor Leandro, when men are in a very uneasy hobbling coach, and cry out, 'This is a coach for the devil!' do you now think they do us justice?"—"I think nothing can be more unreasonable," answered Don Cleofas politely, "and am ready to affirm, upon experience, that the devil's is not only easier than a chair, but also so expeditious, that nobody can be tired on the road."

"Very well," replied the demon; "but you do not know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high place to show you whatever is at present doing in Madrid. By my diabolical power I will heave up the roofs of the houses, and, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, clearly expose to your view whatever is now under them." At these words he only extended his right hand, and in an instant all the roofs of the houses seemed removed, and the student saw the insides of them as plainly as if it

had been noonday; as plainly, says Louis Velez de Guevara,* as you see into a pie whose top is taken off.

This view was too surprising not to employ all his attention; his eyes ran through all parts of the city, and the variety which surrounded him was sufficient to engage his curiosity for a long time. "Signor Student," said the demon, "this confusion of objects, which you survey with so much pleasure, affords really a very charming prospect; but, in order to furnish you with a perfect knowledge of human life, it is necessary to explain to you what all those people, which you see, are doing. I will disclose to you the springs of their actions and their most secret thoughts.

"Where shall we begin?—Let us observe first of all, in the house on the right hand, that old wretch telling his gold and silver. He is a rich, covetous citizen. His coach, which he had for almost nothing at an auction of an alcade of the court, is drawn by two poor lean mules that are in the stable, and which he feeds according to the laws of the twelve tables, that is, each with a pound of barley a day. He uses them as the Romans did their slaves. It is about two years since he returned from the Indies, loaded with a vast quantity of bars of gold, which he turned into ready money. Do but admire with what an eye of pleasure this fool surveys his riches! he is never satisfied with looking at them. But, at the same time, see what is going forward in the chamber adjoining. Do you not see two young fellows with an old woman?"—"Yes," answered Don Cleofas, "I

* The author of "The Devil upon Two Sticks" in Spanish.

suppose they are his children."—"No," replied the devil, "they are his nephews and heirs, who, being impatient to divide his spoils, are consulting a witch to know when he will die.

"In the next house there is a couple of pleasant pictures enough. One is a superannuated coquette going to bed, after leaving her hair, eyebrows, and teeth on her toilet. The other is an amorous dotard of sixty, just come from making love. He has already laid down his eye, false whiskers, and peruke which hid his bald pate; and waits for his man to take off his wooden arm and leg, to go to bed with the rest."

"If I may trust my eyes," said Zambullo, "in yonder house I see a beautiful tall young girl, that would make a fine picture. What a charming air she has!"—"Very well," replied the cripple; "that beautiful young creature you are so charmed with is elder sister to the gallant that is going to bed. One may say, she is the counterpart of that old coquette who lodges with her. Her shape, which you admire, is a machine, in the adjusting of which all the art of the ablest mechanics has been exhausted. Her breasts and her hips are artificial; and not long since she dropped her rump at church, in the midst of the sermon. Yet, as she gives herself a girlish air, she has two young fellows that strive to be in her good graces; nay, they have even proceeded to blows for her. The fools! methinks I see two dogs fighting for a bone.

"Prithee, laugh with me at the concert begun, after a family supper, in a citizen's house hard by there. They are singing cantatas. An old counsellor composed the music; and the words are a bailiff's,

who sets up for making love — a coxcomb, that makes verses for his own diversion and the punishment of others. The symphony consists of a bagpipe and a spinnet; an old ungainly chorister, with a squeaking pipe, sings the treble; and a young girl, with a very deep voice, the bass."—"Very pleasant, indeed!" cried Don Cleofas, laughing. "Had they intended to have made a jest of all music, they could not have succeeded better."

"Cast your eyes on that magnificent palace," pursued the devil; "you will there see a great lord laid in a splendid apartment, with a casket full of *billets-doux*, which he is reading to lull him asleep more voluptuously. They come from a lady whom he adores; and who puts him to such an expense, that he will soon be reduced to solicit for a vice-royalty to support himself.

"If everybody is at rest in that palace, and everything hushed and still there, to make amends, everything seems to be in motion in the next house on the left hand. Do not you distinguish a lady in a red damask bed? It is a woman of quality, Donna Fabula, who has just sent for a midwife, and is going to present her old husband, Don Torribio, whom you see by her, with an heir. Are you not charmed with that gentleman's good nature? The cries of his dear moiety pierce his soul! he is penetrated with grief, and suffers as much as she! With what care and earnestness does he strive to help her!"—"Really," said Leandro, "the man is in a great fluster; but I discern another, who seems to sleep very sound in the same house, without being concerned at the success of the affair."—"And yet

he should have some concern," replied the cripple, "since that domestic is the first cause of all the pains his lady suffers."

"Carry your eye a little farther," continued he, "and observe that hypocrite in a low room rubbing himself with coach-wheel grease, in order to go to a meeting of sorcerers this night between St. Sebastian's and Fontarabia. I would carry you thither this minute, to oblige you with so pleasant a diversion, if I was not afraid of being known by the devil, who personates the goat there."

"That devil and you, then," said the student, "are not very good friends."—"No, I think not, indeed," answered Asmodeus. "Why, it is the very same Pillardoc I was mentioning just now. The rascal would most certainly betray me, and inform our magician of my flight."—"You have besides, perhaps, had some squabble with this same Pillardoc."—"I have so," replied the demon. "About two years ago we had a fresh dispute about a gentleman's son at Paris, who had some thoughts of settling in the world. We both pretended to the disposal of him. He would have made him a factor, and I would fain have had him a smart fellow, and made his fortune among the women; but our comrades, to end the dispute, made a rascally monk of him. They then reconciled us, and we embraced,—and from that time became mortal foes."

"Let us have done with this *belle assemblée*," said Don Cleofas, "for I have no manner of curiosity to be at; but let us rather pursue our examination of what offers before us. Pray tell me what mean those

sparks of fire issuing out of that cellar?"—"It is," replied the devil, "one of the most foolish amongst all the works of men. The grave personage you see in that cellar, at the flaming furnace, is an alchemist, whose rich patrimony the fire will consume by degrees, and he will never find what he spends it in search of; for, between you and I, the philosopher's stone is no better than a fine chimera that I myself forged, to divert myself with human understanding, which would pass the bounds prescribed to it.

"This alchemist's neighbour is an honest apothecary, who is not yet gone to bed. You see him at work in his shop, with his decrepit wife and apprentice. Do you know what they are doing? The master is preparing a prolific pill for an old advocate, that is to be married to-morrow; the man is making a laxative decoction, and the woman beating astringent drugs in a mortar."

"In a house over against the apothecary's," said Zambullo, "I see a man getting out of bed and dressing in all haste."—"'Adso," answered the spirit, "it is a physician rising upon a very pressing occasion. He is sent for to a prelate, who coughed twice or thrice after he was gone to bed.

"Turn your eyes a little farther to the right, and try whether, by the dull lamp in that garret, you can distinguish a man stalking in his shirt."—"Yes, yes, I am right," cried the student, "by the same token that I would venture to draw you up an inventory of the furniture in it. There is nothing but a wretched sorry bed, a stool, a table, and the dirty walls all over as black as soot."—"That lofty-minded person,"

replied Asmodeus, "is a poet; and what seems black to you, are tragic verses of his own composition, with which he has hung his chamber; for the want of paper forces him to write his poems on the walls."

"By the hurry and busy air of his gait," said Don Cleofas, "I should conclude that he was composing some piece of very great importance."—"You are not in the wrong to think so," said the cripple; "he yesterday gave the finishing stroke to a tragedy, entitled 'The Universal Deluge.' He cannot be reproached with neglecting the unity of place, since all the scenes are laid in Noah's ark. I assure you it is an excellent piece, for all the beasts are there introduced talking as learnedly as so many doctors. He intends to dedicate it, and has already spent six hours in working up the epistle dedicatory, and is at this moment gotten to the last line. It may justly be called a masterpiece; for not one of the moral or political virtues, not one of the topics of praise that can possibly be bestowed on a man whose ancestors or his own merit has rendered illustrious, are spared; never was author so prodigally lavish of his flatteries."—"To whom does he design to address so magnificent an eulogy?" replied the student. "He knows nothing of that yet," answered the devil; "he has left a blank for the name, and he is in quest of some rich lord, more generous than the patrons to whom he has dedicated the former pieces. But people that pay for dedications are very scarce nowadays. Men of quality have mended that fault, and thereby done an acceptable service to the public, which before was continually pestered with wretched performances — the greatest part of the books

being formerly written for the lucre of their dedications.

"Now you are upon the subject of dedications," added the demon, "I must give you a very extraordinary circumstance. A lady at court having allowed an author to dedicate his works to her, resolved to see the dedication before it was printed; and, not thinking it came up to her perfections, took the pains to compose one of her own, and send it to the author to place before his works."

"I fancy," cried Leandro, "I see thieves breaking into a house over a balcony."—"You are not mistaken," said Asmodeus; "they are housebreakers getting into a banker's. Let us watch them, and see what they will do. They are examining the counting-house, and rummaging everywhere. But the banker has been beforehand with them; he yesterday made the best of his way to Holland, with all the riches in his coffers."

"Sure," said Zambullo, "that is another thief on a silk ladder getting into a balcony."—"No, he is not what you take him to be," answered the cripple. "It is a marquis scaling the chamber of a virgin, who is very willing to be rid of that name. He made her some superficial promises of marriage, and she, not in the least distrusting his oaths, has yielded; and no wonder, for on Love's exchange your marquises are merchants of very great reputation."

"I should be glad to know," said the student, "what that man in the nightgown and cap is doing. He is writing very hard, and all the while his hand is guided by a little black figure that stands at his elbow."—"The man who is writing," answered

the devil, "is a clerk or registrar of a court; who, to oblige a guardian, who will return the favour, is altering a decree pronounced in favour of his pupil; and the little black figure that guides his hand is Griffael, the clerk's devil." — "But this Griffael," replied Don Cleofas, "I suppose, supplies this place only as a deputy; since Flagel being the spirit of the bar, the registrars seem directly subject to his direction."—"No," replied Asmodeus, "the registrars were thought a body considerable enough to have a devil of their own; and I assure you he has more upon his hands than he can compass.

"In a citizen's house, next door to the registrar, observe a young lady on the first floor; she is a widow, and the man you see with her is her uncle, who lives on the second. The bashfulness of that young widow deserves your admiration: she scruples receiving her shift before her uncle; but retires into her closet to have it put on by her gallant, whom she has hidden there.

"With the registrar lives a relation of his, a great, greasy, lame graduate, who for joking has not his fellow in the world. Volumnius, so cried up by Cicero for his smart, witty repartees, did not rally so agreeably. This bachelor, called at Madrid the graduate *Donoso*, by way of excellence, is courted by all the court and city that make entertainments. Every one strives who shall have him: he has a particular knack of making the guests merry, and is the very soul and delight of an entertainment; so that he every day dines at some considerable man's table, and never returns till two in the morning. He is now at the Marquis of Alcaniza's,

which happened purely by chance."—"How by chance?" interrupted Leandro. "I will explain myself," answered the devil. "About noon to-day there were five or six coaches at the graduate's door from different noblemen that all sent for him. He ordered their pages to be sent up to him, and taking a pack of cards, told them that since he could not oblige all their masters, and was resolved not to give any preference, those cards should decide the matter, and that he would dine with the King of Clubs."

"What can be the design of that cavalier," said Don Cleofas, "who is sitting at the door on the other side of the way? Does he wait for the chamber-maid's letting him in?"—"No, no," answered Asmodeus; "he is a young Castilian that is practising your sublime love in form. He has a mind, out of a pure spirit of gallantry, in imitation of lovers of former days, to pass the night at his mistress's door. Every now and then he thrums upon a miserable guitar, accompanying it with ditties of his own composing; but his Dulcinea, who lies on the second floor, whilst she is listening to his music, is all the while bewailing the absence of his rival.

"Let us give a look into that new building, divided into separate wings. In the first lives the owner of it, that old gentleman who sometimes walks about the room and sometimes sinks into his easy chair."—"Sure," said Zambullo, "his head must be taken up with some projects of importance. Who can this man be? To judge by the splendour and riches of his apartments, he must be some grandee of the highest rank."—"However," answered the devil,

"he is no more than a contador, but is grown old in places of great profit. His estate is worth about four millions; but his conscience suggesting some uneasy reflections upon the manner of his acquiring it, and finding he must shortly make up his accounts in the other world, he is grown scrupulous, and is thinking of building a monastery, and flatters himself that, after so good a work, his mind will be at rest. He has already obtained leave to found a convent; but being firmly resolved not to place any monks in it in whom the virtues of chastity, sobriety, and humility do not eminently shine, he is very much puzzled in the choice.

"In the second wing lives a fair lady, who, after bathing in milk, is just stepped into bed. This voluptuous creature is widow to a knight of the order of St. Jaques, whose empty title was all the riches he left her. But, by good fortune, two counsellors of the council of Castile are her gallants, who equally contribute to the expenses of her house."

"Alas!" cried the student, "the air resounds with shrieks and lamentations. Some sad accident must have happened."—"It is this," said the spirit. "Two young gentlemen were playing at cards in that gaming-house where you see so many lamps and candles lighted up; they grew warm upon their game, drew their swords, and wounded each other mortally. The eldest of them is married, the youngest an only son, and they are both expiring. The wife of the one, and the father of the other, informed of the sad disaster, are just come to them, and they fill the neighbourhood with their complaints. 'Unfortunate child,' said the father,

addressing himself to his son, who was past hearing him, 'how often have I advised thee to leave off play? how often have I foretold thee that it would cost thee thy life? If thou diest thus unfortunately, I here call Heaven to witness it is not my fault.' As for the poor wife, she is running mad; though her husband hath, by his gaming, lost all the fortune she brought him, though he hath sold all her jewels, and even her very clothes, she is inconsolable for the loss of him. She is cursing cards, which have been the cause of it; she is cursing him that invented them; she is cursing the gaming-house and all that live in it."

"I extremely pity people that are raving mad for play," said Don Cleofas, "their minds are often in such a horrid situation. Thank Heaven, I have nothing to answer for upon account of that vice."—"But you have another full as bad," replied the devil. "Think you it is at all more excusable to give yourself up to common prostitutes? And was not you this very night in danger of being killed by bullies? Really I admire at the folly of mankind; their own faults seem trifles to them, whereas they look at those of others through a microscope.

"Let me present you with some more melancholy images," continued Asmodeus. "Observe that corpulent man, stretched out upon a bed in the house just by the gaming-house. It is an unfortunate canon, who just now fell into an apoplexy: his nephew and niece, far from affording him any assistance, suffer him to die for want of it, and are seizing his best effects, and conveying them to a receiver of stolen goods; after which they will be wholly at leisure to mourn and to lament.

"A little farther you see two men, whom they are now burying: they are two brothers, that were both sick of the same disease, but took different measures; one of them relied, with an entire confidence, on his physician; the other let nature take her course, yet they are both dead—the former, from taking all the physic the doctor ordered, and the latter, because he would take nothing."

"This is very perplexing," said Leandro. "Alas! what must, then, a poor sick man do?"—"That is more than I can tell you," replied the devil; "I know very well there are such things as good remedies, but cannot say whether there are any good physicians.

"Let us change the scene," continued he; "I will show you something more diverting. Do not you hear a frightful din in the street? A widow of sixty has this morning married a young fellow of seventeen, upon which all the merry fellows in that quarter are met together to celebrate the wedding, with a jangling concert of pots, frying-pans, and kettles."—"You told me," interrupted the student, "that the making ridiculous matches was your province; yet you had no hand in this."—"No, truly," replied the cripple; "I was far from having any hand in it, for I was confined; but had I been at liberty, I would not have meddled in it. This widow had a scrupulous conscience, and only married to enjoy her darling pleasures without remorse. I never make such marriages; I have a much greater pleasure in troubling consciences than in setting them at rest."

"Notwithstanding the din of this burlesque sere-

nade," said Zambullo, "I fancy I hear another noise." —"Yes," answered the cripple, "it comes from a tavern, where a great greasy Dutch captain, a French chorister, and a German officer of the guards are singing a three-part song; they have been at it ever since eight this morning, and each of them fancies it is for the honour of his country to make the two others drunk.

"Throw your eyes a moment across the way to that house that stands by itself over against the canon's; you will see three famous courtesans making a debauch with three great lords of the court."—"Ah, how pretty are they!" said Don Cleofas. "I do not wonder that men of quality are so mad after them! How they embrace them! They must certainly be deeply in love with them."—"How young and inexperienced you are!" said the spirit. "You do not know this sort of ladies; their hearts are more painted than their faces. Whatever marks of tenderness they express, yet they have not the least grain of it for those lords. They caress the one for a protection, and the two others for settlements. It is so with all coquettes; and though men very fairly ruin themselves for them, they are not the more loved by them; but, on the contrary, whoever pays for love is treated like a husband. This is a law in amorous intrigues which I myself have established. But let us leave those lords to taste the pleasures they so dearly purchase, whilst their footmen, who wait for them in the street, comfort themselves in the pleasing expectation of enjoying them gratis."

"Pray do me the favour," interrupted Leandro Perez, "to explain another picture that presents itself

before me. Everybody is still up in that great house on the left. What is the meaning that some are laughing ready to burst, and others dancing? It must be some great festival, sure."—"It is a wedding," said the cripple; "all the servants are making merry; but within less than three days, that very palace, which you see at present the scene of so much joy, was the house of the utmost mourning. It is a story I must let you into; indeed, it is somewhat long, but I hope you will not think it tiresome." At the same time he thus began.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HISTORY OF THE AMOURS OF THE COUNT DE BELFLOR AND OF LEONORA DE CESPIDES.

THE Count de Belflor, one of the most considerable lords of the court, loved young Leonora de Cespides to distraction, but never intended to marry her: the daughter of a private gentleman did not seem a match considerable enough for him, for which reason he only proposed to make a mistress of her.

It was with this design that he pursued her wherever she went, and lost no opportunity of discovering his love, by the extraordinary respects he paid her; but he could neither speak nor write to her, she being perpetually guarded by a severe and vigilant duenna, whose name was Madam Marcella. This drove him to despair, and feeling his desires irritated by the difficulty of attaining them, he was continually projecting ways to deceive the Argus which guarded his Io. On the other side, Leonora, perceiving the Count's regard for her, could not help being touched with the same tenderness for him, which insensibly formed itself into such a passion in her heart, as at last grew to be extremely violent. I did not indeed augment it by my common temptations, because the magician who kept me prisoner

denied me the use of all my functions; but nature, no less dangerous than myself, engaged in it, and that was enough. And indeed all the difference that there is betwixt her and me is, that nature corrupts hearts by slow degrees, whilst I seduce them expeditiously.

Affairs were in this posture, when Leonora and her perpetual governante, going one morning to church, met an old woman with one of the largest strings of beads that ever hypocrisy yet made. Accosting them with a pleasant smiling air, she thus addressed herself to the duenna: "The good God preserve you!" said she; "the holy peace be with you! Give me leave to ask whether you are not Madam Marcella, the chaste widow of the late Signor Martin Rosetta?" The governante having answered, Yes; "You are luckily met then," replied the old woman; "and I am to acquaint you, that I have at home an old relation of mine, who is very desirous to speak with you. He is lately arrived from Flanders, was your husband's most intimate friend, and has some particulars of the utmost importance to communicate to you. He had waited on you, if he had not been prevented by a fit of sickness that has reduced him to the point of death. I live not half a stone's throw from hence; I beseech you to take the trouble of following me."

The governante, who wanted not prudence and good sense, being afraid of a false step, knew not what to resolve on; but the old woman, guessing the reason of her uneasiness, said to her: "Dear Madam Marcella, you may securely rely upon me; my name is La Chicona; the licentiate Marcos de Figueroa, and the curate Mira de Mesqua, will answer for me as soon as

for their grandmothers. I do not desire you to come to my house for anything but your own good. My relation is willing to restore you a sum of money which he borrowed of your husband." The very thoughts of restitution engaged Marcella on her side. "Come, girl," said she to Leonora, "let us go see this good lady's relation; to visit the sick is an act of charity." They soon reached La Chicona's house, and were led into a lower room, where they found a man in bed with a gray beard, and if he was not really very sick, he at least feigned himself so. "Cousin," said the old woman, presenting to him the governante, "here is the lady you desired to speak with, Madam Marcella, the widow of your friend, Signor Martin Rosetta." At these words, the old man, lifting up his head a little, saluted the duenna, and making signs for her to come nearer the bedside, said in a feeble tone: "I thank Heaven, dear Madam Marcella, for prolonging my life to this moment, which was the only thing I desired; I feared I should have died without the satisfaction of seeing you, and putting into your own hands an hundred ducats, which my intimate friend, your late husband, lent me to help me out of an honourable quarrel I was formerly engaged in at Bruges. Did he never acquaint you with that adventure?"

"Alas! no," answered Madam Marcella, "he never mentioned it. God rest his soul! he was generous enough to forget the services he did his friends; and, very unlike those boasters who brag of what they never did, he never told when he obliged any person."— "He certainly had a very great soul," replied the old man; "a truth which I am more firmly engaged to

believe than any man else; and to prove it to you, you must give me leave to relate the affair out of which I was so happily extricated by his assistance; but having something to disclose of the last importance with regard to the memory of the deceased, I should be very glad of an opportunity of revealing them to his discreet widow alone."

"Very well," said La Chicona, "that you may have the better opportunity of discoursing her in private, this young lady and I will retire to my closet." At these words she left the duenna with the sick man, and conducted Leonora into another chamber, where, without any circumlocution, she said: "Fair Leonora, the moments are too precious to be misspent. You know the Count de Belflor by sight; he has long loved you, and, languishing, dies for an opportunity to tell you so; but the vigilance and severity of your governante have always hindered him from enjoying that satisfaction. In this despair he had recourse to my industry, which I have made use of for him. The old man whom you have just now seen is the Count's young *valet de chambre*, and all that hath been done is only a trick to deceive your governante and draw you hither."

These words were no sooner ended than the Count, who was concealed behind the hangings, appeared, and throwing himself at Leonora's feet: "Madam," said he, "pardon the stratagem of a lover, who could no longer live without speaking to you; if this obliging matron had not produced me this opportunity, I should have abandoned myself to despair." These words, expressed with a moving air by a person not at all disagreeable to her, highly perplexed Leonora:

she continued for some time doubtful what answer she ought to make; but at last recovering herself and looking displeased at the Count, said: "Perhaps you believe yourself very much obliged to this officious lady, who has so well served your purpose, but her designs to serve you shall prove ineffectual."

At these words she made several steps to get out of the room; but the Count stopped her. "Stay," said he, "adorable Leonora, hear me one moment; my passion is so pure that it ought not to alarm you. I own you have some grounds to oppose the artifice which I have made use of to converse with you; but have I not till this day in vain endeavoured to speak to you? I have followed you these six months to the churches, walks, and all public places. I have long in vain watched an opportunity of telling you how you have charmed me; your cruel, your merciless governess has continually frustrated my designs. Alas, then, instead of turning the stratagem which I have been forced to employ into a crime, commiserate, fair Leonora, my suffering all the tortures of such a tedious expectation, and judge by your charms the mortal pangs they have occasioned."

Belflor did not forget to reinforce his words with all the airs of persuasion which gallant men are used to practise with success, accompanying his words with some tears; with which Leonora began to be touched, and, in despite of her resolution, some tender compassionate emotions began to arise in her heart; but far from yielding to them, the more she perceived them to grow, the more she pressed to be gone. "Count," said she, "all your talk is in vain, I will not hear you; do not detain me any longer, but let me go out of a

house in which my virtue is so rudely attacked, or by my cries I will call in all the neighbourhood and expose your audaciousness to the public." This she uttered in such a resolute tone that La Chicona, who was obliged to stand in awe of the magistracy, begged of the Count not to push things any farther. Upon which he forbore opposing Leonora's intention, who got out of his hands, and (what had never before happened to any virgin) quitted the closet as good a maid as she entered it.

She immediately flew to her governante. "Come, good matron," said she, "leave off your foolish dialogue; we are cheated, let us quit this dangerous house."—"What is the matter, child?" with amazement answered Madam Marcella. "What is the reason of your so hasty departure?"—"I will inform you," replied Leonora; "but let us fly, for every minute I stay here gives me fresh uneasiness." However earnest the duenna was to know the cause of this hasty departure, she could not then be satisfied, but was obliged to yield to the instances of Leonora. They both went away in a hurry, leaving La Chicona, the Count, and his *valet de chambre* in as great confusion as a parcel of players obliged to act a piece that has already been damned by the critics.

When Leonora was got into the street, with a great deal of inward disturbance she began to tell her governante what passed in La Chicona's closet. Madam Marcella was very attentive; and when they had reached their own house, "I protest, my daughter," said she, "I am extremely mortified at the thoughts of what you have just informed me. How was it possible for me to be deluded by that

old woman? At first I made a difficulty of following her. Oh, that I had continued in the same opinion! I ought to have mistrusted her flattering wheedles. I have committed a folly not to be forgiven in a person of my experience. Ah! why did not you discover this plot whilst I was at La Chicona's house? I would have scratched out her eyes, called the Count de Belflor by all the names I could have thought on, and tore off the beard of the counterfeit old man who told me so many lies. But I will this minute return with the money which I received as a real restitution of what I supposed my husband had lent; and if I find them together, they shall not lose by staying for me." These words ended, she put on her veil which she had laid by, flew out, and made the best of her way to La Chicona's house.

The Count was yet there, and, by the ill success of his stratagem, reduced almost to despair. Another would have quitted the pursuit, but he was not discouraged; for, with a thousand good qualities, he had one very bad one, which was, the suffering himself to be too much hurried on by his amorous inclinations. Whenever he loved a lady, he was too warm in the pursuit of her favours; and, though naturally an honest man, he made no scruples of violating the most sacred laws to accomplish his desires. Considering, then, that it was impossible for him to gain his end without the assistance of Madam Marcella, he resolved to leave no means unattempted to engage her in his interest. He concluded that this duenna, how severe soever she appeared, was not proof against a considerable present; and indeed his opinion was not unjust, for if there are any such things as trusty

governantes, the only reason is that the gallants are not rich enough to make sufficient presents.

Madam Marcella was no sooner arrived but, finding those she wished for there, she opened in a very outrageous manner, loading the Count and La Chicona with a million of hard names, and made the restitution sum fly at the head of the *valet de chambre.* The Count attempted to appease this storm with patience, and throwing himself at the duenna's feet, to render the scene more moving, he pressed her to take the purse again, and offered her a thousand pistoles besides, conjuring her to have pity on him. As her compassion had never been so powerfully solicited, so she did not prove inexorable. She soon quitted her invectives, and comparing the offered sum with the mean recompense she expected from Don Lewis, she easily found it was more for her interest to draw Leonora from her duty, than preserve her in it; which engaged her, after a few complimental refusals, to take up the purse again, accept the offer of the thousand pistoles, promise to be subservient to the Count's passion, and immediately prepare for a performance of her promise.

Knowing Leonora to be a virtuous young lady, she very carefully avoided giving her the least suspicion of her correspondence with the Count, for fear she should discover it to Don Lewis, her father; and being resolved on more subtle measures to ruin her, she thus addressed herself at her return: "Leonora, I have just now satisfied my enraged mind; I have found the three villainous deceivers confounded at your courageous retreat. I threatened La Chicona with your father's resentment, and the most rigorous

severity of the law; I called the Count de Belflor all the ill names which rage could suggest, and hope that lord will no more be guilty of any such attempts, and that his intrigues will no more exercise my vigilance. I thank Heaven that, by your resolution, you have escaped the net which was spread for you. I weep for joy, I am ravished to think he has not been able to gain any advantage over you by this stratagem; for great lords make it their diversion to seduce young ladies. Most of those who value themselves on preserving the strictest degree of probity, are not scrupulous on this head, as though the dishonouring of families were no ill act. I do not absolutely say that the Count is a man of this character, nor that he aims at deceiving you; we must not always judge ill of our neighbours, perhaps his designs are honourable; though his quality entitles him to the best match at court, your beauty may yet have made him resolved to marry you. I remember also, in the answers he made to the hard words I gave him, he hinted it to me."

"What do you say, good governante?" interrupted Leonora; "if he had any such intention, he would before now have asked me of my father, who would never have denied a man of his quality."—"What you say is very just," replied the duenna; "I am of your mind; the course which the Count took is suspicious, or, rather, his intentions were ill. I am almost in the mind to return to him, and scold at him afresh."—"No, good madam," replied Leonora, "it is better to forget what is past, and revenge it by contempt."—"It is true," said Marcella, "I think that is the best way; you are wiser than I. But, on the

other side, let us not judge amiss of the Count's sentiments. How do we know but he took that course as the most refined way of discovering his passion? Before obtaining your father's consent, perhaps he was fond of obtaining your favour, and securing your heart by long services, that your union might thereby be rendered more charming. If so, my daughter, would it be a great crime to hearken to him? Unbosom yourself, you know my tender affection for you. Are you sensible of any alteration in favour of the Count? or would you, if it was put to you, refuse to marry him?"

At this malicious question the too sincere Leonora cast down her eyes, and, blushing, owned that she had no aversion for him, but modesty prevented her farther discovering herself; the duenna pressed her afresh to hide nothing from her. She, overpowered by the governante's tender professions, went on. "Good Marcella," said she,."since you would have me talk to you as my confidante, know that I think Belflor deserves to be loved; I liked his mien so well, and withal have heard such an advantageous character of him, that I could not help being touched with his addresses. The indefatigable care which you always took to oppose them hath frequently given me great uneasiness; and I own that I have silently deplored, and in some measure repaid with my tears, the pains your vigilance has forced him to bear. I will farther own to you at this very moment, that instead of hating him after this rash attempt, my heart, against my will, excuses him, and throws the fault on your severity."—"Daughter," replied the governante, "since you give me leave to believe his

addresses will be agreeable to you, I will manage this lover for you."—"I am very sensible," answered Leonora, in a more moving tone, "of the service you are willing to render me. If the Count was not one of the grandees of the first rank at court—was he only a bare gentleman, I should prefer him to all men; but let us not flatter ourselves. Belflor is a great lord, and, doubtless, is designed for one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom. Do not let us expect that he will ever descend to Don Lewis's daughter, who has but a mean fortune to offer him. No, no," adds she, "he has no such favourable thought of me; he does not think me worth bearing his name, and pursues me only to dishonour me."—"Ah! wherefore," said the duenna, "will you think he does not love you well enough to marry you? Love daily works greater miracles than that. You seem to imagine that heaven hath set an infinite distance betwixt the Count and you. Do yourself more justice, Leonora,—it would not be below him to join his fortune to yours; you are of an ancient noble family, and your alliance could never put him to the blush. Since you have some inclinations towards him," continued she, "I must talk with him; I will examine his intentions, and if I find them such as they ought to be, I will encourage them with some hopes."—"Oh, take care how you do that," replied Leonora; "I am of opinion you ought not to go in search of him; if he should suspect my having any hand in it, he would cease to value me."—"Oh, I am a woman of more address than you imagine," replied Marcella. "I will begin with accusing him of a design to seduce you, upon which he will not fail

to justify himself; I will hear him, and shall see the event. In short, my daughter, leave it to me; I'll manage your honour as cautiously as if it were my own."

The duenna went out at the beginning of the night. She found Belflor near Don Lewis's house, and gave him an account of her discourse with her mistress, not forgetting to value herself on her conduct in the discovery of the lady's passion for him. Nothing could oblige the Count more than this news; wherefore, he expressed his thanks to Marcella in the most sensible manner; that is, he promised to give her the thousand pistoles on the next day, assuring himself of the success of his enterprise; very well knowing, that a woman prepossessed is half seduced. They then parted, very well satisfied with each other, the duenna returning home.

Leonora, who impatiently expected her, asked what news she had brought. "The best that you could ever hear," answered the governante; "all things succeed the best in the world. I have seen the Count; I can tell you that his intentions are not ill,—he has no other design but that of marrying you. This he swore to me by all that is sacred among men. You may perhaps imagine that I yielded to him upon this, but I assure you I did not.'—'If you are thus resolved,' said I, 'why don't you make the usual application to Don Lewis?'—'Ah, dear Marcella,' said he, without appearing disturbed at this question, 'could you think it proper for me to obtain her father's good will before I was assured how she stood inclined towards me; and, considering nothing but the transports of a blind

passion, endeavour tyrannically to obtain her of her father? No; her ease is dearer to me than my own desires; and I am too much a man of honour to build my happiness on her misfortunes.'

"During these expressions of his," continued the duenna, "I observed him with the utmost attention, and employed all my experience in discovering by his eyes whether his love was so sincere as he represented it. What shall I say? He seemed touched with a real passion, and I with a joy which, without much difficulty, I could not conceal. Being then satisfied with his sincerity, I thought it not improper to glance at your sentiments with regard to him, in order to secure you such a considerable lover. 'My lord,' said I to him, 'Leonora hath no aversion to you; and, so far as I can judge, your addresses are not insupportable to her.'—'Great God!' exclaimed he then all in a rapture, 'what do I hear? Is it possible that the charming Leonora should entertain any favourable thoughts of me? How much am I indebted to you, most obliging Marcella, for having rid me of such a tedious uncertainty—you who, by a continual opposition, have loaded me with so many torments! But, dear Marcella, complete my bliss, by obliging me with an opportunity of speaking with the divine Leonora; I will solemnly promise and swear before you, that I will never be any other's but hers.'

"To this," pursued the governante, "he added yet more moving asseverations; in short, daughter, he entreated me in such a pressing manner to procure him a private opportunity of speaking to you, that I could not avoid promising to accomplish it."—"Ah,

why did you promise him that?" replied Leonora, somewhat disturbed. "With how much care have you inculcated this doctrine into me, that a prudent virgin ought industriously to shun all dangerous conversations?"—"I agree to what you say," replied the duenna, "and it is a very good maxim; but you may lawfully dispense with it on this occasion, since you may look on the Count as your husband."—"He is not so yet," replied Leonora; "and I ought not to see him before my father allows of his suit."

Madam Marcella now began to repent the good education she had bestowed on the young lady, since she found it so difficult to subdue her virtue, but yet resolved to compass her end, cost what it would. "My dear Leonora," said she, "I applaud myself when I see you so reserved. Oh, happy fruit of my cares! You have profited by all the rules I have given you; I am charmed with my own work! But, my daughter, you exaggerate what I have taught, you strain my morals too severely, and your virtue is indeed a little too rude. Though I am fond of a strict severity, yet I cannot approve of a brutish, ill-mannered caution, indistinguishably and indifferently levelled against guilt and innocence. A virgin doth not abandon her virtue by affording her ear to a lover, of the purity of whose desires she is satisfied; in which case, it is no more criminal to answer his passion than it is to be sensible of it. Depend upon me, Leonora; I have too much experience, and am too deeply engaged in your interests, to draw you into any measures prejudicial to you."

"Alas! where would you have me speak with the Count?" said Leonora. "In your own apartment,"

replied the duenna, "for that is the safest place; I will introduce him to-morrow night."—"Good Marcella," replied Leonora, "shall I then admit a man?"—"Yes, you shall admit him," interrupted the duenna; "it is no such extraordinary thing as you imagine, it is done every day, and I send up my wishes to Heaven that the maidens who receive such visits may be fortified with as good intentions as yours. Besides, what have you to fear? shall not I be with you?"—"If my father should surprise us?" replied Leonora. "Never disturb yourself in the least about that," returned Marcella; "your father is perfectly satisfied in your conduct, knows my fidelity, and reposes an entire confidence in me." Upon this, Leonora being so violently pushed on by the duenna, and inwardly pressed by her love, was no longer able to hold out, but yielded to Marcella's proposal.

The Count was immediately informed of it, and so joyfully received the news that he instantly presented his female agent with five hundred pistoles, and a ring of the like value; and she, accordingly, finding him such a strict observer of his word, resolved not to fail in the performance of her promise. So that next night, as soon as she imagined the family asleep, she fastened to the balcony a silken ladder which the Count had given her, and by that means introduced the impatient lover into his mistress's apartment.

In the meanwhile the young lady was wholly taken up with a series of melancholy reflections, which very much disturbed her. Notwithstanding her inclination for the Count, and whatever her

governante could say, she blamed her easy consent to a visit that would violate her duty. The purity of his intentions did not make her easy. To receive a man into her chamber by night, whose real sentiments she was ignorant of, and withal without her father's knowledge, seemed to her not only criminal, but also what might render her contemptible in her lover's eyes. It was this last reflection which most tormented her, and she was extremely full of it when the Count entered.

He immediately fell on his knees, to thank her for the favour she did him. He appeared thoroughly touched with love and acknowledgment, and assured her of his intentions to marry her; but not expressing himself so satisfactorily on that head as she desired, "Count," said she, "I am willing to believe that you have no other design than what you have told me, but whatever assurances you can give me, I shall always suspect them till they are authorised by my father's consent."—"Madam," answered Belflor, "I had long since asked that, if I had not feared the obtaining it at the expense of your repose."—"I do not blame you for not having yet done it," replied Leonora, "but even approve these more refined punctilios of your love; but nothing at present hinders you, and you must speak to my father as soon as possible, or resolve never to see me more."

"Ah! why never see you more, charming Leonora?" replied the Count. "How little sensible are you of the pleasures of love! If you knew what it was to love as well as I, you would be pleased with my disclosing my pains in secret, and at least conceal them for some time from your father's know-

ledge. Oh, how great are the charms of such a private correspondence betwixt two hearts firmly united!"—"They may prove so to you," said Leonora, "but they can be no other than torments to me. Such subtle distinctions of tenderness very ill become a virtuous maiden: boast therefore no more of the delights of a guilty commerce, which, if you valued me, you would not have offered; and if your intentions are really such as you would persuade me they are, you ought from the bottom of your soul to blame my hearing such offers so patiently. But, alas!" adds she, letting fall some tears, "it is to my weakness alone that this crime ought to be imputed; I have indeed deserved it by doing what I have done for you."

"Adorable Leonora," cried the Count, "you wrong me extremely; your too scrupulous virtue takes false alarms. Why should you fear because I have been so happy as to prevail on you to favour my love, that I should cease to value you? How unjust is this! No, madam, I am sensible of the full value of your favours. They can never deprive you of my esteem. I am therefore ready to do what you expect of me, and will speak to Signor Don Lewis to-morrow. I will use my utmost endeavour to obtain his consent to my happiness; but I must not omit telling you that I see but small hopes of it."—"How!" replied Leonora, extremely surprised, "can my father possibly refuse his consent to a man of your character and quality at court?"—"It is that very quality and character which makes me fear a denial. You are in a surprise at what I say; but I will rid you of it.

"Some days past the king declared he was resolved to marry me. He hath not yet named the

lady he designs me for, but has only given me to understand that she is one of the best matches at court, and that he is firmly bent upon it. Not knowing at that time what sentiments you might have with regard to me (for you very well know that your rigorous severity never before allowed me an opportunity of discovering myself), I did not show any averseness to obey his will. After this, judge madam, whether Don Lewis would run the risk of the king's displeasure by accepting me for his son-in-law."

"No, doubtless," said Leonora; "I know my father, how great soever the advantages of your alliance might prove, would choose rather to renounce it than expose himself to the king's displeasure. But if my father should not oppose our union, we should not yet be the happier; for, in short, Count, how can you give me a hand which the king has engaged elsewhere?" —"Madam," answered Belflor, "I own sincerely that I at present labour under a very great difficulty on that side, but yet hope that by an even and very prudent conduct with regard to his majesty, I shall so well manage his favours and friendship for me as to invent a way to avoid a misfortune with which I am so unexpectedly threatened. You yourself, beautiful Leonora, may assist me herein, if you think me worth joining to you."—"Ah! in what manner," said she, "can I contribute to the breaking off the match which the king has proposed to you?" —"Ah, madam," replied he with a passionate air, "if you please to receive my troth, which I offer to plight to you, I can preserve myself for you without incurring the king's displeasure.

"Permit, adorable Leonora," added he, kneeling, "that I espouse you in the presence of Madam Marcella, and let her be witness of the sanctity of our engagement; by this means I shall easily escape that miserable knot that is preparing for me: for after that, whenever the king presses me to accept the lady he designs for me, I have nothing to do but prostrate myself at the feet of my prince, and inform him that I have long loved and secretly married you. However desirous he may be to marry me to another, he is yet too gracious to snatch me from her whom I adore, and too just to offer this affront to your family.

"What do you think, discreet Marcella?" adds he, turning to the governante; "what is your opinion of this project, with which love has this minute inspired me?"—"I am charmed with it," said the duenna; "it must, indeed, be owned that love is very ingenious!"—"And you, charming Leonora," replied the Count, "what do you say to it? Can your heart, though armed with distrust, refuse its approbation?"—"No," returned Leonora, "provided you will let my father into the secret, who, I doubt not, will subscribe to what you will have him."

"We ought to be very careful how we intrust this affair with him," interrupted the wicked duenna. "You do not know Don Lewis; he is too nice in punctilios of honour to be assisting to secret amours—the very proposal of a private marriage will offend him. Besides, his prudence will not fail to make him afraid of the consequences of an union which seems to thwart the king's designs. By this indiscreet step you will fill him with suspicions; his eyes will be

continually upon you in all your actions, and he will deprive you of all opportunities."

"Ah! I shall then die with grief," cried our courtier. "But, Madam Marcella," pursued he, affecting a melancholy tone, "do you really believe that Don Lewis would reject the offer of a private marriage?" —"I do not doubt it in the least," answered the governante; "but, grant that he should accept it, he is so scrupulously religious, that he would never yield to the omission of any of the ceremonies of the church, and if they are all performed in your marriage, it will soon be published."

"Ah, my dear Leonora," then said the Count, tenderly locking his mistress's hand betwixt his own, "must we, to satisfy a vain notion of decorum, expose ourselves to the terrible danger of being separated for ever, since there is no occasion for anybody but you to dispose of yourself to me? The consent of a father would perhaps spare you some uneasy thoughts, but since Madam Marcella has showed us the impossibility of obtaining it, yield yourself to my innocent desires. Receive my heart and hand; and when it shall be proper time to inform Don Lewis of our engagement, we will acquaint him also why we concealed it."—"Well, Count," said Leonora, "I consent, then, that you do not so soon speak to my father, but first sound the king's mind. Before I receive your hand in private, speak to your prince; tell him you have privately married me. Let us endeavour, by this false confidence"——

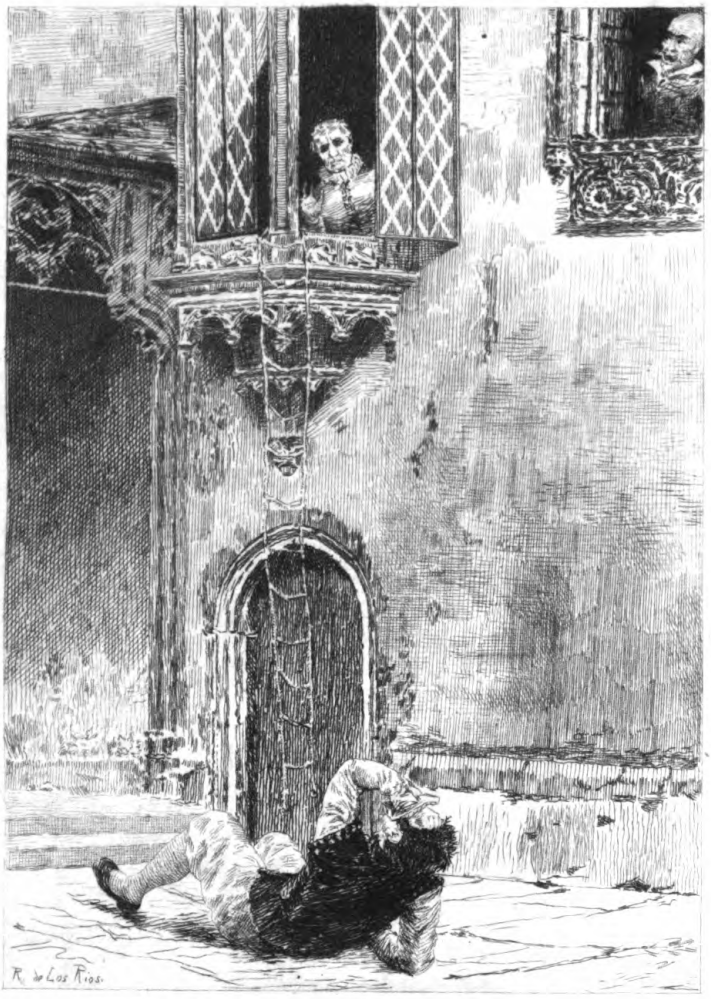
—"Oh no, madam," replied Belflor, "I am too great a hater of a lie to dare to maintain this feint; I cannot thus dissemble. Besides, I know the king, if he

should once discover I had deceived him, would never pardon me so long as he lived."

"I should never have done, Signor Cleofas," continued the devil, "if I should repeat verbatim all the expressions which Belflor made use of to seduce this young lady. Wherefore I shall only tell you that he employed all the passionate language which I suggest to men on these occasions; but it was in vain: he swore he would as soon as possible publicly confirm the promise which he had made in secret; it was in vain: he called Heaven to witness his oaths; he could not triumph over Leonora's virtue; and day being ready to appear, forced him against his will to depart.

The next day the duenna, believing her honour, or rather her interest, engaged not to abandon her enterprise, said to Don Lewis's daughter: "Leonora, I do not know what to say farther to you. I find you oppose the Count's passion, as though it had no other aim but that of a bare gallantry. Have you not observed something in his person that disgusts you?"—"No, good Marcella," answered Leonora; "on the contrary, he never appeared so amiable, and his discourse discovered new charms to me."—"If so," replied the governante, "I do not comprehend you; you are prepossessed with a violent inclination for him, and yet refuse to yield to a thing, the necessity of which has already been represented to you."

"My good madam," replied Don Lewis's daughter, "you have more prudence and experience than I; but have you considered thoroughly the consequences which may result from a marriage contracted without my father's knowledge?"—"Yes, yes," answered the


R. de Los Rios.

duenna, "I have made all necessary reflection on that, and am very sorry to see you so obstinately resist the glorious settlement which fortune presents you. Have a care your obduracy does not weary and disgust your lover, and be afraid lest he should cast his eyes on the interest of his fortune, which the violence of his passion has made him neglect. Since he offers to give you his faith, accept it without farther deliberation. His word binds him; than which nothing is more sacred to a man of honour. Besides, I am witness that he acknowledges you for his wife. Do not you know that such important evidence as mine is sufficient to condemn, in a court of justice, that lover who should dare to perjure himself?"

It was by such language as this that the perfidious Marcella overcame Leonora, who, suffering all reflections of the danger that threatened her to wear off, in all simplicity, a few days after, abandoned herself to the Count's wicked intentions. The duenna introduced him every night by the balcony into his mistress's apartment, and let him out before day.

One night having warned him to depart somewhat later than ordinary, and Aurora beginning to break through the darkness, he hastily endeavoured to slide into the street, but my mischance succeeded so ill that he got a very severe fall.

Don Lewis de Cespides, whose bedchamber was under that of his daughter, happening that morning to rise very early for the despatch of some pressing affairs, heard the Count's fall, and, opening his window to see what was the occasion of the noise, perceived a man just risen from the ground with great

difficulty, and Marcella in his daughter's balcony busy in drawing up the silken ladder, which the Count had not made so good use of in his descending as in his ascent. Don Lewis rubbed his eyes, and at first took this spectacle for an illusion; but, after having considered it, concluded that nothing was more real, and that the daylight, imperfect as it yet was, did but too much discover his disgrace.

Confused at the fatal sight, and transported by a just rage, he flew in his nightgown to Leonora's apartment, with a sword in one hand and a taper in the other. He went in quest of her and her governante, in order to sacrifice them both to his resentment. He knocked at their chamber door, and commanded them to open it; they knew his voice and, trembling, obeyed. He entered with a furious air, and discovering his naked sword to their amazed eyes, "I come," said he, "to wash away with her blood the infamous affront that wretch has thrown upon her father, and, at the same time, punish the villainous governante that has betrayed the trust I reposed in her."

They both fell upon their knees, and the duenna began: "Signor," said she, "before we receive the chastisement which you have prepared, vouchsafe to hear us one moment."—"Well, wretch," replied the old gentleman, "I consent to suspend my vengeance for a minute. Speak, inform me of all the circumstances of my misfortunes. But what do I talk of all the circumstances? I know them all but one, and that is the name of that rash man who has dishonoured my family."—"Signor," replied Madam Marcella, "the Count de Belflor is the gentleman

that hath done it."—"The Count de Belflor!" said Don Lewis; "where has he seen my daughter? By what means has he seduced her? Conceal nothing from me."—"Signor," replied the governante, "I will repeat the whole story to you with all the sincerity I am capable of."

She then, with an infinite deal of art, recited all the expressions which she had made Leonora believe the Count had uttered with regard to her. She painted him in the most lively colours of a tender, scrupulous, and sincere lover. But not being able to elude the discovery of the whole truth, she was obliged to tell it, but enlarged on the reasons that prevailed with them to conceal from him the secret marriage, and gave them such an acceptable turn, as appeased Don Lewis's rage. Which she perfectly discerning, in order to completely soften the old man, "Signor," said she, "this is what you desired to know; punish us this minute; plunge your sword in Leonora's breast. But what do I say? Leonora is innocent; she has only followed the counsel of a woman whom you entrusted with her conduct, wherefore it is me alone against whom your sword should point. It is I that have introduced the Count into your daughter's apartment, and I alone have tied the knot wherewith she is bound. It is I who have winked at all irregularities in a contract that was not backed by your authority, in order to secure you a son-in-law, whose interest, you know, is the channel through which all court favours at present pass. I had no other aim than Leonora's happiness, and the advantage your family may reap by such an important alliance; and, indeed, nothing less than excess of zeal to serve your

house could draw me into measures that carry with them such an appearance of treachery."

