

CLASSICS TO GO



**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE
OR THE SPANISH ROGUE
VOL 1 - 3 COMPLETE**

MATEO ALEMÁN

The Life and Adventures

Of Guzman D'Alfarache or the Spanish Rogu

Vol 1 - 3 Complete

Mateo Alemán

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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

"ON THE AUTHOR, WORKE, AND TRANSLATOR."

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

BEN JONSON.

Some years since, indeed, a Mr. O'Conner published another Translation, avowedly "for the entertainment of a few friends who did not understand French," and for the incorrectness and mediocrity of which, he made many apologies. This was re-published about four years since; but it is little known: out of print I apprehend: confined to the few, and inaccessible to the many.

These circumstances considered, and a reflection of pity that such an eminent production of genius should be lost to the British Public, in an age so devoted to the Arts in general, and Literature in particular, induced me to engage in the Translation which I now present to my readers; faithfully rendered from the French of Le Sage, whose pre-eminent talents are too well known to render my

expatiating on them necessary. How far I have succeeded in catching the spirit of my prototype (who certainly identifies himself most felicitously with his original) others must determine; I can alone plead the most minute attention, and persevering diligence. If, therefore, to arrive as nearly at perfection as possible, I have consulted the most authentic sources of information, and used the utmost assiduity in collating the accessaries to the subject I engaged in, though approbation may be qualified, it will not, I trust, be withheld: and though praise for perfection be denied, acceptation will be accorded by liberality for exertion, and by candour for fidelity.

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

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

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

As in his History of Guzman, a professed rogue, he had to describe, necessarily, predicaments and adventures of a nefarious character, that they might produce the proper effect, a dissuasive from evil, he accompanied each with moral reflections too enlightened to be slighted, and too

impressive to be easily forgotten: mingling circumstance and reasoning so adroitly together, that entertainment and instruction, the utile et dulce, are blended in the most effectual manner; and while the one excites admiration, the other, as forcibly, not only counteracts evil example, but impresses the mind fully with the vanity of folly, and the turpitude of crime.

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

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

CHAP. I.

Introduction.

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

To proceed, therefore, in due course, I will introduce my parents to your notice. Were I to relate their history, I doubt not that you would find it more entertaining than my own; but think not that I am going so far to enlarge at their expence as to reveal all that I know of them: let any other that pleases rake up the ashes of the dead, and regale himself on their bodies, like the hyena; for my part, I shall so far respect the memory of my parents, as to pass over in silence such things as it would not become me to speak of; and it is even my wish so to set off such as I shall recount to you, that it may be said of me, "Blessed be the man who thus glosses over the crimes of his ancestors."

Their conduct, however, has certainly not always been blameless, and some of their actions have made so much noise in the world, that it were in vain for me to attempt to make them appear spotless. I shall only give the lie to the numerous comments that have been made upon the truth; for, God be praised! it is the fashion now-a-days to disguise truth by such comments. Every man who relates a story, whether from malice or ostentation, is sure to interlard

with it some portion of slander, more or less; such is the good disposition of our nature, that something of our own invention must be added to that which is expected of us. I will relate to you an example of this.

I knew a gentleman at Madrid, a stranger, who was a great lover of Spanish horses. He possessed two of a remarkably fine shape, a sorrel and a dapple grey, which he would willingly have transported to his own country; but it not being lawful, and, besides, scarcely possible, on account of the very great distance, he resolved to have them painted, that he might at least have the pleasure of shewing their pictures to his friends. With this view he employed two celebrated painters, to each of whom he gave a horse to paint; promising, over and above the price agreed on, to recompense handsomely the one whose performance should excel the other's.

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

When the gentleman saw the two paintings, he with reason very much preferred the sorrel to the other, paid without hesitation what the artist demanded, and presented him besides with a fine ring. The other painter seeing the stranger so liberal, and conceiving that he deserved a much greater recompence than his rival, set his performance at an excessive rate; at which the gentleman, being surprised, asked him, "How he could for a moment imagine that he would purchase his painting at a higher

rate than the other, to which it was undoubtedly much inferior?" "Inferior!" answered the painter: "I grant that my brother may have excelled me in the horse, but my shrubs and ruins alone are worth much more than the whole of his painting." "I had no occasion," answered the gentleman, "for your shrubs and ruins, we have enough of those in our own country. In one word, all that I desired of you was a true painting of my horse."

