

very servants, and are obliged to conceal their dishonesty and lewdness; as was the case with Camilla. For, though she saw, not once only, but several times, that Leonela was with her gallant in a room of her house, she was so far from daring to chide her, that she gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband. But all could not hinder Lothario from seeing him once go out of the house at break of day; who, not knowing who he was, thought, at first, it must be some apparition. But, when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up, and concealing himself with care and caution, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which must have been the ruin of them all, if Camilla had not remedied it. Lothario was so far from thinking, that the man, whom he had seen coming out of Anselmo's house, at so unseasonable an hour, came thither upon Leonela's account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as Leonela in the world. What he thought, was, that Camilla, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another also: for the wickedness of a bad woman carries this additional mischief along with it, that it weakens her credit even with the man, to whose entreaties and persuasions she surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the

slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility.

All Lothario's good sense, and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion; for, without making one proper, or even rational reflection, he became impatient, and blinded with a jealous rage, that gnawed his bowels; and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he went to Anselmo before he was up, and said to him: "Know, Anselmo, that, for several days past, I have struggled with myself, to keep from you what it is no longer possible nor just to conceal. Know, that Camilla's fort is surrendered, and submitted to my will and pleasure; and if I have delayed discovering to you this truth, it was, to satisfy myself, whether it was any wanton desire in her, or whether she had a mind to try me, and to see, whether the love I made to her, with your connivance, was in earnest. And I still believed, if she was what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would, before now, have given you an account of my solicitations. But, since I find she has not, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made me of giving me a meeting, the next time you are absent from home, in her dressing-room (and in fact that was the very place where he and Camilla used to meet). And, since the fault is not yet committed, except in thought, I would not have you run precipi-

tately to take revenge; for, perhaps, between this and the time of putting it in execution, Camilla may change her mind, and repent. And therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, in whole or in part, follow and observe this I shall now give you, that, without possibility of being mistaken, and upon maturest deliberation, you may satisfy yourself as to what is most fitting for you to do. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you used to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourself in the dressing-room, where the tapestry, and other moveables, may serve to conceal you: and then you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camilla intends; and if it be wickedness, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may then, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury."

Anselmo was amazed, confounded, and astonished at Lothario's words, which came upon him at a time when he least expected to hear them; for he already looked upon Camilla as victorious over Lothario's feigned assaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood a good while with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and at length said: "Lothario, you have done what I expected from your friendship; I must follow your advice in every thing; do what you will, and be as secret as so unlooked for an event requires." Lothario promised him he

would; and scarcely had he left him, when he began to repent of all he had said, and was convinced he had acted foolishly, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to Camilla; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of doing it, that very day he found her alone; and immediately, on his coming in, she said: "Know, dear Lothario, that I have an uneasiness at heart, which tortures me in such a manner, that methinks it is ready to burst it, and, indeed, it is a wonder it does not; for Leonela's impudence is arrived to that pitch, that she, every night, entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her until daylight, so much to the prejudice of my reputation, that it will leave room for censure to all, who shall see him go out at such unseasonable hours; and what gives me the most concern is, that I cannot chastise, or so much as reprimand her: because she is in the secret of our correspondence, which puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal hers; and I am afraid of some unlucky event from this quarter."

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it a piece of cunning to deceive him, by

persuading him that the man, he saw go out, was Leonela's gallant, and not Camilla's; but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance in finding a remedy, he soon came into the belief of what she said; and so was filled with confusion and repentance for what he had done. He desired Camilla to make herself easy, for he would take an effectual course to restrain Leonela's insolence. He also told her what the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to tell Anselmo, and how it was agreed that Anselmo should hide himself in the dressing-room, to be an eye-witness of her disloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madness, and desired her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them out of so perplexed a labyrinth, as his rashness had involved them in. Camilla was astonished at hearing what Lothario said, and, with much resentment, reproached him for the ill thoughts, he had entertained of her; and, with many discreet reasons, set before him the folly and inconsiderateness of the resolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, either for good or bad purposes, than men, though it often fails them, when they set themselves purposely to deliberate; Camilla instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair seemingly incapable of all remedy. She bid Lothario see, that Anselmo hid himself the next day, where