While the subtle Marcella was thus cajoling the old gentleman, her mistress shed no tears, but discovered such a sensible grief as he could not resist. He grew tender, his rage turned into compassion, he dropped his sword, and quitting the air of an angry father, "Ah, my daughter!" said he, with tears in his eyes, "what a fatal passion is love! Alas, you are not sensible of all the reasons you have to afflict yourself! The shame alone that results from the presence of a father, who has surprised you, must unavoidably draw tears from you; besides which, you do not yet foresee all the anxieties your lover may perhaps prepare for you. And you, imprudent Marcella, to what a precipice has your indiscreet zeal for my family brought you! I acknowledge that such a considerable alliance as that of the Count might dazzle your eyes, and it is that alone which excuses you to me; but, wretch that you are, ought you not to have distrusted a lover of his high quality? The more interest and favour he can pretend to, the more you ought to have guarded yourself against him. Should he make no scruple of breaking his faith with Leonora, what course can I take? If I implore the assistance of the laws, a person of his character would easily be able to shelter himself from their severity; and I wish that, continuing just to his oaths, he may prove willing to keep his word with my daughter; for if the king, as you say, designs to oblige him to marry another lady, it is much to be feared his majesty will force him to it by virtue of his authority."

"Oh, sir," interrupted Leonora, "that ought not to alarm you; the Count has very well assured us that the king will not commit such a violence on his passion."—"I am persuaded," said Marcella, "his majesty is too fond of his favourite to exercise such a tyranny over him, and also that he is too generous to plunge into a fatal grief Don Lewis de Cespides, who has spent all his best days in the service of the public."

"Pray Heaven it prove so," replied the old gentleman, sighing, "and that my fears prove vain! I will go to the Count, and desire him to explain this affair. A father's eyes are piercing, and I shall discover the deepest recesses of his soul. If I find him in the disposition which I wish, I will pardon what is past; but," adds he, in a more resolute tone, "if by his discourse I discover a perfidious heart, you shall both with tears bewail your imprudence in a melancholy retirement the remainder of your days." At these words he put up his sword, and leaving them to the frightful thoughts he had raised in them, returned to his apartment to dress.

In this part of the story Asmodeus was thus interrupted by the student: "However affecting the story you are telling me may be, something I have my eyes upon prevents me from hearing you so attentively as I could wish. I see a very genteel woman between a young and an old man; they are all three, I suppose, drinking exquisite liquors; and whilst the fond dotard is embracing her, the baggage slips her hand behind him, into that of a young cavalier, who, to be sure, is the spark."—"Quite the contrary," answered the cripple; "it is her husband,

and the other her lover. The old man is a person of consequence, a commander of the military order of Calatrava, and is ruining himself for that lady, whose husband has a small post at court; she caresses her old lover for interest, and is false to him, in favour of her husband, and inclination."

"It is a fine picture," replied Zambullo; "but is not the husband a Frenchman?"—"No," answered the devil, "he is a Spaniard."—"Oh then, the good city of Madrid has within its walls good-natured husbands too? But they do not swarm here as they do at Paris, which, without dispute, is the most fruitful city in the world in such inhabitants. Pardon me, Signor Asmodeus," said Don Cleofas, "for breaking in upon the thread of Leonora's story. Go on with it, I beg you, for it pleases me infinitely; there is such an artful variety in the seducing this young lady, that I am transported with it."

CHAPTER V.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE COUNT AND LEONORA.

DON LEWIS went out early to the Count, who, not suspecting he was discovered, was surprised with his visit. He stepped forward to meet him at his entrance, and after having stifled him with embraces, "How great is my joy," said he, "to see Don Lewis here. Doth he come to offer me an opportunity of serving him?"—"My lord," answered Don Lewis, "order, if you please, that we be alone."

Belflor accordingly did so, and they both sat down, when the old man thus began: "My lord," said he, "my honour and repose require an explanation, which I come to ask of you. I saw you this morning go out of Leonora's apartment; she has confessed all; she has told me"—— —"She has told you that I love her," interrupted the Count, to avoid a discourse which he was not fond of hearing; "but she has but feebly expressed all that I feel for her. I am enchanted; she is a lady all over adorable; she has wit, beauty, virtue; no perfection is wanting. I have been told likewise that you have a son at the University of Alcala; is he like his sister? If he hath her beauty, and resembles you in other excellences,

he must be a complete gentleman. I die with desire to see him, and offer you all my interest to serve him."

"I am indebted to you for that offer," said Don Lewis gravely; "but to come to"—— —"He ought to be entered in the service immediately," interrupted the Count again; "I charge myself with the care of his fortune; I assure you he shall not wait amongst the crowd of subaltern officers."—"Answer me, Count," replied the old gentleman hastily, "and leave off your interruption. Do you design to keep your promise?"—"Yes, without doubt," interrupted Belflor the third time; "I will keep my word which I have given you, to stand by your son with all my interest; depend upon me, I am a sincere man."—"It is too much," cried Cespides, rising up, "after having seduced my daughter, that you dare insult me; but know, I am a gentleman, and the injury you have done me shall not remain unpunished." At these words he returned home with a heart full of resentment, contriving a hundred projects to compass his revenge. As soon as he came home, he told Leonora and Marcella very angrily, it was not without ground that he suspected the Count; "he is a traitor, on whom I will be revenged; and as for you two, you shall to-morrow be entered in a convent; you have nothing to do but prepare yourselves, and thank Heaven my rage contents itself with that chastisement." He then went and locked himself up in his closet, to deliberate what course to take in such a nice conjuncture.

How great was Leonora's grief when she heard Belflor was perfidious! She remained some time

without motion; a mortal paleness covered her face, her spirits fled, and she fell motionless into the arms of her governante—who, fearing she was dying, used all her endeavours to get her out of this fit. She succeeded; and Leonora reassuming the use of her senses, and seeing her governante very officiously helping her, "How barbarous are you!" said she, with a deep sigh; "why did you force me out of the happy state in which I was? I was not then sensible of the horror of my fate. Why did you not let me die? You, who well know all the tormenting griefs which must disturb the repose of my life, wherefore did you keep me alive?"

Marcella endeavoured to comfort her, but that only increased her torment. "All your talk is superfluous," cried Don Lewis's daughter; "I will hear nothing. Do not lose your time in attempting to abate my despair, you ought rather to raise it. You, who have plunged me into the abyss of misery in which I now am: it is you who vouched for the Count's sincerity; without you I had never yielded myself to my inclinations for him, which I should insensibly have conquered; or, however, at least he would never have been able to have gained the least advantage over me. But I will not," continued she, "charge my misery on you; I accuse nobody but myself. I ought not to have followed your advice in the acceptation of a man's faith, without consulting my father. How dazzling soever the Count's address might appear to me, I ought to have despised rather than complimented it at the expense of my honour. In short, I ought to have distrusted him, you, and myself. Since I have been so weak as to yield to his perfidious oaths, after

the affliction which I have brought upon Don Lewis, and the dishonour I have done my family, I hate myself, and am so far from fearing the retirement with which I am threatened, that I am fond of hiding my shame in the most dismal retreat in the world."

These passionate words were not only accompanied with abundance of tears, but she tore her clothes in pieces, and revenged the injustice of her lover on her beautiful hair. The duenna, to suit herself to her mistress's grief, did not spare for grimaces and distorted faces. She dropped some of those tears she had always at command; she imprecated a thousand curses on mankind in general, and the Count in particular. "Is it possible," exclaimed she, "that Belflor, who seemed so full of justice and probity, should prove such a villain as to deceive us both! I cannot extricate myself out of this surprise, or rather, I cannot yet persuade myself that it is so."

"Really," said Leonora, "when I fancy him at my knees, what maiden would not have trusted his tender engaging air, and depended on oaths which he so audaciously invoked Heaven to witness, and those transports which he incessantly repeated? Besides, his eyes discovered more love than his mouth expressed, and the very sight of me seemed to charm him. No, he did not deceive me; I cannot think it. My father must not have talked with him so discreetly as he ought; they both grew warm, and the Count answered less like a lover than a great lord. But, alas! perhaps I flatter myself. What shall I do to extricate myself out of this uncertainty? I will write to Belflor, and tell him that I expect him here

this night. I am resolved he shall either secure my alarmed heart, or confirm his treachery."

Marcella applauded the design, and was not herself without hope that the Count, ambitious as he was, yet touched by Leonora's tears, might fall from his resolution in this interview, and determine to marry her.

In the meanwhile, Belflor, having rid himself of honest Don Lewis, continued in his apartment, reflecting on the consequences which might result from the reception he had just given him. He firmly concluded that the whole family of the Cespides, enraged at the injury done to their house, would study revenge; but that did not much disturb him: the interest of his love much more employed his thoughts. He imagined that Leonora would be put into a convent, or, at least, that she would be kept so strictly watched, that in all probability he should never see her more. This thought afflicted him, and he was contriving how to escape this misfortune, when his *valet de chambre* brought him a letter which Marcella had just put into his hands. It was a billet from Leonora, the contents whereof run thus:—

"I AM to-morrow to quit the world; and, in a solitary retirement, have the horror of seeing myself dishonoured, odious to my family and myself: this is the deplorable condition to which I am reduced by believing you. I expect you once more this night. In my despair I hunt after new torments. Come and own to me that your heart had no part in any of the oaths which your lips swore to me, or justify their sincerity by a conduct which alone can soften the rigour of my fate. Perhaps this meeting may be

attended with some danger, after what has passed betwixt you and my father; take care, therefore, that you be accompanied by a friend. Though you have occasioned all the miseries of my life, I yet feel myself concerned for yours. LEONORA."

The Count read this letter twice or thrice over, and representing Leonora in the condition which she described, he melted into compassion. He now seriously reflected on what he had done; justice, probity, and honour, all the laws of which his passion had hurried him on to the violation, began to resume their empire over him. He suddenly found his blindness dissipated, and, like a man just got out of a violent fever, blushed at the extravagant words and actions which had escaped him; he was ashamed of all the base artifices he had used to satisfy his desires.

"Wretch that I am," cried he, "what have I done? What devil possessed me? I promised to marry Leonora: I called Heaven to witness it: I feigned that the king proposed a match to me: I have made use of lies, perfidiousness, and sacrilege, to corrupt her innocence; what madness has seized me? How much better had it become me to have suppressed my passion, instead of satisfying it in so criminal a manner. I have seduced an innocent lady, and now abandon her to the resentments of her relations, whom I have equally dishonoured; and so return the happiness she has conferred on me with a load of miseries. Ah, how barbarous is such ingratitude! Ought I not rather to repair the disgrace and infamy I have done her? Yes, I ought; and I will, by marrying her, discharge the promise I made her. Who is there can

oppose so just an intention? Ought her tenderness to me to prejudice me against her virtue? No: I know how much her resistance cost me to conquer it; and she rather yielded to my sworn faith than my amorous transports. But, on the other side, if I confine myself to this choice, I shall be a considerable sufferer. I, who may pretend to the noblest and richest heiresses in the kingdom, shall I content myself with a private gentleman's daughter of a moderate fortune? What will the court think of me? They will say I have married very ridiculously."

Belflor, thus divided betwixt love and ambition, did not know to which to incline; but, though he was not yet resolved whether he should marry Leonora or not, he yet determined to go to her that evening.

Don Lewis, on the other side, passed the day in contriving the restoration of his honour. The conjuncture was very nice; to have recourse to the laws was to publish his dishonour; besides, he very much feared that justice might be on one side, and the judges declare on the other. He durst not throw himself at the king's feet; for, believing that prince designed another lady for the Count, he was afraid it would be in vain. No satisfaction was then left besides that of arms, and it was this he concluded on.

In the heat of his resentment he was tempted to send a challenge; but, beginning to consider that he was too old and feeble to rely on his own arm, he chose rather to put it into the hands of his son, whose pushes might prove more fortunate and successful. He then sent a footman to Alcala, with a letter for his son; by which he commanded him to come imme-

diately to Madrid, to revenge an injury done to the family of Cespides.

Don Pedro, his son, is eighteen years of age, perfectly handsome, and so brave, that he passes at Alcala for the most valiant of all the students in that university; but you know him, adds the devil, and therefore it is needless in me to enlarge farther on his character. "It is true," said Cleofas, "he has all the valour and merit which is possible to centre in a young man."

He was not then at Alcala, as his father supposed, replied Asmodeus; but the desire of seeing a lady whom he loved had brought him to Madrid. The last time he had been there to see his relations, he made this conquest at the Prado. He did not yet know her name; for she had obliged him not to use any means to inform himself, to which cruel necessity he submitted, though with great difficulty. It was a woman of quality who had conceived a passion for him; and believing she ought to distrust the discretion and constancy of a student, she thought fit to try him before she discovered herself.

This unknown fair took up more of his thoughts than Aristotle's philosophy; and Alcala being situate so near this city, he, as you have done, often played truant—with this only difference, that it was for the sake of an object which deserved much better than your Donna Thomasa. To conceal the knowledge of his amorous journeys from Don Lewis, his father, he used to lodge at an inn in the suburbs, where he carefully sheltered himself under a borrowed name. He never went out but at a certain hour in the morning, when he was obliged to go to a house where the

lady, which occasioned this neglect of his studies, was so kind as to come, accompanied by a chambermaid. He then lived locked up in his inn the rest of the day; but, in requital, at night he walked all over the city.

It happened one night, as he crossed a by-street, he heard the sound of several voices and instruments, which seemed worth his attention; whereupon he stopped, and found it to be a serenade given by a gentleman that was drunk, and naturally very brutishly rude. He had no sooner discerned our student, but he immediately ran to him, and, without any other compliment, "Friend," said he, in a hasty tone, "go about your business; I do not love inquisitive people." —"I might have withdrawn," answered Don Pedro, shocked at these words, "if you had desired me in a civiller manner; but I will now stay to teach you better language."—"We will see then," said the master of the concert, drawing his sword, "which of us two shall yield the place to the other."

Don Pedro also drew his sword, and they began to engage. Though the master of the serenade acquitted himself with great dexterity, he could not yet parry a mortal thrust, upon the receipt of which he fell dead on the spot. All the actors of the concert, who had by this time quitted their music, and were drawing their swords to assist him, now came on to revenge his death. They all at once fell upon Don Pedro, who, on this occasion, showed his utmost skill; for, besides parrying with surprising dexterity all the passes made at him, he himself made very vigorous ones, and at once kept all his enemies employed. But they so obstinately persisting, and their number being too great, as able a fencer as he was, he could

not have escaped alive, if the Count de Belflor, who then passed by, had not taken his part. The Count, wanting neither courage nor a large share of generosity, could not see so many swords drawn upon one man without engaging himself on his side. He drew, and joining with Don Pedro, he pushed so briskly at the serenaders, that they all fled, some wounded, and others for fear of being so.

After their retreat the student began to thank the Count for his assistance; but Belflor interrupting him, "No more of that," said he; "are you not wounded?"—"No," replied Don Pedro. "Let us get from this place," replied the Count; "I see you have killed a man; it is dangerous to stay longer in this street; you may, perhaps, be seized." Upon which they immediately, making the best of their way, got into another street; and when they were advanced a good distance from the place where they fought, they stopped.

Don Pedro, very sensibly influenced by just and grateful sentiments, entreated the Count not to conceal from him the name of a gentleman to whom he was so much obliged. Belflor made no scruple of telling it, and also desired to know his. But the student, unwilling to discover himself, said his name was Don Juan de Matos, and assured the Count that he would never forget what he had done for him.

"I would willingly," said the Count, "present you with an opportunity of discharging your obligation to me this very night. I am engaged to a meeting not wholly free from danger, and was going in search of a friend to accompany me. I am sensible of your valour, and therefore, Don Juan, I desire your

friendship."—"Your seeming to doubt it renders me somewhat uneasy," replied the student. "I do not know how to employ the life which you have saved better than in exposing it for you. Let us make haste; I am ready to follow you." Belflor then conducted Don Pedro to Don Lewis's house, and by the balcony they both entered Leonora's apartment.

Don Cleofas interrupted the devil here. "Signor Asmodeus," said he, "how was it possible Don Pedro should not know his father's house?"—"That was impossible," replied the demon, "for Don Lewis had not removed to this house above eight days; which I designed to have told you, had not you interrupted me. You are too hasty, and have got an ill custom of breaking the thread of other people's discourse. Pray correct that fault for the future."

Don Pedro, continued the devil, did not so much as suspect that he was at his father's house, nor thought she who introduced him was Madam Marcella, by reason she had received him in the dark in an antechamber, where Belflor entreated his companion to stay as long as he should remain with the lady; to which the student consented, and sat down with his naked sword in his hand for fear of a surprise. His thoughts were taken up with the favours which he concluded love was showering on Belflor, and wished himself as happy as he; for though he was not ill treated by his unknown mistress, she had not yet all the tenderness for him which Leonora had for the Count.

Whilst he was making all the reflections on this adventure that could possibly occur to the mind of a

passionate lover, he heard a person softly endeavouring to open another door besides that of the lovers, and discerning a glimmering light through the keyhole, he hastily arose, made towards the door that opened, and presented the point of his naked sword to the breast of his father—for it was he who was going to Leonora's apartment to see whether the Count was not there. The good old gentleman did not believe, after what had passed, that his daughter and Marcella would again venture to admit him, which alone prevented his lodging them in another apartment. But yet he was apt to think that before their entrance into the convent on the morrow, they might be willing to take their last leave.

"Whoever thou art," said the student, "do not enter this room, on peril of thy life." At these words Don Lewis looked at Don Pedro, whose eyes were fixed on him with equal attention, so that they soon knew each other. "Ah, my son," said the old gentleman, "with what impatience have I expected you! Why did you not advertise me of your arrival? Were you afraid of breaking my rest? Alas! I am incapable of any repose in the miserable condition in which I at present am."—"Oh, my father," said Don Pedro, "is it you that I see? Are not my eyes deceived by a false likeness?"—"Whence proceeds this surprise?" replied Don Lewis. "Are you not at your father's house? did I not acquaint you by my letter that eight days since I removed hither?"—"Just Heaven," replied the student, "what do I hear? I am then at present in my sister's apartment."

At these words the Count, who had heard the noise, and supposed that his guard was attacked,

came out of Leonora's chamber with his sword in his hand. The old gentleman, distracted at this sight, and showing him to his son, cried out: "This is the audacious villain who has robbed me of my rest, and cast a fatal stain upon the honour of our house. Let us then revenge ourselves—let us instantly punish the traitor." These words were no sooner out of his mouth than he drew the sword he had under his nightgown, and began to attack the Count; but Don Pedro restrained him. "Stay, father," said he, "I beg you to moderate the transports of your rage."—"What do you mean, my son?" answered the old man; "why do you hold my arm? You doubtless think it is too weak to revenge us. Well then, take satisfaction yourself for the affront given to our family, which is the only reason why I sent for you to Madrid. If you fall I will second you: the Count must perish by our hands, or take away both our lives, after having robbed us of our honour."

"Father," replied Don Pedro, "I cannot yield to what your impatience expects of me. I am so very far from attempting the Count's life, that I came hither to defend it; my word is passed for it, and my honour demands it. Let us then retire, my lord," continued he, addressing himself to Belflor. "Ha! base wretch," interrupted Don Lewis, looking on Don Pedro with a very angry air, "dost thou thyself oppose the execution of a vengeance wherein all thy force ought to have been employed? My son, my own son, corresponds with the perfidious wretch that has seduced my daughter: but do not think to escape my resentment; I will call up all my domes-

tics, who shall revenge me of his treachery and your cowardice."

"Sir," replied Don Pedro, "be juster to your son, and do not call him a coward, for he never deserved that hateful name. The Count has saved my life this night. He proposed my going with him, whither I did not know, but on a certain appointment. I offered to share the dangers he might encounter, without ever suspecting that my gratitude would imprudently engage my arm against the honour of my family. My word then obliges me to defend his life here; and in so doing I shall discharge it—not that I am less sensibly touched with the injury he has done our family—and to-morrow you shall see me as eager to shed his blood as you now see me zealous in the preservation of his life."

The Count, who had hitherto remained silent, being thoroughly struck with the amazing circumstances of this adventure, now spoke. "Perhaps," said he, addressing himself to Don Pedro, "you may meet with but indifferent success, in revenging this injury by force of arms: I will offer you a surer way of re-establishing your honour. I freely own to you that till this day I never designed to marry Leonora; but I this morning received a letter from her, wherewith I was sensibly touched. Her tears have just completed the work, and the happiness of being her husband is at present the utmost of my desires."—"If the king designs you another wife," said Don Lewis, "how will you dispense with"—— —"The king never proposed any match to me," interrupted Belflor, blushing. "Pray pardon that fiction in a man whose reason was overpowered by love. It is a

crime which the violence of my passion hurried me on to commit, and which I expiate by confessing it."

"My lord," replied the old gentleman, "after an acknowledgment so suitable to a great mind, I no longer doubt your sincerity. I see you are resolved effectually to repair the injury we have received, and my anger yields to the assurances you have given me. Permit me, then, to forget my resentment in your arms." At these words he ran to the Count, who flew to prevent him. They mutually embraced several times; and Belflor turning himself to Don Pedro, "And you, the counterfeit Don Juan," said he, "you who have gained my esteem by an unparalleled valour and a noble mind, allow me to vow a sincere fraternal friendship to you." At these words he embraced Don Pedro, who receiving his caresses with a submissive and respectful air, thus answered him: "My lord, in promising me such a valuable friendship, you engage mine; and I entreat that you would always conclude me one who will continue devoted to you to the end of my life."

In the meanwhile, Leonora, who was listening all the time at the chamber door, did not lose one word of all they said. She was at first tempted to throw herself in the middle of the swords, without knowing why; but Marcella prevented her. And when that dexterous duenna perceived all things likely to end so amicably, she concluded that her presence and that of her mistress would not prejudice the accommodation. Whereupon they both appeared with their handkerchiefs in their hands, and weeping, ran to prostrate themselves at Don Lewis's feet. They feared, and not without reason, after their

being surprised last night, that the old gentleman's anger might return; but, raising Leonora, he said, "Daughter, dry up your tears, I will not blame you any more, since your lover has resolved to keep the faith which he has sworn to you. I consent to forget what is past."

"Yes, Don Lewis," said the Count, "I will marry Leonora; and yet more effectually to repair the injury I have done you, to give you an entire satisfaction, and your son a pledge of my friendship for him, I offer him my sister Eugenia."—"Ah, my lord," cried Don Lewis in a rapture, "how sensible am I of the honour you do my son! What father was ever happier? You now shower as much joy on me as before you loaded me with sorrow."

Though the old man was charmed with the Count's offer, yet Don Pedro was not. Being wholly taken up with the thought of his unknown lady, he was so disturbed and confused that he could not say one word. But Belflor, without regarding his trouble, departed; telling them he would order all the necessary preparations to be made for this double union, and assuring them that he was impatient till he was fixed to them by those strict bonds.

After his departure Don Lewis left Leonora in her apartment, and went into his own with Don Pedro, who, with all the frankness of a young student, said: "Sir, I beg you would dispense with my marrying the Count's sister: it is enough that he marry Leonora; that will be sufficient to retrieve the honour of our family."—"What, son!" replied the old man; "can you refuse the Count's sister?"—"Yes, father," replied Don Pedro; "that union, I

own, would prove a cruel torment to me, the cause of which I will not conceal. It is now six months since I loved, or rather adored, a charming lady; she admits me, and she alone can render my life happy."

"How miserable is the state of a father!" said Don Lewis; "he scarce ever finds his children disposed to what he desires. But who then is this lady that has made such violent impressions on you?"—"I do not yet know," answered Don Pedro; "she has promised to inform me when she shall be fully satisfied of my discretion and constancy; nor do I doubt but she is of one of the most considerable families in Spain."

"And do you fancy," replied the old man, changing his tone, "that I will be so complaisant as to approve your romantic love? that I shall suffer you to quit the most glorious establishment that fortune can ever offer you, to keep you constant to a person of whom you do not know so much as the name? Stifle rather these sentiments for an object which perhaps may be unworthy of them, and think of nothing but deserving the honour which the Count is doing you."—"All these discourses are in vain, father," replied the student; "I feel it impossible for me ever to forget my unknown fair; nothing can disengage me from her: should the Infanta be offered me"—— —"Hold," cried the father hastily; "it is too insolent to boast a constancy which raises my anger. Be gone, and never let me see you again, until you are resolved to obey me."

Don Pedro durst not reply to these words, for fear of drawing on something more severe. He retired to his chamber, where he passed the rest of the night

in reflections equally melancholy and agreeable. He considered with grief, that he was going to break with all his family by refusing to marry the Count's sister. But he was perfectly comforted, when he represented to himself how his unknown lady must value him for such a sacrifice. He flattered himself that, after such a shining proof of his fidelity, she would not fail to discover her quality, which he imagined little inferior to that of Eugenia's.

With these hopes, as soon as it was day, he went to take a walk in the Prado, expecting the appointed hour to go to the apartment of Donna Juana; for that was the name of the lady in whose lodgings he used to meet his mistress every morning. He waited for the happy moment with great impatience; and when it was come, flew to the place of rendezvous.

He found his unknown charmer already come thither sooner than ordinary, but touched with such a sensible grief as expressed itself to Donna Juana in showers of tears. A dismal spectacle for her lover! All in confusion he approached her, and flinging himself at her knees, "Madam," said he, "what must I think of the condition in which I see you?"—"Doubtless," answered she, "you do not expect the fatal blow which I bring you. Cruel fortune is separating us for ever, and we are never to see each other more."

She accompanied these words with so many sighs, that I do not know whether Don Pedro was more touched with what she said, or the grief she discovered in the utterance of it. "Just Heaven!" cried he, with an excess of rage which he could not restrain, "is it possible for you to suffer the breaking of a

union, the innocence of which you know? But, madam," adds he, "perhaps you have taken a false alarm. Is it certainly true that you will be torn from the most faithful lover that ever was? Must I really be the most miserable of all men?"—"Our ill fate is but too sure," answered the unknown fair. "My brother, on whom I depend, will marry me this day, as he has just this minute declared to me."—"Ah! who is that happy bridegroom?" very hastily replied Don Pedro; "name him to me, madam; I will in my despair"—— —"I do not yet know his name," interrupted the lady; "my brother would not acquaint me with it. He told me that he desired I should first see the gentleman."

"But, madam," said Don Pedro, "will you submit to a brother's will without resistance? Will you suffer yourself to be dragged to the altar, without complaining of the cruelty of the sacrifice? Will you make no attempts in my favour? Alas, I was not afraid of exposing myself to my father's rage, to reserve myself entirely yours! His threats could not shake my fidelity; and with what rigour soever he may treat me, I will not marry the lady he proposes, though the match is very advantageous."—"And who is this lady?" said the unknown beauty. "It is the Count de Belflor's sister," replied the student. "Ah, Don Pedro!" replied she, discovering an extreme surprise, "you doubtless mistake; you are not sure of what you say? Is it really Eugenia de Belflor who is proposed to you?"

"Yes, madam," replied Don Pedro, "the Count himself made me the offer."—"How," cried she, "is it possible that you should be the cavalier for whom

my brother designs me?"—"What do I hear?" cried Don Pedro in his turn; "is my unknown angel then Eugenia de Belflor?"—"Yes, Don Pedro," replied she; "but I scarce believe myself this moment to be any longer so: so hard is it for me to persuade myself of the reality of the happiness of which you assure me."

At these words Don Pedro embraced her knees, seized one of her hands, with all the raptures that a lover suddenly removed from the extremities of pain to the excess of joy could possibly feel. Whilst he thus abandoned himself to the emotions of his love, Eugenia, on her part, gave him a thousand proofs of her affection, which she accompanied with tender engaging expressions. "What racking pains," said she, "would my brother have spared me, had he but named the husband he designed me! what an aversion had I already conceived for my spouse! Ah, my dear Don Pedro, how much did I hate you!" —"Bright Eugenia," answered he, "how charming is that hatred to me! I will deserve it by adoring you all my life."

After these two lovers had given each other all the most moving signs of their mutual tenderness, Eugenia desired to know how the student could gain her brother's friendship. Don Pedro did not conceal from her the amours of the Count and his sister, but related to her all that passed the last night. She was infinitely pleased to hear that her brother was to marry her lover's sister; and Donna Juana had too great a share in her friend's fate not to be touched with this happy event. She testified her joy to her as well as to Don Pedro, who at last left

Eugenia, after their having mutually resolved not to seem to know one another when they appeared before the Count.

Don Pedro returned to his father, who, finding him perfectly disposed to obedience, was the better pleased, because he ascribed it to his absolute manner of deporting himself towards his son the last night. They were expecting news from the Count, the very minute they received a letter from him, which advised them, that he had just obtained the king's consent to his marriage, and that of his sister, with the addition of a considerable post for Don Pedro; that on the morrow both nuptials might be celebrated, his orders having been so diligently executed, that all the preparations were already far advanced. He came in the afternoon to confirm what he had written, and to present Eugenia to them.

Don Lewis showed that lady all imaginable civilities, and Leonora did not neglect tenderly embracing her. As for Don Pedro, by whatsoever emotions of love and joy he was agitated, he yet sufficiently restrained himself, to avoid the Count's having any suspicion of their former correspondence.

Belflor, particularly applying himself to observe his sister, thought he discovered, notwithstanding the constraint she imposed on herself, that she did not dislike Don Pedro. But the better to assure himself of the truth of this conjecture, he took her aside for a moment, and made her own that she was extremely well pleased with her cavalier. He then told her his name and family, which he before concealed, lest the inequality of their conditions should have prejudiced her against him: all this she

pretended to hear as though utterly ignorant of it before.

At last, after the exchange of a multitude of civilities on both sides, it was resolved that the wedding should be kept at Don Lewis's house; and the nuptial festivities are this night acting, but not finished; and that is the reason of so great rejoicing in that house, in which all the company unanimously join, except Marcella, who has no share in it. She cries while the rest laugh; for the Count de Belflor, after his marriage, confessed the whole story to Don Lewis, who has ordered her to be sent to the *monasterio de los arrepentidas*, where the thousand pistoles which she received to seduce Leonora will serve her to do penance the remainder of her life.

CHAPTER VI.

OTHER PARTICULARS WHICH THE STUDENT SAW, AND THE MANNER OF HIS BEING REVENGED ON DONNA THOMASA.

"LET us turn to the other side," continued Asmodeus, "and run over some new objects. Cast your eyes on the first house directly under us, where you will see something extraordinary. It is a man considerably in debt, in a profound sleep."—"He must then be a man of quality," said Leandro. "You have guessed right," answered the demon. "It is a Marquis who has a hundred thousand ducats a year, and yet his expenses exceed his income. His table and his mistresses oblige him to run considerably in debt, and yet it does not break his rest. On the contrary, when he has a mind to run in a tradesman's debt, he fancies that he is obliging him extremely. 'It is with you,' said he the other day to a draper, 'it is with you, for the future, I intend to deal upon credit, and I give you the preference.'

"Whilst the Marquis is enjoying the sweets of repose, which he is robbing his creditors of, observe that man who"—— —"Stay, Signor Asmodeus," interrupted Don Cleofas hastily, "I see a coach in the street, which I cannot let pass without asking

who is in it."—"Hush!" said the cripple, lowering his voice, as if he was afraid of being overheard; "you are to know there is in that coach one of the gravest persons of the realm in disguise. He is a president going to make merry with an old Asturian lady, who is subservient to his pleasures. That he may not be known, he has taken Caligula's precaution, who on such another occasion put on a peruke to disguise himself.

"Let us return to the scene I was going to lay before you when you interrupted me. Observe, in the uppermost part of the Marquis's palace, a man very busy in his closet, which is full of books and manuscripts."—"Perhaps," said Zambullo, "it is the Marquis's steward, who is contriving means to pay his master's debts."—"Good," replied the devil; "that must needs be what stewards of such families amuse themselves with. Their business is rather to make an advantage of the disorder of their master's affairs than extricate them out of it. So that it is not a steward you see there, but an author. The Marquis has lodged him in his palace, to give himself an air of encouraging men of letters."—"This author, then," replied Don Cleofas, "is a man of some note."—"You are to judge of that yourself," answered the demon; "he is surrounded by a thousand volumes, and is compiling one, in which there will not be a line of his own. He pilfers from all those books and manuscripts, and, though he only methodises and connects his thefts, yet he has a larger share of vanity than a real author.

"You do not know," continued the spirit, "who lives within three doors of this palace. It is La

Chicona, whom I have already made such honourable mention of in the story of Count de Belflor."—"Ah, how I am ravished at the sight of her!" said the student. "The good woman, so very serviceable to young people, is doubtless one of these two old women which I see in that room. The one is leaning with her elbows on the table, earnestly looking on the other, who is telling money. Which of the two is La Chicona?"—"She," said the demon, "leaning on her elbows. The other is called La Pebrada, an honourable lady of the same occupation; they are partners, and at this moment dividing the profits of an adventure which they have just now brought to bear.

"La Pebrada has the best trade, and deals with several rich widows, to whom she carries her list to read every day."—"What do you mean by her list?" interrupted the student. "It is," replied Asmodeus, "a catalogue of all the handsome foreigners who come to Madrid, especially French. As soon as ever La Pebrada hears any fresh ones are arrived, she runs to their inns, and slyly informs herself of their birth, shape, air, and age. She then makes her report to the widows, who consider of it; and, if they are so inclined, La Pebrada brings them to the speech of the said strangers."

"This is not only very convenient," replied Zambullo, "but in a sort lawful; for without these good ladies and their agents, young strangers, who have no acquaintance here, would be obliged to the expense of an infinite deal of time to create some. But pray tell me, are there any of this sort of widows and necessary ladies in other countries?"—"A pretty question indeed, whether there are!" answered the cripple.

"Do you doubt it? I should very ill acquit myself in my office, if I neglected to stock all great cities with them.

"Give your attention a little to a neighbour of La Chicona, that printer at work alone in his printing-house. He has sent his servants to bed these three hours, and is going to spend the night in printing a book privately."—"How! what can it be then?" said Leandro. "It is a libel," answered the demon; "it proves that religion is preferable to points of honour, and that it is better to forgive than revenge an affront."—"What a rascal!" cried the student; "he does well to print his infamous book in private; nor would I advise the author to own it, for I should be one of the first to cane him. What! does religion forbid the preservation of our honour?"—"Do not let us enter upon that dispute," interrupted Asmodeus, with an ill-natured smile. "It seems you have improved well by the lectures of morality you have received at Alcala. I give you joy of your improvement."—"You may say what you please," interrupted Don Cleofas in his turn, "but let the author's arguments be the most beautiful and clear that can be invented, I shall laugh at them; I am a Spaniard, and nothing in the world is so sweet to me as revenge. And since you have promised to do me justice on my perfidious mistress, I demand that you keep your word."

"I yield with pleasure to the transport that fires you," said the devil. "Oh, how I love those bold spirits who pursue all their inclinations without scruple! I will this moment satisfy you; the time of your vengeance is near at hand. But I would first

show you something that will divert you extremely. Carry your eye beyond the printing-house, and take notice of what is doing in an apartment hung with crimson cloth."—"I see five or six women," answered Leandro, "crowding and pressing one another, to thrust glass bottles into the hands of a sort of a servant, and they appear to me in a violent agitation."

"These are," replied the cripple, "devout ladies, who have great reason for their uneasiness, for in that apartment is an inquisitor who lies sick. This venerable person, who is about five and thirty, is lodged in a chamber near where you see those women. Two of his favourite penitents are watching with him. One is employed in making him broths, and the other at his bolster is keeping his head warm, and covering his stomach with a stomacher made of fifty lambs' skins."—"What is his distemper, then?" said Zambullo. "A little cold in his head," replied the devil; "and it is to be feared the rheum may fall on his lungs.

"The other women you see in his antechamber are also devout ladies, who, on the news of his indisposition, ran thither in all haste with medicines. One of them has brought him, for his cough, syrups of jujubes, marshmallows, coral, and coltsfoot; another, to preserve his reverence's lungs, is laden with syrups of long life, veronica, immortality, and elixir proprietatis: another, to fortify his brain and stomach, has brought balm, cinnamon, and treacle-water; besides the divine water, and essences of nutmegs and ambergris: this comes to offer him anacardine, and bezoardic confections; and that, tincture of clove gillyflowers, coral, milleflorum, the sun, and emeralds. All these women are boasting the efficacy of their

medicines to the inquisitor's footman; they take him aside one after another; and each of them, clapping a ducat in his hand, thus whispers him in the ear: 'Laurence, dear Laurence, I entreat you not to fail preferring my medicines to all the rest.'"

"Bless me!" cried Don Cleofas; "what happy mortals are these inquisitors!"—"Indeed are they," replied Asmodeus; "I myself almost envy their happiness; and, as Alexander once said, 'That, were he not Alexander, he could wish to be Diogenes,' so I might well say, That, were I not a devil, I would be an inquisitor. Come, Signor Student," added he, "now let us go and punish that base woman who so ill returned your tenderness." Upon which, Zambullo took hold of the end of Asmodeus's cloak, who cleft the air a second time with him, and set him down on Donna Thomasa's house.

The baggage was at table with the four bullies who had pursued the student over the tiles; he trembled with outrageous resentment to see them eat a brace of partridges and a rabbit, and empty several bottles of wine, for which he had paid and sent thither. To crown his vexation, he saw there was nothing but mirth going forward; and found, by the demonstrations Donna Thomasa gave, that the company of these wretches was more agreeable to that abandoned creature than his own. "Ah, rascals!" cried he, inflamed with rage; "how deliciously they fare at my expense! and a fine mortification this to me."

"I confess," said the devil, "it is no very pleasant sight; but they who will frequent such loose ladies must expect adventures of this kind; they happen every day in France to abbés, men of the long robe,

and rich farmers of the revenue."—"If I had a sword," replied Don Cleofas, "I would break in upon these villains and spoil their entertainment."—"You would be overmatched," replied the cripple; "leave your revenge to me, I will compass it better than you; I will this moment set them together by the ears, by inspiring them with a lascivious flame, and they shall draw their swords upon each other; you will see a fine uproar presently."

At these words he blew; and out of his mouth issued a violet-coloured vapour, that descended waving like a squib, and spread itself over Donna Thomasa's table. One of the guests immediately feeling the effect of this blast, drew near the lady, and passionately embraced her; but the others, pushed on by the force of the same vapour, endeavoured to tear her from him. Each pretended to the preference, which they began to dispute, and a jealous rage possessed all their minds; they came to blows, drew their swords, and began to engage very warmly. In the meanwhile Donna Thomasa shrieked in a horrible manner, and the neighbourhood was immediately alarmed: they cried out for the officers of justice to come; which they immediately did, broke open the courtesan's doors, found two of the ruffians dead on the spot, seized the rest, and carried them to prison, with Donna Thomasa, who, crying and tearing her hair, lost all patience, whilst her guards were not a jot more moved than Zambullo, who laughed very heartily with Asmodeus.

"Well," said the demon to the student, "are you satisfied?"—"No," replied Don Cleofas; "if you would satisfy me entirely, you must show me the

prison. What exquisite pleasure it will be to me, to see that wretch who made a jest of my passion shut up there! I find that I now hate her more than before I loved her."—"With all my heart," replied the devil; "you shall always find me ready to oblige you, though it were even against my inclination and interest, so that it be for your good."

In a moment they reached the prison, where, soon after, the two bullies were brought, and clapped into a dark dungeon. As for Thomasa, she was lodged on straw, with three or four loose women who had been taken up that day, and who, on the morrow, were to be carried to the place appointed for such creatures.

"Now I am satisfied," said Zambullo; "I have had the pleasure of a full revenge. My friend Thomasa will not pass the night so agreeably as she expected. Let us go and pursue our observations where you please."—"This is a place very proper for them," answered the spirit; "there are here a great number of guilty and innocent people; and it is a retirement which begins the punishments of the one, and purifies the virtue of the others. I will show you some prisoners of each kind, and tell you why they are kept in chains."

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE PRISONERS.

"BEFORE I enter into particulars, pray take notice of the gaolers at the entrance into these horrid places. The ancient poets placed but one Cerberus at hell gates, but here is a far greater number, as you see. These gaolers are villains who have lost all sentiments of humanity. The wickedest of my brethren could hardly supply the place of one. But I find," added he, "you look with horror on these rooms, where all the furniture is a wretched bed; and those frightful dungeons appear to you like so many graves. It is with reason that you are astonished at the misery of these places, and pity the fate of those wretches whom the law detains in them. Yet they do not all deserve the same compassion; their merits, therefore, shall be the subject of our examination.

"First of all, in that large chamber on the right, are four men lying on those two wretched beds you see. One is a vintner accused of poisoning a stranger, who the other day dropped down dead in his house. It is pretended that the quality of the wine killed the deceased; but the vintner alleges it was the quantity, and will be believed at his trial, for the stranger was a German."—"And which of them are

in the right?" said Don Cleofas; "the vintner, or his prosecutors?"—"The affair is extremely delicate," answered the devil. "It is true the wine was adulterated; but, on my conscience, the German had drank so largely, that the judges may safely set the vintner at liberty.

"The second prisoner is by profession an assassinator, one of those cut-throats called *valientes*, who, for four or five pistoles, are very ready to oblige such with the use of their arm, that will be at the expense to be privately rid of an enemy. The third is a fop of a dancing master, who taught one of his female scholars a false step. The fourth is a lover, caught by the watch as he was scaling the balcony of a woman of his acquaintance whose husband was absent. It is his own fault he does not get out, by declaring his design was purely amorous; but he chooses rather to pass for a thief, and run the risk of his life, than expose his mistress's honour.

"A very discreet lover indeed," said the student; "it must be owned that our nation outdoes all others in point of gallantry. I dare venture a wager, that there is not a Frenchman in the world, for example, that would suffer himself to be hanged for his discretion."—"No, I assure you," said the devil; "a Frenchman would sooner clamber over a balcony to disgrace the woman that should do him any favour.

"In the closet next to these four men," continued he, "is a famous witch, who has the reputation of being able to do impossibilities. By her art, it is reported, old widow ladies find gallants that love them on the square; husbands become just to their wives; and coquettes, really in love with the rich gallants

that keep them. But nothing is more false; she is not mistress of any other secret than that of persuading the world she is so, and of living handsomely on that opinion. This poor creature the inquisition claims, and very probably she will be burnt at the first *auto da fé.* Under the closet there is a dungeon that serves for a lodging to a young vintner."—"What! my host again?" cried Leandro; "sure these people have a mind to poison all the world."—"This man's case is not the same," replied Asmodeus; "he was seized yesterday, and is likewise claimed by the inquisition. I will, in a few words, relate to you the subject of his commitment.

"An old soldier, by his courage, or rather patience, having mounted to the post of a sergeant in his company, came to raise recruits in this city. He inquired for a lodging at an inn, where he was answered that they had indeed empty rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, because the house was haunted every night by a spirit, which treated all strangers very ill that were rash enough to lodge there. This did not at all balk our sergeant. 'Put me in what chamber you please,' said he; 'do but give me a candle, wine, pipes and tobacco; and as for the spirit, never trouble yourself about it; ghosts have a respect for men of war, who are grown old in the service.'

"As he seemed so resolute, he was shown into a chamber, where all that he desired was brought to him. He fell to drinking and smoking till midnight, and no spirit had yet disturbed the profound silence that reigned in the house: one would have imagined he feared this new guest; but, betwixt one and two,

the sergeant, all of a sudden, heard a terrible noise, like the rattling of old iron, and immediately saw, entering his chamber, an apparition clothed in black, and laden all round with iron chains. Our smoker, not in the least affrighted at this sight, drew his sword, advanced towards the spirit, and with the flat side of it gave him a very severe blow on the head. The apparition, not much used to meet with such bold guests, cried out; and, perceiving the soldier going to begin again with him, he most humbly prostrated himself at his feet. 'Mr. Sergeant,' said he, 'for God's sake, do not give me any more, but have mercy on a poor devil that casts himself at your feet! I conjure you, by St. James, who, as you are, was a great soldier.'—'If you are willing to save your life,' answered the soldier, 'you must tell me who you are, and speak without the least prevarication, or else this moment I cut you down the middle, as your knights of old were used to serve the giants they encountered.' At these words the ghost, finding what sort of a man he had to do with, resolved to own all.

"'I am the principal servant of this inn,' replied the spirit; 'my name is Guillermo: I am in love with my master's only daughter, and she does not dislike me; but the father and mother, having a better match in view, in order to compel them to make me their son-in-law, the girl and I have agreed that I shall, every night, act the part which I now do. I wrap myself up in a long black cloak, and hang the jack-chain about my neck. Thus equipped, I run up and down the house, from the cellar to the garret, and make all the noise which you have heard.

When I am at my master and mistress's chamber door, I stop and cry out, Do not hope that I will ever let you rest, till you marry Juanna to Guillermo, your upper drawer. After having pronounced these words with a hoarse broken voice, I continue my noise; and at a window enter the closet where Juanna lies alone, to give her an account of what I have done. Mr. Sergeant,' continued Guillermo, 'you see I have told you the whole truth. I know that after this confession you may ruin me by discovering it to my master; but, if you please to serve, instead of undoing me, I swear that my acknowledgments'—— —'Alas! what service can I do thee?' interrupted the soldier. 'You need no more,' returned Guillermo, 'than to say to-morrow that you have seen the spirit; that it so terribly affrighted you'—— —'How, terribly affrighted!' interrupted the soldier; 'would you have Sergeant Annibal Antonio Quebrantador own such a thing as fear? I had rather ten thousand devils should'—— —'That is not absolutely necessary,' interrupted Guillermo; 'and after all, it is not much matter what you say, provided you second my design. And when I have married Juanna, and am settled, I promise to treat you and all your friends nobly for nothing every day.'—'You are a very tempting person, Mr. Guillermo,' said the soldier. 'You propose to me to support a trick: it is a serious affair, which requires mature deliberation; but the consequences hurry me on. Go, continue your noise, give your account to Juanna, and I will take care of the rest.'

"Accordingly next morning he said to his landlord and landlady: 'I have seen the spirit, and have

talked with it. It is a very honest fellow. I am, said he, the great-grandfather of the master of this house. I had a daughter whom I promised to the father of the grandfather of this drawer. However, neglecting the word I had given him, I married her to another, and died soon after, and ever since am tormented as the punishment of my perjury, and shall never be at rest till one of my family shall marry one of Guillermo's; and it is for this reason I walk here every night. Yet it is to no purpose that I bid them marry Juanna to their head drawer. The son of my grandson and his wife turn the deaf ear to all I can say. But tell them, if you please, Mr. Sergeant, that if they do not immediately comply with my desires, I shall proceed to action, and will torment them both in an extraordinary manner.'

"The host, being silly enough, was terrified at this discourse; but the hostess, yet more silly than her husband, fancying that the spirit was always at her heels, consented to the match; and Guillermo married Juanna the next day, and set up in another part of the town. Sergeant Quebrantador did not fail to visit him often; and he, in acknowledgment of the service he had done him, gave him as much wine as he cared for. This so pleased the soldier, that he brought thither not only all his friends, but listed his men there, and made all his recruits drunk.

"But at last Guillermo, growing weary of satiating such a crew of drunkards, told the soldier his mind; who, without ever thinking that he had exceeded the agreement, was so unjust as to call Guillermo a little ungrateful rascal. The host answered; the sergeant replied; and the dialogue ended with several strokes

with the flat side of the sword, which Guillermo received. Several persons passing by took the vintner's part; the sergeant wounded three or four, but was suddenly fallen on by a crowd of alguazils, who seized him as a disturber of the public peace, and carried him to prison. He there declared all that I have told you, and upon his deposition the officers have also seized Guillermo; the father-in-law requires the annulling of the marriage; and the holy office, being informed that Guillermo is rich, have thought fit to take cognisance of it."

"As I hope to be saved," said Don Cleofas, "this same holy inquisition is very alert. The moment they see the least glimpse of profit"—— —"Softly," interrupted the cripple, "have a care what freedom you take with this tribunal, for it has its spies everywhere, even of things that were never spoken. I myself dare not speak of it without trembling. Over the unfortunate Guillermo, in the first room on the left, are two men that deserve your pity. One of them is a young *valet de chambre*, admitted by his master's wife as a lover. One day the husband caught them in the fact; the woman immediately cried out for help, and accused the *valet de chambre* of a rape. The unfortunate fellow was seized, and will, in all likelihood, be sacrificed to his mistress's reputation. The *valet de chambre's* companion, still less guilty, is very near his end. He is a duchess's gentleman, who being robbed of a large diamond, he is accused of the theft. He will to-morrow be put to the torture, till he confesses the fact, which was in truth committed by an old waiting woman, whom nobody dares suspect."

"Ah, Signor Asmodeus," said Leandro, "let me entreat you to help this young gentleman; I am concerned for his innocence; keep off, by your power, the cruel tortures that threaten him; his innocence deserves"—— —"You do not consider what you ask, Sir Student," interrupted the devil. "Can you desire me to oppose an unjust action, and hinder the destruction of an innocent man? You had as good beg of an attorney not to ruin a widow or orphan. Pray, if you please, do not ask anything of me contrary to my interest, unless it may be of considerable advantage to yourself. Besides, if I would deliver that honest man out of prison, do you think it is in my power?"—"How!" replied Zambullo; "have you not power to fetch a man out of prison?"—"No, really," replied the cripple; "if you had read Enchiridion, or Albertus Magnus, you would know that I cannot, any more than my brethren, set a prisoner at liberty. Should I myself have the misfortune to fall into the clutches of a justice, I could not extricate myself any other way than by money.