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

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

CHAP. II.

Of the Parents of Guzman, but more particularly of his Father.

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

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

My parents well knew that they were reproached with these and the like villanies, but as they were prudent, peaceful people, they always went on their own way, and cared not what detractors said of them. In fact, when one behaves with decorum, why pay any regard to such slander? My father was a constant attendant at church, and always carried about with him a rosary of fifteen complete sections, each bead of which was larger than a hazel-nut. He never failed at mass; humbly kneeling before the altar, with his hands folded together, and his eyes turned up towards heaven, he uttered such ejaculations, and sighed with so much fervency, that he inspired all around him with devotion. Can it be believed, then, without injustice, that with so truly religious an outward appearance, he was

capable of the infamous transactions of which he was accused? God only is able to form a correct judgment of the heart of man. I confess, that if I saw a religious man enter a house in the night-time, armed with a sword, I might suspect his intention; but that such a man as my father, who was constantly seen to act in this Christian-like manner, should be taxed with hypocrisy, is a piece of malignity which I cannot pass over.

Thus, though he had determined to treat all these unpleasant reports respecting him with contempt, he found that he had not always resolution sufficient to bear them with patience. That he might hear no more of them, therefore, he determined upon leaving the City. Another reason for his taking this resolution was, that he had received information that his correspondent at Seville, with whom he was engaged for a considerable sum, had become a bankrupt. At this distressing intelligence he embarked immediately for Spain, in the hope of meeting with that person. But the vessel in which he sailed being taken by the corsairs, he was made a slave and carried to Algiers.

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

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

himself able to commence business again in a better condition than ever.

On the other hand, my father's thoughts were still completely occupied with the remembrance of his correspondent's bankruptcy, and he never failed to make inquiries respecting him in all his letters to Spain. He learnt by this means, that his debtor had adjusted his affairs, and was in a better condition than ever: this afforded some consolation to our captive, who began to hope from that moment that he should recover some part of his debt. As to his having taken upon him the Turkish habit, and married in Algiers, nothing appeared easier to him than to clear himself from any difficulty on that score. The first thing he did, was to persuade his wife to turn all her property into ready money, telling her that he was desirous to trade again. In respect to what jewels she had, he made not the slightest scruple to possess himself of them, before she had the least suspicion of his intention.

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

Having got rid of an affair of so great importance, he thought of nothing but Seville, whither he hastened immediately. The news of my father's having embraced Mahometanism had got to Seville long before him, and his correspondent felt so well assured of it, that he was enjoying his money without entertaining the slightest apprehension of ever being compelled to make any account of it: judge, therefore, of his surprise upon seeing the Genoese strut into his house one fine morning, with an imperious air, and dressed in a manner bearing but little resemblance to a slave; he could not but believe him for some moments to be some spirit in the form of his principal creditor; but recollecting, in spite of himself, that it was my father, in his own flesh and blood, he was obliged at length to come to some explanation. With the utmost effrontery, therefore, he agreed that it was but right to settle accounts; but that they had so many and long dealings together, that their business required a long discussion. It may be boldly asserted, that during their commerce there had been a thousand rogueries on both sides, known to themselves only; and as these slights of hand, or mutual juggles, are never entered on tradesmen's books, this roguish correspondent had the audacity to deny three-fourths of them, unmindful of the good faith and honor which thieves are said so religiously to observe towards each other.