he had proposed; for by this very hiding she proposed to secure, for the future, their mutual enjoyment, without fear of surprise: and, without letting him into the whole of her design, she only desired him, after Anselmo was posted, to be ready at Leonela's call, and that he should take care to answer to whatever she should say to him, just as he would do, if he did not know, that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain to him her whole design, that he might, with the more safety and caution, be upon his guard in all, that he thought necessary. "No other guard," said Camilla, "is necessary, but only to answer me directly to what I shall ask you." For she was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should not come into that design, which she thought so good, and should look out for some other, not likely to prove so successful.

Lothario then left her; and, the next day, Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went from home, but turned presently back to hide himself; which he might conveniently enough do, for Camilla and Leonela were out of the way on purpose. Anselmo being now hidden, with all that palpitation of heart, which may be imagined in one, who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, and was upon the point of losing that supreme bliss, he thought himself possessed of in

his beloved Camilla; she and Leonela, being well assured, that Anselmo was behind the hangings, came together into the dressing-room; and Camilla had scarce set her foot in it, when, fetching a deep sigh, she said: "Ah, dear Leonela, would it not be better, before I put that in execution, which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breast? But do it not; for it is not reasonable I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know, what the bold and wanton eyes of Lothario saw in me, that could give him the assurance to discover so wicked a design, as that he has discovered to me, in contempt of his friend, and of my honour. Step to the window, Leonela, and call him; for, doubtless, he is waiting in the street, in hopes of putting his wicked design in execution. But first my cruel, but honourable, purpose shall be executed."—"Ah, dear Madam!" answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela, "what is it you intend to do with this dagger? Is it to take away your own life, or Lothario's? Which-ever of the two you do, will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you should dissemble your wrong, than to let this wicked man now into the house, while we are alone. Consider, Madam, we are weak women, and he a man, and resolute; and, as he comes blinded

and big with his wicked purpose, he may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worse for you, than taking away your life. A mischief take my master Anselmo, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But pray, Madam, if you kill him, as I imagine you intend, what should we do with him after he is dead?"—"What, child?" answered Camilla; "why, leave him here for Anselmo to bury him: for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call him, without more ado; for all the time I lose in delaying to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against that loyalty I owe to my husband."

All this Anselmo listened to, and, at every word Camilla spoke, his sentiments changed. But, when he understood, that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to prevent it, by coming out and discovering himself; but was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution; purposing however to come out time enough to prevent mischief. And now Camilla was taken with a strong fainting fit; and throwing herself upon a bed that was there, Leonela began to weep bitterly, and to say: "Ah, woe is me! that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, the flower of the world's virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern

of chastity!" with other such expressions; that nobody, who had heard her, but would have taken her for the most compassionate and faithful damsel in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon recovered from her swoon, and, when she was come to herself, she said: "Why do you not go, Leonela, and call the most faithless of all friends, that the sun ever saw, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly: let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be spent by delay, and the just vengeance I expect pass off in empty threatenings and curses."—"I am going to call him," said Leonela: "but, dear Madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest, when I am gone, you should do a thing, which might give those, who love you, cause to weep all their lives long."—"Go, dear Leonela, and fear not," said Camilla; "I will not do it: for though I am resolute, and, in your opinion, sincere in defending my honour, I shall not be so to the degree, that Lucretia was, of whom it is said, that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first killing him, who was the cause of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, if die I must; but it shall be after I have satiated my revenge on him, who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine."