"In the next room is a surgeon, convicted of having sent his wife out of the world the same way that Seneca went. He was this day tortured; and, after confessing the crime he was charged with, owned besides, that he had for ten years made use of a new way to create practice; he wounded the passengers in the street with a bayonet, and nimbly made his escape by running into his own house at a back door. The wounded person, in the meanwhile, having by his groans drawn the neighbours to his assistance, the surgeon ran in also with the crowd, and, finding a wounded man wallowing in his blood,

he caused him to be carried into his shop, where he dressed him with the same hand which had given him the wound.

"Though the barbarous surgeon hath made this confession, and deserves a thousand deaths, yet he flatters himself with a pardon, and possibly he may get one, for he is related to one of the prince's dressers; and besides, I must tell you, that he makes a wonderful water, for which he only has the receipt. This incomparable water has the power of whitening the skin, and making an old wrinkled face as smooth and soft as that of an infant; so that three court ladies, who make use of it as their fountain of youth, have entered into a confederacy to save him. And he reckons so much upon their interest, or rather, if you please, upon his water, that he is gone quietly to sleep, expecting to receive the agreeable news of his liberty when he wakes."

"In the same chamber," said the student, "I think I see another man very fast asleep too, upon an old bed. Sure his business cannot be a very bad one."—"It is a very nice one," answered the demon. "He is a Biscayan gentleman, grown rich by the discharge of a gun; and it was thus: As he was shooting with his elder brother about a fortnight ago, who possessed a very considerable estate, he unfortunately killed him by a shot aimed at some young partridges."—"A lucky mistake that for a younger brother," cried Don Cleofas, smiling. "True," said Asmodeus; "but those that are next in succession, being greedy of the deceased's estate, are prosecuting the young gentleman, whom they accuse of committing this fact in order to be sole heir of the

family. But he has voluntarily surrendered himself, and seems so afflicted at his brother's death, that it is impossible to imagine he killed him designedly." —"And has he really nothing to reproach himself with but his awkwardness at shooting?" replied Leandro. "No," answered the cripple, "he had no ill design; but whenever an elder brother is master of all the estate of a family, I would not advise him to go a-shooting with his younger brother.

"Pray take particular notice of those two youths in the next room to the Biscayan, who are entertaining themselves as merrily as if they were at liberty. They are two staunch villains; one of them especially may some time or other present the public with an account of his rogueries; for he may pass for a second Gusman d'Alfarache. I mean him in the brown velvet waistcoat, with a plume of feathers in his hat. It is hardly three months ago since he was one of the Count d'Oniate's pages here at Madrid; and would still have been with his master, but for a piece of roguery that has brought him hither, which I shall tell you.

"This youth, whose name is Domingo, happened one day to receive a good sound whipping from the squire or governor of the Count's pages, for some unlucky prank he had committed, that deserved it; which he stomached a long while, and resolved to revenge. He had observed more than once, that Signor Don Cosmo (for that was the squire's name) washed his hands in orange-flower water, and afterwards rubbed them with a paste made of pinks and jasmine; that he took more care of his person than an old coquette; in short, that he was one of

those fools, who imagine that a woman cannot look upon them without falling in love with them. This observation gave him a hint for revenging himself, which he communicated to a young girl that was chambermaid in the neighbourhood, whose assistance he wanted to put his designs in execution, and with whom he had such an intimacy, that he could not possibly have a greater.

"This wench, named Florella, in order to converse with him with greater freedom, made him pass for her cousin at her mistress Donna Luziana's, whose father was then absent. The malicious Domingo, having instructed his pretended cousin in what she was to do, went one morning into Don Cosmo's chamber, whilst he was trying on a new suit of clothes; all which time he was admiring himself in a glass, and appeared charmed with the figure he saw there. The page pretending to admire this Narcissus, and falling into a feigned transport, 'Really, Signor Don Cosmo,' said he, 'you have the air of a prince. Though I every day see grandees dressed in the greatest magnificence, yet, notwithstanding all the richness of their dress, they want your mien. I know not whether, being your humble servant so much as I am, I look on you with eyes too much prejudiced in your favour; but, in my opinion, there is not a gentleman at court can expect to be taken notice of when you are there.'

"The squire smiled at this discourse, which so agreeably flattered his vanity; and putting on a soft air, 'You flatter me, friend,' answered he, 'or you must really love me, and your friendship lends me those graces which nature has denied me.'—'I do

not think so,' replied the page, cajoling him all the while; 'for there is nobody but who speaks of you as advantageously as myself. I wish you had heard what a cousin of mine, who is maid to a woman of quality, said of you yesterday.' Don Cosmo did not fail of asking what that cousin of his said. 'Said!' replied the page; 'she enlarged upon the beauty of your shape, and the charms that are to be seen all over your person; and what is still better, she told me in confidence, that Luziana her mistress took a pleasure in looking at you every time you passed by their house.'—'Who can that be?' said the squire, 'or where does she live?'—'What!' answered Domingo, 'do not you know it is the only daughter of General Don Ferdinand, our neighbour?'—'Ah! now I have it,' replied Don Cosmo. 'I remember I have heard the wealth and beauty of this Luziana much talked of. She is a fine fortune. Is it possible I can be so happy as to have made her take notice of me?'—'Most certainly,' said the page, 'my cousin told me so; though a lady's woman, she is no liar, and I would answer for her as soon as for myself.'—'If it be so,' said the squire, 'I would have a little private discourse with thy cousin, and bring her over to my interest by a present or two, according to custom; and if she advise me to make my court to her mistress, I will try my fortune. And indeed why not? I agree there is some distance between me and Don Ferdinand; but still I am a gentleman, and have five hundred good ducats a year. Matches more extraordinary than this happen every day.'

"The page backed his governor in this resolution, and procured him a meeting with his cousin, who,

finding the squire ready to swallow anything, assured him that her mistress had an inclination for him. 'She has often asked me about you,' said she, 'and my answers have not been to your disadvantage. In short, sir, you may reasonably presume that Donna Luziana secretly loves you; boldly declare your honourable designs; show her you are the gallantest cavalier in Madrid, as you are one of the handsomest and best-made gentlemen; but, above all things, give her a serenade, which is what she is passionately fond of. As for me, I will take care to extol your gallantry, and I hope my offices will not be in vain.' Don Cosmo, transported with joy to see the maid take his part with so much warmth, stifled her with embraces; and putting a trifling ring upon her finger, which he had purposely bought to present her with, 'Dear Florella,' said he, 'I give you this diamond only for the sake of your acquaintance; I design to acknowledge the services you intend me by something more solid and considerable.'

"It was impossible to be more pleased than he was with this conversation with the chambermaid. Wherefore, he not only thanked Domingo for procuring it him, but rewarded him with a pair of silk stockings and some laced shirts, promising him he would let slip no opportunity of serving him. And then consulting him upon the measures he should take, 'My friend,' said he, 'dost thou advise me to break the ice by a sublime, passionate letter to Donna Luziana?'—'Indeed, do I,' answered the page; 'send her a declaration of love in the lofty style; for something tells me it will not be ill received.'—'I fancy so, too,' replied the squire; 'however, at all events,

that shall be my beginning.' Immediately he put pen to paper; so, having torn about twenty foul copies of *billets-doux* which he had made, at last he hit upon one he resolved should go; this he read over to Domingo, who, having heard it with signs of admiration, undertook to carry it immediately to his cousin. These were the florid and far-fetched terms it was couched in:—

"'IT is now long since, charming Luziana, that, drawn by fame, which everywhere publishes your many perfections, I cannot help being inflamed with an ardent love for you. However, notwithstanding the fires that consume me, I have not dared to venture upon any piece of gallantry; but as I am informed that you vouchsafe to cast an eye upon me when I pass by your window,—your window that deprives the eyes of mankind of your celestial beauty; and that, by the influence of your stars (an influence very fortunate to me), you are inclined to wish me well, I take the liberty of begging to be allowed to consecrate myself to your service. If I am so fortunate to obtain it, I bid adieu to all ladies, past, present, and to come.

"'DON COSMO DE LA HIGUERA.'

"The page and his sham cousin did not fail making themselves very merry at Don Cosmo's expense, and diverting themselves with his letter. But that was not all; they drew up between them a kind letter, which the chambermaid transcribed, and Domingo carried the next day to the squire, as Donna Luziana's answer. This was it:—

"'I KNOW not who it is that can so well have informed you of my secret sentiments, — somebody must have betrayed me; but I pardon it, since it has been the occasion of letting me know that you love me. Of all men that pass through the street, you are the person I take the most pleasure in looking at; and I would fain have you become my lover. Perhaps I ought not to wish it, and much less say it. But if it be a crime, it is a crime your merit must find an excuse for.

"'DONNA LUZIANA.'

"Though this answer was a little too tender for a general's daughter (for the writers had not taken their measures nicely as to that), the vain Don Cosmo did not at all mistrust it upon that account. He thought well enough of himself to imagine a lady might lay aside decency a little for his sake. 'Ah! Domingo,' cried he, with an air of triumph, after reading the pretended letter aloud; 'thou seest, my friend, whether our neighbour be not caught. I shall be Don Ferdinand's son-in-law as sure as I am Don Cosmo de la Higuera.'

"'There is no doubt of it,' said the rascal of a confidant; 'you have made a terrible impression upon his daughter. But it is just come into my head,' said he, 'I remember my cousin charged me to tell you, that to-morrow at farthest, it was absolutely necessary for you to give your mistress a serenade, in order to make her run quite mad for you.'—'With all my heart,' said the squire, 'and thou mayest assure thy cousin that I will follow thy advice, and to-morrow, about midnight, she

shall, without fail, hear one of the finest concerts in her street that ever was heard in Madrid.' And, indeed, he really went to an excellent music-master, and having let him into his design, employed him in the execution of it.

"Whilst he was busied about his serenade, Florella, whom the page had instructed, seeing her mistress in a good humour, said to her, 'Madam, I am preparing you a very agreeable diversion.' Upon which, Luziana asked her what it was. 'Oh, really,' replied the maid, laughing like mad all the while, 'I have a budget full of news for you. An original, whose name is Don Cosmo, governor to the Count d'Oniate's pages, has taken it into his head to choose you for the sovereign lady of his affections; and that you may not be ignorant of it, is to-morrow night to regale you with a fine concert of vocal and instrumental music.' Donna Luziana, who was naturally gay, and thought the squire's gallantries would draw no ill consequence after them in regard to herself, far from assuming a serious air, pleased herself beforehand with the thought of hearing the concert; so that, without knowing it, she helped to confirm Don Cosmo in an error, which, had she known, she would have been very angry at.

"In short, the night of the following day there appeared before Luziana's balcony two coaches, out of which alighted the gallant squire and his confidant, accompanied by six men, some of whom sang, and others played, who began the concert. It lasted a considerable time, and they played a great number of new airs, and sang several songs, all which turned upon the power of love in uniting hearts of unequal condition; and at the end of every

song, which the general's daughter applied to herself, she laughed ready to burst.

"When the serenade was over, Don Cosmo sent back the music in the same coaches they came in, and stayed in the street with Domingo till such curious people as his music had brought about them were gone. He then drew near the balcony, from whence the maid, by her mistress's permission, said to him through a little window, 'Is it you, Signor Don Cosmo?'—'Who is it asks me that question?' answered he in a languishing tone. 'It is Donna Luziana,' replied the maid, 'who would be informed whether this concert be the effect of your gallantry?' —'It is no more than a slight shadow of the entertainments my love is preparing for this wonder of our age, if she will vouchsafe to receive them from a lover consuming upon the altar of her beauty.'

"At this metaphor the lady had a strong inclination to laugh: however, she smothered it; and placing herself at a little window, 'Signor Don Cosmo,' said she, as gravely as she possibly could, to the squire, 'it is very plain you are no novice in gallantry; lovers who would oblige their mistresses must learn of you: I am very well pleased with your serenade, and thank you for it. But I would have you retire,' added she, 'for we may be heard; and another time we will have a longer conversation.' At these words she shut the window, leaving the squire prodigiously pleased with the favour she had just done him, and the page as much astonished to see her act a part in the comedy.

"This little entertainment, reckoning the charge of the coaches, and of the vast quantity of wine drank

by the performers, cost Don Cosmo a hundred ducats: yet, two days after his confidant engaged him in a fresh expense, which was thus: Having learned that Florella was, on the eve of St. John (an eve so celebrated in this city), to go with some other wenches of the same stamp to the *Fiesta del sotillo*, he undertook to give them a magnificent breakfast at the squire's cost.

"'Signor Don Cosmo,' said he, 'do you know that to-morrow is the festival of St. John? I tell you beforehand that Donna Luziana proposes to be by daybreak on the banks of the Mansanarez, to see the sotillo. I suppose I need say no more to the flower of all gallant cavaliers; nor are you a man that will slight so fair an opportunity. I am persuaded that your mistress and her company will be handsomely treated to-morrow.'—'Yes, you may depend upon it,' said his governor, 'and you shall see I know how to lay hold on the occasion.' In reality, very early the next morning, four of his master's footmen, conducted by Domingo, and loaded with all sorts of cold meats dressed different ways, and a vast number of small loaves and bottles of the best wine, arrived on the banks of the Mansanarez, where Florella and her companions were dancing, like so many nymphs at the rising of the morning.

"They were not a little pleased at the page's coming to interrupt their light dances, by the offer of a solid breakfast from Signor Don Cosmo. They sat down on the grass, and began to do honour to the feast, by laughing immoderately at the fool who gave it; for the charitable cousin of Domingo had taken care to let them into the secret.

"As they were all disposed for mirth, they saw the squire appear richly dressed, and mounted on a pad out of the Count's stables. He came up to his confidant, and saluted his company, who got up to receive him with the greatest politeness, and thank him for his generosity. He looked with all the eyes he had among these wenches for Donna Luziana, designing to make his addresses to her in a fine compliment which he had studied by the way; but Florella, taking him aside, told him that an indisposition had prevented her lady's appearing at the entertainment. Don Cosmo showed a very great concern at this news, and asked what his dear Luziana's illness was. 'She has got a sad cold,' said the maid, 'by passing all the night you gave the serenade in the balcony without her veil, and talking of you.' The squire, comforted by an accident proceeding from so charming a cause, begged her to continue him her good offices with her mistress, and returned home applauding himself more and more in his good fortune.

"About this time Don Cosmo had a bill of exchange sent him, and received a thousand crowns in gold sent him from Andalusia, as his share of an estate of an uncle of his at Seville. He told over the sum, and put it into a chest before Domingo, who eyed it wishfully, and being tempted to get those pretty things into his possession, he resolved to run away with them to Portugal. He informed Florella of it, and went so far as to propose to her to go along with him. Though the proposal deserved mature consideration, the wench, as wicked as the page, accepted it without boggling. In short, one night

whilst the squire was shut up in his closet and busied in inditing a passionate letter to his mistress, Domingo found means to open the chest where the money lay, and carried it off. Immediately he made the best of his way into the street with his booty; and being got under Luziana's balcony, fell a-caterwauling. The chambermaid at this signal, which they had agreed upon, did not make him wait long, but being ready to follow him all over the world, departed out of Madrid with him.

"They built upon having time enough to reach Portugal before they should be overtaken; but, unluckily for them, Don Cosmo, that very night, perceiving he was robbed, and his confidant run away, had immediate recourse to a justice, who despatched his blood-hounds all about in pursuit of the thief, and took him and his nymph near Zebreros; who were both brought back, and the maid sent to Los Arrepentidas, and Domingo hither."

"Doubtless, then," said the student, "the squire will not lose his money, but it will be returned him."—"Not so, neither," answered the devil: "those pieces are proofs of the robbery, and the officers of justice will not part with them: and Don Cosmo, whose story is spread all over the city, remains plundered and laughed at by everybody.

"Domingo, and that other prisoner at play with him," continued the cripple, "have a young Castilian for their neighbour, who has been brought in here for having given his father a blow in the presence of credible witnesses."—"O heavens!" cried Leandro, "what do you tell me? however wicked a son be, yet still can he lift up his hand against his

father?"—"Oh yes," said the demon, "this is not without an instance, and I will give a very remarkable one. In the reign of Peter the First, surnamed the Just and the Cruel, eighth King of Portugal, a young fellow of about twenty was put into the hands of justice for the same fact. Don Pedro, like you, surprised at the novelty of the case, resolved to examine the criminal's mother, and did it with so much art, as to make her own she had that child by a right reverend prelate. In the same manner, were the judges of this Castilian to examine his mother as artfully, they might probably force the same confession from her.

"Carry your eye to that large dungeon under the three prisoners I have just showed you, and let us consider what is passing there. Those are highwaymen. See, they are breaking out by the help of a smooth file brought them in a loaf, and have already filed through a large bar of a window; through which they may slip into a court that goes into the street. They have been here more than ten months, and should have received the public reward due to such exploits above eight months ago; but, thanks to the tedious proceedings of the law, they are going again to their old vocation of murdering travellers.

"Follow me into that low hall, where you will see twenty or thirty prisoners lying upon straw; they are pickpockets, shop-lifters, and all the very worst sort of felons. Do you observe five or six of them worrying a kind of handicraft tradesman brought in to-day for wounding an alguazil with a stone?"—"But why do they beat the poor fellow?" said Zambullo.—"It

is," answered Asmodeus, "because he has not paid his garnish. But," added he, "let us leave these rogues, and get as far as we can from this wretched place that we may employ our time upon objects that are more agreeable."

CHAPTER VIII.

ASMODEUS SHOWS DON CLEOFAS SEVERAL PERSONS, AND DISCOVERS TO HIM WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN DOING THAT DAY.

LEAVING the prisoners, they flew towards another quarter, and lighted upon a great house, where the demon said thus to the student: "I have a great mind to tell you what all the people living round this great house have this day been doing, and possibly it may divert you."—"I make no doubt of it," answered Leandro, "and I wish you would begin with that captain who is drawing on his boots."—"He is going out of Madrid," said Asmodeus; "his horses wait for him at the gate, and he is commanded to Portugal in order to join his regiment.

"Having no money to make the campaign, he yesterday applied himself to an usurer: 'Signor Sanguisuela,' said he, 'cannot you lend me a thousand pieces of eight?'—'Captain,' answered the usurer in very obliging terms, 'I have not so much by me, but I will do my best to find you a man that shall lend you the sum; that is, shall give you four hundred down, provided you give your note for a thousand; and out of that four hundred, please to take notice that I expect sixty for procuration.

Money is so very scarce at this time——' 'What a hellish extortion is this,' interrupted the officer hastily, 'to ask six hundred and sixty patacoons for the use of three hundred and forty! What a horrid cheat is this! such unconscionable rascals deserve hanging!' —'Do not be in a passion, captain,' replied the usurer with great coolness, 'try at another place. What do you complain of? Do I force you to take the three hundred and forty patacoons? You are at your liberty to take them or let them alone.' The captain went away without returning any answer; but after considering that he must go to his regiment, that his time was short, and that he could do nothing without money, he returns the next morning to the usurer, whom he met at his door in a black cloak, collar-band, and short hair, with beads in his hand. 'Signor Sanguisuela,' says he, 'I am content to accept your three hundred and forty patacoons; my extreme want of money has forced me to it.'—'I am going to mass,' answered the usurer very gravely, 'and, at my return, come again, and you shall have that sum.'—'No, no,' replied the captain, 'go in again, this affair will not take you up two minutes; pray, despatch me immediately, for I am in the utmost haste.'—'I cannot, really,' replied the usurer; 'I every day hear mass before I do any manner of business; it is my constant rule, which I am resolved to observe most religiously for the remainder of my life."

"However impatient the captain was to receive his money, he was forced to submit to pious Sanguisuela's strict rules; and, as if he had been afraid he should miss the patacoons, he followed the usurer to the church, and stayed the mass out with him; after

which he prepared to go out of the church, when Sanguisuela whispered in his ear that one of the ablest preachers in Madrid was going to mount the pulpit; 'and I will not on any account,' said he, 'lose the sermon.'

"The officer, who thought the mass insupportably tedious, was almost distracted at this fresh delay, but yet waited the sermon out. The preacher appeared, and preached against usury, at which the captain was infinitely pleased; and observing Sanguisuela's looks, he said to himself, 'If this Jew should be touched with this discourse, should he now give me six hundred patacoons, how happy it would be!' After the sermon the usurer went out of the church: 'Well, Signor Sanguisuela,' said the captain, joining him, 'what do you think of this preacher? was not the sermon very pathetic? for my part I own it sensibly moved me.'—'I am entirely of your opinion,' answered the extortioner; 'he has handled his subject perfectly well; he is a learned man, and has perfectly well discharged the duty of his calling; let us go do the same in ours.'"

"Pray who are those two ladies a-bed together who laugh so loud?" cried Don Cleofas; "they seem to me to be very merry."—"They are," answered the devil, "a couple of young ladies that have this day buried their father, who was a whimsical humorist, that had such an aversion for matrimony, or rather such a reluctance to give portions to his daughters, that he would never marry them, how advantageous matches soever were offered. The character of their deceased father was the perpetual subject of their discourse. 'He is dead at last,' said the eldest, 'our un-

natural father, who took a barbarous pleasure in preventing our marriage! He will now no more cross our desires.'—'For my part,' said the youngest, 'I am for a rich husband, though a fool, and the fat Don Blanco shall be my man.'—'Hold, sister,' replied the eldest, 'do not let us be so very hasty in the choice of husbands; let us marry those the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book.'—'So much the worse, dear sister,' returned the youngest, 'for I am afraid my father will tear out the leaf.' At this the eldest could not hold from an extravagant fit of laughter, in which the youngest, equally tickled, as heartily joins.

"In the house, next to these two sisters, lives in a ready-furnished chamber, a young Aragonian lady who is upon the catch for some rich bubble. I see she is looking in the glass instead of going to bed, and complimenting her charms on the important conquest they have made this day. She is likewise contriving new airs, and has already hit on two which will to-morrow give a good stroke towards the gaining of a new lover, who is such a very promising spark, that she cannot be too sedulous in the conquest of him; and one of her creditors coming not long since to dun her, 'Honest friend,' said she, 'come within a few days and you shall be paid. I am just upon terms of agreement with one of the chief officers of the treasury.'"

"I need not," said Don Cleofas, "ask you what that gentleman, whom I see, has been doing for this whole day; he must of necessity have spent it in writing of letters. What a prodigious quantity do I

see on his table!"—"What is most comical," answered the devil, "is that all these letters are verbatim the same. This cavalier has written to all his absent friends the relation of an adventure which happened to him this day after dinner, and is as follows:—He loves a beautiful discreet widow of thirty; he makes his addresses to her, she does not slight him; he proposes to marry her, and she accepts the offer. While the nuptial preparations are making, he has free leave to visit her at her own house, which he accordingly doth daily. He has been there to-day, and happening to meet with none of the family to ask where she was, he entered the lady's apartment, where he surprised her, asleep on a couch, in an amorous undress; or, to speak more properly, almost naked. He approached her softly, and stole a kiss; at which she awaked, and sighing, said, 'Ah, pray, Ambrosio, let me sleep!' The cavalier, like a well-bred man, very civilly took his leave at that instant, and quitted her apartment; he met Ambrosio at the door. 'Ambrosio,' said he, 'your mistress begs that you would not wake her.'

"Two doors beyond this cavalier I discover a small house where lives an original of an husband, who snores while his wife is reproaching him for having stayed out the whole day; and she would be much more exasperated, if she knew how he had been employing himself."—"In some intrigue, I warrant you," said Zambullo.—"You are right," replied Asmodeus, "and I will tell you it.

"This man is a citizen, whose name is Patricio, one of those loose husbands that live without thinking, as if they had neither wives nor children. Yet he has a

beautiful modest wife, two daughters and a son, all very young. He went out this morning without asking whether there was bread for the family, who sometimes want it. He passed by the great square, drawn thither by the preparations for the bull-feasts which are to be to-day. There were scaffolds already built all round, and such as were the most eager to satisfy their curiosity had already begun to take their places.

"Whilst he was gazing at them, he happened to cast an eye upon a lady very well made and neatly dressed, who, in coming down from one of the scaffolds, showed a fine well-turned leg, with a pink-coloured silk stocking and silver garter. There needed no more to set our weak citizen all in a flame, who advancing up to the lady, who had another with her that plainly enough discovered by her air that they were both upon the catch. 'Ladies,' said he to them, 'if I can be serviceable to you any way, pray command me, for I am very much at your service.'— 'Sir,' answered the nymph with the pink-coloured stockings, 'your offer is too obliging to be rejected; we had already taken our places, but have just left them to go to breakfast, for we have been so silly as to come out this morning without drinking our chocolate; and since you are so gallant as to offer us your service, go along with us, if you please, to some place where we may eat a mouthful. But let it be somewhere that we may not be seen; for you know young maidens cannot be too careful of their reputation.'

"At these words, Patricio, growing still more polite and well-bred than there was any occasion for, carries

his princesses to a tavern in the suburbs, where he calls for a breakfast. 'Sir,' says the man of the house, 'what would you please to have? I have the remains of a great entertainment, made at my house yesterday, still by me; crammed chickens, partridges of Leon, pigeons of Old Castile, and more than half a ham of Estremadura.'—'That is more than we shall want,' said the gentleman-usher of these vestals. 'Ladies, you need only choose; which are you for?'—'Whatever you please,' answered they, 'your taste shall be ours.' Whereupon our citizen ordered a brace of young partridges, and two cold chickens, and a private room, seeing he was with ladies who stood so much upon their modesty.

"They showed him and his company into a little by-closet, whither, in a moment, was brought what he had bespoke, with bread and wine. Our Lucretias, like ladies very sharp set, fell greedily upon the meat, while the cully, who was to pay the reckoning, amused himself with contemplating the beauty of his Luisita, for so was the lady of his affections called. He admires the whiteness of her hands, on which sparkled a large ring which she had gained by her practice; he calls her a star, a sun, and a thousand such fine names, and is not able to eat for thinking on his good luck in meeting with her. He asked his goddess if she were married; to which she answered, No, but was under a brother's care: if she had added on Adam's side, she had spoke the truth.

"In the meanwhile the two harpies not only devoured each her chicken, but drank proportionably too. The wine was soon out, and our spark himself

ran to fetch more, that they might have it the sooner; but he was hardly out of the room, when Jacintha, Luisita's companion, lays her claws upon the partridges that remained in the dish, and crams them into a linen pocket she had under her petticoat. Presently our Adonis returned with more wine; and, observing the victuals were gone, asked his Venus whether she would not eat something else. 'Let us have,' said she, 'some of those pigeons our landlord was mentioning, provided they be exceeding fine; if not, a piece of the ham will do.' She had scarce spoke when Patricio went back to the larder, and ordered three pigeons and a large slice of the ham. Our birds of prey began to peck again; and whilst their spark was obliged a third time to disappear for bread, they sent a brace of the pigeons to keep company with the prisoners in their pocket.

"After the repast, which concluded with fruits proper to the season, the amorous Patricio pressed Luisita to make him those returns he expected from her gratitude, which the lady refused to comply with; but gave him some hopes, at the same time telling him there was a season for everything, and that she thought a tavern a very unfit place to testify her acknowledgments in for the obligation she had to him. Upon which, hearing it strike one, she put on an air of uneasiness, saying to her companion, 'Dear Jacintha, we are very unfortunate, we shall meet with never a place to see the bull-fight.'—'Pardon me,' answered Jacintha, 'this gentleman has no more to do than carry us back where he first accosted us with so much politeness, and do not be uneasy about the rest.'

"Before they went out of the tavern, there was a necessity for paying the vintner, who mounted the bill to fifty reals: the citizen put his hand into his pocket, where, finding but thirty reals, he was forced to pawn his beads, garnished with silver medals, for the rest. He then waited on his adventurers to the place where he met with them, and placed them in a very convenient seat on one of the scaffolds, for which the proprietor, a friend of his, gave him credit.

"They were hardly seated, ere they asked for something to drink. 'I am fainting with thirst,' cried one, 'the ham has made me so terribly dry.'—'And I, too,' cried the other, 'could drink a glass of lemonade with pleasure.' Immediately Patricio, who understood but too well what all this meant, left them in order to go for refreshments: but stopping short, says he to himself; 'Where art thou going, madman? methinks thou shouldst have a hundred pistoles either in thy pocket or at home, and yet thou hast not a cross. What shall I do?' continued he. 'Shall I return to the lady without what she desires? No, that will never do. On the other hand, shall I stop short in an affair that is so far advanced? I can never think of that.'

"In this perplexity he perceives one of his friends in the crowd, who had often made him offers of friendship, which, out of pride, he had always refused: immediately laying aside all shame, he makes up to him in all haste, and borrows a double pistole of him; and, taking heart at this fortunate accident, flies to a chocolate house, and there buys so many liquors cooled in ice, so many biscuits, and dried sweetmeats

that the doubloon would scarce serve for that expense.

"In short, the feast concluded with the day, and our gallant waits on his ladies home, hoping thereby to gain his ends. But when they were before a house where she said she lived, a sort of a maid came out to Luisita, and, speaking with some concern, 'Lord,' said she, 'where have you been so late? Your brother, Signor Don Jasper Heridor, has been at home these two hours, storming and swearing like a madman;' upon which the sister, pretending to be in a fright, turned to our spark, and squeezing his hand, said in a low voice, 'My brother is terribly passionate, but it is soon over; stay a little in the street, and do not be impatient, so we will go in and quiet him; but, as he every night sups in the city, the moment he goes out, Jacintha shall come and inform you of it, and let you in.'

"The gallant, comforted by this promise, kissed Luisita's hand with transport, who bestowed on him a few caresses to keep him in hopes; and then went in with Jacintha and the maid. Patricio very contentedly sat himself down on a stone that was near the door, and waited a good while, without thinking they could possibly have any design to trick him. Nothing surprised him but that he did not see Don Jasper come out, which made him fear that this cursed brother would not sup in the city.

"In the meantime he hears it strike ten, eleven, twelve. Then he began to abate of his confidence, and to suspect his lady's sincerity. He goes up to the door, goes in, and gropes his way through a dark alley, in the midst of which he finds a pair of stairs.

However he dares not venture to go up, but listens attentively, and his ear is saluted with the disagreeable concert of a dog barking, a cat mewing, and a child crying. At last he begins to find he is imposed upon; and what fully convinces him is, that endeavouring to get at the end of the alley, he finds himself in a different street to that where he had so long waited.

"Then he regretted the loss of his money, and returns home cursing the pink-coloured stockings; he knocks, and his wife opens the door with her beads in her hand and tears in her eyes, saying, with a moving air, 'Ah! Patricio, can you thus abandon your house, and take so little care of your wife and children? What have you been doing ever since six o'clock this morning, that you went out?' The husband not knowing what answer to make, and ashamed besides of being fooled by a couple of jilting baggages, undressed, and went to bed without speaking one word. The wife, in a humour for moralising, is now giving him a lecture that this moment has laid him to sleep.

"Cast your eye," pursued Asmodeus, "on that great house, beyond that of the gentleman who is writing his friends an account of breaking off his marriage with his mistress. Did you see that young lady in the rose-coloured satin bed embroidered with gold?"—"Yes," answered Don Cleofas, "I discern a fine woman in a profound sleep, and I think also a book on her bolster."—"You are right," replied Asmodeus, "that lady is a very gay, witty, young Countess, who being indisposed, and not able to sleep for a week, she this day resolved to send for

one of the gravest physicians of this city. He came, she consulted him, and he ordered her a remedy mentioned in Hippocrates. The lady began to rally his prescription; but the physician, being a peevish animal, was disgusted at her jest, and replied with his doctorial gravity: 'Hippocrates, madam, is not a proper man to be ridiculed.'—'God forbid, Doctor,' answered the Countess, with the most serious air that it was possible for her to put on; 'God forbid that I should laugh at such a famous and learned author! I have such a high value for him, that I am fully persuaded the reading of some of his tracts, only, would cure my waking distemper. I have his works translated by the learned Azero, which is the best translation extant.' She accordingly tried the experiment, and at the third page fell asleep.

"In the Countess's stables there is a poor one-armed soldier, whom the grooms out of charity allow to lie every night on the straw. He begs in the daytime, and has just now had a pleasant conversation with another beggar, that lives near Buen-retiro, in a passage leading to the court. This last has made a good hand of it, is a warm old fellow, and has a daughter marriageable, who passes amongst these people for a rich heiress. The soldier, accosting the old gentleman, said to him, 'Signor Mendigo, you see I have lost my right arm, I can no longer serve his majesty, and am reduced, as you are, to the civility of passengers for a subsistence. But of all trades, I know very well this is one that best subsists those that follow it, and that all it wants is to be a little more honourable.'—'If it were honourable,' answered the other, 'it would be worth nothing, for everybody would take

it up.'—'You say right,' replied the soldier; 'well then, I am one of your brethren, and would fain be related to you. You shall give me your daughter.'—'You do not consider,' answered the old rich fellow, 'that she must have a better match. You are not half lame enough for my son-in-law. I would have a man in a condition to draw compassion from an usurer.'—'Good God!' said the soldier, 'is not my condition deplorable enough?'—'Fie,' answered the other hastily, 'you have only lost an arm, and yet you pretend to my daughter! Do you know, sir, that I have already refused her to a fellow so lame, that he goes with his breech in a bowl?'

"But we must not pass by the house next to the Countess's, where lives a drunken painter and a poet. The painter went out at seven this morning, with intent to fetch a confessor to his wife, who is at the point of death; but meeting with a friend that dragged him to the tavern, he never returned till ten at night. The poet, who, if he be not belied, has sometimes met with a melancholy reward for his satires, said just now in a coffee-house, with a swaggering air, speaking of a man that was absent: 'That is a rascal to whom I must give a good drubbing;' to whom an arch fellow replied: 'That you may very easily, for you have a good stock by you.'

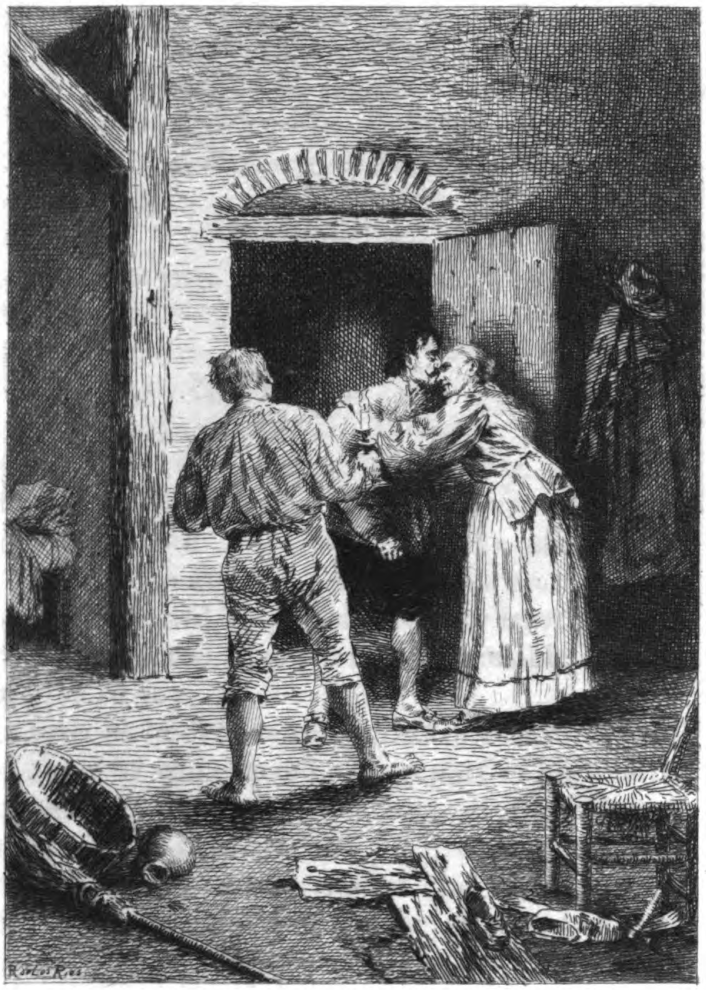
"I must not forget a scene worth your hearing, that hath this day passed at a banker's in this street, who is lately set up in this city. It is not two months since he returned from Peru laden with riches: his father is an honest cobbler in a small village about twelve leagues from hence, where he lived thoroughly contented with his condition, and his wife, who is

much about the same age with himself, that is sixty.

"It is a long time since this banker left his parents, to go to the Indies in quest of a better fortune than what they could propose to leave him; for within the compass of twenty rolling years they had not seen him. They frequently talked of him, and continually prayed that heaven would please not to forsake him; and the parson being their friend, they never failed to obtain the public prayers of the congregation for him. As for the banker, he had not forgotten them; but, as soon as he was settled, resolved to inform himself of their condition. To this purpose, after having ordered his domestics not to expect him, he mounted on horseback, and went alone to the village.

"It was ten at night before he got thither, and the honest cobbler was a-bed with his wife, in a sound sleep, when he knocked at the door; they then awaked, and asked who was there? 'Open the door,' says the banker, 'it is your son Francillo.'—'Make others believe that, if you can,' cried the old man; 'you thieving rogues, go about your business, for here is nothing for you; Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies.'—'He is no longer there; he is returned home from Peru,' replied the banker, 'and it is he that now speaks to you; open your door, and receive him.'—'Jacobo, let us rise then,' said the woman, 'for I really believe it is Francillo, I think I know his voice.'

"They both rose immediately; the father lighted a candle, and the mother, after getting her clothes on with the utmost haste, opened the door. She



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earnestly looked on Francillo, and could no longer doubt his being her son; she flung her arms about his neck, and clasped him close to her. Jacobo, also touched by the same sentiments as his wife, did not fail to embrace his son in his turn; and all three of them, transported with the sight of one another after such a long absence, could not satisfy themselves with expressing the marks of the utmost tenderness.

"After these pleasing transports, the banker unsaddled and unbridled his horse, put him into the stable, where he found an old milk-cow, the nurse to the whole family; he then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and all the riches that he had brought from Peru. The particular was long, and would tire any disinterested auditors; but a son, that unbosomed himself in the relation of his adventures, could not tire the attention of a father and mother. They greedily heard him; and the very least particulars which he related, made in them a sensible impression of grief or joy.

"As soon as he had ended the story of his fortunes, he told them he came to offer them part of his wealth, and begged of his father not to work any longer. 'No, my son,' said Mr. Jacobo, 'I love my trade, and will not quit it.'—'Why,' replied the banker, 'is it not now high time for you to give it over and take your ease? I do not propose your coming to live with me at Madrid; I know very well that a city life would not please you. I would not disturb your quiet way of living; but, at least, give over your hard labour, and pass your days as easily as you can.'

"The mother seconded her son, and Mr. Jacobo

yielded. 'Very well, Francillo,' said he, 'to please you, I will not work any more for the public; but will only mend my own shoes, and those of my good friend the vicar of the parish.' After this agreement, the banker, fatigued with his day's journey, ate a couple of poached eggs, and lay down to sleep by his father, with a pleasure which only the most dutiful and best-natured children to their parents can imagine.

"The next morning the banker, leaving them a purse of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid; but, yesterday, was very much surprised to see Mr. Jacobo unexpectedly at his house. 'My father,' said he, 'what brought you hither?'—'Francillo,' answered the honest man, 'I have brought your purse,—take your money again; I desire to live by my trade; I have been ready to die with uneasiness ever since I left off working.'—'Well then, my father,' replied the banker, 'return to your village, work at your trade enough to divert yourself, but no more; carry back your purse with you, and do not spare mine.'—'Alas! what would you have me to do with so much money?' replied Mr. Jacobo.—'Comfort the poor with it,' returned Francillo; 'bestow it as your vicar shall advise you.' The cobbler, satisfied with this answer, returned that morning to his village."

Don Cleofas could not hear Francillo's story without a particular pleasure; and was going to break out into praises of the honest-hearted banker, if just at that moment a very shrill cry had not called off his attention. "Signor Asmodeus," cried he, "what is it that I hear? what confused noise strikes the air?"—"Those are madmen," answered the devil, "who are tearing their throats with singing and roaring; we are

not far from the place where they are shut up."—"Ah!" said Don Cleofas, "pray do me the favour to show me them, and give me an account wherefore they ran mad."—"I will immediately give you that diversion," answered the devil. These words were scarce ended, before the student was transported to the top of the Casa de los locos.*

* The madhouse, or bedlam.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE CONFINED MAD PEOPLE.

ZAMBULLO cast an attentive eye into all the rooms; and, having observed the mad men and women that were in them, said the devil to him, "You see here are mad folks of both sexes, merry and melancholy, young and old; but I must now tell you what has turned their brains. We will take them in order, one after another, and begin with the men.

"He that is raving in the first room is a news-monger of Castile, born in the heart of Madrid, a haughty citizen, and more touched with the honour of his country than an old Roman citizen. This man is melancholy mad, by reading in the gazette that twenty Spaniards suffered themselves to be beaten by a party of fifty Portuguese.

"His neighbour is a licentiado, who has played the hypocrite at court for these ten years, only to obtain a benefice; and, seeing himself continually forgotten in the promotions, despair has at last turned his head. But a very lucky circumstance for him is, that he fancies himself Archbishop of Toledo; and if he really be not so, he has the pleasure of believing he is; and I think him still the more happy, as I look upon his madness as a golden dream in which he will continue

all his life; and as he will have no account to give in the next world, how he has employed the revenues of his bishopric in this.

"The next is an orphan, whom his guardian made to pass for distracted, that he might seize his estate; and the poor youth is really become so at last, out of pure grief to see himself shut up here. Next to him is a schoolmaster, who lost his wits in search of the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek verb; and the other a merchant, whose reason could not support the news of a shipwreck, after having had the courage to bear up against the misfortune of two bankruptcies.

"He whom you see beyond him, is old Captain Zanubio, a Neapolitan gentleman, who came to settle at Madrid, and ran mad with jealousy. His story runs thus:—

"He had a young wife, whose name was Aurora; he kept her out of sight; his house was inaccessible to all men. Aurora never went out but to mass, and then was always accompanied by her old Tithon, who sometimes carried her to an estate which he had near Alcantara. Notwithstanding all his vigilant care, a certain gentleman, whose name was Don Garcia Pucheco, having seen her at church, had conceived a violent passion for her. He was a bold young spark, and worth the regard of a handsome woman ill married. The difficulty of introducing himself to Zanubio did not remove his hopes: but his beard being not yet grown, and being a very beautiful youth he dressed himself in girl's clothes, took a purse of a hundred pistoles, and went to Zanubio's estate, whither he had been informed by good hands, that the captain and his wife would very soon come. He

addressed himself to the gardener's wife, and, in a romantic heroic strain, said to her, 'I come to throw myself into your arms,—take pity upon me! I am of Toledo, born of a good family, and to a good fortune; my parents resolve to marry me to a man I hate, and I have this night escaped their tyranny, and at present want a shelter from their rage. They will never come to look for me here;—permit me to stay here till my relations come to more tender sentiments for me. Here is my purse,' adds he, giving it to her, 'take it, —it is all I can at present offer you. But I hope I shall one day be able to acknowledge any service you shall do me.'

"The gardener's wife, touched with this discourse, more especially with the conclusion, 'My daughter,' said she, 'I will serve you; I know several young women who are sacrificed to old men, and withal, know that they are not very well contented withal; alas! I feel part of their griefs. You could not have addressed yourself to a more proper person than myself; I will place you in a little private chamber, where you shall be secure.'

"Don Garcia passed several days here very impatiently, expecting the arrival of Aurora, who at last came, accompanied by her husband, who, according to his custom, searched all the apartments, closets, cellars, and garrets, to see if he could not discover any man hidden there. The gardener's wife, knowing him thoroughly, prevented him searching Don Garcia's chamber, by telling in what manner the pretended lady had desired a refuge there. Zanubio, though extremely distrustful, had not the least suspicion of the deceit. He was willing to see

the unknown lady, who desired to be excused from the discovery of her name, pretending she owed that concealment to her family, whom she disgraced by this sort of flight. She then told her romantic tale so advantageously, that the captain was charmed with it and began to find a growing inclination for the fair unknown. He offered her his services, and, flattering himself that this might prove a lucky adventure, placed her with his wife.

"As soon as Aurora saw Don Garcia, she blushed, and grew disturbed, without knowing why; he perceived it, and believed she had observed him in the church where he had seen her. Wherefore, to satisfy himself, as soon as he could speak to her alone, he said, 'Madam, I have a brother has often mentioned you to me; he saw you for a moment in a church; ever since that time he has called upon your name a thousand times a-day, and is in a condition which indeed deserves your pity.'

"At these words Aurora looked on Don Garcia more intently than she had yet done, and answered, 'You too much resemble that brother for me to be any longer deluded by your artifice; I see clearly enough that you are a cavalier in petticoats; I remember, that one day when I was hearing mass, my veil suddenly flew open, and you saw me. I observed you, out of curiosity, and found your eyes always fixed upon me. When I went away, I believe you did not fail to follow me, to discover in what street I lived, and who I was. I believe, I say; because I durst not turn my head to observe you; because my husband, who was with me, would have been alarmed, and made a great crime of it. The next and the

following days I went to the same church, where I saw you again, and took so much notice of your face that I know it again, notwithstanding your disguise.'—'Madam, then,' replied Don Garcia, 'I must unmask. Yes, I am a man, ensnared by your charms. It is Don Garcia Pucheco, whom love has introduced here in this dress.'—'And you hope, without doubt,' said she, 'that, approving your passion, I should favour this stratagem, and contribute my part to keep my husband in the error he now lies under—but there you are deceived. I will immediately discover the whole to him. I am glad of such a handsome opportunity of convincing him that his vigilance is less secure than my virtue; and that, as jealous and distrustful as he is, it is more difficult to surprise me than him.'

"She had scarce ended these words before the captain appeared. 'What are you talking of, ladies?' said he. To which Aurora immediately answered, 'We are speaking of those young cavaliers that attempt to get into the affections of young women who have old husbands; and I was saying, that if any of those sparks should be so rash as to presume to introduce themselves to you, under any disguise, I would very severely punish their impudence.'—'And you, madam,' said Zanubio, turning towards Don Garcia, 'how would you treat a young cavalier on the same occasion?' Don Garcia was so disturbed and confused, that he was utterly at a loss what answer to return to the captain, who would have perceived the perplexity he was in, if a footman had not come to tell him that a person was come from Madrid to speak with him.

"He went to see what his business was, when Don

Garcia threw himself at Aurora's feet. 'Ah, madam!' said he, 'what pleasure do you take in tormenting me? Will you really be so barbarous as to deliver me over to the resentment of an enraged husband?' —'No, Pucheco,' answered she, smiling; 'young women, who have old jealous husbands, are not so cruel. Reassume your courage; I was willing to divert myself by putting you into a little fright, but that shall be all; it is not making you pay too dear for my complaisance in suffering you to stay here.' At these comforting words Don Garcia found all his fears vanish, and conceived hopes which Aurora was so kind as to make good.

"One day, when they were mutually exchanging some marks of their good understanding in Zanubio's apartment, the captain surprised them. Had he not been the most jealous man in the world, he saw enough to engage him to believe, with good reason, that his fair unknown was a cavalier disguised. Enraged to the highest degree at this sight, he runs to his closet to fetch his pistols; but, in the meanwhile, the lovers escaped, double-locking all the doors after them, and carrying off the keys. They got to a neighbouring village, where Don Garcia had left his valet-de-chambre and two horses. There he quitted his petticoats, took Aurora behind him, and conducted her to a convent, where he desired her to enter, and assured her of a refuge there, the abbess being his aunt. This done, he returned to Madrid to wait the issue of this adventure.

"In the interim, Zanubio finding himself locked in, loudly called all his family. A footman, hearing his voice, ran towards him; but the doors being

locked, he could not open them. The captain endeavoured to break them open, but not being able to get out that way quick enough, yielding to his rage, he hastily flung himself out at a window with the pistols in his hand; he fell upon his back, hurt his head, and remained senseless on the ground. His domestics came and carried him into the hall on a couch; they threw water in his face, and, on tormenting him, fetched him out of his fainting-fit; but with his senses his rage returned. He asked for his wife. The servants answered him, that they saw her and the strange lady go out at the little garden-door. He commanded them to give him his pistols immediately, and they were forced to obey him. He caused a horse to be saddled, mounting it without thinking of his wounds; but happened to take a different road than that which the lovers went. He passed the whole day in a vain chase; and at night, stopping at an inn in a village to repose himself, his fatigue, and the blood which he had lost, threw him into a fever and delirium, which almost carried him off.

"To tell you the rest in two words,—he lay fifteen days sick in that village; after which, he returned to his estate, where, continually possessed by his misfortune, he, by degrees, lost his wits. Aurora's friends were no sooner informed of this, than they brought him to Madrid, and shut him up in the madhouse; and his wife is yet in a nunnery, where they resolve she shall stay some years, as a punishment for her indiscretion, or rather a fault for which they only are to blame.

"The very next to Zanubio is Signor Don Blas

Desdichado, a gentleman of great merit. His wife's death is the occasion of his being in the sad condition wherein you see him."—"That is surprising," said Don Cleofas. "What! a husband run mad for the death of a wife? really I did not think conjugal love could be carried so high."—"Not so fast," interrupted Asmodeus; "Don Blas did not run mad with grief for the loss of his wife, but for being forced to restore fifty thousand ducats to his wife's relations, according to the marriage articles, in case they had no children, which is this gentleman's misfortune."