What more have I to tell you? After the perusal and reperusal of many papers pro and con; after an infinity of demands and replies, accompanied by reproaches and reciprocal hard words; an accommodation was made, by which my father was content to lose the greater part of his demand. Of water spilt we must recover what we can, and certainly my father acted wisely in ridding himself at Malaga of the itch of Algiers. If he had not taken this precaution, he would have obtained no redress, nor would

he have touched a farthing of his debt. A man of his correspondent's character might easily have taken advantage of the circumstance at Seville; perhaps by giving the half of his debt to the Brothers of the Holy Inquisition to undertake the cause for him. You may judge of the feeling he entertained towards him, by the reports that he spread to his disadvantage throughout Seville. What absurdities did he not relate to all the merchants upon 'Change, of two former petty bankruptcies of the Genoese, which, in fact, were not without fraud; but do other merchants act differently? Is it not hard then, thus to cry down one unfortunate speculator who, to repair and patch up his deranged affairs, has recourse to a little bankruptcy? This is nothing among merchants; they easily make amends to each other by a compliment of the like nature. If it were so very great a crime, would not justice take care to remedy it? Undoubtedly; for so severe is she, that we see many a poor devil well whipped, and sent to the galleys, for less than five or six reals.

This rascal of a correspondent was not content with having destroyed my father's reputation by divulging his two bankruptcies; his malignity went so far, that he endeavoured to make him appear ridiculous in the world, by giving out that he took more pains with his person than an antiquated coquette, and that his face was always covered with red and white paint. I grant you that my father curled his hair, and perfumed himself, and took a vast deal of pains with his teeth and hands. But what of this? he loved himself, and not hating women, he neglected nothing that he thought would make his person agreeable to them. This afforded fine sport for our correspondent, who at first did some harm; but as soon as my father became somewhat better known at Seville, he contrived to efface all the bad impressions that slander had made, for he conducted himself in so plausible a manner, and made a

show of so much uprightness and sincerity in all his actions, that he gained the esteem and friendship of the first merchants in that city.

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

CHAP. III.

Guzman relates how his Father makes an acquaintance with a Lady, with the consequences thereof.

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

My father followed with the rest to the church, and stationed himself at the font; not so much out of a desire to see the ceremony, as the face of a lady whom an old knight led, and who, as it appeared, was to stand for the infant, with this superannuated cavalier. Both the face and figure of this lady were so admirable, that my father was much struck with her appearance. Although in an undress, he could not but admire her graceful deportment, and, as she chanced to raise her veil for an instant, he beheld a face which completely charmed him: there certainly was not a more lovely woman in Seville. He kept his eye immoveably fixed upon this charmer, who was far from being displeased at observing it; for beautiful women are never vexed at a man's looking at them with admiration, although he be of the very dregs of the people. She, in her turn, took a very minute survey of the merchant, and not considering him unworthy of a tender look, she bestowed one on him, which had the desired effect so completely, that he scarcely recollected where he was. He was not, however, so entirely lost as to forget to follow his mistress, after the ceremony, to ascertain where she resided, and who she was. He found that she lived with this old knight, and was kept by him in a

very expensive style, out of an income that he derived from two or three rich benefices in his possession.

My father was not displeased at this discovery, for he felt assured that such a woman could not live very contentedly with her old companion. With this thought, he contrived all the ways he could to see her again and to speak to her, but in vain; he never met her without her old gallant, who never lost sight of her. But these difficulties only added fuel to his flame, and served but to make him sharper and more eager. At length he was fortunate enough, by dint of presents and promises, to gain over to him a duenna, without whose aid he could never have succeeded; this was apparently a good, religious old woman, who (dissembler as she was) had free admittance into the knight's house, and was not in the least mistrusted. This hypocrite, a true agent of Satan, excited the lady's passions by continually speaking of the love and constancy of the Genoese, whose good qualities she did not fail to exaggerate. The lady, who did not possess the disposition of a tigress, listened so far to the old woman's persuasions that she commissioned her to desire my father not to despair. It is certain, and not to be wondered at, that she was more favourably disposed towards him than towards her old knight, who was very disgusting, much incommoded with the gravel, and oftentimes with the gout; while, on the contrary, the merchant promised to realize her hopes of an active and vigorous young gallant. A woman of experience could not hesitate an instant in her choice. But as she was a prudent woman, who had more regard to her interest than to anything else, she was rather perplexed how to act; for though she was night and day completely beset by her keeper's jealous fears, so that it was scarcely possible for her to carry on a secret correspondence with the Genoese, yet she was feathering her nest too snugly all this while,

through her old man's kindnesses to her, to think of giving him up so suddenly for a stranger.