Leonela wanted a great deal of entreaty, be-

fore she would go and call Lothario; but at last she went, and while she was away, Camilla, as if she was talking to herself, said: "Good God! would it not have been more advisable to have dismissed Lothario, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me dishonest and naught, though it be only for the short time I defer the undeceiving him? Without doubt it would have been better: but I shall not be revenged, nor my husband's honour satisfied, if he get off so clean, and so smoothly, from an attempt, to which his wicked thoughts have led him. No! let the traitor pay with his life for what he undertakes with so lascivious a desire. Let the world know (if perchance it comes to know it) that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the person, who dared to wrong him. But, after all, it would perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to Anselmo; but I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country; and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the mischief I pointed out to him, must be owing to pure good-nature, and a confidence in Lothario, which would not let him believe, that the least thought, to the prejudice of his honour, could be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend: nor did I myself believe it for many days, nor should ever have given credit to it, if his insolence had not

risen so high, and his avowed presents, large promises, and continual tears, put it past all dispute. But why do I talk thus? Does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? No, certainly. Traitor, avaunt! come vengeance! Let the false one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befall what will. Unspotted I entered into the power of him, whom Heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed in my own chaste blood, and the impure gore of the falsest friend, that friendship ever saw." And saying this, she walked up and down the room, with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that one would have thought her beside herself, and have taken her, not for a soft and delicate woman, but for some desperate ruffian.

Anselmo observed all, from behind the arras, where he had hidden himself, and was amazed, and already thought what he had seen and heard sufficient to balance still greater suspicions; and began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some sudden disaster. And being now upon the point of discovering himself, and coming out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonela return with Lothario by the hand; and, as soon as Camilla saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line

between her and him, and said : “ Take notice, Lothario, of what I say to you : if you shall dare to pass this line, you see here ; or but come up to it ; the moment I see you attempt it, I will pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hand : but, before you answer me a word to this, hear a few more I have to say to you, and then answer me as you please. In the first place, Lothario, I desire you to tell me, whether you know Anselmo my husband, and in what estimation you hold him ? And, in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me ? Answer me this, and be under no concern, nor study for an answer ; for they are no difficult questions I ask you.” Lothario was not so ignorant, but that, from the instant Camilla bid him hide Anselmo, he guessed what she intended to do, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able, between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth : and therefore he answered Camilla in this manner : “ I did not imagine, fair Camilla, that you called me to answer to things so wide of the purpose, for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promised favour, why did you not adjourn it to a still farther day ? For the nearer the prospect of possession is, the more eager we are to enjoy the desired good. But, that you may not say, I do not answer to your questions, I re-

ply, that I do know your husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other from our tender years. Of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong, which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has made me do him. You too I know, and prize you as highly as he does: for, were it not so, I should not, for less excellence, have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated, through the tyranny of that enemy, love.” —“ If you acknowledge so much,” replied Camilla, “ mortal enemy of all, that justly deserves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her, whom you know to be the mirror, in which Anselmo looks, and in which you might have seen upon what slight grounds you injure him? But ah! unhappy me! I now begin to find what it was, that made you forget yourself: it was, doubtless, some indiscretion of mine; for I will not call it immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertences, which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is nobody present before whom, they think, they need be upon the reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign, that could give you the least shadow of hope, that you should ever accomplish your infamous desires?

When were not your amorous expressions repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? When were your many promises, and greater presents, believed or accepted? But, knowing, that no one can persevere long in an affair of love, unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; since, without doubt, some inadvertence of mine has nourished your hope so long, and therefore I will chastise, and inflict that punishment on myself, which your offence deserves. And, to convince you that, being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I had a mind you should come hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest deliberation imaginable, and by me too through my carelessness in not shunning the occasion, if I gave you any, of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. I say again, that the suspicion I have, that some inadvertence of mine has occasioned such licentious thoughts in you, is what disturbs me the most, and what I most desire to punish with my own hands: for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public. Yes, I will die, but I will die killing, and carry with me one, who shall entirely satisfy the thirst of that revenge I expect, and partly enjoy already, as I shall have before my eyes, to what place so-

ever I go, the vengeance of impartial justice strictly executed on him, who has reduced me to this desperate condition."