"Oh, that alters the affair," said Leandro; "now I am no longer surprised at it. But, pray tell me who that young man is in the next room, that is capering about like a goat, and, stopping now and then, bursts out into a laugh, and holds his sides all the while?" —"That is a merry madman," replied the cripple; "and his madness was caused by an excess of joy. He was a porter to a person of quality; but, hearing one day of the death of a rich contador, whose only heir he was, he was not proof against so joyful a piece of news, and so his head turned.

"We are got to that tall youth who plays upon the guitar, and sings to himself. He is a melancholy madman, a lover, whom the severities of his mistress have reduced to this condition."—"Ah, how I pity him!" cried the student; "allow me to deplore his misfortune; it may be every honest gentleman's case. If I should be smitten by a cruel beauty, I do not myself know whether I should not lose my wits."—"By this sentiment you show yourself to be a true Castilian; one must be born in the very middle of Castile to be capable of ever

running melancholy-mad for being unable to please. The French are not so tender; and if you will know the difference betwixt a Frenchman and a Spaniard on this head, I need only repeat that song which the madman sings, and has just this minute composed :—

A SPANISH SONG.

" ' Ardo y llora sin sossiego :
Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
Que ni el llanto appaga el fuego ;
Ni el fuego consumo el llanto.'

' I sorely weep, my heart the while on fire,
The fire all fierce ne'er can my tears consume,
Nor weeping quench the flame of my desire,
Alack ! that tears and flames are both my doom.'

" Thus sings the Spanish cavalier, when his mistress has used him ill; and on the same occasion, a Frenchman, a few days since, expressed himself thus :—

A FRENCH SONG.

" ' L' objet qui règne dans mon cœur
Est toujours insensible à mon amour fidèle
Mes soins, mes soupirs, ma languer,
Ne sauraient attendrir celle beauté cruelle.
O ciel ! est il un sort plus affreux que le mein ?
Ah ! puisque je ne puis lui plaire,
Je renonce au jour qui m'éclaire ;
Venez, mes cher amis; m'enterrer chez Payen.'

' Th' ungrateful object of my love
Is deaf to all my prayers ;
Her cruel heart no sighs can move,
Nor is she soften'd by my tears.
Was ever mortal cursed like me ?
The light and ever-glorious sun,
Henceforth abandon'd, will I shun,
And henceforth will with Payen lie.' "

"Payen is probably a vintner," said Don Cleofas. "You have guessed right," said the devil. "Let us go on and examine the rest."—"No," said Leandro, "let us rather go to the women, for I am impatient to see them."—"I will comply with your impatience presently," replied the spirit; but there are two or three unfortunate people that I should be glad to show you first,—perhaps you may improve by their misfortune.

"In the next room to the man playing on the guitar, don't you see a pale, meagre face, grinding his teeth, and looking as if he intended to swallow the iron bars at his window? That is an honest fellow, born under so unlucky a planet, that with all the merit in the world, and twenty years endeavours, he has not been able to secure himself bread. He ran mad at seeing a little inconsiderable fellow of his acquaintance mount in one day to the top of fortune's wheel, by nothing but his knowledge of arithmetic.

"His neighbour is an old secretary, whose noddle is cracked by the ingratitude of a courtier whom he had served for sixty years. He is a servant whose zeal and fidelity can never be sufficiently commended; for he never asked anything, but was satisfied with letting his care and services speak for him. Yet his master, very different from Archelaus, King of Macedon, who denied favours when asked, and bestowed them unasked, is dead without making him any recompense; and left him but just enough to pass his days here in misery, and among madmen.

"One more, and I have done. It is he leaning with his elbows on the window, buried in profound meditation. In him you see a Signor Hidalgo of

Tafalla, a small town in Navarre; he removed to Madrid, and employed his money to a fine purpose; for he was mad enough to make an acquaintance with all the beaux-esprits, and treat them every day of his life. Every day was a day of entertainment at his house; and though the authors, an ungrateful and churlish tribe, laughed at him whilst they were eating him up, yet he never would rest till he had spent all his little fortune upon them."—"No doubt," said Zambullo, "he is run mad with vexation at having ruined himself so foolishly."—"Quite the contrary," replied Asmodeus, "it is to see himself not in a condition to continue the same life.

"Let us now come to the women."—"How comes it," said the student, "that I see but seven or eight! there are fewer women mad than I thought."—"All of the mare not here," replied the demon, smiling; "but, in another part of the city, there is a great house quite full of them. I will carry you thither this minute, if you please."—"That is needless," answered Don Cleofas, "I will content myself with what are here."—"You are in the right," replied the cripple, "for they are almost all young ladies, and of distinction; and you may judge by the neatness of their rooms that they cannot be ordinary women. But let me inform you of the causes of their distraction.

"The first is a corregidor's lady, whose head was turned by the outrageous passion she fell into at being called a citizen's wife by a court lady. The second is wife to the treasurer-general of the council of the Indies; and she is run mad with vexation at being obliged to turn her coach in a narrow street,

to make way for that of the Duchess of Medina Celi's. The third is a merchant's widow, out of her wits with spite for losing a great lord, whom she hoped to marry. And the fourth is a girl of quality, named Donna Beatrix, whose misfortune I must tell you.

"This lady had a friend called Donna Mencia, whom she saw every day. A knight of the order of St. Jago, a well-made gallant young fellow, became acquainted with them, and soon made them rivals; for they both vigorously disputed his heart, but he inclined to Donna Mencia's side, so she was in a short time married to him.

"Donna Beatrix, jealous of the power of her charms, conceived a mortal spite at having the preference given against her; and, like a right Spaniard, entertained a violent desire of revenge, when she received a letter from Don Jacintho de Romarate, another lover of Donna Mencia's, wherein he tells her, that being as much mortified at his mistress's wedding as she herself was, he had resolved to fight the cavalier who had robbed him of her.

"This was a very agreeable letter to Donna Beatrix, who, desiring only the death of the offender, wished for nothing more than that Don Jacintho would take away his rival's life; but whilst she was impatiently waiting for so Christian-like a satisfaction, it happened that her brother having accidentally quarrelled with Don Jacintho, they drew, and he received two wounds of which he died. It was Donna Beatrix's duty to bring the murderer to justice, which however she neglected, in order to give him time to attack the knight of St. Jago; and this

proves that a woman holds no consideration so dear as that of her beauty. And it was thus Pallas behaved to Ajax, after he had ravished Cassandra: for the goddess did not immediately punish the sacrilegious Greek, who had just been profaning her temple, but resolved he should contribute towards revenging her for the judgment of Paris. But, alas! Donna Beatrix, less fortunate than Minerva, did not taste the pleasure of being revenged; for Romarate perished in his rencounter with the knight, and the lady's chagrin, to see an affront which had been offered her go unpunished, has turned her brain.

"The two following madwomen are an attorney's grandmother, and an old marchioness. The former having sufficiently plagued her grandson by her ill-nature, he has very fairly shut her up here, to rid his hands of her. The other is a lady who has all her lifetime been worshipping her beauty. Instead of growing old with a good grace, she was perpetually bemoaning the ruin of her charms, and, at last, one day, happening to look into a glass that did not flatter, fell mad."

"As for the old marchioness," said Leandro, "I think it is a lucky accident; as her mind is disordered, perhaps she no longer finds that time has made any alteration in her person."—"No, certainly," replied the devil; "far from seeing anything like age in her face, her complexion seems to her a mixture of lilies and roses, the loves and graces appear at her side, and, in short, she thinks herself the goddess Venus."—"Well, then," replied the student, "is not she happier in her madness, than if she could see herself just as she really is?"—"Doubtless she is,"

said Asmodeus. "But hold; we have but one lady more (she is in the furthermost room), who is just fallen into a deep sleep after three days and nights of raving. It is Donna Emerenciana. Examine her well; what say you to her?"—"I think her perfectly handsome," answered Zambullo; "what pity it is so charming a creature should be mad! By what accident has she been reduced to so deplorable a condition?"—"Listen attentively," replied the cripple, "and you shall hear the story of her misfortune.

"*The History of Donna Emerenciana.*

"Donna Emerenciana was the only daughter of Don Guillem Stephani, and lived at ease at her father's house in Siguenca, till Don Ximenes de Lizana broke in upon her quiet by the gallantries he put in practice to please her. She was not only sensible of the cavalier's assiduities, but was so weak as to help forward the stratagems he employed to get at the speech of her, and soon gave him her faith, and received his.

"These two lovers were of equal birth; but the lady might pass for one of the best fortunes in Spain, whereas Don Ximenes was no more than a younger brother. There was still another obstacle to their union. Don Guillem hated the family of Lizana; which he showed but too plainly by his discourse, whenever that family was the subject of conversation. He seemed even to have a greater aversion for Don Ximenes than for the rest of his race. Emerenciana, extremely afflicted to see her father in such a disposition, took it as an ill omen to her love. However, he did not scruple to give loose to her

inclinations, and to converse privately with Lizana, who was introduced to her from time to time at night by the means of her woman.

"One of those nights it happened that Don Guillem, who, by chance waked just as the lover was coming in, thought he heard something in his daughter's apartment, which was not far from his own. There needed no more to make so distrustful a parent uneasy. However, as suspicious as he was, Emerenciana's conduct had been so artful, that he never suspected her correspondence with Don Ximenes. But not being one of that sort of men who carry their confidence too far, he got up very softly, went and opened a window that looked into the street, and had the patience to stay there till he saw Lizana go down by a rope-ladder into the street, and knew him by the light of the moon.

"What a sight was this for Stephani, the most revengeful and barbarous man that Sicily, the place of his birth, ever produced! He did not immediately yield to the dictates of his passion, but carefully avoided making a noise, which might have deprived him of the principal victim of his resentments. He put a constraint upon himself, and waited till his daughter was up the next day before he went into her apartment. There, finding himself alone with her, and looking at her with eyes sparkling with rage; 'Wretch,' said he, 'who, notwithstanding thy noble blood, art not ashamed to be guilty of the most infamous actions, prepare thyself to suffer the punishment thou hast deserved. This steel,' added he, drawing a poniard out of his bosom, 'this steel shall rob thee of life, if thou dost not confess the

truth. Tell me the name of that audacious villain who came hither last night to dishonour my house.'

"Emerenciana remained quite speechless, and so confounded at her father's threats, that she could not bring out a word. 'Ah! wretch,' continued her father, 'thy silence and confusion show me thy guilt but too plain. And dost thou imagine, daughter unworthy of me, that I am to learn what has passed? Last night I saw the audacious villain,—it is Don Ximenes. It was not enough to admit a cavalier into thy apartment at night, but he must be my mortal enemy too. But come, let us know how far I am injured. Speak without disguise; for it is thy sincerity alone can preserve thy life.'

"The lady, at these words, entertaining hopes of escaping the dismal fate that threatened her, recovered in some measure from her fright, and answered Don Guillem thus: 'My lord,' said she, 'I could not help hearing Lizana, but Heaven is witness of the purity of his sentiments. As he knows you hate his family, he has not yet dared to ask your consent; and it was only to confer together about the means of obtaining it, that I sometimes granted him admission.'—'And whom did you both make use of,' replied Stephani, 'to convey your letters to each other?'—'One of your pages,' answered the lady, 'did us that service.'—'That is all I would know,' replied the father: 'now for my design.' Whereupon with the dagger still in his hand, he made her take pen and ink, and write her lover this letter, which he dictated himself:—

"'DEAREST HUSBAND, only joy of my life,—I am to

tell you that my father is just gone into the country, from whence he returns to-morrow. Make use of the opportunity. I flatter myself that you will wait for night with as much impatience as myself.'

"When Emerenciana had written and sealed this perfidious billet, Don Guillem bid her call the page who had so well acquitted himself of the commission he had been charged with, and order him to carry that letter to Don Ximenes. 'But do not hope to deceive me,' added he, 'for I will lie concealed somewhere here, and observe thee narrowly when thou givest it to him; and if thou sayest a word to him, or givest him the least sign that may make him suspect the message, I will immediately plunge the dagger in thy heart.' Emerenciana knew her father's temper too well to dare to disobey him. She gave the billet into the page's hands as usual.

"Stephani then put up the poniard, but did not leave his daughter one moment all the day; he would not let her speak to anybody out of his sight, and managed so well that Lizana could receive no information of the snare that was laid for him. The young gentleman was exact to the appointment. Scarce was he got within the doors, when he found himself immediately laid hold on by three lusty fellows, who disarmed him without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, gagged him for fear of his crying out, and tied his hands behind him. At the same instant they put him in this condition into a coach that had been prepared for the purpose; and all three went into it, to make sure of the cavalier, whom they carried to Stephani's country-seat, situated at the village

of Miedes, about four short leagues from Siguenca. The moment after, Don Guillem set out in another coach, with his daughter, two maids, and an old ill-natured duenna, whom he had hired that afternoon. He took with him the rest of his family, except an old domestic, who knew nothing of the carrying away of Lizana.

"Before daybreak they all arrived at Miedes. Stephani's first care was to see Don Ximenes secured in a dungeon, which let in a small glimmering by a hole too straight for a man to get through. He then ordered Julio, a servant privy to his designs, to give him no other nourishment than bread and water, nor any other bed than straw, and to say to him every time he carried him his allowance, 'Here, base seducer! It is thus Don Guillem treats those that dare injure him. The cruel Sicilian used his daughter with no less severity; he shut her up in a room that had no window towards the fields, removed her woman, and gave her the duenna he had chosen for her jailer; a duenna that could not be paralleled in the world for tormenting young ladies committed to her charge.

"In this manner he disposed of the two lovers; but his intention was not to stop there. He had resolved to rid himself of Don Ximenes; but still he would fain have committed that crime with impunity; which, however, seemed pretty difficult to effect. As he made use of his own servants to carry off the cavalier, he could not hope that a fact known to so many could perpetually remain a secret. What then was to be done to escape the pursuits of justice? He determined upon an expedient which

showed him to be a complete villain. He called together his accomplices into a small house separate from the castle. He told them how pleased he was with their zeal, and, in acknowledgment, promised them a large reward, after he had entertained them. He made them sit down to table, and, in the midst of the entertainment, Julio poisoned them by his order. Then the master and the man set fire to the house; and before the flames could bring in the inhabitants of the village about him, they assassinated Emerenciana's two maids, and the little page I mentioned before, and then threw their bodies to the rest. In a short time the house was all in flames, and burnt to the ground, notwithstanding all the neighbouring peasants could do to extinguish it. All this while the Sicilian was to be seen showing all the signs of a most immoderate grief. He appeared inconsolable at the loss of his servants.

"Having in this manner made sure of the discretion of those in whose power it was to have betrayed him, he thus addressed himself to his confidant: 'Dear Julio, now I am at rest, and may take away Don Ximenes's life whenever I please. But before I sacrifice him to my honour, I will enjoy the charming pleasure of seeing him suffer. The misery and horror of a long imprisonment will be more cruel to him than death.' And, indeed, Lizana was continually bewailing his ill fortune, and, being persuaded he should never get out of the dungeon, wished to be freed from his sufferings by a sudden death.

"But it was in vain that Stephani hoped his mind would be at rest after such an exploit. In three days a fresh uneasiness came upon him. He was appre-

hensive that Julio, when he carried the prisoner his food, might be gained over by promises; and that fear made him determine to hasten the death of the one, and then to shoot the other. Julio, too, on his side, was not without his fears; and judging that his master, after ridding himself of Don Ximenes, might very probably sacrifice him to his own safety, formed the design of making his escape the first opportunity, with everything in the house that could be carried off with the greatest ease.

"These were the contrivances of those two good men, each unknown to the other, when they were one day both surprised, about a hundred paces from the castle, by fifteen or twenty archers of the holy brotherhood, who surrounded them immediately, crying out, 'By order of the king, and of justice!' At this sight Don Guillem turned pale, and was confounded. However, setting a good face upon the matter, he asked the commandant whom his business was with? 'With yourself,' answered the officer. 'You are charged with carrying away Don Ximenes de Lizana. I am ordered to make a strict search for that gentleman all over your castle, and to secure your person.' Stephani being convinced by this answer that he was undone, fell into a violent rage. He drew out a pair of pistols, insisted he would not suffer his house to be searched, and threatened to shoot the commandant if he did not presently draw off with his men. The captain despising his threats, advanced upon the Silician, who let off a pistol at him, and wounded him in the face. But that wound cost the rash man that gave it his life; for two or three archers fired upon him that instant, and, to

revenge their officer, laid him dead upon the spot. As for Julio, he surrendered himself without any resistance, and did not give them the trouble of asking whether Don Ximenes was in the castle, but confessed everything: however, seeing his master lifeless, he threw all the villany upon him.

"In short, he took the commandant and his archers to the dungeon, where they found Lizana, fast bound, lying upon straw. The poor gentleman who lived in continual expectation of death, thought that so many men in arms were not come thither upon any other design than to kill him; but was agreeably surprised to find that they whom he took for his executioners, were his deliverers. When they had unbound and brought him out of the dungeon, he thanked them for his deliverance, and asked them how they came to know he was a prisoner there. 'That is,' said the commandant, 'what I am going to tell you in few words.

"'The night you was carried off,' pursued he, 'one of those concerned in it, who had a mistress that lived a few doors from Stephani, going to take his leave of her before he set out, was so indiscreet as to discover Stephani's project to her. The woman kept it secret for two or three days; but as the report of the fire at Miedes began to spread all over Siguenca, and as it seemed strange to everybody that the Sicilian's servants should all perish in it, she bethought herself that it might be the handiwork of Don Guillem. So, to revenge her lover, she went to Don Felix, your father, and told him all she knew. Don Felix, frightened to see you at the mercy of a man capable of anything, carried the woman before the corregidor, who, having examined her, did not

doubt but Stephani intended you should suffer the longest and most cruel torments, and that he was the horrid contriver of the fire; and resolving to go to the bottom of the affair, sent me an order to Retortillo, where I live, to mount and hasten hither with my brigade, in order to search for you, and bring Don Guillem alive or dead. I performed my commission in what relates to you with success; but am very sorry it is out of my power to carry the criminal to Siguenca alive. He put us under a necessity of killing him, by the resistance he made.'

"The officer having ended his story thus, said to Don Ximenes: 'Signor Cavalier, I am going to draw up informations of all that has happened here; after which we will set out, in order to comply with the impatience you must be in of ridding your family of the uneasiness they feel upon your account.'—'Sir,' cried Julio, 'I will furnish you with fresh matter, to enlarge your information. You have still another prisoner to set at liberty. Donna Emerenciana is shut up in a dark room, where a merciless duenna is continually mortifying her, and never allows her a moment's rest.'—'O heaven!' cried Lizana, 'the cruel Stephani then was not satisfied with exercising his barbarity upon me only! Let us go this moment and deliver that unhappy lady from the tyranny of her governante.'

"Thereupon Julio carried the commandant and Don Ximenes, with five or six archers, to the chamber which served Don Guillem's daughter for a prison. They knocked at the door, and the duenna came and opened it. You may easily guess the pleasure that Lizana felt at the sight of his mistress, after he had

despaired of ever possessing her. He perceived his hope return, or rather he could not doubt of his happiness, since the only person that could pretend to oppose it was dead. As soon as he saw Emerenciana, he ran and threw himself at her feet; but who can express his concern, when, instead of meeting with a mistress ready to receive his transports, he found nobody but a lady bereft of her understanding? In effect, she had been so tormented by the duenna, that she was run mad. She continued some time in deep thought, then on a sudden imagining she was the fair Angelica, besieged by the Tartars in the fortress of Albraca, she considered all the men that were in her room as so many Paladins come to her assistance. She took the captain of the holy brotherhood for Orlando, Lizana for Brandismart, Julio for Hubert of the Lion, and the archers for Antifort, Clarion, Adrian, and the two sons of the Marquis Oliver. She received them with great politeness, saying, 'Brave knights, I no longer fear the Emperor Agrican, nor Queen Marphisa: your valour is able to defend me against all the force of the universe.'

"At this extravagant discourse the officer and archers could not help laughing. But it was far otherwise with Don Ximenes, who, sensibly afflicted to see his mistress in so sad a condition for his sake, was, in his turn, near losing his senses. However, he still flattered himself she might be brought to herself; and, in this hope, 'My dear Emerenciana,' said he, with a tender air, 'see here your Lizana. Recollect your wandering thoughts. Know that our misfortunes are at an end. Heaven would not suffer two hearts it had joined to be separated; and the

inhuman parent who has used us so ill can now no longer cross our designs.'

"The daughter of King Galafron's answer to this, was a discourse addressed to the valiant defenders of Albraca, who, for once, forbore laughing. The commandant himself, though naturally very far from being tender-hearted, felt some touches of compassion, and said to Don Ximenes, whom he saw borne down by his grief, 'Signor Cavalier, do not despair of your mistress's recovery. You have physicians at Siguenca, who by their skill may accomplish it. But let us not stay here any longer. You, Lord Hubert of the Lion,' added he, speaking to Julio, 'you know where the stables of the castle are; take with you Antifort, and the two sons of the Marquis Oliver. Choose the best steeds there, and put them into the princess's chariot. In the meantime, I will draw up my informations.'

"Upon this, he took out of his pocket an ink-horn and paper, and having written what he thought proper, presented his hand to Angelica, to help her to go down into the courtyard; where, by the care of the Paladins, they found a coach with four mules ready to set out. He put the lady and Don Ximenes into it, and then went in himself; he took the duenna with him, too, whose deposition he thought the corregidor would be glad of. That was not all; by the captain of the brigade's order, Julio was loaded with irons, and put into another coach with Don Guillem's corpse. The archers then remounted their horses, and they all set out for Siguenca.

"During their journey, Stephani's daughter said a thousand extravagant things, which were so many

daggers to her lover. He could not look on the duenna without falling into a passion. 'It is you, cruel old hag,' said he, 'it is you that have harassed Emerenciana by your cruel treatment, and turned her brain.' The governante excused herself with an hypocritical air, and threw all the blame on the deceased. 'It is to Don Guillem only,' answered she, 'that this misfortune is owing. That too severe parent came every day, and terrified his daughter with his menaces, which at last made her run mad.'

"As soon as the commandant arrived at Siguenca, he went and gave an account of his commission to the corregidor, who upon the spot interrogated Julio and the duenna, and sent them to prisons in the city, where they still remain. He also examined Lizana, who then took his leave, and went home to his father's, where he turned their sorrow and uneasiness into joy. As for Donna Emerenciana, the corregidor took care to send her to Madrid, where she had an uncle by her mother's side. This good relation, who only wanted to have the administration of his niece's estate, could not handsomely avoid appearing to desire her recovery, and applied to the most celebrated physicians: nor had he any occasion to repent it; for, after all their pains had been thrown away, they pronounced her incurable. Upon this decision, the guardian immediately shut up his charge here, where, according to all probability, she will spend the rest of her days."

"Cruel destiny!" cried Don Cleofas; "I am heartily concerned for her. Donna Emerenciana deserved a better fate. And what is become of Don Ximenes?" continued he; "I should be glad to know what resolu-

tion he has taken."—"A very reasonable one," replied Asmodeus. "When he saw the evil was without remedy, he set out for New Spain. He hopes his travels will by degrees wear out of his mind the remembrance of a lady, whom his reason and repose require he should forget. But," pursued the devil, "having shown you the confined mad folks, I must let you see those who deserve to be so."

CHAPTER X.

THE MATTER OF WHICH IS INEXHAUSTIBLE.

'LET us turn our eyes towards the city, and as I discover any subjects which deserve to be placed amongst those that are here, I will give you their respective characters. I see one already which I will not suffer to escape. It is a new-married man, who eight days since was told of the coquetting tricks of a jilt that he loved. Enraged, he goes to her, breaks one part of her furniture, throws another out at the window, and the next day marries her."—"Such a man as this," said Don Cleofas, "certainly deserves the first vacancy in this house."—"He has a neighbour not much wiser than himself," replied Asmodeus; "it is a bachelor of forty-five, who has sufficient to live on, and yet would enter himself in a nobleman's service. I see a lawyer's widow, a good woman, who is above sixty; her husband is just dead, and she is going to retire into a nunnery to secure her reputation, as she says, from scandal.

"I discern a couple of virgins of above fifty, each making vows to Heaven to take their father, who keeps them as close locked up as though they were under age. They hope, after the old gentleman's death, they shall find handsome men that will marry

them for love."—"And why not?" said the student; "there are men in the world of as whimsical a taste as that."—"I grant it," replied the devil, "it is not impossible they should find husbands, but they ought not to flatter themselves with such hopes; it is therein consists their folly.

"There is no country in the world where the women tell their age truly. About a month since, a maid of forty-eight, and a wife of sixty-nine, went before a commissary to testify for a widow of their acquaintance, whose virtue was questioned. The commissary first interrogated the married woman on her age, and though it was as plainly expressed in her forehead as in the church-register, she yet boldly ventured to say she was but forty. He next interrogated the maiden. 'And you, madam,' said he, 'how old are you?'—'Let us pass on to the other questions, sir,' answered she, 'for this is an improper one to put to us.'—'You do not consider what you say, madam,' replied the commissary; 'do you not know that in judicial cases the truth ought always to be told?'—'No law obliges us to it,' answered the maiden hastily. 'But then I cannot take your deposition,' said he, 'if your age be not to it, for it is a material circumstance.'—'If it is absolutely necessary,' replied she, 'look upon me intently, and put my age down according to your conscience.'

"The commissary looked in her face, and was polite enough to set her down twenty-eight. He then asked whether she had long known the widow. 'I knew her before her marriage,' said she. 'Then I have mistaken your age,' replied he, 'in setting you down but twenty-eight, for it is twenty-nine years since the

widow was married.'—'Well, sir,' returned the maiden, 'write me down thirty, then; I might at a year old know the widow.'—'That will not be regular,' replied he, 'let us add a dozen.'—'No, indeed,' interrupted she; 'all that I can possibly afford to add is one year more, and I would not put a month more if it were to save my reputation.'

"When these two ladies were gone from the commissary's, the married woman said to the other, 'I wonder that impertinent fellow should take us for such fools as to tell our ages truly. It is not enough indeed that they are registered in the parish-books, but the rude fellow would have them upon his papers, that all the world may know them. Would it not be fine to hear it bawled out in court, Mrs. Richards, aged so many years, and Mrs. Perinelle, aged forty-five years, depose so and so? Well, I bantered him sufficiently; I sunk a good round twenty years upon him, and you have done very well in suppressing so many.'—'What do you call so many?' answered the maiden very smartly; 'you rally me, I am at most but five and thirty.'—'Ha!' replied the other with an angry air, 'whom do you tell so? I saw you born. It is a long time since indeed. I remember to have seen your father; when he died he was not young, and it is now above forty years.'—'Oh, my father! my father!' hastily interrupted the virgin, enraged at the other's freedom; 'betwixt you and I, when my father married my mother, he was so old, he was not able to get children.'

"I observe in the same house," continued the spirit, "two men who are not overwise. One is the only son of the family, who can neither keep any

money, nor be without it. When he is flush of money, he buys books, and when it begins to be low with him, he sells them for half what they cost him. The other is a foreign painter, who draws women's pictures; he is a great artist, he paints well, draws correctly, and hits a likeness extraordinarily well, but does not flatter; and yet is so vain as to think he should be crowded with business. *Inter stultos referatur.*"

"How," said the student, "you speak Latin to a miracle!"—"Ought you to wonder at that?" said the devil; "I speak all languages in perfection; even not excepting that of Athens, which I speak a hundred times better than a certain set of men who at present value themselves on speaking well, and yet I am neither the greater fool, nor the vainer for it.

"Cast your eye into that great house on the left hand, on a sick lady, surrounded by several women who watch with her. It is the widow of a famous rich architect, who is overrun with an affectation of nobility. She has this day made her will, by which she bequeaths her immense riches wholly to persons of the first quality; not that she so much as knows any one of them, but only for the sake of their great titles. She was asked whether she would not leave something to a certain person who had done her considerable services. 'Alas, no,' answered she, 'and I am concerned at it. I am not so ungrateful as not to own that I have obligations to him; but he is but a yeoman, and his name would disgrace my will.'"

"Signor Asmodeus," interrupted Don Cleofas, "I beg you would inform me whether that old man,

whom I see reading so hard in a closet, may not perhaps deserve to be placed here?"—"He deserves it beyond dispute," answered the demon. "He is an old licentiado in divinity, and is reading a proof of a book he has at the press."—"The subject must certainly be moral or divine," said the student. "No," replied the devil, "it is a miscellany of lewd poems which he has written; instead of burning them, or at least suffering them to die with their author, he prints them in his lifetime, for fear his heirs should not be inclined to publish them after his death; or, out of regard to his character, should deprive them of all their salt and spirit.

"I should do wrong to pass by a little woman who lives with the licentiate. She is so much possessed with her very small merit, that she is drawing up a list of her lovers, in which she inserts all men in general who ever spoke to her.

"But let us come to a rich canon that I discern about two paces further, tainted with a very particular folly. He lives frugally, though it is neither for mortification nor sobriety, but to amass riches. For what? To distribute in alms? No. He buys pictures, rich furniture, jewels, china and baubles, not to enjoy the use of them during his life, but only to make a figure in his inventory."

"What you tell me is unnatural and forced," interrupted Don Cleofas. "Is there really a man in the world of this character?"—"Yes, I tell you," replied the devil, "he is one of that sort of madmen. Does he, for instance, buy a very fine cabinet? he causes it to be packed up neatly, and locked up in his garret, that it may appear perfectly new to the brokers who

are to buy it after his death. In short, he pleases himself with the thoughts that the inventory of his goods will be admired.

"Let us proceed to one of his neighbours, whom you will think full as mad. He is a bachelor, and lately arrived at Madrid, from the Philippine Islands, with a vast estate, left him by his father who was auditor of the court of Manilla. His conduct is very extraordinary; for he is to be seen passing the whole day in the antechamber of the king, and of the chief minister. Not that he has the ambition to solicit any great post; no, he neither desires nor asks any. How then! say you, does he go thither purely to make his court? You are farther off still. He never speaks to the minister, neither is he known to him, nor desires to be so. What, then, can be his motive? Why this: he would persuade the world he has an interest there."

"A very diverting original!" cried the student, bursting into a laugh; "but this is giving one's self a great deal of trouble to very little purpose; and I think you are in the right to rank him amongst such mad people as ought to be confined."—"Oh! as to that," replied Asmodeus, "I shall show you a great many more whom it would be wrong to think a whit more in their senses. For example, do but look into that great house where you see so many wax-tapers lighted up, and three men and two ladies round the table. Now these people have just supped, and are at present sat down to cards, in order to spend the rest of the night, after which they will part; and this is the life these gentlemen and ladies lead. They meet regularly every night, and part at daybreak to

go to sleep, till darkness has banished the sight of the sun, and of the beauties of nature. Would you not say, to see them in the midst of so many candles, that they are so many dead people waiting for the last office being done them?"—"Well, then," said Don Cleofas, "there is no occasion for shutting up these fools; they are shut up already."

"I see in the arms of sleep," replied the cripple, "a man whom I love, and who has a particular affection for me; a man moulded according to my heart's desire. He is an old graduate, who idolises the fair sex. You cannot mention a pretty girl to him, but you find he listens to you with an extraordinary pleasure. If you tell him she has a small mouth, red lips, ivory teeth, or a complexion of alabaster; in a word, if you are the least particular in your description, he sighs at every feature, turns up his eyes, and dissolves in raptures. It is but two days since, passing by a shoemaker's shop in Alcala Street, he stopped short to admire a very small woman's slipper he saw there; and having surveyed it with much more attention than it deserved, he said, with a dying air, to a gentleman that was with him, 'Ah, my dear friend, there is a slipper that enchants me! What a charming pretty foot that must be, that it was made for! But let us be gone, for I am too much pleased with it, and it is dangerous to go through this street.'"

"We must mark this graduate with black," said Leandro Perez. "Right," replied the devil; "we must so; nor must his next neighbour be marked with white; an original of an auditor, who, because he has an equipage, blushes with shame whenever he is obliged to make use of a hackney-coach. And, I

think, we may place in the same rank one of his relations, a licentiado, who, though he has a dignity of a vast revenue in a church at Madrid, yet almost perpetually goes in a hackney-coach to save two very neat ones, and four fine mules of his own that he has in the stable.

"In the neighbourhood of the worthy graduate and auditor, I perceive a man who must not be denied the justice of being placed amongst the mad folks; a cavalier of sixty making love to a young creature. He sees her every day, and thinks to be agreeable to her, by entertaining her with the conquests he made in his younger days, and would have her esteem him for his having been formerly handsome.

"In the same number with this gentleman, let us place another who is asleep about ten paces from us. a French Count, who is come to Madrid to see the Spanish court. This old nobleman is upwards of seventy, and in his youth made a figure at the court of his own king. All the world at that time admired his shape and gallant air, but his taste and manner of dress charmed everybody. Now this gentleman has preserved all his clothes, and worn them these fifty years in spite of the mode, which, in his country, changes every day. But the most diverting circumstance is, that he imagines he has the same graces at this day, which were admired in him in his youth."

"We need not consider upon this matter," said Don Cleofas; "let this French lord go into the number of those that ought to be boarders at the Casa de los locos."—"I keep a room there," replied the demon, "for a lady that lives in a garret on one side the Count's palace. She is an elderly widow,

who, out of excess of tenderness to her children, has made over all her estate to them, excepting a very small allowance to subsist on, which her children are obliged to make her, and which, out of gratitude, they take great care not to pay.

"I must likewise send thither an old bachelor of a good family, who no sooner has a ducat in his pocket than it is gone; and yet, not being able to support the want of money, will do anything to come at it. About a fortnight ago his laundress, to whom he owed thirty pistoles, came and desired he would pay her, telling him she wanted it in order to be married to a valet-de-chambre, who courted her. 'Thou must have other money then,' said he; 'for what devil of a valet-de-chambre would have thee for fifty pistoles?'—'Oh dear! yes, sir,' said she, 'I have two hundred ducats besides.'—'Two hundred ducats!' said he eagerly. 'Gadso! Thou hast nothing to do, but to give them to me, and I will marry thee, and so we are even.' His laundress took him at his word, and is now his wife.

"Let us keep three places for those three men just come from supper in the city, who are now stepping into that house on the right, where they live. One of them is a Count, who sets up for a lover of polite learning. The other is his brother, a licentiado; and the third is a wit that hangs on them. They are always inseparable, and never visit asunder. The Count's sole business is to praise himself; that of the licentiado to praise his elder brother and himself; but the wit's business is of a larger extent, he praises both of them, intermixing his own commendations with theirs.

"Two more places must be kept: one for an old citizen, a great florist, who, having scarce enough to subsist on, is for keeping a gardener and his wife to look after a dozen of flowers in his garden. The other is an actor, who, complaining of the disadvantages incident to that way of life, said the other day to some of his companions, 'Indeed, gentlemen, I am very much tired with this profession; nay, I would even rather be an inconsiderable country gentleman of a thousand ducats a-year.'

"Let me turn on which side I will," continued the spirit, "I meet with nothing but people disordered in their senses. There is a knight of Calatrava, so proud and vain of private conversations with the daughter of a grandee, that he thinks himself upon a footing with the most considerable persons at court. He is like Villius, who fancied himself Sylla's son-in-law, because he was well with the dictator's daughter. The comparison is the more pat, as this knight, like the Roman, has a Longarenus, a good-for-nothing fellow of a rival, that is more in her good graces than himself.

"One would be apt to say that the same men from time to time spring up again, only with different features. For in that minister's secretary one may discover Bolanus, who kept no measures with anybody, and affronted every man whose countenance did not please him. In that old president one sees Fufidius over again, who used to lend his money at five per cent. per month. And Marsæus, who gave his family-seat to the comedian Origo, lives again in that heir of the family, who is wasting in debauchery the money he received for a country house he has near the Escurial, with an actress."

Asmodeus was going on, when on a sudden he heard the tuning of instruments, upon which he broke off, and said to Don Cleofas—"At the corner of this street there are some musicians going to serenade the daughter of an Alcalde of the court; and if you have a mind to be nearer the diversion, you need only speak."—"I love these concerts mightily," answered Zambullo; "let us go nearer the music, perhaps there may be voices amongst them." He had scarce spoken, when he found himself upon the house adjoining to that of the Alcalde.

The instruments began the concert with several Italian airs, after which two voices sung the following couplets alternately:

First Couplet.

"Si de tu he mojura quieres
Una copia con mil gracias;
Escucha, porque pretendo
El pintar lac.

Second Couplet.

"Es tu frente toda nieve
Y el albastro; batallas
Offrecio al amor, haziendo
En ella vaya.

Third Couplet.

"Amor labro de tus cejas
Dos arcos para su Aljava
Y debaxo ha descubierto
Quien le mata.

Fourth Couplet.

"Eres duena de el lugar,
Vandolera de las almas,
Iman de los alvedrios,
Linda alhaja.

Fifth Couplet.

" Un rasgo de tu hermosura
Quisiera yo retratar la,
Que es estrella, es cielo ; es sol ;
No es sino el alva.

First Couplet.

"Would you see a copy of those charms, and that beauty of yours? listen, for I am going to paint them.

Second Couplet.

"Your face is all of snow and alabaster ; it has defied love who laughed at it.

Third Couplet.

" Love has made of your eyebrows two bows for his quiver ; but he has discovered below them who it is that wounds him.

Fourth Couplet.

" You are the sovereign of this place, the stealer of hearts, the diamond of desires, a fine jewel.

Fifth Couplet.

"I would fain, with one stroke, describe your beauty. It is a star, a heaven, a sun. No, it is nothing but the morning."

" These couplets are gallant and delicate," said the student. " That is because you are a Spaniard," said the demon ; " were they translated into French, they would not be much admired. Readers of that nation would not like the figurative expressions, but would discover in them a whimsical imagination that would set them a laughing. Every nation is prepossessed in favour of its own taste and genius. But let us have done with those couplets," continued he, " for you are going to hear another kind of music.

" Follow with your eye those four men that on a

sudden appear in the street; see, they fall upon the serenaders, who make use of their instruments to defend themselves; but they, not being able to withstand the force of the blows, fly into a thousand shivers. And now two gentlemen came to their assistance, one of which gave the serenade. See with what fury they charge the aggressors, who being of equal courage and address, receive them with a good grace. What a fire flashes from their swords! See, one of the defenders of the concert falls; and it is he that gave it. He is mortally wounded. His companion, who perceives it, takes to his heels; the aggressors, too, make off, and the music disappears. Only the poor unfortunate cavalier, whose serenade cost him his life, remains there on the spot. Observe, at the same time, the Alcalde's daughter, who, from her window, is observing everything that has passed; and is so proud and vain of her beauty, though a very ordinary creature, that, instead of being sorry for the sad effects of it, the cruel wretch applauds herself for it, and thinks herself more handsome upon that account.

"But that is not all," added he; "you see another gentleman, who, coming up to him that lies wallowing in his own blood, endeavours, if possible, to help him; but while he is employed in so charitable an office, you see he is seized by the watch that come in upon him, and is dragged to prison, where he will remain a long time, nor will it cost him less than if he had been really the murderer."

"Good God!" exclaimed Zambullo, "how many misfortunes have happened to-night!"—"Yes," replied the devil, "and yet that will not be the last. At

this moment, if you were at the Gate of the Sun, you would be startled at a sight that will soon present itself. By the carelessness of a servant, the fire has taken hold of a great house, and already reduced a great many valuable things to ashes. But whatever valuable effects it may consume, Don Pedro de Escolano, whose unfortunate house it is, will not regret the loss of them if he can save his only daughter Seraphina, who is in danger of being burnt." Don Cleofas desiring to be an eyewitness of the fire, the cripple that instant flew with him to a large house directly over against that where the fire was.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE FIRE, AND WHAT ASMODEUS DID ON THAT OCCASION, OUT OF FRIENDSHIP TO DON CLEOFAS.

IMMEDIATELY they heard a confused noise of people crying out fire, and calling for water. Presently they saw the great staircase leading to the best apartment of Don Pedro's house all on fire; and in a minute clouds of flames and smoke issued out at the windows.

"The fire rages," said the demon; "it is already mounted to the roof, and begins to make its way out by it, and fill the air with sparks; and is got to such a height, that though the people flock from all parts to extinguish it, they can do no more than stand by as spectators. You may distinguish from amongst the crowd an old gentleman in a night-gown. He is the Signor de Escolano. How he cries and takes on! He is addressing himself to the people that are about him, and conjuring them to go fetch out his daughter; but the great reward he promises them is to no purpose, for nobody will expose his own life for that lady, who is a perfect beauty, and but sixteen years of age. He tears his hair and mustachios, seeing his prayers and entreaties for assistance are in vain; he beats his breast, and out of excess of grief

behaves like a madman. On the other side, Seraphina, in her apartment, deserted by her women, is swooned away with the fright, and will, in a little time be stifled by the thick smoke, for no mortal man has it in his power to help her."

"Ah, Signor Asmodeus," cried Leandro Perez, moved by a generous compassion, "yield, I beg you, to the emotions of pity which I feel, and do not reject the entreaties I make you to rescue this lady from impending death. It is the only recompense I ask for the service I have done you. Do not oppose my desires as you did just now, for I shall die with grief if you refuse me."

The devil smiled to hear the student talk thus. "Signor Zambullo," said he, "you have all the qualifications of a true knight-errant; you have bravery, a compassion for the sufferings of others, and a great readiness to serve the ladies; have not you a mind to throw yourself into the midst of those flames like an Amadis, in order to deliver Seraphina, and restore her safe and sound to her father?"—"Would to heaven the thing were possible!" answered Don Cleofas, "I would undertake it without a moment's hesitation."—"Yes," replied the devil, "and death would be the reward of so fine an exploit. For I have already told you, that human valour can be of no service here, and it must be myself that undertakes the affair to oblige you. Pray, see how I go about it, and observe all my operations."

These words were hardly out of his mouth, when, putting on the likeness of Leandro Perez, to the student's great amazement, he slipped among the crowd, pressed through, and darted into the midst of

the flames as into his proper element, in the sight of the spectators, who were terrified at the action, and showed their dislike of it by a general shriek. "What madman is this!" said one; "how can interest have blinded him so far? Were he not entirely bereft of his senses, the promised reward would have been no temptation for him!"—"This rash young fellow," said another, "must certainly be a lover of Don Pedro's daughter, who, pushed on by excessive grief, must have resolved to rescue his mistress, or die in the attempt."

In short, they gave him up to Empedocles' fate, when in a moment they saw him break through the flames with Seraphina in his arms. The air rang with acclamations of the people, who could not sufficiently praise the brave cavalier that had performed so fine an action; for when rashness is crowned with success, it finds none to blame it, and though it was a prodigy, it appeared as the bare consequence of Spanish courage.

As the lady was still in her swoon, her father did not dare to give himself up to joy; but was afraid that after being so happily rescued from the flames, she might die in his sight by the terrible impressions which the danger she had run must have made on her brain. But he was soon put out of his fears; for she came to herself by the care that was taken of her; and casting her eyes on the old gentleman with an air of tenderness, "Sir," said she, "I should be more afflicted than rejoiced to find my life preserved, if yours was not so too."—"Ah! my dear child," answered he, embracing her, "since you are safe, I am not concerned for anything else. Let us return

our thanks," continued he, at the same time presenting the counterfeit Don Cleofas to her, "let us both return our thanks to this young gentleman our deliverer—it is to him you owe your life. We cannot be grateful enough to him; nor is the promised reward sufficient to bring us out of his debt."

Here the devil took up the discourse, and very gallantly said to Don Pedro, "My lord, the reward you proposed had no share in the service which I have had the happiness to do you. I am a gentleman and a Castilian; the pleasure of drying up your tears, and of preserving from the flames the charming object they were going to consume, is more than a sufficient recompense for me."

The disinterestedness and generosity of their deliverer inspired the Signor de Escolano with a vast esteem for him: he invited him to come and see him, and desired his friendship in return for his own, which he offered him; and then, after a great many compliments on both sides, the old gentleman and his daughter retired to a little apartment they had at the end of the garden. After this the devil went back to the student, who, seeing him return in his first form, said, "Sir Demon, either my eyes deceive me, or you were just now in my likeness."—"Yes, sir," said the cripple, "I was, and hope you will pardon me for it, when I acquaint you with the reasons for that metamorphosis. I have formed a great design, for I intend you shall marry Seraphina, and, under your features, have inspired her with a violent passion for your lordship. Don Pedro, too, is very well pleased with you, because I told him very gallantly that my only view in rescuing his daughter was the pleasure of obliging

them both ; and that the honour of happily putting an end to so dangerous an affair was recompense enough for a gentleman and Spaniard. The good man, who has a great soul, will not be outdone in generosity, and, I must tell you, is this moment considering whether he shall not make you his son-in-law, that his gratitude may keep pace with the obligation he thinks he has to you. While he is determining, I will carry you to another place, and divert you with different objects."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOVERS.

"I MUST confess," says Cleofas, "the observations you have made are very instructive, but tend to things for which a man of my age and complexion has but little relish. You are to remember it was a love-adventure brought me into the honour of your conversation; and, dear Cupid, since you preside over that passion, confine your discourse to what you are master of. Show me then the joys and anxieties, the politics and follies of lovers, if you would improve me in a real useful knowledge."—"I should be shy," said the demon, "of giving you that information, for fear of losing a votary, did not I know it is an inseparable quality in lovers, to see and yet indulge their misery and weakness; for which reason I am under no apprehension of your growing wiser from the folly of others."—"But pr'ythee," quoth the student, "before you go any further, let me know what that gentleman is, who is striking fire at his tinder-box; do you observe yonder how he appears and vanishes as the sparks fly about him?"—"That vigilant person," replied Asmodeus, "is a lover, who has been this evening in his mistress's company. She, in her discourse on indifferent

things, began two or three censures with an accustomary phrase of hers, 'There are some people in the world.' This he took no notice of at the time she spoke it; but upon second thoughts, in his own lodgings, very wisely discovered that she meant him by that ambiguous expression. After taking several turns in his chamber, he called for pen, ink, and paper, kicked his footman downstairs, and resolved to tell his mistress, plainly, he knew whom she aimed at in her late reflections. He had not gone through the first line of his letter, before he was interrupted by a sudden thought which set all things right again; convinced him that his suspicions were groundless, and that he was still in her good graces. He immediately grew the most satisfied man in the world, went to bed in the height of good humour, gave his man a crown, and bid him good-night.—"What disaster," said Cleofas, "can have befallen him since? he seems to blow his tinder in an unusual hurry; how his cheeks swell, and his eyes glare! it is the most dreadful night-piece I ever saw."—"You must know," says the demon, "he had composed himself with great tranquillity for half an hour, and was just falling asleep, when he started on a sudden, and bethought himself, 'If she did not mean me, who could she mean?' This threw him into so great a ferment, that he jumped out of his bed, with a resolution to do something which yet neither he nor I know anything of."—"I heartily pity the poor fellow," said Cleofas, "for I find he loves in earnest."—"Had he not," replied the demon, "she had been his own before now; but it is the frailty of that weak sex to prefer an acted passion to a real one."—"That is a frailty," says the student, "into which they may

naturally fall. A personated lover can assume all the graces, and avoid all the imperfections of the passion. Disquietudes, jealousies, and expostulations always accompany, but very ill recommend, a heart thoroughly enamoured. But look, the man has lighted his candle, and blown it out again."—"Ay," says the demon, "he was quieted the very moment he had lighted it, by calling to mind that he had one day heard his mistress say, nothing was so graceful in a man as an high forehead, which you may observe he has, to the apparent detriment of his chin, cheeks, and eyes."—"On how slight a foundation is raised the good and evil of lovers!" cried Cleofas. "Perhaps she who creates all this disorder is in perfect tranquillity."—"That you shall see immediately," said Asmodeus. "Cast your eyes on the great house in the corner of the same street; does not a watch-light discover to you a lady lying half out of her bed, and talking to a servant who sits by her side? you are to understand, by the way, that the woman of a lady in love never goes to bed till four in the morning. As soon as she has undressed her, and laid her on her pillow, her business of putting her to rest is but begun; for she is then to sit down by her, hear her sentiments of the humble servant, and confute all her suspicions of his infidelity or want of love; and by that time the good lady is ten times thoroughly convinced, and her maid as often perjured, in hopes to be dismissed, the story is to begin again. The present anguish of our wakeful vestal is occasioned by a merry tale that the gentleman in his shirt told her in their last conversation, which diverted her so much, that she is afraid he hath not grief at heart, who could talk with so much

humour. This gives her a thousand fears, that he has broke his fetters; but she now receives comfort, the wench having almost persuaded her, that the person for whom her ladyship has so much tenderness, went away in very great disorder, and in all probability is at this moment upon the rack."

"I know by experience," says the student, "there is nothing so disagreeable to one in her ladyship's condition as a state of indifference; your true lover must be always giving either pleasure or pain. But who is that pretty creature sighing before her glass at this time of night? Why does she bite her lips, glance her eyes, and examine her face in so many different views?"—"You know," said Asmodeus, "the custom, among you young fellows, of publishing a list every winter of the beauties who are to be the tyrants of the year, and have their healths drank by crowds of second-hand lovers that never saw them, but are to be enamoured by hearsay, and die for them, because it is the fashion. The lady before us, after a reign of three years, was left out in yesterday's nomination, which is the subject of her present contemplation; wherein she appeals to her glass from the injustice of the electors. To be revenged on the town, sometimes she is resolved to marry a faithful lover she has long laughed at, and spend the remainder of her life in devotion; but upon surveying herself more narrowly, she finds things are not come to that extremity, and now intends to dress, and try the fortune of her features in all public places for one year more, in order to revive her pretensions against the next election. But we must not dwell so long on particulars; if you would have an idea of the extent

of my command, you see my followers in every quarter of the city.