Nevertheless, the lovers came to a proper understanding, through the old woman's mediation; the only difficulty after which was to get an opportunity and place of interview. But nothing is impossible to love. When the parties are agreed mountains even shall be divided to give them way. The lady, who was a woman of some experience in these matters, arranged the following plan. She proposed to the old gentleman to accompany her to pass the day at a house of his at Gelvas. It was the most pleasant time of the year, and he consented, therefore, to the proposal, which was perfectly agreeable to him. It was not the first time that they had made this same trip together, the old gentleman being much attached to that part of the country. Of all parts of Spain, Andalusia is, undoubtedly, the most pleasant, and no part of Andalusia is so attractive as Gelvas and St. Juan d'Alfarache, two adjoining villages, which the famous river Guadalquivir fertilizes with its waters, winding about them in such various meanders, that it appears to quit them with regret. The spot abounds with beautiful gardens, the most delicious fruits and flowers, fountains, grottoes, and cascades. In a word, everything that can flatter the sight, taste, and smell, is here to be met with to admiration.

When the day for setting out on this trip arrived, servants were sent off early in the morning to get everything ready at Gelvas. Some hours after, the knight and his darling started, with the duenna, (who was always of their company, and never at all in the way,) all three on quiet mules, and followed by two footmen. When they had got just within sight of my father's house, by which they must of necessity pass, the young lady was suddenly taken with so violent a fit of the cholic, that she beseeched the old gentleman, if he did not wish to see her die on the spot,

to stop immediately; then slipping gently from the saddle to the ground, as if she was half dead, she requested some rest and refreshment, in a weak voice, saying that she could go no farther. The old man, who from his heart sincerely pitied her, knew not what to say or do; but the duenna, whose cue it was now to speak, represented in a very prudent manner to the lady, that it was by no means proper that she should remain in such a situation on the highway; that if she could not manage to walk, she had better allow herself to be carried to the house which was not far off, and which appeared to belong to some person of distinction, who could not refuse to afford every accommodation to a lady who so much required it. The old gentleman highly approved of the duenna's advice; and the pretended sick lady said, thereupon, that they should do what they pleased with her, but that as to walking so far, the cruel pains she was suffering rendered it utterly impossible. The two footmen, therefore, carried her, whilst the afflicted old knight walked on before to speak to the people of the house, to entreat them to afford accommodation to his mistress for a few hours.

I have already told you that this house was my father's. It was left in the care of an old housekeeper, who had ample instructions how to behave to serve him in this instance. As soon as she heard a knocking at the door, she ran to open it, and pretending to be astonished at seeing a stranger, she inquired his business in a trembling voice. "I only desire," answered the cavalier, "that you will be so kind as to allow a lady, whom I am conducting to Gelvas, and who has been suddenly taken ill at a short distance from hence, to rest herself for a short time in your house, and that you will be kind enough to assist us in the application of something which may relieve her."—"If that be all," replied the housekeeper, "you shall have every reason to be satisfied, for you could not have pitched upon a more

charitable house." In the mean time, the sick lady came up to them, carried by her two footmen. "Behold where she approaches," cried the knight, "suffering grievously with the cholic."

"Walk in, Sir Knight, with your lady," said the housekeeper, "you are both most welcome. I only regret that my master is not at home to receive you. He would spare nothing to entertain you as you appear to deserve; but in his absence I will take upon me to perform his part in the best manner I am able."

She then conducted the lady into a fine chamber, with a noble bed in it, the furniture of which was but half finished, that the old man might have no cause of suspicion. Every thing being in readiness, such as perfumed sheets, soft pillows, and a satin-pinked quilt, the lady was soon put to bed, still complaining of the obstinacy of her disorder. The housekeeper and the duenna, equally disposed to good works, heated some flannels, which, as fast as they were brought to the invalid, she slid down with her foot to the bottom of the bed. Had she not done this, she would, undoubtedly, have been so incommoded that the heat would have given her the vapours. She was obliged also to take a good draught of mulled wine, which she could well have dispensed with; so that to prevent the possibility of any other remedy still more disagreeable, she declared that she felt relieved, and that if she were left alone for a quarter of an hour, she doubted not that she should be, by that time, perfectly well again. The good old man was very glad to find that she felt an inclination to take some rest, which he considered as a certain indication that she was getting better. He left the room, therefore, immediately, not forgetting to lock the door after him, and to desire the servants to make no noise, leaving the duenna only, with the sick lady. He went himself to take a turn in the garden, waiting impatiently for the happy moment when he should

be summoned to attend his dear mistress again, quite recovered of her cholic.