At these words, she flew upon Lothario, with the drawn dagger, so swiftly, with such incredible violence, and with such seeming earnestness to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself, whether those efforts were feigned or real; and he was forced to make use of all his dexterity and strength to prevent his being wounded by Camilla, who played the counterfeit so to the life, that, to give this strange imposture a colour of truth, she resolved to stain it with her own blood. For perceiving, or pretending, that she could not wound Lothario, she said: "Since fortune denies a complete satisfaction to my just desires, it shall not however be in its power to defeat that satisfaction entirely:" and so struggling to free her dagger-hand, held by Lothario, she got it loose, and, directing the point to a part, where it might give but a slight wound, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and presently fell to the ground as in a swoon. Leonela and Lothario stood in suspense, and astonished, at this accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, especially when they saw Camilla lying on the floor, and bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran hastily, frightened and breathless, to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the slightness of the wound, the fear he

had been in vanished, and he admired still more the sagacity, prudence, and great ingenuity of the fair Camilla. And now, to act his part, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of Camilla, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him, who had been the cause of bringing him to that pass; and, knowing that his friend Anselmo overheard him, he said such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done Camilla herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. Leonela took her in her arms, and laid her on the bed, beseeching Lothario to procure somebody to dress Camilla's wound secretly. She also desired his advice and opinion what they should say to Anselmo about it, if he should chance to come home before it was healed. He answered, that they might say what they pleased; that he was not in a condition of giving any advice worth following; he bid her endeavour to stop the blood; and, as for himself, he would go, where he should never be seen more. And so, with a show of much sorrow and concern, he left the house: and when he found himself alone, and in a place where nobody saw him, he ceased not to cross himself in admiration at the cunning of Camilla, and the suitable behaviour of Leonela. He considered, what a thorough assurance Anselmo must have of his wife's being a second

Portia, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice together at the imposture and the truth, the most artfully disguised that can be imagined.

Leonela, as she was bidden, stanch'd her mistress's blood, which was just as much as might serve to colour her stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up the best she could, saying such things, while she was dressing it, as were alone sufficient to make Anselmo believe, that he had in Camilla an image of chastity. To the words Leonela said Camilla added others, calling herself coward and poor-spirited, because she wanted the resolution, at a time, when she stood most in need, to deprive herself of that life, she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether she should give an account of what had happened to her beloved husband, or no. Leonela persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would lay him under a necessity of revenging himself on Lothario, which he could not do without great danger to himself; and a good woman was obliged to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, and should rather prevent all such as much as she possibly could. Camilla replied, she approved of her opinion, and would follow it; but that by all means they must contrive what to say to Anselmo about the wound, which he must needs see. To which Leonela answered, that, for her

part, she knew not how to tell a lie though but in jest. "How then, pray," replied Camilla, "should I know, who dare neither invent nor remain guilty of one, though my life were at stake? If we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the plain truth, than that he should catch us in a false story."—"Be in no pain, Madam," answered Leonela; "for, between this and to-morrow morning, I will study what we shall tell him; and, perhaps, the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his sight, and Heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Compose yourself, good Madam; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in so violent a disorder; and leave the rest to my care, and to that of Heaven, which always favours honest designs."

Anselmo stood, with the utmost attention, listening to, and beholding, the tragedy of the death of his honour; which the actors performed with such strange and moving passions, that it seemed, as if they were transformed into the very characters, they personated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of slipping out of his house, that he might see his dear friend Lothario, and rejoice with him on finding so precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out;

which he made use of, and immediately went to seek Lothario; and, having found him, it is impossible to recount the embraces he gave him, the satisfaction he expressed, and the praises he bestowed on Camilla. All which Lothario hearkened to, without being able to show any signs of joy; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. And though Anselmo perceived, that Lothario did not express any joy, he believed it was because Camilla was wounded, and he had been the occasion of it. And therefore, among other things, he desired him to be in no pain about Camilla; for, without doubt, the wound must be very slight, since her maid and she had agreed to hide it from him: and, as he might depend upon it there was nothing to be feared, he desired, that thenceforward he would rejoice and be merry with him; since, through his diligence, and by his means, he found himself raised to the highest pitch of happiness, he could wish to arrive at; and, for himself, he said, he would make it his pastime and amusement to write verses in praise of Camilla, to perpetuate her memory to all future ages. Lothario applauded his good resolution, and said that he too would lend a helping hand towards raising so illustrious an edifice.