"Yonder is a young lady getting out at a window, to run away with her father's footman; and at that corner is a lord attending with a coach and six, to steal a mantuamaker's journeywoman. The gentleman you see in the porch has made an assignation to meet his mistress in that place to-morrow morning at seven, and, in order to it, took his station there at ten last night."—"Excuse interruption," said the student; "pray tell me the circumstances of the person yonder that lies on his back with his hands lifted up, and his head erected, like a figure on a tomb; he seems falling asleep in an act of devotion; it is the only person I have seen well employed; he is taken up much better than in these vanities."—"Nothing less," answered the demon; "he lies motionless, as you see, that a plate of blacklead on his forehead may have its due effect in preserving it smooth. His hands are tied up, that they may be white in the morning; and his waist braced in with an iron bodice, to preserve his shape. In this extraordinary posture he is calling upon cruel Belinda; and, amidst a thousand cutting reflections on the ill success of his passion, it is no small mortification to him, that, by the itching of the left side of his nose, he finds he shall have a pimple there before morning."

"But pray tell me," says Cleofas, "the history of that studious gentleman that stands in his night-gown looking upon his candle. He rubs his head, as if it teemed with some extraordinary project."—"Ha! my old friend Leandro," says the demon, "are you there? This gentleman," says he, turning to Cleofas,

"about fifteen years ago, fell in love with a young widow, who did not discourage his addresses. He is a good-natured sensible fellow, and fond to death of his fair idol; but, at the same time, so over-run with modesty, that he cannot find courage enough to reveal his passion, and ask her consent. She has given him a thousand opportunities of breaking it to her, and he has made as many resolutions of doing it the next time he sees her; but they are no sooner left together, than he falls into confusions and palpitations, looks like an ass, and wishes somebody would come into the room to disembarrass him, and spoil an opportunity that, perhaps, he has longed for several months before. She took him yesterday into the fields. The lover, who would have given half his estate for so favourable an occasion, fell a-praising the prospect, and after a great many efforts to enter on the grand affair, resolved to put it off to another time. His passion began in the year 1692, and in 1695 was in a fair way, had he pressed it; ever since that time he has been endeavouring to communicate his heart, but it fails him, and it is very probable he may be passed the functions of love before he has courage enough to make it."—"This would have been a rare fellow to have made love before the deluge," says Cleofas; "a man might have languished an hundred years for a girl, and afterwards, upon her disdain, have had two or three centuries of youth to take in; but at present, courtship, marriage, and consummation are drawn into a span. We must huddle up our amours as soon as possible, if we intend to taste the sweets of them."—"But," said Asmodeus, "commend me to that busy gentleman,

whom you see writing in a pensive posture. He is a passionate lover, that is, an angry one; an honest soul, that shows his sincerity to his mistress by never disguising his resentments. This morning he took the innocent freedom of shaking her by the shoulder, and calling her a dirty baggage; upon which, after having deliberated whether he ought to hang himself, or beg her pardon, he has just now finished a penitential letter to her, wherein he subscribes himself the vilest of men, and most miserable of lovers."

"Unhappy wretch! let him go sleep, if he can," said the student; "but I grow sick with looking upon fools so like myself. You would oblige me more, if you would show me the weakness of the enemy, and let me see, that, with all these disadvantages, we are equal to the sex we have to deal with."—"There is hardly one of them," said the devil, "who does not destroy, by her insolence, the passion she raises by her beauty.

"If you had as good ears as I, you would hear that lady, who frisks to and fro in her apartment with so much uneasiness, cry coxcomb, fop, clown, novice, at every little stop she makes in her walk. Her misery is, that, according to form, she told a plain fellow, with a good estate, who proposed himself to her, she wondered he could make her such an offer, and solemnly protested she could never like him. The swain believed her, and is gone to his country-seat; upon which she is now casting about, by what means to explain to the rustic the nature of gallantry, and make him understand that a man's profession of love, and a woman's refusal, in this refined age, are equally mere words."

"But I observe a lady, who, of all that I have seen," said Cleofas, "touches me with the greatest compassion; her streaming eyes and dishevelled hair speak a perfect Magdalen. What can be her distress? who could be so barbarous to a creature made up of so much softness?"—"That disconsolate dame," quoth Asmodeus, "was three hours ago one of the greatest coquettes in Madrid, and is breaking her heart too late for want of knowing it time enough. She had long loved a gentleman of merit, but played with his passion and her own by so many repeated slights, that he grew tired of the chase, and yesterday disposed of himself to another. It is for this reason that she abandons herself this night to prayer and hartshorn, and intends to-morrow to shut herself up in a nunnery for ever. It would be endless to show you the vanities of the sex; their thoughts, words, and actions tend only to show and ostentation, for which they sacrifice their liberty and all the pleasures of life. Look at the sumptuous apartment in that palace, and the wrought bed that reaches up to the roof of it. Do not you see in it an old man just fallen asleep, and by his side a beautiful young lady looking at a picture in miniature? The avarice of her mother tore her from the young gallant whose figure she is contemplating, to bury her in the embraces of one she loathes. And now all the hopes she has left are to lay her old man in a winding-sheet, and one day or other come into the arms of her first love. At the next house is a more diverting sight; the brute who staggers into that chamber is reeling to the bed of that delicate creature, whom her prudent parent prostituted to his embraces. The

beastly sot was rival to one of a very agreeable character; their fortunes were equal, but I daresay you will laugh at the merit which preferred this worthy to the choice of the provident mother. You must know he had a pigeon-house upon his estate, which the other wanted. This turned the balance in his favour, and determined the fate of that unfortunate lady."

"If you can show us only unhappy effects of this passion," said Cleofas, "I must desire you would entertain me with another set of objects."—"Do not be discouraged," answered the demon, "at the prospects I have laid before you. There are in nature pleasing amours and happy marriages, but these are not to be looked for in Madrid. To give you a sight of happy pairs, I should transport you to solitudes and retirements, where love is a stranger to art and gallantry, and lives amidst its own natural sweets, complacency, mutual esteem, and eternal constancy; without being diverted by the false appearances, which, under the colour of advancing its enjoyments, vitiate the true relish of them. It is when we spirits behold mortals in this condition, that we suffer our greatest pangs of envy, and wish for flesh and blood to taste the gratifications bestowed upon them."

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE TOMBS, THE GHOSTS, AND DEATH.

"BEFORE we pursue our reflections on the living," said the demon, "let us for a few moments disturb the repose of the dead, buried in this church. Let us run through these sepulchres, lay open what they conceal, and see wherefore they were erected.

"The first of those which you see on the right hand, contains the sad remains of a general officer, who, like another Agamemnon, at his return from the army found an Egisthus in his house. In the second is a young cavalier of a noble family, who, designing to show to his mistress his address and vigour at a bull-feast, was cruelly torn to pieces by one of those creatures. And in the third lies an old prelate, too soon hurried out of the world by making his will in perfect health, and reading it to his domestics, to whom, like a good master, he had bequeathed legacies. But his cook was too much in haste for his.

"In the fourth mausoleum rests the body of a courtier, who never gave himself any trouble but to make his court. For sixty years he was every day seen at the levee, dinner, and supper of the king, who loaded him with favours as the reward for his

assiduity."—"But really," said Don Cleofas, "was this man good for anything else?"—"For no kind of thing," answered the devil. "He was lavish of his offers of service, but never in his lifetime kept his word."—"The wretch!" replied Leandro. "Were all superfluous members to be retrenched from civil society, this sort of courtiers ought to be the first."

"The fifth tomb," pursued Asmodeus, "contains the mortal remains of a nobleman, whose zeal for his country's good and his sovereign's glory was ever uppermost at his heart. His whole life was spent in embassies to Rome, France, England, and Portugal; and he so fairly ruined himself by them, that when he died he had not enough to bury him; but the king, to reward his services, was at that expense.

"Let us go on to those on the other side. The first is the sepulchre of a considerable trader, who left his children an immense fortune, but, for fear their wealth might make them forget their rise, he had his name and profession engraved upon his tomb; which his present descendants are not very well pleased with.

"The following mausoleum, which exceeds all the rest in magnificence, is a piece looked upon with admiration by all travellers."—"Why, really," said Zambullo, "I think it deserves to be so looked on. But I am, above all, charmed with those two figures kneeling; they seem so admirably well finished. Whoever made them must have been a curious workman. But, pray tell me what the persons they represent might have been in their lifetime."

"You see," replied the cripple, "a duke and his wife; he was groom of the stole, and filled his post with

great reputation, and his wife lived in a strict devotion. I must let you into a circumstance of this good duchess's life, which I fancy you will think merry enough in one who professed so much devotion. And it was this.

"The lady had long had for her confessor a monk of the order de la Merci, named Don Jerom d'Aguilar, a good man, and very famous for his preaching; with whom she was very well pleased, till a Dominican appeared at Madrid, who by his sermons charmed all the people. This new orator's name was Father Placidio. The people flocked to hear him as much as to Cardinal Ximenes; and the court having been pleased to go to one of his sermons, upon his great reputation, was better pleased with him than the city.

"Our duchess at first made it a point of honour to hold out against common fame, and to resist the curiosity that inclined her to go, and be herself the judge of Father Placidio's eloquence; and she behaved in this manner to show her director, that like a penitent who was delicate and concerned for her confessor, she had a share in those sentiments of anger and jealousy which this new comer might have given him. Yet there was no possibility for her always to hold out against him. The Dominican made so much noise in the city, that at last she yielded to the temptation of seeing him; and did see him, heard him preach, liked him, followed him, and at last the little inconstant creature formed the following design, in order to make him her confessor.

"But her first step was to get rid of her former, and this was not very easy; for a spiritual guide is

not to be left like a lover. A devotee would not willingly pass for fickle, nor lose the esteem of the director she is abandoning. What then does our duchess, think you? She goes to Don Jerom, and tells him, with as melancholy an air as if she had been really concerned, 'Father,' says she, 'I am distracted, I am inexpressibly amazed, afflicted, and perplexed in my mind.'—'What is the matter then, madam?' answered d'Aguilar. 'Ah, would you believe it?' replied she; 'my husband, who always reposed an entire confidence in my virtue, after seeing me so long under your direction, without showing the least uneasiness in my conduct, is all of a sudden grown suspicious and jealous, and will not suffer you any longer to be my confessor. Did you ever hear of such a whim? I told him he not only affronted me, but likewise a man of strict piety, and one who was free from the tyranny of the passions; but all in vain, I only increased his mistrust by taking your part.

"Don Jerom, notwithstanding all his good sense, gave into this story. Indeed she had told it with an air that would have deceived the whole world. Though he was sorry and vexed to lose a penitent of such importance, he however exhorted her to obey her husband's will; but his reverence's eyes were opened, and he discovered the trick, upon hearing the lady had chosen Father Placidio for her confessor.

"Next to this duke and his cunning spouse," continued the devil, "a plainer tomb conceals the ridiculous conjunction of an old dean of the council of the Indies, and his young wife. This old fellow,

in his grand climacteric, married a girl of twenty; he had two children by a former wife, and was just ready to have signed their ruin, when an apoplexy carried him off; and their mother-in-law, four and twenty hours after, died with vexation that he did not die three days later.

"We are now at the most sacred monument in this church. The Spaniards have as much veneration for it, as the Romans had for that of Romulus."—"What great man is it whose ashes lie there?" said Leandro Perez. "A first minister of the court of Spain," answered Asmodeus. "Never will the kingdom, perhaps, enjoy his equal. The king threw all the care of the government upon this great man, who so well discharged his trust, that both the king and his subjects were very well pleased with him. The state, under his administration, was always in a flourishing condition, and the people happy. To conclude, this able minister was a man of great religion and humanity; yet, for all he had no crime to charge himself with on his deathbed, he could not help trembling to think of the ticklish post he had been in.

"A little beyond this minister, whose loss deserves to be for ever regretted, you may distinguish up in a corner a black marble stone fixed to one of the pillars. Shall I open you the grave under it, and show you the remains of a citizen's daughter, that died in the flower of her age, and whose beauty charmed all eyes that beheld her? Yet she is now nothing but dust, though, whilst living, she was so lovely, that her father was under continual uneasiness lest some lover should run away with her, and had she lived a little longer, such a thing might have happened. Three

cavaliers, who idolised her, were not to be comforted at the loss of her, and all killed themselves to show their despair. Their tragical story is written in letters of gold on that marble stone, with three small figures representing the three despairing lovers, who are going to make an end of themselves. One of them is swallowing a glass of poison, the second falls upon his sword, and the third is putting a cord about his neck, in order to hang himself."

The demon, seeing the student laugh here very heartily, and please himself mightily with the sight of the girl's epitaph being adorned with those three figures, said to him, "Since this fancy so delights you, I can hardly forbear carrying you this instant to the banks of the Tagus, in order to show you a dramatic writer's monument, which he had built in a church at a village near Almaraz, whither he retired after leading a long and merry life at Madrid. This author had furnished the play-house with several comedies full of bold and smutty images; but repenting before he died, and resolving to atone for the scandal they had given, he ordered a sort of funeral pile to be engraven upon his tomb, made of books representing some of the pieces he had written, and Modesty appears setting fire to them with a lighted torch.

"Beside the dead interred in those tombs I have shown you, there are a vast number of others buried in a very plain manner. I see all their ghosts wandering about, continually walking to and fro by each other, without disturbing the profound silence that reigns in that holy place. They do not indeed discourse together; but, notwithstanding they are silent,

I read all their thoughts."—"What a mortification is this to me," cried Don Cleofas, "not to be able to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them as you do!"—"I can give you that satisfaction," said Asmodeus, "with the greatest ease." At the same time the demon laid his hand on his eyes, and, by a delusion, made him see a great number of phantoms clothed in white.

At the apparition of so many spectres, Zambullo shuddered. "How!" said the devil, "do you shake? are you afraid of these ghosts? do not let their dress scare you; accustom yourself to it betimes, for it is what you must wear in your turn, and is *the livery of the departed.* Take heart, then, and fear nothing. Can you want courage now, who could bear the sight of me? These people are not half so mischievous as myself."

The student, at these words recalling all his courage, looked pretty boldly upon these phantoms. "Observe these ghosts attentively," said the devil; "those who have superb mausoleums are, without distinction, confounded with those whose monuments are no more than a pitiful coffin. That subordination which distinguished them one from the other is now at an end. The groom of the stole, and the first minister, are now no more valued than the meanest citizen that is buried here. Their grandeur is over with their life, like that of an hero of the stage upon the conclusion of the play."

"I observe one thing," said Leandro; "a melancholy ghost walking by himself, seeming to shun the company of his brethren."—"Say, rather, that the rest shun his," answered the demon, "and you will be right. Do you know what that ghost is?

Why, that of an old notary, who had the vanity to be buried in a leaden coffin; which has so shocked all the plebeian ghosts, whose bodies were more modestly laid in the ground, that, to mortify him, they will not suffer his ghost to mix amongst them."

"I have just made another remark," replied Don Cleofas; "two of the phantoms, as they passed, stopped a moment to look at each other, and then went on."—"They are," answered the devil, "the ghosts of two intimate friends, one of which was a painter, and the other a music master, a little given to drinking, but else very honest fellows. They died in the same year; and when they met just now, struck with the remembrance of their pleasures, they said, by that melancholy silence, 'Ah! friend, our drinking days are over.'"

"Bless me!" cried the student, "what is it I see? At the end of the church there are two ghosts walking together, but how ill they are matched! Their shape and gait are very different. One is unreasonably tall, and walks with all the gravity in the world; and the other is very short, and seems to be flying into the air."—"The tall one," replied the cripple, "is a German, who got his death by drinking three healths with tobacco in his glass; and the short one, a Frenchman, who, according to the civility of his nation, taking it into his head to present a lady with holy water at her entrance into the church; as he was going out of it, the same day, was laid flat with a blunderbuss, as the reward of his politeness.

"I am, in my turn," said Asmodeus, "observing three remarkable ghosts that I distinguish from amongst the crowd, and I must tell you in what

manner they were separated from their dust. They once informed the pretty bodies of three actresses, who, in their time, made as much noise at Madrid as Origo, Cytheris, and Arbuscula made at Rome in theirs; and who, as well as they, possessed, in the greatest perfection, the art of diverting men in public, and ruining them in private. But mark the end of these three famous Spanish actresses. One died suddenly of envy, at the pit's clapping a young actress at her first coming on the stage. The other found, in excess of good eating and drinking, the infallible death that is its consequence; and the third, overheating herself in playing the part of a vestal virgin, miscarried, and died of it behind the scenes.

"But let us leave all these ghosts at peace," continued the devil, "for we have seen enough of them. Besides, I intend to present to your view an object that ought to make a stronger impression upon you, and will, by the help of the same power by which I showed you the ghosts, make Death visible to you. This cruel enemy of mankind shall be the subject of your contemplation, who is incessantly hovering over man, though he does not perceive him, and who, in the twinkling of an eye, pervades all the parts of the earth, and, in the same moment, makes all the nations that inhabit it sensible of the vast extent of his power.

"Look towards the east, see there he is! A vast troop of birds of ill omen fly before him with terror at their head, and proclaim his coming by mournful and deadly cries. His indefatigable hand is armed with a cruel scythe, under which successively fall all generations. On one of his wings are painted war,

pestilence, famine, shipwreck, conflagrations, with the rest of those sad accidents which every instant deliver him up a fresh prey. On his other wing are to be seen young physicians taking their doctors' degree, in the presence of Death, who gives them the cap, after swearing them never to practise physic otherwise than it is practised at this time of day."

Though Don Cleofas was pretty sure there was nothing real in what he saw, and that the devil showed him Death under this form only to oblige him, yet he could not look on it without shuddering. However, he pulled up his courage, and said to the demon,—"Will this frightful figure only pass over Madrid, without leaving some signs of his passage?"—"No, certainly," replied the cripple; "he does not come hither for nothing. And it is in your choice whether you will be witness of his operations."—"I take you at your word," replied the student; "let us follow him, and see upon what unhappy families his fury will fall. Alas! how many tears are going to be shed!"—"Doubtless," answered Asmodeus, "and a great many counterfeit ones too; for Death, notwithstanding the horror that goes along with him, causes as much joy as sorrow."

Our two spectators took their flight, in order to follow Death and observe him. The first place he entered was a citizen's house, where the master was in the last extremity. He touched him with his scythe, and the good man expired in the midst of his family, which immediately formed a concert of sighs and groans. "Here," said the demon, "is no counterfeiting: the wife and children of this citizen loved him tenderly, and besides they wanted him, for he

was their support; there can be no dissimulation in their tears.

"But it is quite otherwise as to what passes in that other house, where you see Death is striking an old man in bed. He is a counsellor, who has lived miserably, and a bachelor, to amass vast riches for three nephews, who flew to his house the moment they heard he was drawing near his end. They have played their parts extremely well, by the show of a prodigious sorrow. But see they are throwing off the mask, preparing to behave as heirs, after playing the grimace of relations, and going to rifle everywhere. What heaps of gold and silver will they find! 'Oh, the pleasure!' said one of his heirs just now to the others; 'oh, the pleasure for nephews to have old stingy uncles, that renounce all the pleasures of life purely that they may enjoy them!'"—"A fine funeral oration, really!" said Leandro Perez. "Oh! upon my word," replied the devil, "there are few long-lived rich fathers that ought to expect any other even from their own children.

"Whilst these young heirs, swimming in joy, are in search of the deceased's treasures, Death is making towards a fine palace, where lies a young lord sick of the small-pox. This lord, one of the most amiable persons of the court, is going to be cut off in his prime, notwithstanding the celebrated physician who has him under his care; or, perhaps, rather, because he has him under his care.

"Observe with what a rapidity Death performs his operations. He has already determined the fate of that young lord's life, and is ready for another expedition. He stops over a convent, goes down into

one of the cells, falls upon an honest friar, and cuts the thread of a penitent and mortified life which he has led for forty years. Death, all terror as he is, has not alarmed him; but, in return, he is entering a palace which he will fill with terror; for he is making his approaches to a licentiate of quality, lately nominated to the bishopric of Albarazin. That prelate thinks of nothing but his preparations for going down to his diocese, with all the pomp and splendour which now-a-days are inseparable from princes of the Church; and Death is, of all things, the furthest from his thoughts. Yet he is just this moment beginning his journey to the other world, where he will arrive with as thin a train as the poor friar, and I question whether he will be so favourably received."

"O heaven!" cried Zambullo, "Death is going to pass over the king's palace, and I am afraid the barbarian will, with one stroke of his scythe, put all Spain in a consternation."—"You have reason to tremble," said the cripple, "for he has no more respect for kings than their footmen; but take courage," added he a moment after; "he has nothing to say at present to the monarch, but he is falling upon one of his courtiers, one of that sort of creatures, whose only employment is to follow and make their court to him. They are easily spared, their places are so soon filled up."

"But methinks," replied the student, "Death is not content with taking off that courtier, he makes another pause on the queen's apartment."—"He does so," answered the devil, "and to do a very good work too: he is going to slit the windpipe of a wicked old woman, whose pleasure lies in sowing division in the queen's court, and who fell sick with vexation to see two

ladies, whom she had set together by the ears, sincerely reconciled.

"You are going to hear some very piercing cries," continued the demon. "Death has just entered that fine house on the left hand, where is going to be acted one of the most melancholy scenes that ever was represented on the theatre of the world. Fix your eyes on that deplorable spectacle."—"Really," said Don Cleofas, "I do see a lady that tears her hair, and struggles in her woman's arms. Why does she appear so afflicted?"—"Look into the opposite apartment," answered the devil, "and you will see the cause. Observe the man laid on that stately bed; it is her husband who is expiring, and she is inconsolable. Their story is very moving, and deserves to be written. I have a great mind to tell it you."

"You will oblige me," replied Leandro; "I am not less sensible of objects of compassion, than diverted by those of ridicule."—"It is somewhat long," answered Asmodeus, "but too moving to be tiresome. Besides, to tell you the truth, as much devil as I am, I am tired with running after Death; so let us leave him in search of fresh victims."—"With all my heart," said Zambullo. "I should be better pleased to hear this history, which you have promised to entertain me with, than thus to see the whole race of man perishing one after another." Upon which the devil having set the student down upon one of the highest houses in Alcala Street, began the relation in these terms.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

A STORY.

A YOUNG gentleman of Toledo, accompanied by his valet-de-chambre, travelled by long journeys from his native country, to avoid the consequences of a tragical adventure. He was two little leagues from Valencia, when, at the entry of a wood, he met a lady descending hastily out of her coach. No veil covered her face, in which beauty shone in perfection. This charming lady seemed so disturbed and distracted, that the cavalier, concluding she wanted assistance, did not fail to tender her that of his courage.

"Generous unknown," said the lady, "I embrace your offer; Heaven seems to have sent you hither to my assistance, and to avert the misfortune which I dread. Two gentlemen are met upon an appointment in this wood; I this minute saw them enter; I can tell you no more; but, if you please, follow me, and you shall know the whole." At the end of these words she flew into the wood; and the Toledan, leaving the care of his horse to his man, made after her as fast as he could.

They had scarce advanced an hundred paces before they heard the clashing of swords, and soon discovered

two men furiously engaged. The Toledan ran to part them; which having done, partly by force, and partly by entreaty, he asked them the cause of their quarrel. "Brave unknown," said one of the cavaliers, "my name is Don Fadrique de Mendoça, and my adversary is Don Alvaro Ponce: we both love Donna Theodora, the lady whom you accompany. She has always slighted our addresses, and, notwithstanding all the tendernesses that love could suggest to please her, the obdurate fair would never treat us better. As for me, I designed to continue her slave in spite of her indifference; but my rival, instead of taking the same resolution, sent me a challenge."

"It is true," interrupted Don Alvaro, "I concluded that, if I had no rival, Donna Theodora might look on me; wherefore I endeavoured to take away the life of Don Fadrique, to rid myself of a man that opposed my felicity."

"Gentlemen," said the Toledan, "I do not approve your duelling; it is an affront to Donna Theodora. It will soon be published in Valencia that you have fought for her; and your mistress's honour ought to be dearer to you than your own repose and lives. Besides, what advantage could the vanquisher reap by his victory? After having exposed his mistress's reputation, could he expect she would look on him with a favourable eye? Take my advice, make a more noble effort on yourselves, more worthy the names that you bear: conquer these furious transports, and, by an inviolable oath, engage yourselves to subscribe the articles of accommodation which I shall propose to you. Your quarrel shall end without bloodshed."

"Ha! how?" said Don Alvaro. "This lady must declare," replied the Toledan, "whether she will choose Don Fadrique, or you; and the unhappy lover, far from arming against his rival, must leave him the field."—"I consent," said Don Alvaro, "and swear by all that is most sacred to acquiesce in her choice, whether she determine in favour of me or my rival; for even that preference will be more supportable than the miserable uncertainty under which I now labour."—"And as for me," said Don Fadrique in his turn, "I call Heaven to witness, that if the divine object which I adore does not pronounce in my favour, I will remove myself far from her charms; and if I cannot forget her, at least I will never see her more."

The Toledan then turning towards Theodora, "Madam," said he, "it is in your power with one word to disarm these two rivals; you need only declare whose constancy of the two you please to reward."—"Sir," answered the lady, "search for another expedient to reconcile them. Why should I be the sacrifice of their agreement? I ready value Don Fadrique and Don Alvaro, but I do not love either of them; and it is unjust, that, to prevent the stain which their duelling might cast upon my honour, I should be obliged to give those hopes which my heart will never own."

"It is too late to dissemble, madam," replied the Toledan; "you must declare yourself. Both these cavaliers are equally handsome, and I am certain you have more inclination for one than the other; I refer myself to the mortal agony in which I saw you."

"You misinterpret that fright," replied Donna

Theodora; "the loss of either of these gentlemen would very sensibly touch me, and I should never give over blaming myself on that account, though I am only the innocent cause; but if you saw me alarmed, it was for my own reputation, which I knew would unavoidably suffer in the dispute."

Don Alvaro Ponce, who was naturally very fierce, at these words lost all patience: "It is enough," said he very warmly; "since the lady refuses to end this dispute amicably, the sword shall immediately decide it." Upon which he aimed a pass at Don Fadrique, who was prepared to receive it.

The lady, rather affrighted by this action, than determined by her inclination, amazed, cried out, "Hold, gentlemen, I will satisfy you; if there be no other way to end an engagement in which my honour is concerned, I declare that I give the preference to Don Fadrique de Mendoça."

She had no sooner ended these words, than the discarded Ponce, without uttering one syllable, immediately loosened his horse which was fastened to a tree, and retired, casting very angry looks at his rival and mistress. The happy Mendoça, on the contrary, was overwhelmed with joy; sometimes he fell on his knees before Donna Theodora, at others he embraced the Toledan; and was utterly at a loss for expressions strong enough to represent the sentiments of gratitude with which he was thoroughly touched.

In the meantime, the lady, returning to her natural temper, after the departure of Alvaro, began to reflect how anxious it would prove to her to suffer the addresses of a lover, whose merit though she

really valued, yet withal for whom her heart had never been prepossessed with any the least tenderness.

"Don Fadrique," said she, "I hope you will not abuse the preference which I have given you; you owe it to the necessity to which I was reduced, to declare betwixt you and Don Alvaro; not but that I value you much more than him, and I know very well that he has not all the good qualities which you have; and I shall but do you justice by saying, that you are the most complete gentleman in Valencia. I will further own to you, that the addresses of such a man as you might very well flatter a woman's vanity; but how honourable soever it may be to me, I must tell you, I look upon them with so little relish, that you are really to be pitied for loving me so tenderly as you appear to do. I will not yet deprive you of all hopes of touching my heart. My indifference, perhaps, may be only the effect of the yet remaining grief which seized me a year since, for the loss of Don Andrea de Cifuentes, my husband. Though we did not live long together, and he was of an advanced age, when my parents, dazzled with his riches, obliged me to marry him, yet was I very much afflicted at his death. I shall bemoan it all my life.

"And, indeed, did he not deserve my sorrow? He was not like those sour, jealous, old men, who, never being able to persuade themselves that a woman may be discreet enough to excuse their weakness, continually watch all her motions, or entrust that charge to a duenna devoted to their tyranny. Alas, he had such an entire confidence in my virtue as even a young husband, though adored, is scarce capable of. Besides,

his compliance was endless. I dare venture to say, that his sole care was to prevent me in all things which I seemed to desire. Such was Don Andrea de Cifuentes; you may then, Mendoça, easily judge, that it is not easy to forget a man of such an agreeable character. He is always present in my thoughts, which does not a little contribute, doubtless, to turn them from fixing on whatever is done to please me."

Don Fadrique could not help interrupting Donna Theodora here. "Ah! madam," cried he, "how happy am I to learn from your own mouth, that your former despising my addresses did not result from any aversion to my person: I hope you will one day yield to my constancy."—"It will not be my fault, if your passion does not succeed," replied the lady, "since I allow you to visit me, and sometimes mention your love. Endeavour to make me relish your endearments; use all your arts to make me love you. I will never conceal from you any favourable sentiments which I may have for you; but if, after all your efforts, you cannot compass your end, remember, Mendoça, that you will have no reason to blame me."

Don Fadrique would have replied, but had not time, by reason the lady took the Toledan by the hand and nimbly turned towards her equipage. He loosened his horse, which was tied to a tree, and leading him by the bridle, followed Donna Theodora, who mounted her chariot with as much precipitation as she had before descended from it, though the reason was utterly different. The Toledan and he accompanied her on horseback to the gates of Valencia, where they parted. She went to her own house, and Don Fadrique carried the Toledan to his.

He made him sit down, and after having well entertained him, he asked him what particularly brought him to Valencia, and whether he thought of making a long stay there? "I shall continue here as little while as possible," answered the Toledan; "I came this way only to go towards the sea-side, to embark in the very first vessel which sails from the coast of Spain, for I care not much in what part of the world I finish the course of an unfortunate life, provided it be far distant from these fatal climates."

"What is it can set you thus against your country," replied Don Fadrique, surprised at the Toledan's discourse, "and make you hate what all men naturally love?"—"After what has happened," returned the Toledan, "my country is odious to me, and I aim at nothing in the world but to quit it for ever."—"Ah, sir," said Mendoça, touched with a compassionate concern, "how impatient I am to know your misfortunes! If I cannot relieve your pains, I will share them with you. The air of your face has prepossessed me in your favour; your deportment charms me, and I find myself strenuously interested in your fortune."

"It is the greatest consolation which I am capable of receiving, Don Fadrique," answered the Toledan; "and in some measure to acknowledge the affection which you have discovered for me, I must also tell you, that, when I saw you with Don Alvaro Ponce, my inclinations declared on your side. An internal motion, which I was never before sensible of at the first sight of any person, made me fear lest Donna Theodora should prefer your rival, and I was touched with joy when she determined in your favour. You have since so much strengthened that first impression,

that instead of hiding my uneasinesses, I earnestly desire to lay them before you, and find a secret pleasure in unbosoming myself to you. Attend then to the relation of my misfortunes.

"Toledo is my native place, and Don Juan de Zarate my name. Almost from my infancy I lost those who gave me life, so that I began betimes to enjoy an annual estate of four thousand ducats, which they left me. My heart being at my own disposal, and believing myself rich enough not to consult anything but my own inclination in the choice of a wife, I married a virgin perfectly beautiful, without reflecting on the meanness of her fortune, or the inequality of our conditions. I was charmed with my felicity; and to give the greater relish to the pleasure of possessing the person I loved, a few days after my marriage I carried her to an estate which I have some leagues from Toledo.

"We lived there in a most agreeable union, when the Duke of Naxera, whose seat is near my estate, came one day, when he was hunting, to refresh himself at my house. He saw my wife, and fell in love with her. I suspected it at least; but what fully convinced me of it was, that he immediately made the most pressing instances in the world to obtain my friendship, which he never before set any value on. He introduced me to his hunting acquaintance, forced me to accept of several presents, and made me several offers of his service.

"Being immediately alarmed by his passion, I intended to return to Toledo with my wife; and, doubtless, that thought was inspired by Heaven. For had I wholly deprived the Duke of all oppor-

tunities of seeing her, I should have avoided those misfortunes which have fallen on me; but my confident reliance on her virtue secured me. I thought it impossible for a woman I had married without a fortune, and raised from a low condition, to be so ungrateful as to forget my favours. Alas, what a wrong judgment did I make! Ambition and vanity, those two vices natural to the sex, were her greatest faults.

"As soon as the Duke had got an opportunity to discover his sentiments, she was secretly pleased at such an important conquest. The passion of a man adorned with the title of his Excellence tickled her pride, and filled her mind with extravagant chimeras; whence she began to value him more, and me less: and all that I had done for her, instead of exciting her gratitude, served only to render me contemptible in her eyes. She looked on me as a husband unworthy of her beauty, and fancied that if this grandee, who was now conquered by her charms, had seen her before her being a wife, he had certainly married her. Intoxicated by these foolish imaginations, and seduced by several engaging presents, she yielded to the Duke's private and pressing opportunities.

"They frequently wrote to each other, without my ever suspecting their correspondence; but at last I was unhappy enough to be cured of that blindness. One day returning from hunting sooner than usual, I went into my wife's apartment, who did not expect me so soon. She had just received a billet from the Duke, which she was preparing to answer. She could not hide her uneasiness from me. I trembled,

and finding pen, ink, and paper ready on the table, I concluded she had betrayed me. I pressed her to show me what she was writing; which she so absolutely denied, that I was obliged to use some violence to satisfy my jealous curiosity; and, notwithstanding all her resistance, I tore from her bosom a letter containing these words:

"'Shall I for ever languish in expectation of a second interview? How cruel are you, to give me the most charming hopes, and thus long delay the fulfilling them! Don Juan goes every day a-hunting, or to Toledo: should we not make use of these opportunities? Have more regard to the violent flames which consume me. Pity me, madam; consider, that if it be a pleasure to obtain our desires, it is a torment to wait long for the enjoyment of them.'

"I could not read out this letter without the utmost transports of rage. I clapped my hand on my dagger, and at first was tempted to take the life of that faithless wife who had deprived me of my honour; but considering that would be only to revenge myself by halves, and that my resentment required yet another victim, I conquered my rage, dissembled, and said to my wife, with the least disturbance possible: 'Madam, you were to blame to hearken to the Duke; the lustre of his high quality ought not to have dazzled your eyes; but young women are fond of pompous titles. I am willing to believe that this is all you have proceeded to, and that you have not yet done me the last injury; wherefore I excuse your indiscretion, provided you will return to your duty,

and, becoming truly sensible of my tenderness, you will think of nothing more than to deserve it.'

"After these words I retired to my apartment, as well to leave her to recover herself, as because I wanted some retirement to cool my rage, which had sufficiently inflamed me. If I could not recover my temper, I at least put on a very easy air for two days; and on the third, pretending business of the last consequence to Toledo, I told my wife that I was obliged to leave her for some time, and entreated her to take care of her honour during my absence.

"I left her; but, instead of going to Toledo, I privately returned home at the beginning of the night, and concealed myself in the chamber of a faithful domestic, where I could see whoever entered my house. I did not doubt of the Duke's being informed of my departure, and concluded he would not miss the opportunity. I hoped to surprise them together! and promised myself an entire vengeance.

"But I was deceived in my expectation. For, instead of finding my house preparing for the reception of a lover, I saw, on the contrary, the doors very close shut at their time; and three days passing without the appearance of the Duke or even of any of his servants, I persuaded myself that my spouse repented her fault, and had broken off all manner of communication with the Duke.

"Prepossessed with this opinion, I lost all desire of revenge, and, yielding to the motion of a love which angry resentment had suspended, I flew to my wife's apartment, embraced her with transporting raptures, and said, 'Madam, I restore you all my esteem and tenderness. I have not been at Toledo: I pretended

that journey only to try you. You ought to pardon a snare laid by a husband, whose jealousy was not groundless. I feared that your mind, seduced by splendid illusions, was not capable of undeceiving itself: but, thanks to Heaven, you are sensible of your error, and I hope nothing for the future will ever disturb our good agreement.'

"My wife seemed touched at these words; and, letting fall some tears, 'How unhappy am I,' said she, 'to have given you reason to suspect my virtue. Though I have to the last degree abhorred that fault which so justly irritated you against me, my eyes have in vain kept from closing these two days to make way for my tears; yet for all my grief, and all my remorse, I shall never regain your entire confidence in me.'— 'I restore it to you, madam,' said I, perfectly softened by the sorrow which she expressed; 'I will no more remember what is past, since you so sincerely repent.'

"Accordingly, from that very moment I had the same regard for her as before, and began again to taste those pleasures which had been so cruelly interrupted. The relish of them was heightened; for my wife, as though she resolved to efface out of my mind all the marks of the injury she had done me, was much more solicitous to please me than ever. I found her caresses more tender, and almost rejoiced at the discontent which had occasioned this happy change.

"I then fell ill, and, though my disease was not dangerous, it is not to be imagined what fears my wife discovered. She stayed all day with me; and in the night, I being in a separate apartment, she constantly came two or three times to satisfy herself

how I was. She seemed extremely solicitous to prevent all the assistance I wanted, and her life seemed to be inseparable from mine. On my side, I was so sensible of all the marks of tenderness which she gave me, that I could never sufficiently testify my acknowledgment of them to her: and yet, Mendoça, they were not so sincere as I imagined.

"One night, when I began to recover, my valet-de-chambre waked me: 'My lord,' said he, very much confused, 'I am obliged to disturb your repose; but am too faithful to conceal what is now acting in your house. The Duke of Naxera is with my lady.'

"I was so stupified at this news, that for sometime I looked on the fellow without being able to speak. The more I thought of what he told me, the less I believed it. 'No, Fabio,' cried I, 'it is impossible that my wife should be guilty of such a horrid perfidious crime! You are not sure of what you say.'— 'My lord,' cried Fabio, 'would to God it were possible for me to doubt of it; but I am not deceived by false appearances. Ever since your indisposition, I have suspected the Duke's being every night introduced into my lady's apartment. I hid myself to remove my suspicions, and am but too well convinced that they are just.'

"At these words I rose, distracted with rage; took my night-gown and sword, and made directly to my wife's apartment, accompanied by Fabio, who lighted me. At the noise of our entrance, the Duke, who sat on the bed, rose, and catching a pistol from his girdle, fired at me; but with such great confusion and precipitation, that he missed me. I then violently rushed upon him, and ran him into the heart; after which I

addressed myself to my wife, who was rather dead than alive; 'And thou,' said I, 'infamous wretch, receive the reward of all thy falsehoods.' At these words, I plunged my sword, yet reeking in her lover's blood, into her breast.

"I condemn my passion, Don Fadrique, and own I might have sufficiently punished a perfidious wife without taking away her life: but what man could keep his reason entire in such a conjuncture? Paint to yourself all the demonstrations of concern this false woman showed at my illness; represent all the circumstances, the enormity of the treason, and judge whether a husband, fired with a just rage, ought not to be pardoned her death.

"To conclude so tragical a story in two words; after having fully satiated my vengeance, I dressed myself with the utmost haste, concluding I had no time to lose; that the Duke's relations would hunt for me all over Spain, and that the interest of my family not being sufficient to balance that of theirs, I should never be safe till gotten into a foreign country. Wherefore I selected two of my best horses, and, with all the money and jewels I had, left my house before day, followed by the servant who had so well approved his fidelity. I chose the road to Valencia, designing to put myself on board the first vessel bound for Italy; and this day passing near the wood where you were, I met Donna Theodora, who entreated me to follow her, and endeavour to part you."

After the Toledan had done, Don Fadrique said: "Don Juan, your revenge on the Duke of Naxera was just; do not therefore disturb yourself at the

pursuit his relations may make. You shall, if you please, stay with me, until an occasion offers to embark for Italy. My uncle is governor of Valencia, and you will be safer here than anywhere else, and will besides be with a man who desires for the future to be engaged to you by the strictest ties of friendship." Zarate answered Mendoça in terms full of acknowledgment, and accepted the offered refuge.

The power of sympathy is very surprising, Don Cleofas, pursued Asmodeus. These two young cavaliers were touched with such a mutual affection for one another that in a few days it created a friendship betwixt them as entire as that of Orestes and Pylades. Besides the equality of their merit, there was such a harmony in their humours, that whatever pleased Don Fadrique, the other could not dislike. They both made up but one character, and they were made to love one another. Don Fadrique, who above all was enchanted with the deportment of his friend, could not forbear boasting of it every moment to Theodora.

They both frequently visited that lady, who continually looked on Mendoça's addresses with indifference; at which he was extremely mortified, and complained of it to his friend, who told him, to comfort him, that the most insensible women suffer themselves to be touched at last; that nothing was wanting to lovers but patience enough to wait the favourable time; that he should not be discouraged; that his lady, soon or late, would regard his services. This advice, though founded on experience, did not encourage the faint-hearted Mendoça, who very much feared he should never be able to please the

widow Cifuentes; and this fear threw him into such a languishing condition as excited pity in Don Juan, who was soon after in a more deplorable state himself.

What reason soever the Toledan had to be disgusted against the sex, after the horrible falsity of his wife, yet he could not help loving Donna Theodora, though he was so far from abandoning himself to a passion which injured his friend that he thought of nothing but struggling against it; and fully persuaded that he could not better conquer it than by keeping at a distance from those eyes which occasioned it, he resolved never to see the widow Cifuentes again. Accordingly, whensoever Mendoça would have carried him with him, he always found some pretext to excuse it.

But Don Fadrique never made one visit to the lady that she did not ask why Don Juan had left off coming thither. One day when she put that question, he answered, smiling, that his friend had his reasons. "Ha! what reasons can he have to avoid me?" said Donna Theodora. "Madam," returned Mendoça, "when I desired him to come along with me this day, and expressed some surprise at his refusal, he told me in confidence, what I am obliged to reveal to you to excuse him; it was that he had engaged a mistress, and that not having long to stay in this city his moments were precious."—"I cannot be satisfied with this excuse," replied the widow Cifuentes, blushing; "lovers are not allowed to abandon their friends." Don Fadrique observing Donna Theodora changing colour, thought it only owing to her vanity, and believed that spite, to see herself neglected, was the

cause of her blushing. But his conjecture was wrong; a more violent impulse than that of vanity occasioned the motions which she betrayed; but for fear of his discovering her sentiments, she turned the discourse, and affected a gaiety during the rest of their conversation, which would have thrown the blame on his discernment, if he had not soon perceived the alteration.

As soon as the widow Cifuentes was alone, she turned extremely thoughtful. She then felt the utmost force of her passion for Don Juan; and imagining herself worse recompensed than she really was, "How cruel and unjust," said she, sighing, "is that power which delights to inflame disagreeing hearts! I do not love Don Fadrique, and he adores me; and I burn for Don Juan, whose thoughts are taken up by another! Ah! Mendoça, no more reproach my indifference; thy friend has sufficiently revenged it!"

At these words, struck with a quick sense of grief and jealousy, she dropped several tears; but hope, which assuages lovers' pains, soon represented various flattering images to her mind. It suggested to her, that perhaps her rival might not be dangerous; that Don Juan might not be less seized by her charms, than amused by her favours, and that it was no hard matter to get rid of such feeble ties. But to enable her to judge herself what she ought to believe of the Toledan, she was resolved to speak with him in private. She sent for him, he came; and when they were alone, Donna Theodora thus began:

"I never thought that love could make a well-bred man forget the complaisance due to the ladies; and

yet, Don Juan, since you have been in love, you avoid my house, for which I think I have reason to complain; but I am yet willing to believe that it is not of your own accord that you fly me; perhaps your lady may have forbid you seeing me. Confess it to me, Don Juan, and I will excuse it. I know lovers' actions are not free; they dare not disobey their mistresses."—"Madam," answered the Toledan, "I grant that my conduct ought to surprise you; but let me beg of you not to put me to justify it. Satisfy yourself with knowing that I have reason to avoid you."—"Whatever that reason may be," replied Donna Theodora, with the utmost emotion, "I insist upon it you tell me."—"Well, madam," replied Don Juan, "you must be obeyed; but I shall not pity you if you hear more than you desire to know.

"Don Fadrique," adds he, "has related to you the adventure which obliged me to quit Castile. In my travelling to Toledo, with a heart full of resentment against women, I defied the whole sex ever to surprise me. With this fierce disposition I approached Valencia; I met you, and, what perhaps no other man has been able to do, I sustained the first sight of you without being moved. I even looked on you again afterwards with impunity; but, alas! how dear I paid for a few resolute days. You at last conquered my resistance; your beauty, wit, and charms have exercised themselves on a rebel. In a word, I have all the love for you which you are capable of inspiring.

"This, madam, is what keeps me from you. The lady who, you were told, engrossed my thoughts, is but an imaginary one, and I only feigned the making

Mendoça my confidant to prevent any suspicions I might raise in him by my refusal to visit you along with him."

This unexpected discourse filled Donna Theodora with such an extraordinary joy that she could not help discovering it. It is indeed true she did not concern herself at all to hide it; but instead of arming her eyes with some sort of severity, looking on the Toledan with a very tender air, she said, "You have told me your secret, Don Juan, and I will also discover mine.

"Insensible of the sighs of Don Alvaro Ponce, little moved at Mendoça's flames, I led an easy undisturbed life, when chance brought you near the wood where we met. Notwithstanding the confusion I was in, I yet observed you offered me your assistance with a very good grace; and the way in which you parted the two furious rivals raised in me an advantageous opinion of your valour and address. But the means you proposed to reconcile them displeased me. I could not, without difficulty, resolve on the choice of either. But not to conceal anything from you, I believe you had then a small share in my repugnance; for at the very moment that my mouth, forced by necessity, named Don Fadrique, I felt my heart declare for the *unknown cavalier*. From that day (which I may call happy, since you have owned your passion), your merit augmented my value for you.

"From you," continued she, "I conceal no part of my thoughts, but impart them to you with the same frankness that I told Mendoça I did not love him. A woman who has the misfortune to conceive a passion for a person that can never love her, is in the

right to restrain herself, and at least revenge her weakness by an eternal silence; but I take it for granted that I may, without scruple, discover an innocent tenderness to a man whose intentions are lawful. Yes, I am in raptures to find you love me, and for that blessing render thanks to Heaven, which, doubtless, destined us for each other."

After these words the lady remained silent, to give Don Juan leave to speak, and room to discover those shining transports of joy and gratitude with which she believed she had inspired him; but, instead of appearing enchanted with what he had heard, he was profoundly thoughtful and melancholy.

"What do I see, Don Juan?" continued she. "When to make you a fortune, which another would think worth envying, I forget the pride of my sex, and show you a soul charmed with you, can you resist the joy such an engaging declaration ought to raise in you? You remain in a frozen silence, nay, I see even grief in your eyes. Ah, Don Juan! what strange effects have my favours produced?"

"Alas! what other effects, madam," interrupting her with a melancholy air, said the Toledan, "could they produce on a heart like mine? The greater degrees of passion you discover for me, so much the more miserable I am. You are not ignorant what Mendoça has done for me, and know the sacred friendship in which we are mutually engaged. Can I then found my happiness on the ruins of his most charming hopes?"—"You are too nice," said Donna Theodora; "I never promised Don Fadrique anything which can obstruct my offering you my faith without incurring his censure, and your receiving it

without injustice. I own that the thoughts of an unhappy friend ought to give you some uneasiness; but, Don Juan, can that counterbalance that happy fate which attends you?"

"Yes, madam," replied he warmly: "such a friend as Mendoça has more power over me than you imagine. If you could conceive all the tenderness and force of our friendship, what a miserable object of pity would you find me! Should I thus treat Don Fadrique, who has hid nothing from me? My interests are become his, and the least concerns of mine never escape his vigilant care; to say all in a word, I share his soul with you.

"Alas! had I been destined to accept your favours, you should have shown them before I had entered into such strict bonds of friendship. Then, charmed with the happiness of pleasing you, I should have looked on Mendoça with no other eyes than those of a rival; my heart, guarded against the affection he expressed for me, would not have returned it, and I should not have had those obligations I have at present to him. But, madam, it is now too late; I have received all the services he could render me; I have followed the inclination I had for him; gratitude and affection have tied me up so close, and at last reduced me to the cruel necessity of renouncing the glorious fortune which you offer me."

Here Donna Theodora, whose eyes were covered with tears, dried them up with her handkerchief. This disturbed the Toledan: he found his resolution shaken and decaying, and could no longer answer for the consequences. "Wherefore," continued he, with a voice continually interrupted with sighs, "Adieu,

madam, adieu; I must fly to preserve my virtue; I cannot bear your tears, they render you too formidable. I separate myself from you for ever, and deplore the loss of so many charms, which my inexorable friendship forces me to sacrifice." These words ended, he retired with the poor remains of constancy, which were not a little difficult to retain.

After his departure, the widow Cifuentes was agitated by a thousand confused emotions. She was ashamed of having declared herself to a man whom she could not keep. Yet finding no room to doubt but his passion was equal to hers, and that the interest of his friend alone was what made him refuse the hand she offered, she was so just as to admire so very rare an instance of friendship, instead of being offended at it. Notwithstanding which, as one cannot help being afflicted when things do not succeed as one would have them, she therefore resolved for the country on the next day, to divert her melancholy, or rather to augment it; for solitude naturally tends rather to strengthen than weaken love.