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

The sun by this time became rather too powerful in the garden, in spite of the shade of the groves, and the coolness of the fountain. The old knight being now tired, and besides quite uneasy to know how his nymph did, resolved to leave the garden, and returned with a slow pace towards the house. The lady, whom I shall in future call my mother, pretended to be still fast asleep when the old man entered her chamber, and as if the noise that he made in coming in awoke her, she complained that he had not the complaisance even to allow her to rest herself for a quarter of an hour. "A quarter of an hour," cried he. "I swear by your lovely eyes, my darling, that you have been asleep here for at least two hours." "No, no," replied she, "I am convinced it cannot be half an hour, for it seemed to me that I was just dozing off. However it may be," added she, "I feel that I never had more need of rest than at this moment." She put on a cheerful countenance, however, and assured the old knight that she felt herself much better; which he was exceedingly glad to hear: and finding that the heat had become so excessive that they could not venture out on their journey again, he proposed to his faithful mistress to pass the remainder of the day where she was, and where they had met with so much more attention than they could have anticipated. She consented, provided that the people of the house would but allow of it; and so the old cavalier asked the housekeeper's permission, who told him that he was perfectly at liberty to make himself quite at home in that house, and that so far from being displeased, her master would be proud of such a favour. Having then

resolved to stay, they dispatched one of their servants to the house at Gelvas, to desire the other servants who were already there, to repair to them with a stock of provisions.

Whilst the knight was issuing these orders, my father stole out of the house, got on horseback, and returned to Seville, merely to shew himself upon 'Change, and to come back, to sleep, as usual, at St. Juan d'Alfarache. The time appeared to pass but slowly to him; but, as he had no reason to complain of his day's work, he made more than usual haste to set out on his return home again, where he arrived about six o'clock. His old rival hastened out to meet him, apologizing and requesting to be excused for the liberty he had taken. Compliments passed on both sides, but more particularly on that of my father, whose fine speeches and polished manners, though they cost him nothing, entirely won the old man's heart, insomuch that he himself conducted him to his lady, who had just entered the garden to enjoy the air, the excessive heat having considerably gone off. The merchant saluted her as if she was entirely unknown to him, and she received him with as much dissimulation, as if she had never in her life seen him before.

It not being yet the proper time to walk, the party entered a small arbour, which was the more refreshing as it was situated on the bank of the river. They began to play at primero, and the lady won, my father being too gallant a man not to allow himself to lose in such a case. After the game they took a turn round the walks, which was followed by a good supper, which lasted so long that they no sooner rose from table than they were obliged to return to Seville by water, in a small barge which my father had caused to be set off with green boughs and flowers for that purpose. To complete their entertainment, they heard concerts of music performed by some persons that sung and played on several instruments in a small boat, which immediately

followed their's down the river Guadalquiver. At last, the lady and her old gallant, after having been most agreeably entertained, returned hearty thanks to my father for his handsome reception of them; which had such an effect on the old knight that he thought he never could make sufficient acknowledgments for it; and so great was the friendship he conceived for my father, that I do not think he could have made up his mind to leave him so soon, without the promise of seeing him again the next day.

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

they examined every thing; it was very evident that some one had been there before them, and they found themselves obliged to be at the expence of his funeral for the honor of the family. They behaved, however, as well as they could, without shedding many tears on the occasion; but who ever mourns much for a person that leaves nothing? It is for heirs only who are well paid for it to appear to be afflicted.