Anselmo now remained deceived in the most agreeable way possible. He led home by the

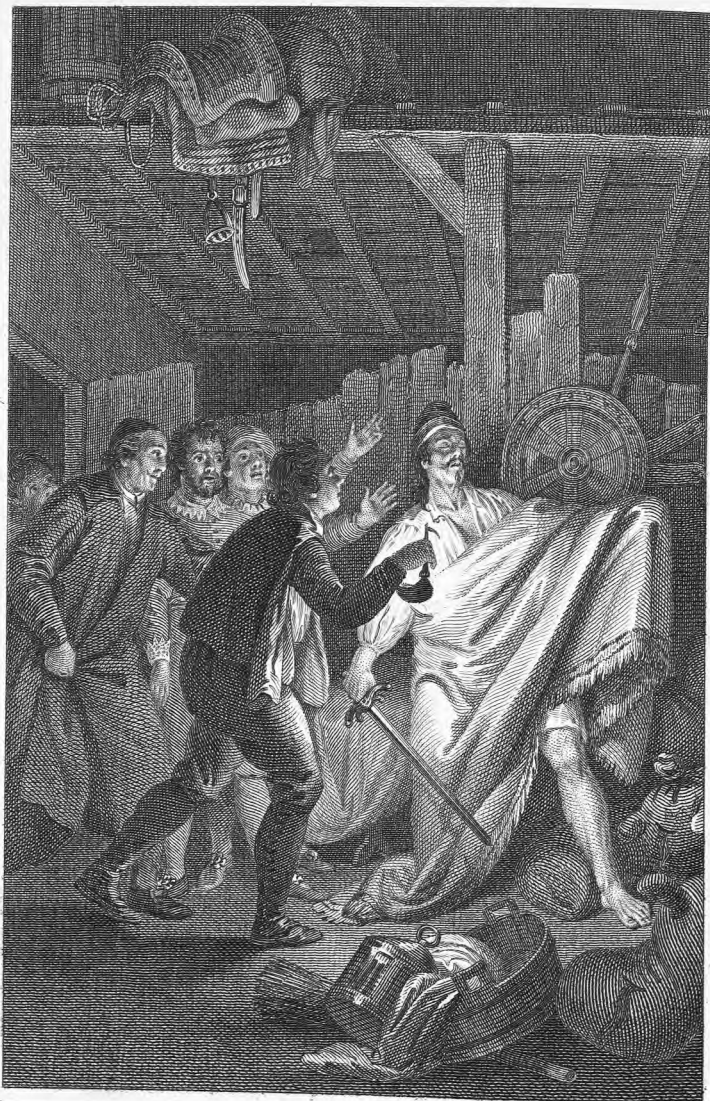
hand, the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but, in reality, the ruin of his fame. Camilla received Lothario with a countenance seemingly shy, but with inward gladness of heart. This imposture lasted some time, until, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel, and the iniquity, thus far so artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curiosity cost poor Anselmo his life.



CHAP. XXXV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE NOVEL OF THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT, WITH THE DREADFUL BATTLE BETWIXT DON QUIXOTE AND CERTAIN WINE-SKINS.

THERE remained but little more of the novel to be read, when from the room, where Don Quixote lay, Sancho Panza came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: "Run, Sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip."—"What say you, brother?" cried the Priest, leaving off reading the remainder of the novel. "Are you in your senses, Sancho? How the devil can this be, since the giant is two thousand leagues off?" At that instant they heard a



A. Smith A. sc.

Don Quixote breaking the wine Skins.