Don Juan, on the other side, not finding Mendoça in his apartment, locked himself up in his own, abandoning himself wholly to his grief; for, after what he had done for his friend, he thought he might be allowed at least to sigh. But Don Fadrique soon came to interrupt his thoughtfulness; and, concluding by his face that he was indisposed, he discovered no small concern; so that Don Juan, to remove it, was forced to assure him he wanted nothing but rest. Mendoça instantly left him to his repose, but with such an afflicted air, as more sensibly touched the Toledan with his misfortune. O Heaven! said he to

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himself, why must the most tender friendship in the world occasion all the misery of my life!

The following day Don Fadrique was not yet risen, when word was brought him that Donna Theodora and her whole family were gone to her seat of Villa Real, from whence it was not probable they would soon return. This news less disturbed him on the pains he knew he should suffer by the distance of his beloved object, than that her departure was made a secret to him. Without knowing what to think, he took it for an ill presage.

He rose to visit his friend, as well to talk with him concerning it, as to inquire after his health. But having just got dressed, Don Juan entered his chamber, saying, "I come myself to remove the uneasiness I gave you; I am very well to-day."—"That good news," answered Mendoça, "a little consoles me, after the ill I have received." The Toledan asked what that was; and Don Fadrique, after sending away his servants, said, "Donna Theodora is this morning gone into the country, where, it is believed, she intends a long stay. I am very much surprised at it; why should she hide it from me? What think you of it, Don Juan? Have not I reason to be alarmed at it?"

Zarate carefully avoided telling him his real sentiments, and endeavoured to persuade him that Donna Theodora might go out of town, without giving any reason for his fears. But Mendoça, very little satisfied with the reasons which his friend gave to hearten him, interrupted him. "All this discourse," said he, "cannot remove the jealousy I have conceived. Perhaps I may imprudently have done something

which may have displeased Donna Theodora, and to punish it, she leaves me without condescending so far as to let me know my crime.

"However it is, I cannot live in this uncertain condition; Don Juan, let us follow her, my horses shall be ready instantly."—"I advise you," said the Toledan, "not to take anybody with you. This explanation of her conduct ought to be without witnesses."—"Don Juan will not be accounted more than proper," replied Don Fadrique; "Donna Theodora is not ignorant that you know all that passes in my heart. She values you; and far from being an obstacle, you will be assisting in the appeasing her in my favour."

"No, Don Fadrique," replied he, "my presence cannot be serviceable to you; I therefore conjure you to go alone."—"No, dear Don Juan," returned Mendoça, "we will go together; I expect this complaisance from your friendship."—"How tyrannical is that!" cried the Toledan, with an air of grief; "why do you exact from my friendship what it ought not to grant you?"

These words, which Don Fadrique did not comprehend, and the warmth with which they were uttered, strangely surprised him. He looked very intently on his friend. "Don Juan," said he, "what is the meaning of these words I have just heard? What horrid suspicions rise in my mind! Ah, you too much afflict me by your too great constraint! Speak, what is the cause of the unwillingness to go along with me, which you expressed?"

"I would willingly hide it from you," answered the Toledan: "but since you yourself force me to

discover it, I must no longer conceal it. Let us never more, Don Fadrique, applaud the sympathy of our affections; it is but too perfect. The beauty which has wounded you, has not spared your friend. Donna Theodora"—— "You will then be my rival!" interrupted Mendoça, turning pale. "Ever since I discerned my love," returned Don Juan, "I have struggled against it. I have continually avoided the sight of the widow Cifuentes; you know it, and yourself have blamed me for it. I triumphed at least over my passion, though I could not destroy it.

"But yesterday that lady sent to acquaint me, that she desired to speak with me at her house. I went; she asked why I seemed to avoid her. At last I was forced to discover the true cause; believing, that after that declaration she would approve my intention of always flying the sight of her; but by a fantastical turn of my ill stars—shall I tell you? Yes, Mendoça, I must tell you, I found Donna Theodora strongly prepossessed with a passion for me."

Though Don Fadrique was the best-natured and most reasonable man in the world, he was seized with a fit of rage at these words; and here interrupting his friend, "Hold, Don Juan," said he, "rather pierce my breast than pursue this fatal recital. You are not contented with owning yourself my rival, but also inform me that she loves you. Just Heaven! what is it that you venture to impart to me? You put our friendship to too severe a trial. But why do I say our friendship? you have long since violated it, by encouraging the perfidious sentiments you have now declared to me.

"How much was I mistaken! I thought you master of a generous, great soul, but find you a faithless friend, since you can entertain a passion which wounds me; I am sinking under this unexpected blow, which I feel the heavier for being given by a hand"—— —"In the name of God, do me more justice, Mendoça," interrupted the Toledan in his turn, "and allow yourself a moment's patience: I am not a false friend: hear me, and you will repent calling me by that odious name."

He then related what had passed between the widow Cifuentes and him; the tender owning of her passion, and the persuasions she used to engage him to yield without scruple to his love. He repeated his answer; and, as he advanced in the relation of what a firm resolution he discovered, by the same degrees Don Fadrique perceived his anger to wear off. "At last," adds Don Juan, "friendship carried it from love, and I refused to give my faith to Donna Theodora. She wept in angry despite; but, great God! what a storm did her tears raise in my soul! I can never remember them without trembling afresh at the danger I ran. I began to believe myself barbarous; and for some moments, Mendoça, my heart became unfaithful to you. I did not, however, yield to my weakness, but escaped those dangerous tears by a hasty flight. But it is not enough to have avoided this danger, it ought to be feared for the future; I must hasten my departure. I will no more expose myself to Theodora's eyes. After all this, will Don Fadrique any more accuse me of ingratitude and perfidiousness?"

"No," replied Mendoça, embracing him, "I return

you all your innocence; my eyes are open; pardon my unjust reproaches, and impute them to the first transport of a lover who had lost all his hopes. Alas! ought I to think that Donna Theodora could see you long without loving you, and yielding to those charms whose power I myself have tried! You are a true friend; I will no more charge my misery on anything but fortune; and far from hating you, I feel my tenderness for you increase each minute. Can you renounce the possession of Donna Theodora! Can you offer up to friendship such a sacrifice; and must not I be touched with it! Can you conquer your love, and shall not I make an effort to restrain mine! I ought to equal you in generosity. Don Juan, follow the inclination which draws you; marry the widow Cifuentes; let my heart, if it will, sigh. Mendoça begs it of you."

"You press me in vain," replied the Toledan; "I confess I have a violent passion for her; but your repose is dearer to me than my own happiness."—"Ought, then," answered Don Fadrique, "Donna Theodora's repose to be indifferent? Let us not flatter ourselves; the inclination she has for you decides my fate. Though you should remove yourself, though, to yield her to me, you should spend a deplorable life in far-distant countries, I should never be the better for it; since, as she never yet was pleased with me, she never will. Heaven has reserved her for you alone; she loved you from the first moment she saw you; in a word, she cannot be happy without you. Accept, then, the hand which she offers, accomplish her and your own desires, leave me to my ill fortune; and do not make all three

miserable, when one may exhaust all the rigour of destiny."

Asmodeus was here obliged to interrupt his discourse, to hearken to the student, who said, "What you tell me is surprising; are there really any people in the world of this extraordinary character? I see no friends in the world who do not quarrel, I do not say for such mistresses as Theodora, but even for errant jilts. Can a lover renounce the object he adores, and by whom he is beloved, for the sake of a friend? I never thought that possible but in a romance: the nature of which is to give us men as they ought to be, not as they are."—"I agree with you," answered the devil, "it is very uncommon; but it is not only to be found in romances, but in the sublime nature of man, and that since the deluge, in which compass I have known two instances of it besides this. But to return to our story.

The two friends continued to sacrifice their passion; and the one resolving not to yield in point of generosity to the other, their amorous sentiments remained suspended for some days. They ceased to speak of Donna Theodora; they durst not mention her name. But whilst friendship thus triumphed over love in the city of Valencia; love, as though he would revenge himself, reigned at another place with a tyrannic sway, and forced an absolute obedience, without the least resistance.

Donna Theodora abandoned herself to that tender passion at her seat of Villa Real, situate near the sea; she incessantly thought of Don Juan, and could not but hope she should marry him, though she had no reason to expect it, after the rigid

sentiments of friendship for Don Fadrique which he discovered.

One day, after sunset, as she was walking on the seaside with one of her women, she perceived a small shallop just got to shore. At first sight there seemed to be on board seven or eight very ill-looking fellows; but after having looked on them nearer, and observed them with more attention, she concluded that she had mistaken masks for faces; accordingly they were really masked, and armed with swords and bayonets.

She trembled at their frightful aspects, and from thence fearing that the descent which they were going to make boded no good, she returned hastily towards her house. She looked back from time to time to observe them, and perceiving that they were landed, and began to pursue her, she ran as fast as she could; but not being so nimble-footed as Atalanta, and the masked men being strong and swift, they overtook her at her own door, and there seized her.

The lady and her woman shrieked out so loud, that they drew some of the domestics thither, who alarmed the whole house, and all Donna Theodora's footmen ran thither, armed with forks and clubs. Whilst two of the lustiest of the masked gang, after having seized in their arms the mistress and the maid, carried them to the shallop, maugre all their resistance, the remainder made head against the family, who began to press very hard upon them. The fight was long; but at last the maskers succeeded in their enterprise, and regained their shallop, fighting as they retreated. It was now time they

should retire; for they were not embarked before they saw coming from the Valencia road four or five cavaliers, who rode full speed that way, and seemed to fly to the relief of Donna Theodora. At this sight they made so much haste to get out to sea, that all the cavaliers' endeavours were in vain.

These cavaliers were Don Fadrique and Don Juan. The first of them had received a letter, by which he was advised, that it was reported by good hands that Don Alvaro Ponce was at the isle of Majorca; that he had equipped a sort of tartan, and, assisted by twenty men of desperate fortunes, had designed to seize and carry off the widow Cifuentes the first time she should be at her country-seat. On this news the Toledan and he, with their valets-de-chambre, instantly set out to acquaint Donna Theodora with this news. At a good distance they observed a very great number of people on the sea-shore, who seemed engaged against one another; and not doubting but that it was as they feared, they spurred on their horses full speed to oppose Don Alvaro's project. But whatever haste they could make, they arrived only soon enough to be witnesses of the rape, which they designed to have prevented.

In the meantime Alvaro Ponce, trusting to the success of his audacious attempt, made off from the coast with his prey; and his shallop reached a small armed vessel, which expected him out at sea. It is not possible to be sensible of a greater sorrow than that which Mendoça and Don Juan felt. They poured out a thousand imprecations against the ravisher, and filled the air with complaints as lamentable as vain.

All the domestics of Donna Theodora, animated by such excellent examples, did not spare their tears. The shore resounded with mournful cries: rage, despair, and desolation reigned on the melancholy strand; nor did the rape of Helen occasion a greater consternation in the Spartan court.

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE BROIL BETWIXT A TRAGIC AND COMIC AUTHOR.

HERE the student could not help interrupting the devil: "Signor Asmodeus," said he, "though the story you are telling is extremely moving, yet I am not able to resist my earnest desire to know the meaning of what I there see. I discern two men in their shirts in a chamber, pulling and tearing each other by the throat and hair, and several men in their night-gowns endeavouring to part them. Pray tell me what all that bustle means." The devil, who endeavoured to oblige him in everything, without delay satisfied his request in the following manner:—

"Those persons whom you see fighting in their shirts are two French authors; and those who are parting them are two Germans, a Dutchman, and an Italian, lodged all in the same inn, which is frequented by none but foreigners. One of these authors writes tragedies, and the other comedies. The first, upon some disgust he met with in France, crowded himself into the French ambassador's retinue; and the other, discontented with his circumstances at Paris, came to Madrid in quest of a better fortune.

"The tragic writer is a vain insolent fellow, who,

in spite of the most sensible part of the public, has gained a great name in his own country. To keep his muse in breath, he writes every day. Not being able to sleep this night, he began a play whose plot is taken from Homer's Iliad. He has finished but one scene; and his least fault being that of the rest of the poets, an impertinent inclination to pester other people with their performances, he rises, snatches up his candle, and in his shirt knocks very hard at the chamber-door of the comic author; who, making a better use of his time, was got into a sound sleep; but soon waking at the noise, he opened the door to the other, who said, entering the room like a man possessed, 'Fall down, my friend, fall at my feet, and adore a genius which Melpomene has honoured. I have just brought forth some verses,—but why do I say I have just done it? It is Apollo himself that dictated them to me. If I were at Paris, I would this day read them from house to house, and I wait only for daylight to charm Monsieur the ambassador, and all the French at Madrid, with them. But before I show them to anybody, I will repeat them to you.'

"'I thank you for the preference,' answered the comic author, with a powerful yawn; 'but the worst of it is, that you have chosen an unseasonable time; for I went to bed so late, that I am overpowered by sleep, and so cannot promise to hear all the verses you have to repeat, without nodding.'—'Oh, I will answer for that,' replied the tragic author; 'though you were dying, the scene which I have just now written would revive you. My versification is not a rhapsody of stale, common thoughts and trivial expressions, supported barely by rhyme; it is a noble, masculine

poem, which moves the heart and strikes the intellect. I am none of those poetasters whose wretched modern compositions pass over the stage like so many ghosts, and then go to Utica to divert the Africans. My pieces, worthy to be consecrated with my statue in the library of Apollo Palatinus, are crowded the thirtieth night. But let us,' added our modest poet, come to the verses I intend to give you a sample of.

"'This is my tragedy, The Death of Patroclus. Scene the first. Briseis and other of Achilles's captives appear tearing their hair, and beating their breasts, to express their grief for the death of Patroclus. Wholly unable to support themselves, being utterly dispirited by despair, they fall down on the stage. This, you will say, is striking a bold stroke; but it is what I aim at. Let your little geniuses keep within the bounds of imitation, without daring to go an inch out of the common road. With all my heart. Their fearfulness is prudence. As for me, I love novelty, and, in my opinion, in order to move and transport spectators, one must present them with new unexpected incidents.

"'Well, then, the captives are upon the ground; Phœnix, Achilles's governor, is with them, to help them one after another to rise, and then opens the drama with these lines:

> 'Priam shall lose his Hector and his Troy;
> Achilles, to revenge his friend, prepares:
> See glittering through the air, on every side,
> Pikes, lances, helmets, cuirasses, and darts.
> The rattling hail in less abundance pours.
> The Greeks all swear t' appease Patroclus' ghost,
> Fierce Agamemnon, and divine Camelus,
> Old honour'd Nestor, equal to the gods,

Leontes, dexterous at the managed spear,
Strong Diomede, and silver-tongued Ulysses,
And see! Achilles comes—godlike he drives
His steeds immortal towards Troy's proud walls,
And leaves the distanced winds far off behind;
Then thus he shouting cries—"O vig'rous race,*
Podargus, Xanthus, Balius, quick advance!
And when with spoil and carnage we are tired,
Haste to regain our camp,—but not without your master."
Fleet Xanthus bows his neck, and thus replies,
For Juno gave him speech—"Achilles, know,
Your faithful horses shall your will obey;
But your dark hour of fate is drawing near."
He spoke—and now the winged chariot flies.
The exulting Greeks behold, and, shouting loud,
With sounds of joy shake all th' adjacent coast.
Dressed in Vulcanian arms the conqu'ring prince
Appears more glittering than the morning star,
Or than the sun commencing his career,
When he moves on to bless the world with day;
He flames like fires, which on some mountain-top
Are made at night by the rejoicing swains.

"'I stop here,' continued the tragic author, 'to give you a moment's breathing; for if I should repeat the whole scene at once, the too great multiplicity of shining passages and sublime thoughts would overcome you. Observe the beauty and justice of that comparison, "As bright as fires made on the top of a mountain at night." Everybody will not discern it: but you, who have wit and just sense; you, I say, ought to be ravished with it.'—'I am, doubtless,' answered the comic poet, with a malicious smile; 'nothing is so fine, and I hope you will not forget, in your tragedy, the care which Thetis took to drive away the flies from Patroclus's body.'—'Do not think to make a jest of it,' replied the tragic poet. 'A skilful

* Hom. Iliad. lib. 19.

writer may venture anything. That passage perhaps of the whole piece is capable of affording the finest verses, and I assure you I shall not miscarry in it.

"'All my works,' added he, 'as you see, are stamped with the image of venerable antiquity; and when I read them, observe how they are applauded! I stop at every verse to receive their due praise. I remember, I one day read a tragedy in a house at Paris, where the *beaux-esprits* go at dinner-time, and where, without vanity, I do not pass for a Pradon. The old Countess of Villebrune was there, who has an admirable and nice taste. I am her favourite poet: she wept heartily at the first scene; called for a fresh handkerchief at the second act; did nothing but sob at the third; grew sick at the fourth; and at the catastrophe I thought she would have expired with the hero of the piece.'

"At these words the merry comic author, however desirous to keep his gravity, could not contain from bursting into a laugh. 'Ay,' said he, 'I very well remember that countess's humour: she is a woman who cannot bear comedy; she has such an utter aversion for it, that she runs out of the box as soon as the music has done, to vent all her grief. Tragedy is her favourite passion; let the play be good or bad, provided there be unhappy lovers in it, you are sure of that lady's company; and, to be free with you, if I wrote serious poems, I should be glad of other applauders than her ladyship.'

"'Oh, I have others also,' said the tragic poet: 'I have the approbation of a thousand persons of quality of both sexes.'—'I should very much mistrust the applause of such people,' interrupted the comic writer.

'I should be very cautious of standing by their judgments; and I will tell you why: such sort of spectators are generally absent while a piece is reading, and are taken by the beauty of a verse or fine sentiment. This is enough to challenge their commendation of a whole work, otherwise very imperfect. On the other hand, a few flat hard verses shock them, and there needs no more to make them pass condemnation upon an excellent piece.'

"'Well then,' replied the grave author, 'since you would have me distrust such judges, I trust them to the applause of the pit.'—'Pray, if you please,' replied the other, 'do not talk to me of your pit; they are too fantastical in their decisions; they are sometimes so grossly mistaken at the playing of new pieces, that they shall continue, for two whole months together, enchanted with a bad play. Indeed, when it comes out, their eyes are opened, and the author is damned after such success.'

"'That is a misfortune I am in no danger of,' said the tragic writer; 'my works are printed as often as played. I own, indeed, it is not so as to comedies, they being but trifles, wretched, feeble productions of wit'—— —'Not so fast, good sir,' interrupted the other author, 'stop a little, if you please; you do not see you grow warm. I beseech you speak of comedy with a little less contempt. Do you believe a comic piece less difficult to write than a tragedy; or that it is easier to make well-bred people laugh than cry? Undeceive yourself, and be assured that an ingenious subject, which turns on the manners of men, does not cost less pains than the finest heroic poem.

"'Egad,' said the tragic poet, with an air of rail-

lery, 'I am surprised to hear you express yourself thus: but, Monsieur Calidas, to avoid all dispute, I will for the future like your works, though I have hitherto despised them.'—'I do not value your contempt, Monsieur Giblet,' hastily returned the comic author; 'and, to answer your insolent airs, I will now tell you, in my turn, what I think of the verses you have just recited. They are ridiculous, and the thoughts, though taken out of Homer, are nevertheless flat. Achilles talks to his horses, and his horses answer him; that is a mean low image, as well as the comparison of the fire the peasants make on a mountain. To pillage the ancients in this manner, is not to do them any honour. They, indeed, abound with admirable beauties; but more sense and a better taste than you have, are requisite to make a happy choice of what ought to be borrowed from them.'

"'Since your genius is not sufficiently elevated,' replied Giblet, 'to discern the beauties of my poem, and to punish your rashness in presuming to criticise on my scene, you shall not hear a line more of it.'—'I have been too severely punished,' returned Calidas, 'in hearing the beginning. It becomes you, indeed, very well to despise my comedies! Know then, that the very worst I could ever write will always appear far superior to your best pieces. Assure yourself, it is much easier to take a flight, and soar on lofty subjects, than to hit upon a delicate nice raillery.'

"'Thanks to my stars,' said the serious writer disdainfully, 'if I have the misfortune not to be approved of by you, I ought to be very easy under it. The court thinks more favourably of me than you; and

the pension it vouchsafed'—— —'Do not think to dazzle me with your court pensions,' interrupted Calidas; 'I know too well how they are obtained, to value your works at all the more for that: and to prove that I am convinced it is easier to write tragedies, when I return to France, if I do not succeed in comedies, I will descend to the writing of tragedy.'

"'For a farce-scribbler,' interrupted the grave author, 'you have indeed a great deal of vanity.'—'For a most wretched versifier,' said the comic author, 'you have really an extravagant opinion of yourself.'—'You are an insolent fellow,' replied the other; 'I tell you, diminutive Monsieur Calidas, if I was not in your chamber, the catastrophe of this adventure should teach you how to respect the buskin.'—'Oh, let not that consideration withhold you, great Monsieur Giblet,' answered Calidas; 'if you have a mind to fight, I will engage you here as readily as anywhere else.'

"At these words they tore one another by the throat and hair, and both boxed very warmly without sparing each other. An Italian, who lay in the next room, heard the whole dialogue, and by the noise of the blows concluded they were fighting; he then rose, and, though an Italian, out of compassion for them, called up the house. A Dutchman and two Germans, whom you see in morning-gowns, came along with the Italian to part the combatants."

"This is a very pleasant fray," said Don Cleofas; "but by what I see, it is plain that the tragic authors in France think themselves much more considerable men than those who write comedy."—"Undoubtedly," answered Asmodeus; "the former suppose themselves as much above the latter, as the heroes

of their tragedies are above the footmen in the comic play."—"Upon what pretence can they found their arrogance?" replied the student; "is it that it is more difficult to write a tragedy than a comedy?"—"Your question," answered the devil, "has been a hundred times debated, and is still every day. My decision of it, without offence to such of mankind who are of a different sentiment, is this: that to form an excellent plot for a comedy does not require a less effort of genius than to lay the finest plan in the world for a tragedy; for if the latter were the more difficult, we must then conclude, that a writer of tragedies would be more capable of making a comedy than the best comic author, which would not agree with experience. These two sorts of poems then require a different genius, but equal skill.

"Let us end this digression," continued the devil, "and I will resume the thread of my story, which you interrupted."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH Donna Theodora's servants could not hinder her being forced away, they yet courageously opposed it, and their resistance was fatal to some of Alvaro's men; amongst others they wounded one so dangerously, that, unable to follow his comrades, he remained almost dead on the sand.

This unfortunate wretch was known to be one of Alvaro's footmen; and Donna Theodora's servants, perceiving that he yet breathed, carried him to her house, where they spared nothing that could contribute to the recovery of his spirits; and they gained their end, though the great quantity of blood which he had lost rendered him extremely feeble. To engage him to speak, they promised to secure his life, and not to deliver him up to the severity of justice, provided he would tell where his master designed to carry Donna Theodora.

Flattered by this promise, though in his condition there appeared but small hopes of his ever taking the benefit of it, he collected his little remainder of strength, and, in a very feeble tone, confirmed the advice which Don Fadrique had before received; and

added, that Don Alvaro's design was to carry the widow Cifuentes to Sassari, in the island of Sardinia, where he had a relation whose interest and authority were very great, and who he knew would certainly protect him.

This confession somewhat abated the despair of Mendoça and the Toledan. They left the wounded man in the house, where he died some hours after, and, returning to Valencia, consulted what measures to take. They resolved to pursue their common enemy to the place of his retreat. Accordingly, they both embarked very soon after at Denia for Port Mahon, not doubting their meeting with an opportunity there of a passage to Sardinia. Their hopes proved true; for they were no sooner arrived at Mahon, than they were informed that a vessel freighted for Cagliari was just ready to sail, and they took the opportunity.

The ship put off with the most favourable wind they could desire; but five or six hours after they were perfectly becalmed, and at night the wind turning directly contrary, they were obliged to steer from one side to the other, without hope of its changing. They steered thus for three days; and on the fourth, at two in the afternoon, they discovered a vessel making all possible sail to them. They at first took it for a merchantman, but observing that it came within cannon-shot of them without showing any colours, they did not doubt but that it was a pirate.

They were not deceived; it was a Tunis ship, which supposed that the Christians would yield without fighting; but when they perceived that they cleared their ship, and prepared their guns, they con-

cluded them in earnest; wherefore, they stopped, did the same, and prepared to engage.

They began to fire, and the Christians seemed to have some advantage; but an Algerine, larger, and provided with more guns than both the others, coming in the midst of the action, and taking the part of the Tunis ship, made full sail to the Spaniard, and obliged him to sustain the fire of both ships.

At this sight the Christians despairing, and resolving not to continue an engagement now become so unequal, gave over firing, when there appeared on the poop of the Algerine a slave, who cried out to them in Spanish, that if they expected quarter, they must surrender to the Algerine. These words ended, a Turk displayed the Algerine green taffeta flag, with silver crescents. The Christians, considering that all resistance would be vain, no longer thought of defending themselves, but yielded with all the grief which the horrid idea of slavery could cause in freemen; and the master of the vessel, fearing a longer delay might irritate the barbarous conquerors, took the colours from the poop, threw himself into the pinnace with some of the sailors, and went on board the Algerine.

That pirate sent a parcel of soldiers to plunder the Spanish ship, as he of Tunis likewise gave the same order to some of his crew, so that all the passengers were in an instant disarmed and searched, and sent on board the Algerine, where the two pirates divided their prey by lot.

It had at least been a consolation for Mendoça and his friend to have both fallen into the hands of the same pirate. Their chains would have been lighter, if they could have joined in the bearing

them: but fortune resolved they should experience all her severity, subjected Don Fadrique to the Tunis robbers, and Don Juan to the Algerine. Imagine the despair that seized these friends when they saw they were going to part. They threw themselves at the pirate's feet, and conjured him not to separate them. But these savage villains, whose barbarity is proof against any sight, could not be moved; but, on the contrary, concluding these two captives to be considerable men, who could pay a large ransom, they resolved to keep them, as they were, divided.

Mendoça and Zarate, seeing they could not soften these merciless wretches, cast their eyes on each other, and by their looks expressed the excess of their affliction. But when the whole booty was divided, and the Tunis pirate was going to return on board his own ship with his slaves, the two friends were ready to expire with grief. Mendoça ran to the Toledan, and clasping him in his arms: "We must then," said he, "separate. Oh terrible necessity! Is it not enough that the audacious villany of a ravisher remains unpunished, but must we be incapacitated to unite our complaints and sorrows? Ah! Don Juan, what have we done to heaven, that we must in such a cruel manner experience its heavy displeasure?"—"Ah! look nowhere else for the cause of our misfortunes," answered Don Juan, "they ought only to be imputed to me; the death of the two persons whom I sacrificed, though excusable in men's eyes, must undoubtedly have irritated heaven, which punishes you for having engaged in friendship with a miserable wretch, whom justice pursues."

At these words they both showered down tears in

great abundance, and sighed with such violence, that the other slaves were not less touched with their grief than their own misfortunes. The Tunis soldiers, yet more barbarous than their master, observing that Mendoça did not hasten to the vessel, brutally snatched him out of the Toledan's arms, and forced him along with them, loading him with blows "Adieu, dear friend," cried he, "I shall never see you more! Donna Theodora is not yet revenged; the ills which I expect from these cruel men will be the least of the sufferings of my slavery."

Don Juan could not answer these words; the treatment which he saw his friend receive, threw him into a fit that rendered him speechless. The order of the story requiring us to follow the Toledan, we will leave Don Fadrique on board the Tunis ship.

The Algerine returned to his country, where being arrived, he carried the new slaves to the Basha, and thence to the public slave-market. An officer belonging to the Dey Mezzomorto bought Don Juan for his master, and set him to work in the garden belonging to Mezzomorto's harem. Though this employ must needs prove very painful to a gentleman, yet the solitude which it required rendered it agreeable; for in his present circumstances nothing could more divert him than the reflection on his misfortunes, on which he incessantly employed his thoughts; and was so far from endeavouring to dislodge these most afflicting images, that he seemed to take pleasure in the remembrance of them.

One day, not perceiving the Dey, who was walking in the garden, he sung a melancholy song as he was working. Mezzomorto stopped to listen to it, and,

being very well pleased with the voice, came up to him, and asked him his name. The Toledan told him it was Alvaro; for when he was sold to the Dey he thought fit to change his name, pursuant to the custom of other slaves, and hit upon that first, by reason the rape of Theodora by Alvaro Ponce was continually in his mind. Mezzomorto, who understood Spanish indifferently well, put several questions to him concerning the customs of Spain, and particularly concerning the measures the men took to render themselves agreeable to the women; to all which Don Juan returned such answers as very well satisfied the Dey.

"Alvaro," said he to him, "you seem not to want sense, and indeed I do not take you for a common man; but whatever you are, you have the good fortune to please me, and I will honour you so far as to make you my confidant." Don Juan, at these words, prostrated himself at the Dey's feet, and after having taken up the lowest border of his robe, with it touched his eyes, mouth, and head.

"To begin with giving you some marks of it," resumed Mezzomorto, "I will tell you that I have the finest women of Europe in my seraglio; amongst them I have one that is beyond all sort of comparison, and I do not believe that the Grand Seignior himself is possessor of a more perfect beauty, though his ships continually bring him women from all parts of the world. Her face to me seems the sun reflected, and her shape is as exact as that of the rose-tree in the garden of Eram; you may see that I am enchanted.

"But this miracle of nature, though enriched with such rare beauty, gives herself wholly up to a fatal

grief, which neither time nor my love can dissipate; and though fortune has subjected her to my desires, I have not yet satisfied them. I have constantly bridled them, and, contrary to the common custom of men in my circumstances, who aim no farther than at sensual pleasures, I have endeavoured to gain her heart by such a complaisance and profound respect, as the meanest Mussulman would be ashamed of ever owning to a Christian slave.

"Yet all my tenderness only increases her melancholy, and her obstinacy begins at last to tire me. The idea of slavery is not graven in such deep tracks in others, and even those were soon effaced by my favourable treatment of them. This tedious grief fatigues my patience; but before I yield to the violent transports of love, I must make one effort more in which I would use your assistance; the slave, being a Christian, and of your nation, may make you her confidant, and you may persuade her better than any other. Advantageously represent to her my quality and riches; tell her that I will distinguish her from all my slaves; engage her to consider, if necessary, that she may one day become the wife of Mezzomorto; and assure her, that I shall have a greater value for her than for a sultana, whose hand his highness should himself tender me."

Don Juan a second time prostrated himself at the Dey's feet, and, though not very well pleased with his commission, assured him that he would do his best to acquit himself in the performance. "It is enough," replied Mezzomorto; "leave your work, and follow me. I will order it that you shall speak with this beautiful slave alone; but have a care how

you abuse the trust, which if you do, your rashness shall be punished by tortures unknown even to Turks themselves. Endeavour to overcome your melancholy, and know that your liberty is annexed to the end of my sufferings." Don Juan left off working, and followed the Dey, who was going before to dispose the afflicted captive to admit his agent.

She was with two old slaves, who retired at his approach. The charming slave saluted him with profound respect; but could not help trembling, for fear of what might happen to her, every visit he made. He perceived it; and, to dissipate her fears, "Fair captive," said he, "I come hither at present for no other reason than to tell you, that I have a Spaniard amongst my slaves, with whose conversation, probably, you may not be displeased; if you desire to see him, I will give you leave to speak with him, and that also without any witnesses."

The beautiful slave answered, that she most earnestly desired it. "I will immediately send him to you," replied Mezzomorto, "if his discourse can assuage your grief." These words ended, he ordered the two old slaves, who served her, another way, and afterwards himself quitted her apartment; and meeting the Toledan, he whispered to him, "You may enter: and after you have talked with the fair slave, come to my apartment, and give me an account of your success."

Don Juan entered the chamber, and saluted the slave without fixing his eyes on her; and she received his salutation without looking very intently on him. But beginning to look on each other more earnestly, they burst out into tears of surprise and joy. "O

God!" said the Toledan, approaching her, "am I not deluded by a phantom? Is it really Donna Theodora whom I see?"—"Ah, Don Juan," cried the fair slave, "is it you that speaks to me?"—"Yes, madam," answered he, tenderly kissing one of her hands, "it is Don Juan himself! You may know me by the tears which my eyes, charmed with the happiness of seeing you again, cannot restrain; at the transports of joy which your presence is only capable of exciting. I have done murmuring at fortune, since she has restored you to my wishes—— But whither does my immoderate joy hurry me? Alas! I forget that you are in chains! What strange caprice of fortune brought you hither? How did you escape Don Alvaro's rash passion? Ah, what dismal alarms does that give me! and how much am I afraid that heaven has not sufficiently protected your virtue."

"Heaven," said Donna Theodora, "has revenged me of Alvaro Ponce. If I had time to tell you"——
—"You have enough," interrupted Don Juan. "The Dey has permitted me to be with you, and, what may surprise you, to talk with you alone. Let us make the best use of these happy moments; and pray acquaint me with all that has happened to you, from the time of your seizure to this present."
—"Ah, who told you that it was Don Alvaro that seized me?"—"I know it but too well," returned Don Juan. Then he succinctly related how he was informed of it, and how Mendoça and he embarked in search of the ravisher, and were taken by pirates. After which, Donna Theodora immediately began the recital of her adventures in these words:

"It is needless to tell you that I was extremely surprised to find myself seized by a troop of masked men. I swooned away in the arms of him that carried me off, and when I got out of my fit, which doubtless was very long, I found myself alone with Agnes, one of my women, at sea, in the cabin of a vessel under sail.

"Agnes exhorted me to patience, and by her discourse gave me room to conclude that she had a correspondence with my ravisher, who then presumed to show himself to me; and, throwing himself at my feet, 'Madam,' said he, 'pardon the way Don Alvaro has taken to possess you. You know what tender addresses I made to you, and with what constancy I disputed your heart with Don Fadrique, to the time that you gave him the preference. If my passion for you had only been a common one, I had conquered it, and comforted myself under the misfortune; but I am destined to adore your charms, and, scorned as I am, I cannot free myself from their power. But yet do not fear that my love will offer any violence. I did not make this attempt on your liberty, to affright your virtue by base means: no; all I pretended to in the retirement whither I am conveying you, is, that an eternal and sacred knot may bind our destinies.'

"He said several other things which I cannot well remember; they tended to hint that he thought, in forcing me to marry him, he did not tyrannise; and that I ought rather to look upon him as a passionate lover than an insolent ravisher. Whilst he spake, I did nothing but weep and despair: wherefore, without losing time in endeavours to persuade me, he left

me; but, at his retiring, made a sign to Agnes, which I discerned was his order to her to reinforce with address those arguments with which he designed to dazzle my reason.

"She acted her part to the full; she suggested to me, that, after the noise of a rape, I must of necessity be forced to accept Don Alvaro's offer, how great soever my aversion for him might be; that my reputation demanded this sacrifice of my heart. The laying me under the necessity of such a hideous marriage not being the way to dry up my tears, I remained inconsolable. Agnes did not know what to say to me farther, when on a sudden we heard a great noise on the deck, which engaged all our attention.

"This was occasioned by the surprise of Don Alvaro's men, at the sight of a large vessel making all possible sail towards us. Our ship not being so good a sailer as that, it was impossible for us to avoid it. He came up with us, and immediately we heard a crying, 'To windward, to windward!'

"But Alvaro Ponce and his men, choosing rather to die than yield, ventured to dispute their liberty with the enemy. The action was very sharp; I will not run into particulars, but only acquaint you, that Don Alvaro and all his men were killed, after having fought with the utmost despair. As for us, we were conducted into the great ship, which belonged to Mezzomorto, and was commanded by Aby Aly Osman, one of his officers.

"Aby Aly earnestly looked at me with surprise, and knowing by my dress that I was a Spanish woman, he said to me in the Castilian tongue: 'Moderate your grief for being fallen into slavery, it is a misfor-

tune which was inevitable: but why do I call it a misfortune? it is an advantage, for which you ought to applaud your happy stars: you are too charming to be confined only to be obeyed by Christians: heaven never formed you for those wretched mortals; you merit the addresses of the masters of the world, and none but Mussulmen are worthy to enjoy you. I will,' adds he, 'return to Algiers. Though I have taken no other prize, I am persuaded that the Dey, my master, will be pleased with this expedition; nor can I fear his blaming my impatience to put into his hands a beauty that will afford him such delicious pleasures, and be the ornament of his seraglio.'

"At these words, which discovered what I had to expect, my tears redoubled. Aby Aly, who looked on the reason of my fright with another eye than mine, only laughed, and made all the sail he could towards Algiers; whilst I afflicted myself beyond all bounds of moderation. Sometimes I directed my sighs to heaven, and implored its assistance; at others, I wished some Christian ships would attack us, or that the waves would swallow us up; and after that, I wished my grief and tears might render me so frightful, that the very sight of me might strike horror into the Dey. Vain desires, alas, resulting from my alarmed modesty! We arrived at the port; I was conducted to the palace, and shown to Mezzomorto.

"I do not know what Aby Aly said when he presented me to his master, nor what he answered, because they spoke Turkish; but I fancied I could discover, by the gestures and looks of the Dey, that I had the misfortune to please him; and what he

afterwards said to me in Spanish perfected my despair, by confirming me in that opinion.

"I threw myself in vain at his feet, and promised whatever he pleased for my ransom: I largely tempted his avarice, by the offer of all my estate; but he told me that he valued me above all the riches in the world. He caused this apartment, the most magnificent in all his palace, to be prepared for me; and has left no means unattempted to dispel that grief which overwhelmed me. He brought me all the slaves of both sexes, that could either sing or play on any instrument; he removed Agnes, believing she only fed my melancholy, and I am waited on by old slaves, who incessantly inculcate to me their master's love, and all the pleasures reserved for me.

"But all that has been done to divert me serves only to augment my sorrows; nothing can comfort me. Captive as I am, in this detestable place, which every day resounds with the cries of oppressed innocence, I suffer less by the loss of my liberty, than the terror with which the Dey's odious passion inspires me; for though I have hitherto found no other treatment from him than that of a complaisant lover, I am not less affrighted, and very much fear, lest, abandoning that respect which perhaps has hitherto restrained him, he should at last abuse his power. I am continually afflicted by these dreadful reflections, and every moment of my life is a fresh torment."

Donna Theodora could not end these words without showers of tears, which stabbed Don Juan to the heart. "It is not without reason, madam," said he, "that you form such a horrible idea of what may happen to you; I am as much terrified at it as you;

the Dey's respect is nearer its declension than you imagine; this submissive lover will soon throw off his feigned complaisance; I know it but too well, and know all the danger you are in. But," continued he, changing his tone, "I will not tamely see it; slave as I am, my despair is to be feared. Before Mezzomorto shall force you, I will plunge into his breast"——

—"Ah, Don Juan!" interrupted Donna Theodora, "what a dangerous project are you venturing at! Ah, be extremely careful that you never put it in execution! What prodigious cruelties, great God, will be the consequences of his death! Will the Turks leave it unrevenged? Oh, the most dreadful torments! I cannot think of them without trembling. Besides, is it not to expose yourself to an unnecessary danger? Can you, by killing the Dey, restore my liberty? Alas! perhaps I may be sold to some villainous wretch, that may have less regard for me than Mezzomorto has. O Heaven! you ought to show your justice: you know the Dey's brutal desires; you forbid me the use of poison and sword; it therefore belongs to you to prevent a crime which offends you."

"Yes, madam," replied Don Juan, "Heaven will prevent it; I perceive that it inspires me; what at present occurs to my mind, is doubtless suggested to me from thence. The Dey gave me leave to see you for no other reason than to incline you to yield to his passion: I am charged to give him an account of our conversation; but I must deceive him. I will then tell him that you are not inconsolable; that his generous conduct with regard to you, begins to assuage your griefs; and that, if he continues in the

same measures, he ought to hope for whatever he wishes. Accordingly, when he comes to see you again, I wish he might find you less melancholy than ordinary, and feign your being in some measure pleased with his discourse."

"Oh, horrid constraint!" interrupted Donna Theodora; "how can a frank and sincere soul betray itself to that degree? and what advantage will result from such a painful dissimulation?"—"The Dey," answered he, "will please himself with this alteration, and resolve to gain you wholly by complaisance. In the interim, I will endeavour your liberty; the task, I own, is difficult; but I am acquainted with a slave whose great address and industry may not be unserviceable to us. I leave you," continued he; "the affair requires diligence, and we shall see one another again. I go now to the Dey, whose impetuous flame I will endeavour to amuse by false intelligence; and you, madam, must prepare to receive him. Dissemble, force your nature. Though his presence offend your eyes, yet disarm them of severity and hatred. Prevail on your mouth, which only opens itself daily to bewail your misfortunes, to learn a flattering tone; and do not fear showing too much favour. You must promise everything, in order to grant nothing."—"It is enough," replied Donna Theodora; "I will follow all your directions, since the fatal evil which threatens me, imposes on me this cruel necessity. Go, Don Juan, employ all your cares in putting an end to my slavery. It will be a great addition to the pleasure of liberty, to owe it to you."

The Toledan, pursuant to his orders, waited on Mezzomorto, who said, with the utmost concern:

"Well, Alvaro, what news do you bring me from the fair slave? Have you disposed her to hearken to me? If you tell me that I ought not to flatter myself with the hopes of ever subduing her cruel grief, I swear by the head of the Grand Seignior, my master, that I will this day seize by force what she has hitherto refused to yield to my complaisance." —"Sir," answered Don Juan, "that inviolable oath is needless; you will not be forced to make use of violence to satisfy your love. The slave is a young lady who never yet loved; she is so proud that she has rejected the addresses of the greatest men in Spain. She lived like a sovereign princess in her own country, and is a captive here. A haughty mind long resents the great difference betwixt these conditions; yet, sir, this proud Spanish lady will, by degrees, grow familiar with slavery; and I dare venture to tell you, that already her chains begin to be lighter. The great deference you have always showed her, and the respectful cares which she did not expect from you, have somewhat abated her sorrow, and do by little and little conquer her pride. Soothe this favourable disposition, and complete the conquest of this fair slave by fresh marks of respect, and you will soon find her yield to your desires, and lose the love of liberty in your arms."

"Your words ravish me," replied the Dey. "The hopes which you have given me are sufficient to engage me to do anything. Yes, I will restrain my impatient desires to satisfy them better. But do not deceive me; or art thou not thyself deceived? I will immediately go talk with her, and see whether I can discover in her eyes those flattering appearances which

you have observed." These words ended, he went to Donna Theodora; and Don Juan returned to the garden, where he met the gardener, who was the dexterous slave by whose industry he promised to set widow Cifuentes at liberty.

The gardener, whose name was Francisco, was of Navarre. He knew Algiers perfectly well, having served several patrons before he lived with the Dey. "Friend Francisco," said Don Juan, approaching him, "I am extremely afflicted at what I have seen. There is in this palace a young lady of the first quality in Valencia; she has entreated Mezzomorto to set his own price on her ransom; but he will not part with her, because he is in love with her."—"Alas! why does that trouble you so much?" said Francisco. "Because I am of the same city," replied the Toledan. "Her relations and mine are intimate friends; and there is nothing I would not undertake to contribute to her deliverance."

"Though it is no very easy thing," replied Francisco, "I dare engage to accomplish it, if this lady's relations will be pleased to pay very well for this piece of service."—"Do not doubt in the least," returned Don Juan; "I will be responsible for their acknowledgments, but more especially for her own gratitude. Her name is Donna Theodora; she is the widow of a man who has left her a very great estate, and she is as generous as rich. I am a Spanish gentleman, and my word ought to satisfy you."

"Well," replied the gardener, "I will depend on your promises, and go look for a renegade Catalan of my acquaintance, and propose it to him"———"What do you say?" interrupted the Toledan, very much

surprised; "can you rely on a wretch, who has not been ashamed to abandon his religion for"——
—"Though a renegade," interrupted Francisco in his turn, "he is yet an honest man, who deserves rather to be pitied than hated; and, if his crime can admit of any excuse, I should indeed be willing to think him excusable. I will tell you his story in two words.

"He is a native of Barcelona, and a chirurgeon by profession. Perceiving that he did not succeed in his practice in his native place, he resolved to settle at Carthagena, hoping that he might thrive better by removing. He embarked then for Carthagena, with his mother; but they met an Algerine pirate, who took and brought them hither. They were sold; his mother to a Moor, and he to a Turk, who used him so very ill, that he turned Mahometan to end his cruel slavery; as also, to procure the liberty of his mother, who was very rigorously treated by the Moor, her patron. Then entering himself in the Basha's pay, he made several voyages, and got four hundred pataccons, part of which he employed in the ransom of his mother; and, to improve it, he intended to rob on the sea for his own account.

"He became a captain, and bought a small vessel without a deck, and with some Turkish soldiers, who willingly joined with him, he went to cruise between Carthagena and Alicant, and returned laden with booty. He went out again, and his voyage succeeded so well, that at last he fitted out a larger vessel, with which he took several considerable prizes; but, his good fortune failing him, he one day attacked an English frigate, who so shattered his ship that he could scarce regain the port of Algiers; and, as the

people of this country judge of the merit of the pirates by the success of their enterprises, this renegade began to be despised by the Turks; and, growing very uneasy and melancholy, he sold his ship, and retired to a house out of town, where, ever since, he has lived on the estate he has left, with his mother and several slaves.

"I frequently visit him, for we lived together with the same patron, and are very great friends. He has disclosed to me his most secret thoughts; and within these three days he told me, with tears in his eyes, that his mind could never be at rest since he had renounced his faith; that, to appease the remorse which incessantly racked his mind, he was sometimes inclined to quit the turban, and hazard being burnt alive, to repair, by a public acknowledgment of his repentance, the scandal he had cast on the Christians.

"This is the renegade to which I design to address myself," continued Francisco; "such a man as this you ought not to suspect. Under pretence of going to the bagnio,* I will go to his house, and suggest to him that, instead of consuming himself with grief for withdrawing himself from the bosom of the church, he ought to think of means of returning to it: that, to execute this design, he need only equip a ship, on pretence that, weary of an idle life, he would return to his old trade of cruising; and with this ship we will gain the coast of Valencia, where Donna Theodora should give him enough to pass the rest of his days agreeably at Barcelona."

"Yes, dear Francisco," cried Don Juan, transported with the hopes which the Navarre slave gave him,

* That is, the place where the slaves meet.

"you may promise the renegade everything; you and he shall be sure to be rewarded. But do you believe this project really practicable in the manner you have formed it?"—"It may meet with some difficulties which I do not foresee," replied Francisco, "but the renegade and I will remove them. Alvaro," added he, as he was leaving him, "I have a very good opinion of your enterprise, and hope, at my return, to bring you good news."

It was not without anxiety that Don Juan waited for Francisco, who returned in three or four hours. "I have talked with the renegade," said he, "and proposed our design to him; and after mature deliberation, we have agreed that he shall buy a small ship ready fitted to go out; and it being allowed to make use of slaves for sailors, he shall man the vessel with his own; that, to prevent suspicion, he should engage twelve Turkish soldiers, as though he really intended to go out to cruise; but that, two days before that which he should assign for his departure, he should embark in the night with his slaves, weigh anchor without any noise, and come to fetch us on board with his skiff, from a little door of this garden near the sea. This is the plan of our enterprise; you may inform the captive lady of this, and assure her, that within fifteen days at farthest, she shall be freed from her slavery."

How inexpressible was Zarate's joy, to have such a comfortable assurance to carry to Donna Theodora. To obtain permission to see her, he the next day searched for Mezzomorto; and, having found him, "Pardon me, my lord," said he, "if I presume to ask you how you found the beautiful slave. Are you

better satisfied?"—"I am charmed," interrupted the Dey; "her eyes did not turn away from my tenderest addresses; her discourse, which always before consisted only of endless reflections on her condition, was not intermixed with any complaints; but she even seemed to listen to mine with an obliging attention. It is to your endeavours, Alvaro, that I owe this change. I see you know your own countrywomen; I will have you talk with her again. Finish what you have so happily begun; exhaust all your wit and address, to hasten my felicity, and I will then break your chains; and I swear, by the soul of our great prophet, that I will send you home to your own country so richly laden with presents, that the Christians, when they see thee, shall not believe thou returnest from slavery."

The Toledan did not fail to flatter Mezzomorto's error; he feigned himself extremely sensible of his promises; and, under pretence of hastening the accomplishment of the Dey's joys, he hastened to see the fair slave, whom he found alone in her apartment, the old woman who attended her being employed elsewhere. He told her what the Navarre slave and the renegade had contrived, on the credit of the promises which he made them.

It was no small consolation for Donna Theodora to hear that such proper measures were taken for her deliverance. "Is it possible," said she in the excess of her joy, "that I may hope to see Valencia, my dear country, again? How transporting will the bliss be, after so many fears and dangers, to live at ease with you! Ah, Don Juan, how charming is that thought! Will you share that pleasure with me? Do

you think that, in delivering me from the Dey, it is your wife which you tear from him?"

"Alas!" answered Zarate, with a profound sigh, "those endearing words would charm me, if the remembrance of an unhappy friend did not throw in a bitter, which spoils all the sweetness. Pardon me, madam that nicety, and confess also, that Mendoça deserves your pity; it is for your sake that he went from Valencia and lost his liberty. I can assure you, that at Tunis he is less loaded with the weight of his chains, than the despair of ever revenging your sufferings."—"He doubtless deserved a better fate," interrupted Donna Theodora; "I take heaven to witness, that I am thoroughly sensible of all that he has done for me. I share with him the sufferings which I have caused; but, by the cruel malignity of the stars, my heart can never be the price of his services."

This conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the two old women who waited on Donna Theodora; when Don Juan turned the discourse, and, acting the Dey's confidant, "Yes, charming slave," said he to the widow Cifuentes, "you have deprived him of liberty, who keeps you in chains. Mezzomorto, your master and mine, the most engaging and most amiable of all the Turks, is very well pleased with you; continue to treat him favourably, and you will soon see an end of your griefs." At the end of these last words he left Donna Theodora, who did not comprehend their true sense.

Affairs remained during eight days in this posture at the Dey's palace, whilst the renegade Catalan bought a small vessel, almost wholly fitted for sailing,

and prepared for his departure. But, six days before he was ready to put to sea, Don Juan met with what very much alarmed his fears.

Mezzomorto sent for him; and, being entered his closet, "Alvaro," said he, "you are free; you may return to Spain whenever you please; and these presents which I promised you, are ready. I saw the fair slave to-day; and oh, how vastly different does she appear from the same person whose griefs have given me so much pain! The sense of her captivity every day wears off. I found her so charming, that I have this moment resolved to marry her. She shall be my wife within the space of two days."

At these words the Toledan changed colour; and, notwithstanding all the restraint he laid on himself, could not hide his disturbance and surprise from the Dey, who asked him the cause of that disorder. "My lord," answered Don Juan, all in confusion, "I am doubtless very much amazed, to think, that one of the greatest lords of the Ottoman empire should so debase himself as to marry a slave. I very well know it is not unprecedented amongst you; but, for the illustrious Mezzomorto, who may pretend to the daughter of the principal officers of the Porte"——

—"I allow what you say," interrupted the Dey; "I might at the same time aspire to the Grand Vizier's daughter, and flatter myself with the hopes of succeeding my father-in-law; but I have an immense estate, and am not very ambitious. I prefer the ease and pleasures which I enjoy here in my viziership, to that dangerous honour, to which we are no sooner raised, than the fear of the Sultans, and the jealousy of those near them, who envy us, precipitate us into

the lowest abyss of misery. Besides, I love my slave, and her beauty qualifies her to deserve the dignity to which my affection invites her. But," adds he, "in order to deserve the honours I design her, she must this very day change her religion. Do you believe that any ridiculous prejudices will prevail on her to despise my offers?"—"No, my lord," returned the Toledan, "I am persuaded that she will sacrifice all to such a high elevation. But, give me leave to tell you, that you ought not to marry her so hastily; do nothing rashly; it is not to be doubted, but that the thoughts of abandoning the religion she sucked in with her mother's milk will startle her at first. Give her, then, time to consider of it; when she represents to herself, that instead of dishonouring, and afterwards suffering her to grow old and neglected amongst the rest of your captives, you join her to yourself by such a glorious marriage, her gratitude and vanity will by little and little remove her scruples. Defer, therefore, the execution of your design for eight days only."

The Dey continued some time thinking. He did not at all like the delay his confidant proposed, whose advice, however, appeared reasonable. "I yield to your reason," interrupted the Dey; "though I am so impatient to enjoy the fair slave, I will yet wait eight days. Go immediately to her, and dispose her to accomplish my desires at the expiration of that time. I desire that the same Alvaro, who has so faithfully discharged himself with regard to her, may have the honour to offer her my matrimonial faith."

Don Juan flew to the apartment of Donna Theodora, and informed her what passed betwixt Mezzomorto

and him, that she might regulate herself accordingly. He also told her that the renegade's ship would be ready in six days; but she telling him that she was in great pain to know how she should get out of her apartment, since all the doors of the chambers, through which she was obliged to pass to reach the stairs, were close shut; "You ought not to give yourself much trouble on that account, madam," said Don Juan; "one of your closet windows opens into the garden, and from thence you may descend by a ladder which I will provide you."

Accordingly, the six days being expired, Francisco advertised the Toledan, that the renegade was preparing to depart the next night; which you may very well think was expected with great impatience. The time came at last, and what rendered it yet more lucky was, that it grew very dark. When the moment destined for the execution of their enterprise came, Don Juan raised the ladder to Donna Theodora's closet window, who no sooner saw it, than she descended on it with the utmost concern and haste, and then leaning on the false Alvaro, who conducted her to the little garden door, which opened on the sea.

They made all possible haste, and beforehand seemed to taste the pleasures of being freed from slavery; but fortune, who was not perfectly reconciled to these lovers, raised a more cruel misfortune than all those which they had hitherto suffered, and which they could not foresee.

They were gotten out of the garden, and hastening to the seaside to reach the boat, which waited for them, when a man, whom they took for one of their crew, and which they did not at all mistrust, came

directly to Don Juan, with a naked sword, and running him into the breast, "Perfidious Alvaro Ponce," cried he, "it is thus that Don Fadrique de Mendoça is obliged to punish a villainous ravisher. You do not deserve that I should attack you like a man of honour."

Don Juan could not resist the force of the push, which threw him down; and at the same time Donna Theodora, whom he supported, seized at once with amazement, grief, and the fright, swooned away on the other side. "Ah! Mendoça," said the Toledan, "what have you done? It is Don Juan that you have wounded!"—"Just Heaven!" replied Don Fadrique, "is it possible that I should assassinate"—— —"I forgive you my death," returned Zarate; "fate alone is to be blamed, or rather it was designed thus to put an end to our miseries. Yes, my dear Mendoça, I die contented since I put into your hands the beautiful Theodora, who can assure you that my friendship for you has never been violated."

"Too generous friend," said Don Fadrique, seized with a violent despair, "you shall not die alone; the same sword which plunged thus cruelly into your breast, shall punish your murderer. Though my mistake may excuse my crime, it cannot comfort me." At these words he turned the point of his sword to his breast, ran it up to the hilt, and fell upon Don Juan, who fainted away, less enfeebled by his own wound than his friend's rage.

Francisco and the renegade, who were but ten paces off, and who had their reasons which detained them from running to the assistance of the slave Alvaro, were extremely astonished to hear Don Fadrique's

words, and to see his last action; they then found their mistake, and that the wounded men were two friends, and not mortal enemies, as they thought. They ran to their assistance; but finding them senseless as well as Donna Theodora, who yet remained in her swoon, they were at a loss what measures to take. Francisco was of opinion, that they should content themselves with carrying off the lady, and leave the gentlemen on the shore, where, according to all appearances, they would immediately die, if they were not yet dead. But the renegade was not of that opinion. He concluded they ought not to be left; that their wounds might perhaps not be mortal, and that he could dress them on board, where he had all the instruments of his former trade, which he had not yet forgotten. Francisco fell in with his opinion.

As he was not ignorant of what importance it was to be expeditious, the renegade and he, by the assistance of some slaves, carried into their skiff the unhappy widow Cifuentes, and her two lovers, yet more unfortunate than she, and in a very few minutes reached their ship. As soon as they were all gotten on board, some of them spread their sails, whilst others on their knees on the deck implored the assistance of Heaven, by the most fervent petitions which the fear of being pursued by Mezzomorto's ships could inspire.

The renegade, after having charged with the management of the ship a French slave, who understood it perfectly well, applied himself first to Donna Theodora, whom he recovered out of her swoon, and then took such successful care of Don Fadrique and the Toledan, that they also recovered their senses. The widow Cifuentes, who fainted away at the sight of

Don Juan's being wounded, was very much surprised to find Mendoça there; and though at the sight of him she really believed that he had fallen on his own sword, for grief of having wounded his friend, yet she could not look on him otherwise than the murderer of the man she loved.

It was certainly the most moving scene in the world, to see these three persons returned to themselves; and the condition out of which they had been recovered, though a resemblance of death, did not more deserve pity. Donna Theodora earnestly looked on Don Juan, with eyes in which were painted, in lively colours, all the emotions of a soul overwhelmed with grief and despair. And the two friends fixed on her their dying eyes, feebly uttering the most profound sighs.

After having for some time kept a silence equally tender and unhappy, Don Fadrique thus broke it by addressing himself to the widow Cifuentes: "Madam," said he, "before I die, I have yet the satisfaction to see you delivered out of slavery; would to Heaven that you were indebted for your liberty to me; but it has appointed that you should owe that obligation to the man you love. I love that rival too well to murmur at it, and wish that the wound which I have been so unhappy as to give him, may not prevent the full enjoyment of your grateful acknowledgments." The lady made no answer to these words; but far from being then sensible of the melancholy fate of Don Fadrique, she was only influenced by the aversion to him, which the present condition of the Toledan had inspired.

In the meantime the chirurgeon prepared to exa-

mine and probe the wounds. He began with that of Don Juan, and did not find it dangerous, by reason the pass had only glanced below the left pap, and had not touched any of the nobler vital parts. This report of the chirurgeon very much abated Donna Theodora's affliction, and equally rejoiced Don Fadrique; who, turning his head toward that lady, "I am satisfied," said he; "I leave this life without regret, since my friend is out of danger: I shall not then die laden with your hate."

These words were uttered with such a moving air, that Theodora was touched by them; and as her fear for Don Juan grew over, she ceased to hate Don Fadrique, and no longer looked on him otherwise than on a man who deserved her pity. "Ah, Mendoça!" cried she, influenced by a generous transport, "let your wound be dressed, it is not perhaps more dangerous than that of your friend. Oh! yield to our care of your life; and if I cannot make you happy, at least I will not bestow that felicity on another; but out of compassion and tenderness for you, I will withhold the hand which I designed to give Don Juan, and offer to you the same sacrifice which he has made you."

Don Fadrique was going to reply, but the chirurgeon, afraid that speaking might prejudice him, obliged him to silence, and searched his wound, which he judged mortal, by reason the sword had pierced the upper part of his lungs, as he concluded from his excessive flux of blood, the consequence of which was very much to be feared. As soon as he had dressed the gentlemen, he caused them to be carried to his own cabin, to repose them on two beds, one

next the other; and conducted Donna Theodora thither, whose presence he thought would not be prejudicial to them.

Notwithstanding all this care, Mendoça fell into a fever, and towards night the flux of blood augmented. The chirurgeon then told him he was incurable; and informed him, that if he had anything to say to his friend, or to Donna Theodora, he had no time to lose. This news strangely afflicted the Toledan; but Don Fadrique received it with indifference. He sent for the widow Cifuentes, who came to him in a condition much easier to be imagined than described.

Her face was covered with tears, and she sobbed with so much violence, that she disturbed Mendoça. "Madam," said he, "I am unworthy those precious tears that you shed; restrain them, I beg, for a moment: I ask the same of you, dear Zarate," adds he, observing the insupportable grief which his friend showed; "I know that this separation must very sensibly afflict you; I am too well acquainted with your friendship to doubt it: but I beseech of you to stay till my death, and reserve these tears to honour it with so many marks of tenderness and pity. Suspend your grief till then, since that touches me more than the loss of my life. I must acquaint you through what meanders of fate I was conducted to this fatal shore, where I have tainted myself with my friend's blood and with my own. You must be in pain to know how I could take Don Juan for Don Alvaro, but I will immediately inform you, if the small remainder of life will allow me to make that melancholy discovery.

"Some hours after the ship in which I was had

quitted that wherein I left Don Juan, we met a French privateer, which attacked and took the Tunis ship, and set us on shore at Alicant. I was no sooner at liberty than I thought of ransoming Don Juan, to which end I went to Valencia and raised money; and on advice that at Barcelona there were several monks of the order for the redemption of slaves ready to set out for Algiers, I resolved not to lose this occasion. But before I left Valencia, I entreated Don Francisco de Mendoça, my uncle, to use his interest at the court of Spain to obtain a pardon for my friend, because my design was to bring him back with me, and re-establish him in his estate, which was confiscated after the death of the Duke of Naxera.

"As soon as we were arrived at Algiers, I went to the places frequented by slaves; but having run through all of them, I did not find what I searched for. I met the Catalan renegade, to whom this vessel belongs, whom I remembered formerly to have been in my uncle's service. I told him the occasion of my voyage, and desired him to make a strict search for my friend. 'I am sorry, sir,' said he, 'I cannot serve you. I am to leave Algiers to-night with a lady of Valencia, who is a slave to the Dey.'—'Pray what is the lady's name?' said I. 'Her name,' replied he, 'is Theodora.'

"My surprise at hearing this was enough to let the renegade see that I was concerned for that lady. He discovered to me the design he laid to knock off her chains. And as he mentioned one Alvaro in his story, I did not doubt but it was Alvaro Ponce himself. 'Assist my resentment,' cried I, transported, to the renegade; 'help me to revenge myself on my enemy.

—'You shall soon be satisfied,' answered he, 'but let me first know your cause of complaint against Alvaro.' Upon this, I told him our whole story; and he having heard it, 'It is enough,' cried he: 'you need only accompany me on the night chosen for our departure, where you will see your enemy; and after you have punished him, you shall take his place, and join with us in conducting Donna Theodora to Valencia.'

"Yet this impatience did not hinder my search after Don Juan; but despairing to hear any news of him, I left money for his ransom in the hands of an Italian merchant named Francisco Capati, who lives at Algiers, and undertook his ransom if he could ever find him.

"At last the night appointed for our departure and my revenge came, when I went to the renegade, who led me to that part of the seashore behind Mezzomorto's gardens. We stopped at a little door that soon opened, whence came out a man who made directly up to us, pointing with his finger to a man and woman who were coming after him: 'Those who follow me,' said he, 'are Alvaro and Donna Theodora.'

"At this sight, enraged to the last degree, I drew my sword, ran to the unfortunate Alvaro, and, persuaded that it was my hateful rival whom I was approaching, I wounded that faithful friend, whose uncertain destiny was the cause of all my disturbance. But, thanks to Heaven," continued he in a softer tone, "my mistake will neither cost him his life, nor the eternal tears of Donna Theodora."

"Ah, Mendoça," interrupted the lady," "you injure my affliction; I shall never comfort myself for the

loss of you; for though I should even marry your friend, it would be only uniting our griefs: your love, your friendship, and your misfortunes would be the whole subject of our discourse."—"It is too much, madam," replied Don Fadrique; "I am not worthy your so long mourning for me. Allow, I conjure you, Zarate to marry you, after he shall have revenged you of Alvaro Ponce."—"Don Alvaro is no more," replied the widow Cifuentes; "the same day that he seized me, he was killed by the pirate who took me."

"Madam," said Mendoça, "this news gives me pleasure: my friend will the sooner be happy; follow without restraint the guidance of your mutual passion; I see with joy the moment approaching, which will remove the obstacle your compassion and his generosity have raised to prevent your mutual happiness. May all your days be spent in repose and union, which the jealousy of fortune may not dare to disturb! Adieu, madam; adieu, Don Juan; vouchsafe both of you sometimes to remember a man, who never loved any so well as you."

The lady and the Toledan, instead of answering, redoubled their tears. Don Fadrique, who perceived it, and found himself very ill, thus continued: "I grow too tender; death has already surrounded me, and I forget to supplicate the divine goodness, to pardon my having shortened a life, which it alone ought to have disposed of." At these words he lifted up his eyes to heaven with all the signs of a sincere repentance, and the flux of blood immediately occasioned a suffocation, which carried him off.

Then Don Juan, hurried by his despair, tore off his plaisters, and would have rendered his wound in-

curable; but Francisco and the renegade threw themselves on him, and opposed his distraction; and Donna Theodora, terribly affrighted at this furious transport, assisted them both in diverting Don Juan from his design. She besought him with such a moving air, that, returning to himself, he suffered his wound to be again bound up; and at last the interest of a lover, by slow degrees, abated the rage of a friend. But if he recovered his reason, it served only to prevent the distracted effects of grief, and not to diminish the sense of it.

The renegade, who, amongst other things he had brought out of Spain, had some excellent Arabian balsam and precious perfumes, embalmed Mendoça's body at the instance of the lady and Don Juan, who assured him, that at Valencia they would perform all the honours of his sepulture. The two lovers, too, passionately indulged their grief all the while they were on board; but the rest were more cheerful, and, the wind being favourable, they were not long before they discovered the coasts of Spain.

At that sight all the slaves yielded themselves up to joy; and when the vessel was happily arrived at the port of Denia, every one took a different course. The widow Cifuentes and the Toledan sent a courier to Valencia with letters for the governor and Donna Theodora's family. The news of that lady's return was received with all possible expressions of joy by all her relations; but Don Francisco de Mendoça was extremely afflicted at the loss of his nephew; he discovered it very plainly when he accompanied the widow Cifuentes's relations to Denia, where he desired to see the corpse of the unfortunate Don Fad-

rique. The good old man then melted into tears, and uttered such lamentable complaints, as sensibly touched all the spectators. He inquired by what adventure his nephew fell.

"I will tell you, my lord," said the Toledan; "far from blotting it out of my memory, I take a melancholy pleasure in continually calling him to mind, and feeding my sorrows." He then related to him the sad accident; and the recital of his story drawing fresh tears from him, redoubled those of Don Francisco. As for Donna Theodora, her relations expressed their great joy to see her again, and felicitated her on the miraculous manner of her delivery from the tyranny of Mezzomorto.

After a perfect relation of all particulars, Don Fadrique's corpse was put into a coach, and carried to Valencia, but not buried there; because Don Francisco de Mendoça, preparing to live at Madrid, resolved to have his nephew's body carried to that city.

While all manner of preparations were making for their journey, the widow Cifuentes loaded Francisco and the renegade with presents equal to their wishes. Francisco went to Navarre, and the renegade immediately returned with his mother to Barcelona; there, having renounced his errors, and reconciled himself to the church, he lives in a reputable manner at this present time.

In the meanwhile, also, Don Francisco received a packet from the court, wherein was Don Juan's pardon; which the king, notwithstanding the great value he had for the house of Naxera, could not refuse the Mendoças, who all joined in soliciting it. This

news was the more agreeable to the Toledan, because it procured him the liberty of accompanying the corpse of his friend, which he durst not have done without it.

At last they all set forward, accompanied with a great number of persons of quality; and as soon as they arrived at Madrid, they buried the corpse of Don Fadrique in a church, where Zarate and Donna Theodora raised a noble monument over his grave. They did not stop there; but kept themselves in mourning for their friend for the space of a whole year, to eternise their grief and friendship.

After having given such signal marks of their tenderness for Mendoça, they married; but by an inconceivable effect of the power of friendship, Don Juan long retained his melancholy for his friend, which nothing was able to remove. Don Fadrique was always present in his thoughts; he saw him every night in his dreams, and generally just as he had seen him breathing his last. But yet his reason began to dispel these melancholy views; and Donna Theodora's charms, with which he was captivated, triumphed by little and little over the sad remembrance of Mendoça. To conclude, at last Don Juan was going to live happily, and very contentedly; but a few days past he fell from his horse, as he was hunting, and hurt his head; the wound grew to an imposthume, so that the physicians could not save him. He is just dead; and Theodora, the lady whom you see in the arms of two women who are watching her distraction, may probably soon follow him.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF DREAMS.

WHEN Asmodeus had ended his story, Don Cleofas said to him: "This is a very fine image of friendship, but it is rare to find two men love one another like Don Juan and Don Fadrique; and I believe it will be more difficult to meet with two ladies so good friends, as generously to make a reciprocal sacrifice of their lovers to each other."

"Without doubt," says the devil, "it is what has not been yet, and never will be seen in this world: women are not so complaisant to one another. Suppose two ladies love each other in an unusual degree, their friendship may be tender and sincere, and they may even forbear speaking ill of one another in absence; such good friends may they be, and that, I assure you, is a great deal; yet if you meet with them, and incline more to the one than the other, rage presently seizes the fair one that is slighted, not that she loves you, but she would be preferred. This is the nature of all women; they are too jealous one of another to be capable of friendship."

"The story of these two unparalleled friends," replied Leandro Perez, "is a little romantic, and has taken us up too much time. The night is already far

advanced, and we shall immediately see the day begin to break. But still I expect a fresh entertainment from you. I see abundance of people asleep, and should be glad to know what they are dreaming of."—"With all my heart," answered the demon; "I see you love variety, and I will oblige you."

"I fancy," said Zambullo, "I shall hear a great many very ridiculous dreams."—"Why so?" answered the cripple. "You, who are master of Ovid, must know what the poet says, that it is towards daybreak that dreams are truest, because at that time the soul is disengaged from the vapours arising from digestion."—"For my part," replied the student, "whatever Ovid may please to say on this matter, I have no faith in dreams."—"You are in the wrong then," answered Asmodeus; "one should neither believe them all, nor treat them all as chimerical, for they are a sort of liars that sometimes speak truth. The Emperor Augustus, whose head, sure, was as good as a student's, despised no dreams wherein he found himself concerned; and, at the battle of Philippi, was very near leaving his tent, upon the recital of a dream relating to him. I could give a thousand instances to convince you of your rashness, but shall pass them over, to oblige you in this new inclination you so much long to have satisfied.

"Let us begin with that fine house on the right hand: the master of it, whom you see sleeping in those rich lodgings, is a liberal and debauched count; he is dreaming that he is at the play, that he hears a young actress sing, and is conquered by the voice of this Syren.

"In the next apartment lies the countess, his wife,

who loves play to madness. She is dreaming that she has no money, and is pawning her jewels to a jeweller, who lends her three hundred pistoles on them at common interest.

"In the next house to this lives a marquis, who is in love with a famous coquette; he dreams that he has borrowed a considerable sum of money to make her a present; and his steward, who lies in that little chamber there, a storey higher, that he is growing rich as his master grows poor. Well, what think you of these two dreams; do they appear extravagant?" —"No, really," replied Don Cleofas, "I find Ovid was in the right; but I would very fain know what spark that is who is asleep with his mustachios in papers, like ladies' favourites, and in his sleep has an air of gaiety, which persuades me he is no vulgar fellow."—"It is a country gentleman," replied Asmodeus, "a viscount of Arragon, proud and vain; his soul is this very moment swimming in joy, for he dreams that he is with a great lord of the court, who gives him the place of honour at a public ceremony.

"But in the same house I see two brothers, physicians, who are in very mortifying dreams: one dreams that there is a law made, forbidding any one to give a physician a fee, unless the patient be cured; and his brother, that there is an order published, requiring all doctors to go into mourning for all the patients that die in their hands."

"Would to God," quoth the student, "this last order was true, and every doctor was obliged to go to the funeral of his patients, as the lieutenant-criminal in France is bound to be present at the execution of the malefactor he has condemned."

"The comparison is just," replied the devil; "all the difference is, that the latter may be said to see his sentence put into execution, whereas the other has already executed his."

Here Don Cleofas interrupted the demon, crying: "See, see; who is that gentleman there that rubs his eyes, and gets up so hastily?"

"It is a courtier," replied the devil, "who is soliciting for a government in New Spain; a terrible dream has awakened him: He dreamed the first minister had looked coldly on him. I see, too, a young creature that seems just waked, and not very well pleased with her dream. It is a young lady of condition, one as prudent as she is beautiful, who is besieged by two lovers. She has a very great tenderness for the one, and a horrid aversion for the other. She just now saw in her dream the gallant she detests at her feet; and he showed so much love, and was so pressing, that, had she not waked, she was going to treat him with more kindness than she ever treated the other she loves. During sleep, nature throws off the restraints of reason and virtue.

"Look upon that house at the corner of that street: there lives an attorney; see, he is abed with his wife, in a chamber hung with old tapestry hangings, with antique figures: he dreams that he is going to pay a visit to one of his clients in the almshouse, and gives him charity out of his own pocket; and his wife, that her husband has turned a young clerk, of whom he was jealous, out of doors."

"I hear somebody snore," says the student, "and believe it is that fat fellow there, in the little room on the left hand of us."—"The very same," replied

Asmodeus; "it is a prebend dreaming he is saying his prayers.

"Next to him is a mercer, who sells very dear bargains to people of quality, but all upon trust; he has about ten thousand crowns owing him. He dreams his debtors are bringing him his money; and his creditors are dreaming that he is on the point of breaking."—"These two dreams," said the student, "did not come out of the Temple of Sleep by the same gate."—"No, I assure you," replied the demon: "the first for certain came out of the ivory gate, and the second at that of horn.

"In the house next to the mercer lives a famous bookseller; he printed a book that went off very well a little while ago. When he bought it, he promised to give the author fifty pistoles on a second edition; and he dreams now of reprinting it without giving him any notice of it."

"Ah, does he so?" says Cleofas; "I need not ask out of which gate this dream came, and I do not doubt that it will prove one of the truest that ever he had in his life. I am acquainted with those worthy gentlemen the booksellers; they make no manner of conscience of cheating their authors." The demon answered: "Very true; but you should speak what you know of those worthy gentlemen, the authors, too. Upon my word, they have no more conscience than the booksellers. A little adventure that happened not a hundred years ago at Madrid, shall convince you of it.

"Three booksellers were at supper together at a tavern. The conversation turned upon the scarcity of good modern books. Thereupon one of them

said: "As you are my friends, I will tell you in confidence, what a bargain I had some days ago. I bought a copy, it was a little dear indeed, but written by such a hand! it is old gold!' Another of them then took up the discourse, telling them what a bargain he had the day before. 'And I too, gentlemen,' cried the third in his turn, 'will be as communicative as either of you; I have a jewel of a manuscript to show you, and it was but this very day I had this lucky hit.' At the same time each drew out of their pockets the valuable copy they had been talking of, and as it appeared to be a new piece for the stage called 'The Wandering Jew,' they were in amaze to see the same copy had been sold to them all three.

"In another house," continued he, "I see a timorous, respectful lover, who is just awake. He is in love with a brisk young widow, and dreamed that he had her in the middle of a wood, where he said abundance of soft things to her, and she to him; as: 'Ah! there is no resisting you; I should yield to you, if I was not on my guard against all mankind: they are so false, I dare not trust them upon their words, I am for actions.'—'What actions, madam,' replied the lover, 'do you require of me? Must I undertake the twelve labours of Hercules to show my love?'—'No, no, Don Nicasio,' says the lady, 'I do not demand any such thing of you, I only'—— and then he awoke."

"Pray," says the student, "tell me why the man who is asleep in yonder dark-coloured bed talks to himself as if he was possessed." The devil answered: "Oh! that is a notable licentiate, who is in a dream

that puts him in a terrible agitation; it is no less than that he is in dispute, and maintaining the immortality of the soul against a little doctor of physic, who is as good a Catholic as physician. On the second floor with the licentiate lives a gentleman of Estremadura, named Baltazzor Fanfarronico, who is come post to court, to demand a reward for having killed a Portuguese with a blunderbuss; do you know what he is dreaming of? why, that they have given him the government of Antequerre, and yet he is not satisfied; he thinks he deserves a viceroyalty.

"I see two persons of consequence in furnished lodgings, dreaming very disagreeably. One of them, governor of a fort, dreams he is besieged in it, and after a weak resistance he is obliged to surrender himself and his garrison prisoners of war. The other is the bishop of Murcia: this eloquent prelate has orders to preach a sermon at the funeral of a princess, which is to be in two days. He dreams he is in the pulpit, and that he stops short at the very entrance of his discourse."—"It is not impossible," said Don Cleofas, "for such an unlucky accident really to happen."—"No, indeed," replied the devil, "and it is not long since it happened, in good earnest, to his lordship on such another occasion.

"Shall I show you a man that is used to walk in his sleep? Only look into the stables belonging to this house, and tell me what you see there."—"I discern," said Leandro Perez, "a man in his shirt, with a currycomb in his hand."—"So he has," replied the devil; "it is a groom sleeping, who every night rises out of his bed, and curries his horses in his sleep, and then goes to bed again. The people of

the house think it is some whimsical spirit, and the groom himself is of their mind.

"In that great house over the way lives an old knight of the golden fleece, who was formerly viceroy of Mexico. He is fallen sick, and as he apprehends he shall die, his viceroyalty begins to make him uneasy. Indeed his conduct in it is enough to make him so. The records of New Spain do not speak of him with honour. He has just had a dream, the horror of which is not yet quite over, and probably it may send him into the other world."

"This dream, then," said Zambullo, "must be very extraordinary."—"You shall hear it," replied Asmodeus; "it has something very odd in it. This lord just now dreamed that he was in the regions of the dead, where all the Mexicans, who have been the victims of his injustice and cruelty, came pouring in upon him, loading him with injurious and reproachful language, and would have even torn him to pieces, but that he took to his heels, and so escaped their fury. After which, he found himself in a great hall hung with black cloth, where were his father and grandfather sitting at a table with three covers on it. These two mournful guests made signs to him to come near them, and his father said, with the gravity natural to the deceased, 'We have long expected you; come and take your place amongst us.'"

"The villain is mad," cried the student; "we must pardon a sick man if he is light-headed."—"In return," said the cripple, "his niece, who lies in the apartment over him, is passing the night most deliciously. Her slumbers offer to her the most

agreeable ideas. She is between twenty and thirty, ugly and ill made, and is dreaming that her uncle, whose sole heir she is, is dead, and that a crowd of young noblemen are flocking about her, and contending who shall have the glory of being most in her good graces."

"If I am not mistaken," said Don Cleofas, "I hear somebody laugh behind us,"—"No, you are not mistaken," replied the devil; "it is a woman hard by, laughing in her sleep. She is a widow who sets up for a prude, and whose darling pleasure is scandal; she dreams she is talking with an old devout lady, whose conversation delights her infinitely.

"I must laugh in my turn too," said the devil, "at that honest citizen in the room under the widow, who can scarce live tolerably on what he has. He dreams of picking up pieces of gold and silver, and that the more he picks up, the more remain. He has already filled a great chest with them."—"Poor soul!" said Leandro, "he will not long enjoy his treasure."—"No," said the devil; "when he wakes, he will be in the same condition as the rich man on his deathbed, he will see all his riches disappear.

"If you have any curiosity to know the dreams of those two actresses, I will let you into them. One of them is dreaming she is catching birds with a bird-call, and that still as she takes them, she strips off their feathers, and throws them to be devoured by a fine large boar-cat she is fond of, and who is the only gainer by them. The other fancies she is turning a pack of greyhounds and Danish dogs, which she used to admire, out of her house, and that she intends to keep only one fine sleek lapdog, which she has taken

into favour."—"Two very odd dreams!" cried the student. "I fancy, if we had interpreters of dreams at Madrid, as they had formerly at Rome, they would be horribly perplexed to explain them."—"Not so much as you think," answered the devil. "A very little light into what passes amongst those gentry of the stage, would give one a very plain interpretation of them."

"For my part," said Don Cleofas, "I neither understand nor trouble my head about them. I had much rather know who that lady is asleep in the rich bed of yellow velvet fringed with silver, by whom there is a stand, with a candle and book on it."—"She is a lady with a title," replied the demon, "who has a very genteel equipage, all of which, she is resolved, shall consist of tall smart fellows. One of her customs is to read abed, without which she is not able to lay her eyes together all night. Last night she took Ovid's Metamorphoses to bed with her, and her reading that is the occasion of the extravagant dream she is in at present. She is fancying that Jupiter is fallen in love with her, and is hiring himself to her, in the form of a tall, well-shaped page."

"Now we are upon metamorphoses, here is another more pleasant one. I discern a player, who is, in his sleep, enjoying the pleasure of a dream that flatters him very agreeably. This actor is so old, that there is not a soul in Madrid who can say they saw the first of him. He has been upon the stage so long, that one may say he is theatrified; and has a genius, but is so proud and vain of it, that he imagines he is something above mankind. Would you know what this

mock hero is dreaming of? That he is dying, and sees all the deities of Olympus met together to decide what they shall do with a mortal of his importance. He hears Mercury telling the council of the gods, that so celebrated a comedian, after acting the part of Jupiter and the rest of the chief divinities so often, ought not to undergo the common fate of mankind, but that he ought to be received amongst themselves. Momus applauds Mercury's opinion; but some of the other gods and goddesses being against so new an apotheosis, Jupiter, to avoid disputes, turns this old comedian into a scene."

The devil was going on, when Zambullo interrupted him. "Hold," said he, "Signor Asmodeus, you do not perceive it is day. I am afraid they may spy us out on this house. If the rabble should once have a view of your lordship's figure, they will never have done shouting."

"I will warrant they shall never see us," answered the demon. "I have the same power as those fabulous divinities we have been talking of. And as the amorous son of Saturn hid himself in a cloud on Mount Ida, that they might not see him caress his dear consort Juno, so I will raise a mist that the sight of man shall not be able to penetrate, and which shall not hinder your seeing whatever I intend to show you." No sooner said but done, a thick vapour immediately encompassed them, yet, as dark as it was, it hid nothing from the student's eyes.

"Let us return to our dreams," continued the cripple. "But I do not consider," added he, "that the manner in which I have made you pass the night

must have tired you. I think I must carry you home, and let you sleep for two or three hours. In the meantime, I will take a turn over the four quarters of the world, and play some of my pranks; after which, I will come and take you up, and we will divert ourselves afresh."—"I am neither sleepy nor tired," answered Don Cleofas; "instead of leaving me, I pray oblige me in letting me into the various designs of those people that I see up and going out. What are they going upon so early?"—"What you would know," replied the demon, "is worth your observation. You are going to see a picture of the cares, motions, and pains that poor mortals give themselves in this life, in order to fill up that little space between their birth and their grave as agreeably as they can."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHERE YOU WILL SEE SEVERAL ORIGINALS THAT ARE NOT WITHOUT THEIR COPIES.

"FIRST of all, mind that group of beggars already in the street. They are so many debauchees, most of them of good families, that live in a community like monks, and pass almost every night in debauchery in their own house, where there is always an ample provision of bread, meat, and wine. See, they are parting in order to go play their different parts in the churches, and at night will meet and drink the health of those well-disposed Christians, who piously contribute towards their expenses. Do but admire the contrivances of those rogues in disguising themselves, and moving people's pity. No coquette better knows how to dress herself in order to draw in a coxcomb.

"Examine those three narrowly that are together on the same side the way. He on crutches, who trembles all over, and seems to walk with so much difficulty that you would think he would be upon his nose every step he takes, though he has on a long grey beard, and looks so decrepit, is a young hale fellow, so nimble and light that he would outrun a stag. The other with a scald head is a handsome youth, whose head is covered with a skin that hides a

head of hair fit for a court page. And the other, with his breech in a bowl, is a comical dog; he has the art of fetching such lamentable sounds from the bottom of his stomach, that, at his dismal accents, there is not an old woman but what will come down four pair of stairs to give him a farthing.

"Whilst these lazy rogues, under pretence of poverty, are picking the pockets of the public, I see a world of industrious artisans, though Spaniards, that are preparing to get their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. On all sides I perceive men rising and dressing themselves, in order to go to their several employments. How many designs, formed this night, will, before the next, be executed, or vanish into air! What various steps are interest, love, and ambition putting men upon!"

"What is that I see in the street?" interrupted Don Cleofas. "Who is that woman loaded with medals, that a footman is leading with so much haste? Her business must be pressing, sure."—"Yes, certainly," answered the devil, "it is a venerable matron, trotting to a house where they want a cast of her office. She is going to an actress, who is screaming out, and has two cavaliers with her that seem to be in a peck of troubles. One is her husband, and the other a man of quality, concerned in what is going forward; for an actress's labour is, like Alcmena's, always owing to a Jupiter and an Amphitryon.

"Would not one say, to see that gentleman on horseback with his gun, that he was going to make war upon all the hares and partridges about Madrid? and yet that diversion is the farthest from his thoughts;

he is taken up with another design. He is going to a little villa where he will disguise himself like a peasant, and in that dress be introduced to a farmer's where his mistress lives under the care of a severe and vigilant mother.

"That young graduate you see taking such hasty strides, goes every morning to make court to an old uncle of his, whose prebendary he has an eye upon. Fix your eyes on that house over against us; you see a man putting on his cloak, and preparing to go out. It is an honest rich citizen, whose rest is broken by a very weighty affair. He has an only daughter to dispose of. He does not know whether he shall bestow her upon a young attorney that courts her, or a haughty Hidalgo that demands her. He is going to consult his friends about it, and really it is a very perplexing business. He is afraid if he should choose the gentleman, that he may have a son-in-law to despise him; on the other side, if he should take the attorney, he is apprehensive lest he should take a worm into his family to eat up all the goods in it.

"Pray, observe a neighbour of this perplexed father, a man in a nightgown of red brocade flowered with gold, in that house so magnificently furnished. He is a wit, that sets up for a man of quality in spite of his mean birth. It is not ten years since he was not worth a groat, and at present he has ten thousand ducats a year. He has a very pretty equipage, but he maintains it by pinching his table, the frugality of which is so great, that he generally eats his titbit by himself. Not but that, out of ostentation, he sometimes entertains people of quality, and has to-day invited several counsellors of state to dine with him.

To this end he has just now sent for a cook, and is going to haggle with him for an odd farthing, after which he will write down on cards the several courses and dishes they agreed upon."—"This fellow you are talking of must be a confounded miser," said Zambullo. "Why," answered Asmodeus, "all beggars that leap into estates turn misers or prodigals. It is the rule."

"Pray tell me," said the student, "who that fair lady is that I see at her toilet, entertaining a very handsome young fellow?"—"Oh, really," said the cripple, "what you see there very well deserves your observation. That lady is a German widow, who lives upon her jointure at Madrid, and keeps very good company; and the gentleman with her is a young lord, whose name is Don Antonio de Monsalva.

"Though he be of one of the best families in Spain, yet he has promised the widow to have her, and has to that end given her a promissory note for three thousand pistoles. But he is crossed in this affair by his relations, who have threatened to confine him, if he do not break off all correspondence with the lady, whom they look upon as a designing creature. The gallant, mortified to see them all oppose his inclination, came last night to pay his mistress a visit, who, seeing him uneasy, asked him the reason. He told her; at the same time assuring her that all the opposition he could suffer from his family should never shake his constancy. The lady appeared charmed with his resolution, and they parted about midnight very well pleased with each other.

"Monsalva came again this morning, and finding his widow at her toilet, began to entertain her again

upon the subject of his passion. While they were chatting, the lady took off the papers from her favourites, and the cavalier, without reflection, took up one of them that was unpinned, and, seeing his own hand, 'How, madam,' said he, smiling, 'is this the use that you put your *billets-doux* to?'—'Yes, Monsalva,' answered she, 'you see to what use I put those promises that young gentlemen make who would have me against the consent of their families; I wrap up my favourites in them.' When Monsalva found it was really his note the lady had torn, he could not help admiring her disinterestedness, and again swore to her an eternal constancy.

"Cast your eye," pursued the devil, "upon that tall lean fellow walking just under us, with a large commonplace book under his arm, an inkhorn at his button, and a guitar on his back."—"The man," said the student, "makes but a ridiculous figure, and I warrant is an original."—"Certainly," replied the devil, "he is an odd mortal; but there are cynic philosophers in Spain, and he is one. He is going to a meadow near Buen Retiro, where there is a clear spring, whose limpid water forms a stream that wanders amongst the flowers. He will stay there the whole day contemplating the beautiful riches of nature, playing upon the guitar, and writing his reflections into his commonplace book. He has the food he generally lives on in his pocket, that is, a few onions and a slice of bread. This is the sober and abstemious life he has lived for these ten years; and if any Aristippus were to tell him, as he did Diogenes, If thou knewest how to make thy court to the great, thou wouldst not eat onions; our

modern philosopher would answer, I could make my court to the great as well as thou, if I would debase one man so low as to make him cringe to another.

"And indeed this philosopher was formerly very assiduous in his addresses to great men, who in effect made his fortune; but finding that their service was no other than an honourable slavery, he broke off all correspondence with them. He kept a coach, which he laid down, because he saw he bespattered men that were better than himself. Nay, he has gone so far as to give away almost all his estate amongst his friends that wanted it, and has only reserved a subsistence in the way he lives; for he thinks it as dishonourable for a philosopher to beg of the common people as of the grandees.

"Pity the cavalier, who is walking after the philosopher with a dog; he may boast of being of one of the best families in Castile. He was rich, but ruined himself, like Lucian's Timon, by treating his friends every day, especially by making grand entertainments upon the birthdays or marriages of princes and princesses; in a word, on every occasion Spain has had to make rejoicings: but the moment his parasitical friends saw his reverse of fortune, they disappeared and abandoned him. None but his dog continued faithful to him."

"Tell me, Signor Devil," cried Leandro Perez, "what means all that noise?"—"It is," answered the cripple, "one of the ladies you lately saw round a table at cards, affrighted at the disagreeable sight of day. She is come home, and it is her footman that is thundering at her door. You see she is

alighted out of her coach, got within doors, and is sat down; she has just lost five hundred pounds, and cannot go to bed till her maid has brought her a pack of cards; and she is going to wake her husband to show him how she lost the last game; then falls into a passion, goes raving to bed, and rails at the good man for not getting a place at court."

"By what I can find," interrupted the student, "the good man has a blessed time, to be tied to a baggage who, not content with running out his fortune, must arraign his conduct, and rob him of his rest besides."—"Oh!" replied the cripple, "you do not know the artifices of women. She has begun first, for fear of having the tables turned upon her."

"Very well, very well, upon my word," answered the student, laughing: "but methinks I see another equipage in the same street."—"Yes," replied the demon, "it belongs to a rich contador, who every morning comes to a house hard by, where lives a *bona roba*, who is under the care of this sinner of Moorish race, whom he loves to distraction. Last night he heard she had been playing him a trick, upon the news of which he falls into a rage, and writes her a letter full of threats and reproaches. You will hardly guess the fetch which our coquette resolved upon; instead of having the assurance to deny the fact, she has this very morning sent him word that his provocations are just; that he ought for the future to look on her with contempt, since she could have the baseness to wrong so gallant a man; that she acknowledges and detests her fault, and that to punish herself for it, she has already cut off her fine hair, which he knows she dotes on: in short, that she is

determined to go expiate her crime in a monastery, and there pass the rest of her life in repentance.

"But the old dotard is not able to hold out against his mistress's pretended remorse, and is got up thus early to make her a visit. He has found her in tears; and the comedian has played her part so well, that he has just pardoned her for what is past, and to comfort her for the loss of her hair, he is this moment promising her to make her lady of a manor, by buying her a fine estate, which is actually to be sold in the country near the Escurial."

"I do not know what recompense he can make her for the next trick she plays him," interrupted the student, "without he marry her. But, pray, who is that pretty woman yonder," continued he, "so earnestly talking to her maid? some good housewife, to be sure, by her being up so early."—"You are mistaken," answered Asmodeus, "she has not yet been abed, but is going, and giving her maid orders not to let in her husband till she has called her up to rattle him for making her sit up so late."—"Rather early," said the student. "True," answered the devil. "But, pray, look into that tavern; there is the good man calling for another bottle, because he is afraid of going home at this time of day, and is therefore bottling up all the courage he can, to stand his wife's thunder."

"All the shops are open," said the student, "and I discern a cavalier going into a cook's."—"He is," replied the demon, "a young fellow of a good family, who is ate up with the itch of writing, and is absolutely resolved to set up for an author. Not that he wants wit, nay, he has sufficient to criticise

such pieces as appear upon the stage; but not enough to write a tolerable one himself. He is going into the cook's to order a great dinner; for this very day he treats four players, whom he would fain engage to protect a scurvy piece of his, which he is going to bring into their house.

"Now we are upon the subject of authors," continued he, "there are two who are met in the street. Observe with what a sneer they salute; they despise each other, and very justly. The one writes as easily as the poet Crispinus, whom Horace compares to a smith's bellows; and the other ruins a vast deal of time in cool insipid compositions."

"Who is that little man coming out of his coach at that church-porch?" said Zambullo. "He is," answered the cripple, "a person well worth your observation. It is not ten years since he quitted the profession of a notary, where he was head-clerk, to go bury himself in a monastery of Carthusians at Saragossa: he had not passed six months of his novitiate, before he bid adieu to his convent, and appeared again at Madrid. His acquaintance were surprised to see him all at once jump into the place of one of the principal members of the council of the Indies; and his sudden rise is still the subject of conversation. Some say he has sold himself to the devil; others, that he is in the good graces of some rich dowager; and others, in short, that he has found a treasure."—"But you know the truth of it," interrupted Don Cleofas. "Oh! as to that, certainly I do," replied the demon, "and will unravel the mystery to you.

"During our monk's novitiate, it happened one

day, whilst he was digging a deep hole in his garden, to plant a tree there, he cast his eye upon a brass casket, which he opened, and within it found a gold box, which had in it about thirty exceeding fine diamonds. Though he had no judgment in jewels, he could not help thinking he had met with a very good booty; and immediately coming to the same resolution as Judge Gripus in one of Plautus's comedies, who, having found a treasure, gave over the trade of a fisherman, he threw off the gown, and, by the means of a jeweller who was his friend, converted his precious stones into pieces of gold, and his pieces of gold into a post, which has enabled him to make a figure in civil society.

CHAPTER XIX.

FARTHER OBSERVATIONS MADE BY THE DEVIL AND DON CLEOFAS.

"I MUST," pursued Asmodeus, "divert you with a passage concerning that man going into a chocolate-house. He is a physician of Biscay, and is going to drink a dish of chocolate, after which he will pass the whole day at chess.

"Be not in fear for his patients all the while; he has none; and if he had, the moments he spends at his beloved game would not be the most unhappy for them. He never fails visiting a handsome rich widow every night, whom he fain would marry, and pretends a vast passion for. Whilst he is with her, a rogue of a footman, who is the only servant he has, and is let into the affair, brings him a pretended list of names of several people of quality who have sent for him. The widow takes all this for gospel, and our chess-player is upon the point of winning his party.

"But let us stop a moment at that fine house over against us. I must not go on without showing you the people that live there. Examine the apartments. What do you see in them?"—"I see some ladies there," answered the student, "and am dazzled with

their beauty. Some of them I see rising, and others already up. What charms they discover to my eyes! I fancy I see so many of Diana's nymphs, as they are painted to us by the poets."

"If these women you so much admire," replied the cripple, "have the charms of Diana's nymphs, it is too sure they have not their chastity. They are four or five ladies of pleasure, who live together upon a general stock. Their dangerous charms draw heedless young fellows in, like those fair damsels who, by their allurements, caused such knights as passed by the castles they inhabited, to stop. Woe to such who suffer themselves to be wheeled by them! To let passengers know the danger they are in, there should be a mark set upon such houses, in the same manner as they are placed along a river, to show such passages one should not come near."

"I do not ask you," said Leandro Perez, "where these noblemen are going in their coaches; to be sure they are going to the king's levee."—"You are right," answered the devil; "and if you have a mind to go thither too, I will carry you. We shall meet with something diverting there."—"You could have proposed nothing more agreeable," replied Zambullo; "it is so great a pleasure that I taste it beforehand."

Upon which the devil, ready to obey all Don Cleofas' motions, flew with him towards the king's palace; but before they got thither, the student perceiving some men at work upon a very lofty gate, asked the devil if it was not the gate of a church they were building. "No," answered Asmodeus, "it is the gate of a new market, and is very grand, as you see. Yet, were they to carry it up to the clouds, it

will never come up to the two excellent Latin verses that are designed for an inscription to it."

"What is that you tell me?" cried Leandro; "or what idea would you give me of those verses? I long to hear them."—"They are these," replied the demon. "Prepare yourself to admire them.

"'Quam bene Mercurius nunc merces vendid opimas,
Momus ubi fatuos vendidit ante sales!'

"There is one of the prettiest puns in the world in these two verses."—"I cannot find out all the beauty of them," said the student. "I do not well understand what *fatuos sales* means."—"You do not know, then," answered the devil, "that on the ground where this market is building, stood a college of monks that taught school. The masters used to make their scholars act plays; but such insipid pieces, so strangely larded with interludes, that even the preterperfect tenses and supines of verbs were not excused dancing."—"Oh! pray, no more of them," interrupted Zambullo; "I know but too well what stuff those college performances are! The inscription is admirable."

Scarce was Asmodeus and the student got upon the staircase leading to the king's apartment, when they saw several courtiers going up; and still as any of those noblemen passed by them, the devil played the part of a nomenclator: "See there," said he to Leandro Perez, pointing to them with his finger one after another, "that is Count Villalonso, of the family of Puebla d'Ellerena; this is the Marquis of Castro Fuestes; that there is Don Lopes de los Rios, first lord of the treasury; this here is the Count de Villa

Hombrosa." Nor did he only tell their names, but their characters too, always maliciously adding some stroke of satire, giving every one of them a wipe.

"This lord," said he of one of them, "is affable and obliging; he listens to you with an air of condescension: do you want his protection, he grants it you generously, and besides offers you his interest. It is a pity a man who so much loves to oblige, has so short a memory, that in a quarter of an hour after you have been talking with him, he forgets what you have been saying.

"That duke," speaking of another, "is one of the most agreeable character of any man at court: he is not changing every quarter of an hour, like the rest of his brethren; he has no caprice, no inequality in his humour. Besides, he is not ungrateful to such as show an affection for his person, or do him any service: but, unluckily, he is a little too tardy in acknowledging them; he lets people wait so long for any favour they expect, that whenever they obtain it, they think they have paid very dear for it."

After the demon had acquainted the student with the good and ill qualities of a great number of those noblemen, he carried him into a hall, where were people of all sorts, and amongst them so many knights, that Don Cleofas cried out: "Bless me, what a number of knights are here! sure there must be a great many in Spain!"—"That there are," replied the cripple; "nor ought it to be surprising, since, to be a knight of St Jago, or Calatrava, it is not necessary, as it formerly was at Rome, to have five and twenty thousand crowns' inheritance; and indeed you see they are a very sophisticated kind of a commodity.

"Observe that mean-looking man behind you."—"Speak lower," interrupted Zambullo, "the man hears you."—"No, no," answered the devil, "the same charm that makes us invisible, prevents our being heard. Look upon him; he is a Catalan, just come from the Philippine islands, where he has been a-privateering. To look at him, would you imagine him to be such a thunderbolt of war? Yet he has done prodigious actions by his bravery. He is going this morning to present a petition to the king, wherein he asks a particular post as the reward of his services; but I very much doubt whether he will obtain it, because he did not apply to the chief minister first."

"At his right hand," said Leandro Perez, "there is a tall, bulky man, who seems to be giving himself airs of consequence. Were one to judge of him by his haughty air, he should be some rich nobleman."—"Far from it," replied Asmodeus; "he is an Hidalgo, and wretchedly poor too, whose subsistence is a gaming-house he keeps under the protection of a grandee.

"But there is a licentiate that deserves richly to be pointed out to you; he at the first window, in deep discourse with a cavalier, in light grey velvet. They are talking of an affair that was yesterday decided by the king. I will give you the particulars of it.

"About two months since, this licentiado, who is a member of the Academy of Toledo, published a book of morality, which shocked all the old Castilian authors. They found it full of bold expressions and new-coined words. Presently they enter into a confederacy against this very singular production: they meet and draw up a petition, which they present to the king, desiring him to condemn this book, as con-

trary to the purity and perspicuity of the Spanish tongue.

"The petition was thought worthy his majesty's consideration, who named a committee of three to examine the piece. They reported, that the style was really faulty, and so much the more dangerous, the more brilliant: and thus the king decreed upon that report, That, under pain of his displeasure, two members of the same university, who write in the licentiate's gout, shall not compose any books for the future; and likewise, for the better preserving the Castilian tongue, that the places of those academicians, upon their demise, shall be filled up with persons of the first quality only."

"A wonderful decision!" cried Zambullo, laughing. "The partisans of the vulgar Castilian have now nothing to fear."—"Pardon me," replied the demon; "writers who are enemies to this noble simplicity which charms sensible readers, are not all of the Academy of Toledo."

Don Cleofas was desirous to know who that cavalier in light grey velvet was, whom he saw engaged in conversation with the licentiate. "He is," said the cripple, "a Castilian, and a younger brother, an officer of the Spanish guard, and, I assure you, a man of a great deal of wit. But to make you a judge of that, I will tell you a repartee that he made yesterday to a lady in very good company. For the better understanding it, you must know he has a brother whose name is Don Andre de Prada, that was for some years an officer in the same corps he is now in.

"A rich farmer of the king's revenues one day

came up to Don Andre, and accosting him, said: 'Signor de Prada, I bear the same name as you, but our families are different. I know you are of one of the best in Catalonia, and, at the same time, that you are not rich; as for me, I am rich, but of very obscure birth. Could there be no way of sharing between us the advantage which each of us enjoy separately? can you get at your patent of nobility?'—'Yes,' said Don Andre. 'Well, then,' replied the farmer, 'if you will give me a share in them, I will put them into the hands of an able genealogist, who shall go to work upon them, and make us cousins in spite of our ancestors: on which consideration, I will, by way of acknowledgment, present you with thirty thousand pistoles. Is it a bargain?' Don Andre was tempted by the sum, accepted the proposal, put his musty old originals into the farmer's hands, and, with the money he received, bought a considerable estate in Catalonia, where he has ever since lived.

"Now, the younger brother of that gentleman, who had no advantage by the bargain, was yesterday at dinner, where, by chance, this Signor de Prada, the farmer of the king's revenues, happened to be talked of; and thereupon a lady in the company, addressing herself to this young officer, asked him if he was not a relation of his. 'No, really, madam,' answered he, 'I have not that honour, it is my brother.'"

The student, vastly pleased with so diverting a repartee, burst into a laugh; but, of a sudden, seeing a little man running after a courtier, he cried out: "Good God! how many bows that little man following the nobleman is making him! Certainly he has some favour to ask?"—"What you are remarking

upon there," said the devil, "well deserves the trouble of telling you the occasion of so many civilities. That little man is an honest citizen, that has a pretty neat box near Madrid, at a place where there are mineral waters in some esteem. This house he lent without any expectations to that lord for three months, who went thither to drink the waters. The citizen is at this instant most heartily entreating him to serve him on an occasion that offers, and the nobleman is very politely refusing him.

"I must not let that cavalier of plebeian race escape me, who is pressing through the crowd, and giving himself airs of quality. He has lately grown excessively rich in a small time, by the science of numbers. He keeps as many domestics as a grandee, and his table, for delicacy and abundance, exceeds that of the chief minister. He has one equipage for himself, one for his wife, and another for his children. The finest horses and mules in the world are to be seen in his stables. And, the other day, he bought and paid ready money for a rich set of harnesses, which the prince of Spain cheapened, and thought too dear."—"Insolence!" said Leandro; "were a Turk to see this merry fellow flaunting it thus, he would be apt to think that his good fortune was just going to give him the slip."—"As for what may happen, I know not," said Asmodeus, "but I cannot help thinking like a Turk.

"Bless me—what do I see!" continued the demon, with astonishment. "I can hardly believe my eyes. I see a poet in the hall, who should not be here How dares he venture hither, after having lampooned several of the chief of the Spanish nobility?

Sure he must depend upon being despised by them.

"Consider attentively that honourable person who comes in leaning upon a squire; see how everybody gives back to make way for him. It is Signor Don Josepho de Reynaste and Ayala, recorder of the city. He is come to give the king an account of what happened last night at Madrid. Pray, do but admire the old gentleman."

"Really," said Zambullo, "he has the look of an honest good man."—"It were to be wished," replied the cripple, "that every corregidor would choose him for their pattern. He is not one of those turbulent spirits that do everything out of humour or passion. He will not commit a man upon the single evidence of a bailiff or clerk. He knows too well that such people generally are mercenary, and capable of committing the basest actions under his name and authority. Wherefore, when a man is committed, he sifts the affair, till he has found out the truth. And, indeed, he never sends an innocent man to jail. The guilty only are committed by him. Nor does he leave even them to the barbarity that is exercised in such places. He visits those unfortunate people himself, and takes care that no inhumanity shall be added to the just severities of the law."

"What a charming character is this!" cried Leandro; "and what an amiable man must he be! I should be glad to hear him talk to the king."—"I am extremely sorry," answered the devil, "that I am obliged to tell you, I cannot comply with your desire without laying myself open to be insulted. I am not allowed access to crowned heads; that would be en-

croaching upon the rights of Leviathan, Belsegor, and Ashtaroth. I have already told you, that those three spirits are in possession of the privilege of engrossing all sovereigns. Other demons are forbid appearing in courts; and I do not know what I was thinking upon when it came into my head to bring you hither. I own it was taking a very rash step. If those three devils should light on me, they would fall upon me most furiously, and, between you and I, I should have much the worst of it."

"Since we are in such ticklish circumstances," replied the student, "our best way would be to make off as soon as we can. I should be mortally grieved to see you worried by your brethren, without being able to assist you; for were I to take your part, I fancy you would be little the better for me."—"No, without doubt," replied Asmodeus, "they would not feel your blows, and you would sink under theirs."

"But," added he, "to make up for not being able to introduce you into your monarch's closet, I will give a satisfaction which is well worth that which you must lose." At these words he took Don Cleofas by the hand, and cleft the air with him towards the Monastery de la Merci.

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE CAPTIVES.

THEY both alighted upon a house near the monastery, at the gate of which there was a vast concourse of people of both sexes. "What a world of people are here!" said Leandro Perez; "what ceremony has brought these folks together?" "It is," answered the demon, "a ceremony you have never seen, though it is what happens at Madrid every now and then. Three hundred slaves, all of them subjects to the King of Spain, will be here in a moment. They are come back from Algiers, from whence the fathers of the redemption have ransomed them. All the streets they are to go through will immediately be crowded with spectators."

"Indeed," replied Zambullo, "it is a sight I have never yet been very fond of seeing; and if that be what your lordship reserves for me, I must tell you plainly you should not have cried it up to me so much."—"I know you too well," answered the devil, "to believe the sight of the unfortunate will be an agreeable amusement to you; but when I tell you, that at the same time I show them you, I design to let you into such remarkable particulars as occur in

the captivity of some of them, and the perplexity that others will find themselves in at their return home, I am persuaded you will not be sorry that I have given you this diversion."—"Oh no! if the matter be as you represent it," cried the student, "what you tell me alters the case, and you will oblige me by keeping your promise."

Whilst they were thus talking, they heard a great shout, which came from the mob at the sight of the captives, who advanced in this order: they marched two and two in their slaves' habit, with their chains about their necks. A great many monks de la Merci, who had been to meet them, walked before, mounted upon mules, whose housings were black serge, as if they were leading up a funeral procession; and one of these good fathers carried the standard of the redemption. Then came the captives, the youngest first, the most aged followed; and behind them, brought up the rear, a monk of the same order as the first, mounted upon a small horse; and this reverend friar had altogether the air of a prophet. Indeed he was the head of the mission. He attracted the eyes of the spectators by his gravity, as well as by a long grey beard, which helped to give him that venerable look; and on the countenance of this Spanish Moses was to be read, the inexpressible joy he felt at bringing back so many Christians to their own country.

"These captives," said the cripple, "are not all equally transported at recovering their liberty; and if there are some amongst them who are rejoiced at being so near seeing their relations again, there are others who are afraid lest, during their absence, some-

thing may have happened in their families more cruel to them than slavery itself.

"Those two, for example, that walk foremost, are in the latter case. One of them, a native of the little village of Velilla, in the kingdom of Arragon, after having been ten years a slave amongst the Turks, without hearing anything of his wife, will find her married to a second husband, and mother of five children that are none of his own. The other, the son of a clothier of Segovia, was carried off by a corsair near sixteen years ago. He is afraid, after so many years, that the face of the family may be very much altered; and his fears are not without foundation, for his father and mother are dead, and his brothers, who have divided the estate, have, by their ill conduct, since spent it."

"I am examining the face of a slave," said the student, "who, by his air, seems charmed with being no longer exposed to the bastinado."—"The captive you are looking at," answered the devil, "has great reason to be rejoiced at his deliverance; for he knows that an old aunt, whose sole heir he is, is just dead, and that he is going to enjoy a splendid fortune. This is the circumstance which so agreeably takes up his thoughts, and gives him the air of satisfaction you observe in him.

"But it is not so with the unfortunate cavalier that is next to him. A cruel uneasiness incessantly torments him, and this is the cause of it: At the time he was taken by a pirate of Algiers, in passing from Spain to Italy, he loved and was beloved by a fair lady, whose fidelity he suspects was not proof against the impatience and uncertainty of his return."—"And

has he been long a slave?" said Zambullo. "Eighteen months," replied Asmodeus. "Why, then," said Leandro, "I fancy this lover gives too much in to an unnecessary and unjust fear. He has not put his lady's constancy to sufficient proof, to be excusable for thus alarming himself."—"Nay, but you are mistaken, though," replied the cripple; "for his princess no sooner heard he was a slave in Barbary, than she provided herself with another gallant.

"Would you think," continued the devil, "that man walking next the two we have been talking of, and whose thick red beard renders him frightful to look at—would you, I say, think that man ever was a very pretty fellow? Yet nothing is more certain; and under that hideous figure you see a hero whose story is so uncommon, that I will give it you.

"That tall youth's name is Fabricio; scarce was he fifteen when his father, a rich husbandman of Cinquello, a great market-town in the kingdom of Leon, died, and shortly after, his mother; so that being the only son, he remained master of a considerable estate, which was committed to the administration of an uncle, a man of probity. Fabricio finished his studies which he had then already begun at Salamanca, and afterwards learned riding, fencing, and in short neglected nothing that could contribute to make him appear amiable in the eyes of Donna Hippolita, the sister of a pretty gentleman, whose cottage was about two musket-shots from Cinquello.

"The lady was perfectly handsome, and much about the same age as Fabricio, who, being used to see her from his infancy, had, as it were, sucked in his love for her with his milk. Hippolita, too, had eyes to see

he was not ugly: but, knowing him to be the son of an husbandman, disdained to look on him with much attention. She was insufferably proud, as well as her brother Don Thomaso de Xaral, who perhaps had not his equal in all Spain for his poverty, and the pride that puffed him up upon account of his nobility.

"This haughty country-gentleman dwelt in a house which he called his castle, but which, to give it its due, was no more than a heap of rubbish, it was so near falling over his head. Yet though his estate would not allow him to repair it, and though it was as much as ever he could do to make both ends meet, still he must have a valet to wait on him, and his sister a negro woman besides.

"It was a diverting circumstance to see Don Thomaso make his appearance at the town on Sundays and holidays, dressed in a suit of crimson velvet, the pile of which was quite worn off, and in a little hat with a rusty yellow plume of feathers in it, which he kept by him the rest of the week as carefully as relics. Tricked up in these tatters, which he looked upon as so many proofs of his nobility, he strutted like a lord, and thought he sufficiently repaid the low bows that were made him, by a look or a nod. His sister was not less conceited of the antiquity of her family, to which folly she added that of being so unconscionably vain of her beauty, as to live in a continual expectation of being demanded for a wife by some grandee.

"These were the characters of Don Thomaso and Hippolita. Fabricio was well acquainted with it; and in order to insinuate himself into the good graces of these two vainglorious persons, resolved to flatter

their vanity by a show of respect, which he did with so much art, that the brother and sister at last condescended to allow him from time to time to come and pay his obeisance. Being as well acquainted with their poverty as their arrogance, he often longed to make them an offer of his purse; but this he was deterred from, by the fear of shocking their pride, and thereby making them his enemies. However, his ingenious generosity found means to assist them without making them blush. 'Signor,' said he one day to our gentleman, 'I have two thousand ducats, which I would deposit in some friend's hands; be so good as to keep them for me, and you will oblige me vastly.'

"You need not ask whether Xaral consented. Besides that it was very low with him, he had the right conscience for a trustee. He readily took the sum, and as soon as he had got it into his hands, without ceremony employed a good part of it in repairing his cottage, and providing himself with all manner of necessaries. A new suit of very fine blue velvet was taken up and made at Salamanca; and a green feather, bought there likewise, robbed the old yellow plume of the glory which it had enjoyed from time immemorial of adorning the noble skull of Don Thomaso. The fair Hippolita, too, had her gee-gaws, and was entirely new clothed from top to toe. It was thus Xaral ran out the sum he was entrusted with, without ever considering it was none of his own, and that he should never be able to repay it. That was a scruple that never disturbed him; nay, he even thought it but reasonable that a plebeian should pay for the honour of a gentleman's acquaintance.

"But Fabricio had foreseen all this, imagining at the same time that his ready money might soften Don Thomaso into a greater familiarity, and Hippolita, by degrees accustoming herself to bear his assiduities, might at last pardon him the boldness of lifting his thoughts so high as to her. Indeed, he had freer access to them than before, and they showed him more civility than they used to do: but a man that is rich is always well received by the great, whenever he will make himself their milch-cow. Xaral and his sister, who before had never known anything more of riches than its name, no sooner found how useful it was, but were of opinion such a man as Fabricio deserved a little complaisance. They treated him with a respect and attention that charmed him. He thought his person was now not disagreeable to them, and that they had assuredly reflected that gentlemen, to keep up their nobility, were every day obliged to have recourse to alliances with mean families. This thought, which flattered his passion, made him determine to ask Hippolita in marriage.

"The first favourable moment he could find for speaking to Don Thomaso, he told him he passionately desired to be his brother-in-law, and that in order to enjoy this honour, he would not only relinquish his right to the deposit, but would besides make him a present of a thousand pistoles. The haughty Xaral reddened at this proposal, which awakened his pride; and in his first impulses of passion could hardly forbear discovering all the contempt he entertained for the son of a husbandman. Yet how much soever he resented this rash attempt of Fabricio, he smothered it, and, without

any signs of scorn, answered, that he could not immediately determine such an affair upon the spot; and it was proper Hippolita should be consulted upon it; and that there should be a meeting of relations.

"He sent the lover home with this answer, and in fact called a diet, composed of a few Hidalgoes of his neighbourhood, who were related to him, and whose brains, like his, were turned with their fondness for the Hidalguia. He held a council with them, not to ask their opinions whether he should grant his sister to Fabricio, but to contrive how they should punish this young insolent fellow, who, notwithstanding his mean birth, had dared to aspire to the possession of a young lady of Hippolita's quality.

"When he had laid before the assembly this daring action, at the bare name of Fabricio, of a husbandman's son, you might have seen the eyes of all these nobles sparkle with rage. Each man vomited fire and flame at the audacious mortal. They all were unanimous that he ought to breathe his last under the bastinado, to expiate the affront he had done their family by the proposal only of so shameful a match. However, upon mature deliberation, the result of this important diet was, that the criminal should be suffered to live; but to teach him not to forget himself for the future, they should play him a trick which he might have cause to remember a long while.

"Several mean rascally expedients were proposed, and at last this had the most hands: that Hippolita should pretend to favour Fabricio's addresses; and that, under colour of softening the lover's pain for Don Thomaso's refusal, she should make him an

appointment to come one night to the castle, where, the moment of his being let in by the negro woman, people posted there on purpose should surprise him with that wench, and force him to marry her.

"The sister of Xaral at first gave in to this villainous contrivance without reluctance. She thought her pride was concerned to look upon the pursuits of a man of a condition so vastly inferior to her own, as an outrage done to her. But this haughty disposition soon gave way to emotions of pity; or, rather, love at one blow made himself master of the proud Hippolita.

"From that moment she considered things with another eye. She looked upon the obscurity of Fabricio's birth as amply made up by the shining qualities he possessed; and saw nothing in him but a cavalier that deserved her tenderest affection. Admire," continued the demon, "admire the prodigious alteration that love is able to produce. This very same young creature, who imagined that a prince scarce deserved her, in an instant grows fond of the son of a husbandman, and hugs herself in her pretensions, after thinking herself dishonoured by them.

"She gave herself up to the inclination that hurried her away, and, far from submitting to become an instrument of her brother's resentment, carried on a secret correspondence with Fabricio by means of the negro woman, who sometimes introduced him into the cottage. But Don Thomaso had some suspicion of what passed; he began to suspect his sister; he watched her, and was convinced by his own eyes, that, instead of complying with the intentions of the family, she betrayed them. Immediately he informed

two of his cousins of it, who, taking fire at the news, began to cry out, 'Vengeance, Don Thomaso, vengeance!' Xaral, who wanted no prompting to demand satisfaction for an offence of this kind, answered them with a Spanish modesty, that they should see the use he could make of his sword, when his honour was to be revenged. He then desired them to be at his house on a night which he appointed them.

"They were very exact to their appointment. He carried them in, and hid them in a little room, without being perceived by any of the family; he then left them, saying he would come and let them know, so soon as the gallant should have set his foot within the castle, provided he should think fit to come that night; which did not fail to happen; the unlucky planet of our lovers decreeing they should choose this very night for an interview.

"Already was Fabricio with his dear Hippolita; and they had begun upon a topic which they had gone through a hundred times, and yet, though repeated without intermission, has still always the graces of novelty, when they were disagreeably interrupted by those cavaliers that were upon the watch in order to surprise them. Don Thomaso and his two cousins came all three courageously pouring in upon Fabricio, who had but just time to draw, and who, judging by this action of theirs that they intended to murder him, fought like one in despair. He wounded them all three, and still presenting the point of his sword, was so lucky as to gain the door and get off.

"Upon this, Xaral finding his enemy had escaped him, after dishonouring his family unrevenged, turned

his fury against the unfortunate Hippolita, and plunged his sword into her heart; and his two relations, mortified to the last degree with the ill success of their designs, each of them went home with their wounds.

"Let us break off here," continued Asmodeus; "when we have seen all the captives go by, I will make an end of my story, and inform you how, after the law had seized upon all his estate on account of this melancholy accident, he had the misfortune, in a voyage, to be made a slave."

"Whilst you was in your story," said Don Cleofas, "I could not help taking notice of one of these unfortunate people, a young fellow who looks so dejected, so languishing, that it was as much as I could do to forbear interrupting you to inquire into the cause of it."—"Nor will you lose your labour," answered the demon, "for I can satisfy your curiosity. That slave, whose melancholy struck you, is the only son of a good family at Valladolid. He has been two years in captivity, with a patron who has an exceeding pretty wife; and his wife was violently in love with her slave, who returned her love by a very tender passion. The patron, suspecting something, made haste to sell the Christian, for fear his business at his house might be the propagating of Turks. The tender-hearted Castilian has ever since, without ceasing, bewailed the loss of his mistress, and his liberty is not able to make him easy under it."

"An old gentleman with a very good aspect draws my eyes towards him," said Leandro Perez; "pray, who may he be?"—"It is a barber of Guipuscoa," answered the devil, "who is returning to Biscay, after

a forty years' captivity. At the time he fell into a corsair's hands, in a voyage from Valencia to the island of Sardinia, he had a wife, two sons, and a daughter, of whom he has now only one son left, who, more fortunate than his father, has been at Peru, and is returned with immense riches to his own country, where he has bought two fine estates."—"What satisfaction!" exclaimed the student; "what transport it must be to that son to enjoy his father again, and to be in a condition to make his last days happy and easy!"

"You talk like a tender, affectionate child," replied the cripple; "but the Biscayan barber's son is of a tougher make. The unexpected arrival of his father will give him more uneasiness than pleasure; and instead of taking him home into his house at Guipuscoa, and sparing nothing to show how overjoyed he is at recovering him, he may perhaps make him one of his gamekeepers.

"Behind the barber is a little Arragonian physician, as like an ape as one drop of water to another. He has not been a fortnight at Algiers; for as soon as the Turks learned his profession, they refused to let him stay amongst them, and chose rather to give him up without any ransom to the fathers of the redemption, who were far from intending to redeem him, and have sore against their will brought him back to Spain."

"For goodness sake, tell me," said the student, "who that very odd sour-looking fellow is, who walks by himself with a shambling gait, and his hat over his eyes."—"He is," answered Asmodeus, "a very odd fellow indeed, and the ill-nature in his countenance proceeds from having nobody to talk to. He is one of

those disagreeable people whom Horace has set a mark on by the name of question-askers, or praters. Not content with the produce of his own brains, he is eternally upon the hunt into other people's affairs, for some circumstances to administer ease to that restless prating humour so shocking to all mankind. And this fellow is so signally unfortunate that way, that an eighteen months' slavery of his own, together with that of the whole ship's crew, is owing to this very silly habit of asking impertinent questions. For whilst he was inquiring of the pilot the longitudes and latitude of several places, the knowledge of which could never be of the least use to him, the pilot, diverted from his observations by the young man's impertinence, suffered the ship to run upon a bank of sand, which gave an Algerine rover time to come up with them, and make a seizure of her and all that was in her. While you live," continued he, "avoid such company, trifling at best; they are good for nothing but to disturb the pleasure and repose of society: and if they happen, for the plague of mankind, to be ill-natured with their curiosity, there is no mischief they are not capable of."

"You need not fear my profiting by this piece of advice," replied the student, "for my own sake at least."—"Very well," said the devil, "then let us resume the thread of our observations, which that good-for-nothing creature has broken in upon. Observe that other slave that has a little brown cap upon his bald pate. You that have such a tender feeling of others' misfortunes, alas! how much would you pity him, did you know the sufferings he has undergone in a twelve years' slavery at Algiers,

under an English renegade, to whose lot he fell!"—"And who is that poor captive?" said Zambullo.—"He is a cordelier of Navarre," answered the demon. "I must own I am very glad he has suffered like a wretch as he is; since, by his discourses of morality, he hindered above a hundred Christian slaves from taking the turban."

"And I must tell you, with the same freedom," replied Don Cleofas, "that I am sorry the good father has been so long at the mercy of a barbarian."—"You are as much in the wrong to be afflicted, as I to rejoice at it," answered Asmodeus; "for this friar has so well improved by his twelve years' sufferings, that it is much better for him to have passed that time in torments, than in his cell to combat temptations which he would not always have got the better of."

"The captive that comes immediately after the cordelier," said Leandro Perez, "looks very composed for a man just come out of slavery. He raises my curiosity to know who he is."—"You are beforehand with me," replied the cripple; "I was going to point him out to you. In him you see a citizen of Salamanca—an unhappy father—a mortal grown insensible of misfortunes, by having run through so many. I am tempted to relate to you his sad story, and there leave the rest of the captives; and indeed, after him, there are few whose adventures deserve reciting."

The student, already tired with seeing so many sad figures, answered, he desired nothing better. Immediately the devil began the story contained in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF THE LAST STORY THAT ASMODEUS TOLD. HOW, AS HE WAS MAKING AN END OF IT, HE WAS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED, AND HOW DISAGREEABLY FOR HIM DON CLEOFAS AND HE WERE PARTED.

PABLOS DE BAHABON, son of an Alcalde of a small town in Old Castile, after having divided between himself, and one brother and a sister, a small inheritance which their father, though a covetous man, had left them, set out for Salamanca, with design to increase the great number of students that then crowded to that university. He was well made, had wit, and was then in the twenty-third year of his age.

With a good thousand of ducats, and a very great inclination to spend them in good cheer, he did not long fail of being talked of in the city. All the young people strove for a share in the friendship and entertainments which Don Pablos every day gave. I say Don, for he had assumed that title in order to support his pretensions to a greater familiarity with such students, whose nobility might otherwise have obliged him to behave with greater reserve. But so much did he love diversion and good company, and so little did he manage his purse, that at fifteen months' end his money failed him. However, he still made a shift to rub on, as well by the means of credit he

had given him, as of a few pistoles he borrowed; but that could not go far, and he soon remained without resource.

Upon this, his friends finding him unable to live as he had done, forbore their visits, and his creditors began to plague him; and though he assured the latter that in a few days he expected bills of exchange out of his own country, yet some of them grew impatient, and pursued him so closely with bailiffs, that he narrowly escaped being taken; when, as he was walking by the side of the river de Tormes, he met an acquaintance who accosted him thus: "Signor Don Pablos, take care of yourself; for I must tell you, there are several bailiffs in pursuit after you, and they intend to lay hold on you, as soon as ever your set your foot within the town."

Bahabon, terrified with this piece of news, which but too well agreed with the state of his affairs, immediately made off towards Corita; but left the road with intent to gain a wood that was in his view, into which he threw himself, resolving to lie concealed there, till night should befriend him with her darkness to pursue his journey with more security. It was a season when the trees were adorned with all their leaves; he chose the thickest, and got up into it, and there sat upon its branches, the leaves of which entirely hid him.

Thinking himself safe here, the fear of bailiffs soon vanished; and as men make the finest reflections in the world when their faults are committed, so he called over all his ill conduct, and resolved, if ever he should see himself rich again, to make a better use of his money; but, above all, he swore never more to

be the bubble of those false friends, who draw young fellows into debauchery, and whose friendship is over with the fumes of their wine.

Whilst he was thus entertaining himself with thoughts of a different kind that crowded into his mind one after another, night came on. Upon which, disengaging himself from the branches and leaves that covered him, he was preparing to get down, when, by the feeble light of the moon that was then new, he thought he discerned the form of a man. At sight of this his former fear returned, and he fancied it was the bailiff, who, having traced him, was looking for him in this wood; and his fear increased upon seeing the man sit down at the foot of the tree where he was, after going two or three times round it.

The Devil upon Two Sticks stopped short in his story here. "Signor Zambullo," said he to Don Cleofas, "give me leave for a few moments to divert myself with the perplexity I see I have at present put you into. You are very much in pain to know who the mortal could be that came so unluckily thither, and what could have brought him. This is what I am going this moment to let you into. I will not abuse your patience."

The man, after sitting down at the foot of the tree, whose thick foliage hid Don Pablos from him, rested himself for a few minutes. He then began to dig the earth with a poniard, and made a large hole, wherein he buried a leathern bag; he then filled up the hole, covered it carefully with moss, and went away. Bahabon, who had observed all this with the greatest attention, and whose fears were changed into transports of joy, waited for the man's being at a distance, that he

might come down from his tree, and dig up the bag, in which he did not doubt but that he should find either gold or silver. To this end he made use of his knife; but had he had none, he found himself so eager for the work, that with his hands only he would have penetrated to the very centre of the earth.

The moment he had the bag in his hands, he began to sound it, and, persuaded there was money in it, he hastened out of the wood with his booty, not so much then fearing to meet a bailiff as the man who owned the bag. Transported as our student was with so lucky a hit, he walked nimbly all night long, without keeping any road, without feeling any fatigue or inconvenience from the burden he was loaded with. But as soon as the day glimmered, he stopped under some trees pretty near the town of Molorido; not so much indeed to rest himself, as at last to satisfy the curiosity he had to examine into the contents of his bag. He therefore untied it with that agreeable trembling you feel upon the approach of any vast pleasure. He therein found a parcel of good double pistoles; and, to crown his joy, counted to the tune of two hundred and fifty.

Having contemplated them with excessive satisfaction, he began to bethink himself very seriously what course he should take; and when he had formed his resolution, fastened up his doubloons in his pockets, threw away the bag, and went to Molorido. He inquired out an inn, where, whilst his breakfast was preparing, he hired a mule, and that very day returned to Salamanca.

He perceived plainly, by the surprise everybody showed at seeing him again, that the reason of his

disappearing was no secret; but he had his story ready. He told them, that having occasion for money, and receiving none from his own country, though he had written for it twenty times, he had resolved to take a turn thither himself; and that the day before, just as he got into Molorido, he had met his steward with money. So that he now found it was in his power to undeceive those who thought him a man who had no fortune. He added, he intended to show his creditors they were in the wrong to drive an honest man to extremities, who long ago had paid them had his stewards been more punctual in remitting him his rents.

In reality, the next day he sent for all his creditors, and paid them to the last farthing. The same friends that had deserted him in his want, no sooner knew he had a fresh supply of money, but they came flocking in upon him, and once more began to flatter him, hoping to divert themselves again at his expense. But he laughed at them in his turn; and, religiously observing the oath he had sworn in the wood, sent them away abruptly. Instead of following his former way of life, he turned his thoughts towards making a progress in the science of the laws, and study became his sole employment.

However, you will say he was all this while very conscientiously spending the double pistoles that did not belong to him. I agree with you; and was only doing what four parts in five of mankind will do in the like case. Yet he intended some time or other to restore them, if by chance he should discover who owned them. But, relying upon his good intentions, he spent them without scruple, and patiently waited

till he should find him out; which, notwithstanding, he did about a year after.

The report spread about Salamanca that a man of that town called Ambrosio Piquillo, going to a wood to fetch a bag full of pieces of gold which he had buried, had found nothing but the hole where he had taken it into his head to bury them, and that the poor man was thereby reduced to beggary.

I must say, in praise of Bahabon, that the secret reproaches of his conscience at hearing this were not thrown away. He inquired where Ambrosio lived, and made him a visit in a little, poor habitation, where all the furniture was one chair and a wretched bed. "Friend," said he, with a hypocritical air, "I have heard from common fame the sad accident that has befallen you; and charity obliging us all to help one another as far as we can, I am come to bring you some small assistance. But I should be glad to hear your unfortunate adventure from your own mouth."

"Sir," answered Piquillo, "I will tell you in two words. I had a son who used to rob me. I perceived it; and fearing he might lay his hands upon a leathern bag, wherein I had two hundred and fifty good doubloons, I thought I could not do better than to bury them in the same wood, whither I had the folly to carry them. Since that unlucky day, my son took all that I had, and ran away with a woman whom he had debauched. Finding myself in a deplorable condition, by the debaucheries of this wicked son of mine, or rather by my foolish tenderness for him, I had recourse to my leathern bag. But, alas! the only hopes of subsistence which I had left me, were cruelly torn from me."

The poor man could not bring out these words

without finding his affliction renewed, and shedding abundance of tears. Don Pablos relented at so moving a scene, and said to him: "My dear Ambrosio, we must not lay the crosses we meet with too much to heart; your tears are of no service; they will never fetch back your money, which is really lost to you, if it be fallen into the hands of any rascal. But who knows? your double pistoles may have happened into an honest man's hands, who, to be sure, will restore them as soon as he knows they belong to you. Come, perhaps you may get them again, do not despair of it; and in the meanwhile," added he, (at the same time giving him ten of those very doubloons that came out of the leathern bag), "here, take this, and come again in eight days." Having spoke thus to him, he told him his name and where he lived, and went out of the room, quite confounded at the blessings and acknowledgments Ambrosio bestowed upon him. Such are for the most part all generous actions; we should be far from admiring them, could we see into their motives.

At the eight days' end, Piquillo, who had not forgot Don Pablos' commands, went and made him a visit. Bahabon made very much of him, and said very affectionately to him: "Friend, upon the good character I have had of you, I am resolved to contribute my utmost towards your re-establishment. I will employ both my credit and my purse.

"As a beginning," continued he, "do you know what I have done? I am acquainted with some persons of distinction who are extremely charitable; I have been with them, and have moved them to pity you so much, that I have got two hundred crowns off

them for you." At the same time he went into his closet, and came out in a moment with a linen bag, wherein he had put that sum in silver, and not in doubloons, lest the man might suspect the truth of the matter, by receiving so many double pistoles. Whereas by this artifice he obtained his end with more security, which was to make restitution in such a manner, as might reconcile his conscience with his reputation.

And indeed poor Ambrosio was far from thinking these crowns a restitution. He sincerely took them for a gathering made for him, and having again humbly thanked Don Pablos, returned to his little cottage, blessing heaven all the way for finding a gentleman so good as to take all this trouble to serve him.

The next day he met a friend in the street, whose affairs were not at all in a better posture than his own, and who said to him: "In two days I am going to Cadiz, in order to embark on board a ship that is shortly to set sail for New Spain. I do not like the way of life I am in here, and my mind tells me I shall succeed better at Mexico; I would advise you to go with me, if you can raise only a hundred crowns."

"I can raise two hundred," answered Piquillo, "without any trouble, and would willingly undertake this voyage, were I sure of a livelihood in the Indies." Whereupon his friend boasted the fertility of New Spain, and laid before him so many ways of growing rich, that Ambrosio, giving in to his friend's views, thought of nothing but of preparing to set out for Cadiz. But before he left Salamanca, he took care to have a letter left with Bahabon, wherein he tells

him, that having met with a very good opportunity of going to the Indies, he had a mind to make use of it, in order to try whether fortune would be kinder to him in a new country than she had been in his own; that he took the liberty of informing him of it, and of assuring him he would never forget his great favours to him.

Ambrosio's departure a little vexed Don Pablos, who thereby saw the scheme he had laid, by little and little to discharge his conscience, quite disconcerted. But considering that in a few years the good old man might return to Salamanca, he insensibly grew easy and applied himself more than ever to the civil and canon laws; and made so prodigious a progress, as well by his application as the quickness of his parts, that he became the most shining member of the university, and was at last chosen rector of it. He was not content with supporting that honour by his profound learning, but took such infinite pains with himself, as to acquire all the qualities of a man of honour and integrity.

Whilst he was rector, he heard that a young fellow of Salamanca had been committed to prison upon an accusation for a rape, and was upon the point of being executed. Bahabon, upon this, remembering that Piquillo's son had carried off a woman, inquired who the prisoner was; and being informed it was this very son of Piquillo, undertook his defence. One admirable circumstance in the science of the law is, that it furnishes arguments on both sides; and as our rector was a complete master of it, he made an excellent use of it in the defence of the criminal. It is true, he joined to it the credit of his friends, and the

strongest solicitation; which indeed did more than all the rest.

The criminal then came off whiter than snow. He went to thank his deliverer, who said thus to him: "I have served you, but it was in regard to your father; I loved him; and to give you a fresh instance of it, if you have any thoughts of continuing here, and living honestly, I will undertake to make a man of you. If, as your father has done, you have a mind to take a trip to the Indies, you may be sure of fifty pistoles, I engage my word for them." Young Piquillo made him this answer: "Since I have the honour of your lordship's protection, I would act very wrong to leave a place where I enjoy so great an advantage. No, my lord, I will remain at Salamanca, and do protest to you that my conduct shall be such as shall please you." Upon these assurances, the rector put twenty pistoles into his hands, saying: "Here, friend, take these; take up some honest profession, employ your time well, and rest assured that I will not desert you."

About two months afterwards, it happened that young Piquillo, who from time to time used to make his court to Don Pablos, one day appeared before him all in tears. "What is the matter with you?" said Bahabon. "Sir," answered the son of Ambrosio, "I have just heard a piece of news that breaks my heart. My father has been taken by an Algerine rover, and is actually in chains. An old man of this town, who is returned from Algiers, after a ten years' slavery, whom the fathers of mercy have lately redeemed, just now told me he left him there a captive. Alas!" added he, beating his breast, and tearing his

hair. "Wretch that I am! it was my debaucheries forced my father to hide his money, and banish himself from his country! It is I that have delivered him up to a barbarian, who is loading him with fetters! Ah! Signor Don Pablos, why did you rescue me from the hands of justice? Since you loved my father, you should have been his avenger, and suffered me by my death to have expiated the horrid, horrid crime of having caused all his calamities."

At this discourse, which showed a rakish son converted, the rector was moved with the grief which the young Piquillo testified. "My child," said he, "it is with pleasure I see you repent of your faults; but dry up your tears. It is sufficient that I know what is become of Ambrosio, to assure you that you shall see him again. His liberty is to be purchased with a ransom, and that I take upon myself. Whatever he may have suffered, I am persuaded that, finding a discreet affectionate son in you at his return, he will no more complain of his ill fortune."

Don Pablos eased the mind of Ambrosio's son by this promise, and three or four days after set out for Madrid, where, upon his arrival, he put into the hands of the fathers of mercy a purse of an hundred pistoles, with a little label upon it in these words: "This sum is given the fathers of redemption for the ransom of a poor citizen of Salamanca, named Ambrosio Piquillo, captive at Algiers." Those good fathers in their last voyage to Algiers have punctually followed the rector's intention. They have redeemed Ambrosio, who is the slave whose composed air you so much admired.

"But, methinks," said Don Cleofas, "Bahabon is

now not at all in the citizen's debt."—"Don Pablos is not of your opinion," answered Asmodeus; "he intends to return both principal and interest. His nice conscience is even scrupulous of enjoying the wealth he has acquired during his rectorship. And when he sees Piquillo, he intends to say thus to him: 'My dear friend Ambrosio, no longer look on me as your benefactor; in me only you see a rascal who dug up the money you hid in the wood. It is not sufficient for me to restore you your two hundred and fifty doubloons, since I made use of it to attain the rank I hold in life; whatever I have is yours. I will keep no more than you shall judge necessary to'"—— Here the Devil upon Two Sticks stopped short. He was suddenly taken with a frisson, and changed colour.

"What is the matter?" said the student; "what extraordinary emotion makes you shake, and stop short?"—"Ah, Signor Leandro," cried the demon, with a trembling voice, "how unfortunate am I! The conjuror, who kept me in the bottle in his laboratory, has found I am flown. He is going to recall me by such forcible conjurations as I cannot resist."—"What a mortification is this to me!" said Don Cleofas, quite softened with compassion; "and what a loss am I going to suffer! Alas, we are going to part for ever!"—"I do not think so," answered Asmodeus. "The magician may want my assistance, and if I have the good fortune to do him any service, perhaps, out of gratitude, he may give me my liberty. If that should happen, as I hope, depend upon it, I will soon be with you, upon condition that you reveal to no soul living what has this night passed between us; for should you be so indiscreet as to impart it to any-

body, I tell you beforehand, you will never see me more. What makes my leaving you a little easier to me," pursued he, "is, that at the worst, I have made your fortune. You will marry the fair Seraphina, whom I have made dotingly fond of you. Signor Don Pedro de Escolano, her father, is resolved to marry her to you. Do not let slip so fine a settlement. But, bless me!" added he, "I already hear the magician call me; all hell rings with the terrible words pronounced by this formidable cabalist. I cannot stay any longer with your lordship. Adieu, dear Zambullo, till I see you again." At these words, he embraced Don Cleofas, and, having seen him safe to his apartment, disappeared.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF WHAT DON CLEOFAS DID AFTER THE DEVIL HAD LEFT HIM, AND HOW THE AUTHOR OF THIS WORK THOUGHT FIT TO END IT.

As soon as Asmodeus was gone, the student finding himself fatigued with having been all the night on his legs, bestirring himself, undressed, and went to bed to take a little rest. His spirits were so agitated he could hardly get to sleep; but at last, paying Morpheus that tribute, which all mortals owe, with usury, he fell into a dead sleep, in which he continued that whole day, and the following night.

In this condition he had remained for four and twenty hours, when Don Lewis de Lujana, a young gentleman of his acquaintance, came into his chamber, crying out as loud as he could, "Soho! Signor Don Cleofas, up, up." At this noise Zambullo waked. "Do you know," said Don Lewis, "that you have been abed ever since yesterday morning?"—"That is impossible," answered Leandro. "And yet nothing can be more true," replied his friend; "you have slept the clock round twice. Everybody in the house has assured me it is fact."

The student, astonished at so long a nap, was at first afraid that his adventure with the Devil upon

Two Sticks was no more than a dream. Yet he could not think so neither; and when he recalled some particular circumstances he no longer doubted but what he had seen was real. However, to ease his doubts he got up, dressed with all haste, and went out with Don Lewis, whom he carried towards the Gate of the Sun, without telling him any reason. When they were there, and Don Cleofas found Don Pedro's house almost burnt to the ground, he pretended a surprise. "What is this I see?" said he. "What sad work the fire has made here! Whose was this unfortunate house? Is it long since it was burnt?"

Don Lewis de Lujana answered his two questions, and thus pursued his discourse: "The vast damages of this fire make less noise in the city, than a circumstance I am going to tell you. Signor Don Pedro de Escolano has an only daughter, beautiful as the day. They say she was in a room filled with fire and smoke, where she must inevitably have perished; and she was rescued, notwithstanding, by a young gentleman whose name I have not yet learned. It is the common topic of every conversation at Madrid. The cavalier's bravery is cried up to the skies; and it is believed, that though he be nothing more than a private gentleman, he may very well obtain the daughter of Don Pedro, as the reward of so glorious an action."

Leandro Perez listened to Don Lewis, without showing he was the least concerned in what he was talking of; and disengaging himself upon an excuse he feigned, he went to the Prado, and, sitting down under some trees, fell into a deep thought. Immediately the Devil upon Two Sticks came into his mind.

"I cannot," said he, "too much regret my dear Asmodeus. He would in a short time have carried me all over the world, and I should have made that tour, without any of the inconveniences that travelling is liable to. Doubtless I have a great loss; but," presently subjoined he, "perhaps it is not irreparable. Why should I despair of seeing him again? It may happen, as he himself said, that the conjuror may immediately give him his liberty." Then, thinking of Don Pedro and his daughter, he resolved to make him a visit, pushed on by the curiosity alone of seeing the fair Seraphina.

The moment he appeared before Don Pedro, that lord ran and embraced him with open arms, crying out: "Welcome, generous cavalier. I began to be angry with you. How, said I, after the pressing instances I made Don Cleofas to come and see me, is he still absent from my eyes? How ill does he return the impatience I feel to testify the esteem and friendship I have for him!"

Zambullo hung down his head out of respect at so obliging a reproach, and excused himself to the old gentleman by telling him, he feared he should have been troublesome in the confusion he judged he must have been the day before. "That excuse will not satisfy me," replied Don Pedro; "you could never be troublesome in a house where, had it not been for you, a greater sadness would have reigned. But," added he, "be pleased to follow me, you have other thanks to receive besides mine." At these words, he took him by the hand, and led him into Seraphina's apartment.

That lady was just come from prayers. "Daughter,"

said her father, "I am come to present the gentleman to you who so bravely saved your life. Show him how sensible you are of the great favour he did you, since the condition you was in the day before yesterday would not permit you to do it then." Whereupon Signora Seraphina, opening a mouth of roses, addressed herself to him in a compliment that would charm all my readers, could I repeat it word for word; but as it has not been handed down to me exactly, I choose rather to pass over in silence than spoil it.

I shall only say, that Don Cleofas imagined it was a divinity he saw and heard, and that he was at once taken by the eyes and the ears. Immediately he felt a violent passion for her. But far from considering her as one he was sure of marrying, he doubted, notwithstanding all the devil had said, whether so glorious a reward was to be the recompense of a service they imagined he had done them. The more charming she appeared to him, the less did he dare to flatter himself with the happiness of gaining her.

What confirmed him in his uncertainty of obtaining so great a blessing was, that Don Pedro, during the long conversation they had, never touched once upon that string, and only loaded him with civilities, without hinting the least desire to be his father-in-law. Seraphina, too, on her side, as polite as her papa, turned the discourse wholly upon gratitude, without making use of any expression that could give Zambullo room to think that she loved him. So that he took his leave of Signor Escolano with a great deal of love, and very little hope.

"Friend Asmodeus," said he on his way home, as

if he had still been with the devil, "when you assured me that Don Pedro was inclined to make me his son-in-law, and that Seraphina burnt with a lively flame which you had inspired her with for me, you must have intended to divert yourself at my expense, or else you must own that you know as little of the present as the future."

Our student was sorry he had visited the lady, and, looking upon his passion for her as an ill-fated love he ought to conquer, resolved to spare no pains to accomplish it. He went farther, he reproached himself with his eagerness at pushing his design, supposing he had found the father inclined to grant him his daughter, and he looked upon it as shameful to owe his happiness to an artifice.

He was still full of these reflections, when Don Pedro, having sent for him the next day, began thus: "Signor Leandro Perez, it is time for me to prove by my actions, that when you obliged me, you did not do a good office to one of those courtiers who, were he in my place, would content himself with returning it with a little court holy water. But I intend that Seraphina herself shall be the reward of that danger you run upon her account. I must tell you too, that I have found her to be my own daughter, in the proposal I made her of marrying her deliverer. She showed her joy by a transport, which has convinced me her gratitude equals my own. It is then resolved on, you shall have my daughter."

At these words, the good Signor de Escolano, who expected Don Cleofas would have returned his most humble thanks for so great a favour, was surprised to see him stand speechless and confounded. "Speak,

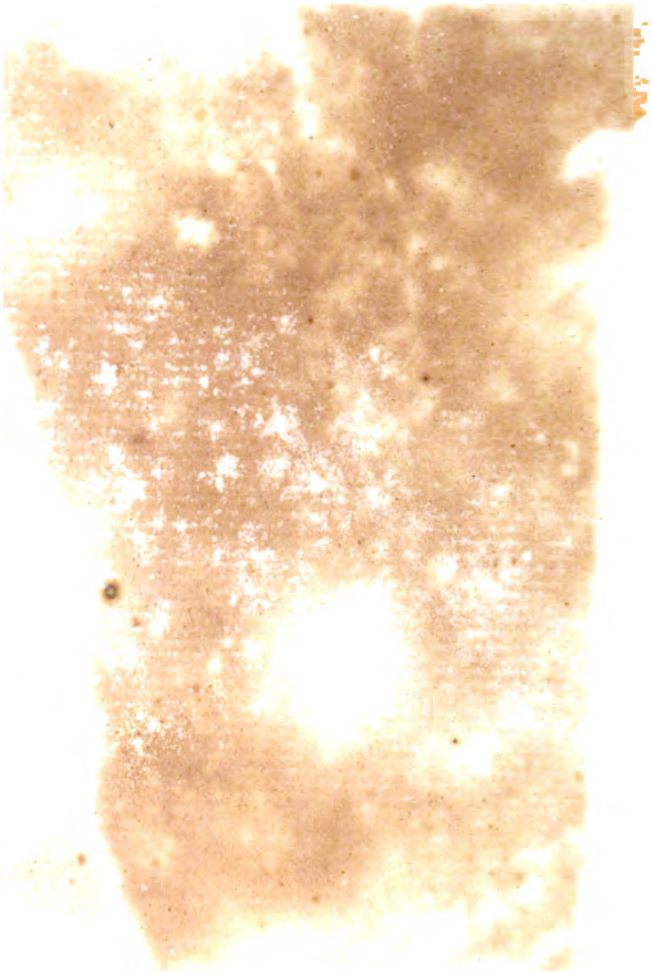
Zambullo," said he. "What am I to think of the disorder my proposal has put you into? What can have set you against her? Ought a private gentleman to refuse an alliance by which a grandee would think himself honoured? Has the nobility of my family any blemish that I am a stranger to?"

"My lord," answered Leandro, "I am but too sensible of the distance which heaven has placed between us."—"Wherefore, then," replied Don Pedro, "do you seem so little pleased at a marriage that does you so much honour? Come, be ingenious, Don Cleofas; you are in love with some lady to whom you have given your faith; and it is she whose interest at this time stands as a bar to your advancement."—"Had I a mistress, to whom I might have engaged myself by any oath," answered the student, "without doubt no reason should induce me to be false to her. But it is not that which prevents me accepting your favours. The nice notion I have of honour commands me to forego the glorious establishment you design me, and far from intending to make an ill use of the error you are in, I am going to undeceive you: I am not Seraphina's deliverer."

"What do I hear!" cried the old gentleman in amaze; "was it not you that rescued her from the flames that were going to devour her? Was it not you that performed so gallant an action?"—"No, my lord," answered Zambullo. "Vain had been that attempt to any mortal man; and I will plainly tell you it was a devil that saved your daughter."

These words increased Don Pedro's surprise, who, thinking he ought not to understand them in a literal sense, desired the student to speak plainer. Upon

this Leandro, without giving himself any pain for Asmodeus' friendship, told him all that had passed between the devil and himself. The old gentleman then resumed the discourse, and said to Don Cleofas: "The confidence you have now reposed in me, confirms me in my design of giving you my daughter. You are originally her deliverer; had not you interceded with the Devil upon Two Sticks to snatch her from impending death, he had infallibly suffered her to perish. It is you, therefore, that have preserved Seraphina's days. In a word, you have deserved her, and I offer her you, with half my estate."

Leandro Perez, at these words, which eased all scruples, threw himself at Don Pedro's feet, in order to thank him for his great goodness. Shortly after, the wedding was celebrated with a magnificence suitable to the heiress of Signor Escolano, and to the great satisfaction of the friends of our student, who was thereby well rewarded for a few hours of liberty which he had procured the Devil upon Two Sticks.

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