The kindred of the deceased had made sure of succeeding to a considerable property. They could not possibly conceive how a man who enjoyed fifteen thousand livres a-year in church revenues could die so miserably poor. They knew that his house had been nobly furnished, and could not doubt that he had been robbed of his effects. In vain did they make every possible inquiry; in vain did they cause monitory letters to be affixed to different church doors. Thieves never refund what they have made off with, though under the dread of being excommunicated. After all, my mother had good reasons for quietly taking possession of the old gentleman's property; for, a short time prior to his death, when he had occasion to go to his strong box, or to inspect his jewels, or had by chance bought some curious piece of furniture, he would say to my mother: Have but patience, my dearest, this is all for thee. Besides, if she had any scruple on her conscience after this, which she considered as no less than a gift in form, you must needs acknowledge that she well deserved her inheritance, for having contented herself for several years with so disagreeable an old bedfellow; added to which, the divines whom she consulted on the occasion completely acquitted her, with an assurance that she had taken nothing but what was undoubtedly her due.

CHAP. IV.

Guzman's Father gets married, and dies: what followed his death.

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

It is, nevertheless, possible that my discreet mother might have had a third gallant in some commoner, for she that deceives one man is very capable of deceiving two; but whether it was instinct, or that I confided in my mother's assurance, I always looked upon the noble Genoese as my father, and I can assure you, that whether he actually was my father or not, he loved both my mother and me most tenderly; which he made sufficiently appear afterwards, as regarded her, by the bold step he ventured to take in marrying her. He knew very well what reputation she had, and that he should be pointed at in the city, where my mother was well known by the name of the knight's lady. But what did he care for that? he knew very well what he did; for at the commencement of their acquaintance his affairs were on the decline, and the continuation of it did

not, by any means, tend to ameliorate them; while the lady, who had at least as much knavery about her as good management, had dispensed her favours to so good an account, that she was now mistress of at least ten thousand ducats, which sum was the means of saving my father from another stoppage he was on the point of making, and enabled him to make as good a figure as ever among the merchants. He was, unfortunately, passionately fond of company, splendour, and show; but as he could not long satisfy this ruling passion, without plunging himself into the same difficulties again, from which my mother's money had but just extricated him, he found himself, a few years after his marriage, obliged to become bankrupt again for the last time; I say the last time, because, finding himself without resource, and utterly unable to keep up his former equipage and appearance, he chose rather to die with chagrin, than to survive the date of his prosperity.

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

I doubt not that my mother has a thousand times wished she had had a girl instead of me, which would, undoubtedly,

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

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

A daughter in my stead, would, certainly, then, have been better for my mother, or even had she had us both, my sister would have been a harbour for us in our present wreck, and we should soon have made a good fortune at Seville, where purchasers are always sure to be found for every sort of commodity. It is the common retreat of persons who have only their wits to live on: it serves as the mother to orphans, and a cloak to sinners. At all events, if that city were not sufficient, we could have proceeded to Madrid, where such a jewel is always saleable. If, at first, we were not able to dispose of it for a permanency, there we could, at least, put it in pledge to so good an account, as always to live in plenty. If I am not more awkward than another man, I think that having a pretty sister, I could have managed to obtain some good preferment; but Heaven ordained it otherwise, and made me an only son for my sins.

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

CHAP. V.

Guzman sets out from Seville. His first adventure at an Inn.

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

This newly created signor not having set out until late in the afternoon, went but a short distance the first day, though he made what haste he could for fear of being pursued. In fact I went no farther than the chapel of St. Lazarus, which is but a short way from the city. Being already fatigued I sat down on the steps rather sorrowfully, beginning to feel some anxiety as to what would become of me. After having sat there thinking for some time, a religious idea came across my mind, which I immediately gratified by entering the chapel, where I addressed myself to God, beseeching him to inspire me with his counsels. My prayer was fervent, but short, the time not allowing me to make it longer, for it was just the hour for closing the chapel, which I was therefore obliged to quit, and I was left on the steps again, where I remained not without fear of what might happen to me.

Represent to yourself at the door of this chapel a child who had been accustomed to every indulgence and maintained in plenty. Consider that I knew not where to go, nor what to decide on. There was no inn near to the place, though my appetite informed me that it was quite supper-time. There was certainly plenty of clear water running