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great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud, "Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing." And it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. "Do not stand listening," quoth Sancho; "but go in and part the fray, or aid my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off, and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin." "I will be hanged," quoth the innkeeper at this juncture, "if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins, that stand at his bed's head, and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood:" and so saying, he went into the room, and the whole company after him; and they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind; his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over-clean: he had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the innkeeper. About his left arm he had twisted the blanket (to which Sancho owed a grudge, and he very well knew why), and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying

about him on all sides, and uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant: and the best of it was, his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming, that he was engaged in battle with a giant: for his imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream, he was already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in fight with his enemy; and, fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine. The innkeeper perceiving it, fell into such a rage, that he set upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, began to give him so many cuffs, that, if Cardenio and the Priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake until the Barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it all over his body at a dash; Don Quixote awoke, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he was in. Dorothea, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to see the fight between her champion and her adversary. Sancho was searching all about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, he said: "Well, I see plainly that every thing about this house is enchantment: for, the time before, in this very same place, where I now am,

I had several punches and thumps given me, without knowing from whence they came, or seeing any body: and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting from the body like any fountain.” —“What blood, and what fountain, thou enemy to God and his saints?” said the innkeeper. “Dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell, that pierced them!” —“I know nothing,” said Sancho; “only that I should be so unfortunate, that, for want of finding his head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water.” Now Sancho awake, was more mad than his master asleep; so besotted was he with the promises he had made him. The innkeeper lost all patience to see the squire’s phlegm, and the Knight’s wicked handy-work; and he swore they should not escape, as they did the time before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins.

The Priest held Don Quixote by the hands; who, imagining he had finished the adventure²¹, and that he was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the Priest, and said: “High and renowned Lady, well may

your Grandeur, from this day forward, live more secure, now this ill-born creature can do you no hurt: and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of the most high God, and through the favour of her, by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it.”—“ Did not I tell you so?” quoth Sancho, hearing this; “ so that I was not drunk: see, if my Master has not already put the giant in pickle: here are the bulls²²; my earldom is safe.” Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities of both master and man? They all laughed except the innkeeper, who cursed himself to the devil. But, at length, the Barber, Cardenio, and the Priest, with much ado, threw Don Quixote on the bed; who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort Sancho for not finding the giant’s head: though they had most to do to pacify the innkeeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said: “ In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this Knight-errant into my house: Oh that my eyes had never seen him! He has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night’s reckoning, for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself, and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a Knight-adventurer! Evil

adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world! And therefore he said, he was not obliged to pay any thing; for so it was written in the registers of Knight-errantry: and now again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and returns it me with two-penny worth of damage, all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. And, after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine! would I could see his blood so let out! But let him not think to escape; for, by the bones of my father, and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter." The hostess said all this, and more, in great wrath; and honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her. The daughter held her peace, but now and then smiled. The Priest quieted all, promising to make them the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him, that whenever it should really appear, that his Master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. With this Sancho was comforted, and assured the Princess, she might depend upon it, that he had seen

the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it was not to be found, it was, because every thing passed in that house by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain; for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire. All being now pacified, the Priest had a mind to read the remainder of the novel; for he saw it wanted but little. Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest entreated him so to do; and he, willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story as follows:

"Now so it was, that Anselmo, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of Camilla, lived with all the content and security in the world; and Camilla purposely looked shy on Lothario, that Anselmo might think she rather hated than loved him: and Lothario, for farther security in his affair, begged Anselmo to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain, the sight of him gave Camilla great uneasiness. But the deceived Anselmo would by no means comply with his request: and thus, by a thousand different ways, he became the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was so of his pleasure. As for Leonela, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding any thing else, she let loose the reins, and took her swing, being confident

that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on.

In short, one night, Anselmo perceived somebody walking in Leonela's chamber; and, being desirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held against him, which increased his desire of getting in; and he made such an effort, that he burst open the door, and, just as he entered, he saw a man leap down from the window into the street: and running hastily to stop him, or to see, who he was, he could do neither; for Leonela clung about him, crying; "Dear Sir, be calm, and be not so greatly disturbed, nor pursue the man, who leaped out: he belongs to me; in short, he is my husband." Anselmo would not believe Leonela, but blind with rage, drew his poniard, and offered to stab her, assuring her, that if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her. She, with the fright, not knowing what she was saying, said: "Do not kill me, Sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine."—"Tell me then quickly," said Anselmo, "or you are a dead woman."—"At present, it is impossible," said Leonela, "I am in such confusion: let me alone until to-morrow morning, and then you shall know from me what will amaze you: in the mean time be assured, that the person, who jumped out of the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage."