

deceived of any man alive. He therefore carried Lothario immediately to his house, as the instrument of his glory, though he was, indeed, the only cause of his infamy and dishonour. Camilla received him with a face that ill expressed the satisfaction of her mind, being forced to put on frowns in her looks, while her heart prompted nothing but smiles of joy for his presence.

For some months the fraud was concealed; but then fortune, turning her wheel, discovered to the world the wickedness they had so long and artificially disguised; and Anselmo's impertinent curiosity cost him his life.

CHAPTER VIII

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

THE novel was come near a conclusion, when Sancho Panza came running out of Don Quixote's chamber in a terrible fright, crying out, "Help, help, good people, help my master! He is just now at it, tooth and nail, with that same giant, the Princess Micomicona's foe: I never saw a more dreadful battle in my born-days. He has lent him such a sliver, that whip off went the giant's head, as round as a turnip."—"You are mad, Sancho," said the curate, interrupted in his reading; "is thy master such a devil of a hero, as to fight a giant at two thousand leagues' distance?" Upon this, they presently heard a noise and bustle in the chamber, and Don Quixote bawling out, "Stay, villain, robber, stay; since I have thee here, thy scimitar shall but little avail thee;" and with this, they heard him strike with his sword, with all his force against the walls.—"Good folks,"

said Sancho, "my master does not want your hearkening; why do not you run in and help him? though I believe it is after meat mustard, for sure the giant is by this time gone to pot, and giving an account of his ill life: for I saw his blood run all about the house, and his head sailing in the middle of it: but such a head! it is bigger than any wine-skin* in Spain."—"Death and hell!" cries the innkeeper, "I will be cut like a cucumber, if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not been hacking my wine-skins¹ that stood filled at his bed's-head, and this coxcomb has taken the spilt liquor for blood." Then running with the whole company into the room, they found the poor knight in the most comical posture imaginable.

He was standing in his shirt, the fore-part of it scarcely reaching to the bottom of his belly, and about a span shorter behind; this added a very peculiar air to his long lean legs, as dirty and hairy as a beast's. To make him all of a piece, he wore on his head a little red greasy cast night-cap of the innkeeper's; he had wrapped one of the best blankets about his left arm for a shield; and wielded his drawn sword in the right, laying about him pell-mell; with

* In Spain they keep their wines in the skin of a hog, goat, sheep, or other beast, pitched within, and sewed close without.

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VIII., Book IV.

now and then a start of some military expression, as if he had been really engaged with some giant. But the best jest of all, he was all this time fast asleep; for the thoughts of the adventure he had undertaken, had so wrought on his imagination, that his depraved fancy had in his sleep represented to him the kingdom of Micomicon, and the giant: and dreaming that he was then fighting him, he assaulted the wine-skins so desperately, that he set the whole chamber afloat with good wine. The innkeeper, enraged to see the havoc, flew at Don Quixote with his fists; and had not Cardenio and the curate taken him off, he had proved a giant indeed against the knight. All this could not wake the poor Don, till the barber, throwing a bucket of cold water on him, wakened him from his sleep, though not from his dream.

The shortness of her champion's shirt gave Dorothea a surfeit of the battle. Sancho ran up and down the room searching for the giant's head, till, finding his labour fruitless, "Well, well," said he, "now I see plainly that this house is haunted, for when I was here before, in this very room was I beaten like any stock-fish, but knew no more than the man in the moon who struck me; and now the giant's head that I saw

cut off with these eyes, is vanished; and I am sure I saw the body spout blood like a pump.”—“What a prating and a nonsense does this damned son of a whore keep about blood and a pump, and I know not what,” said the innkeeper; “I tell you, rascal, it is my wine-skins that are slashed, and my wine that runs about the floor here, and I hope to see the soul of him that spilt it swimming in hell for his pains.”—“Well, well,” said Sancho, “do not trouble me; I only tell you, that I cannot find the giant’s head, and my earldom is gone after it, and so I am undone, like salt in water.” And truly Sancho’s waking dream was as pleasant as his master’s when asleep. The innkeeper was almost mad to see the foolish squire harp so on the same string with his frantic master, and swore they should not come off now as before, that their chivalry should be no satisfaction for his wine, but that they should pay him sauce for the damage, and for the very leathern patches which the wounded wine-skins would want.

Don Quixote, in the meanwhile, believing he had finished his adventure, and mistaking the curate, that held him by the arms, for the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before him, and with a respect due to a royal presence,

“Now may your highness,” said he, “great and illustrious princess, live secure, free from any further apprehensions from your conquered enemy; and now I am acquitted of my engagement, since, by the assistance of heaven, and the influence of her favour, by whom I live and conquer, your adventure is so happily achieved.”—“Did not I tell you so, gentlefolks?” said Sancho; “who is drunk or mad now? See if my master has not already put the giant in pickle? Here are the bulls,* and I am an earl.” The whole company (except the innkeeper, who gave himself to the devil) were like to split at the extravagances of master and man. At last, the barber, Cardenio, and the curate, having, with much ado, got Don Quixote to bed, he presently fell asleep, being heartily tired; and then they left him, to comfort Sancho Panza for the loss of the giant’s head; but it was no easy matter to appease the innkeeper, who was at his wit’s end for the unexpected and sudden fate of his wine-skins.

The hostess, in the meantime, ran up and down the house crying and roaring: “In an ill hour,” said she, “did this unlucky knight-errant come into my house; I wish, for my

* In allusion to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming.

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VIII., Book IV

part, I had never seen him, for he has been a dear guest to me. He and his man, his horse and his ass, went away last time without paying me a cross for their supper, their bed, their litter and provender; and all, forsooth, because he was seeking adventures. What, in the devil's name, have I to do with his statutes of chivalry? If they oblige him not to pay, they should oblige him not to eat neither. It was upon this score that the t'other fellow took away my good tail; it is clear spoiled, the hair is all torn off, and my husband can never use it again. And now to come upon me again, with destroying my wine-skins, and spilling my liquor; may somebody spill his heart's blood for it for me! But I will be paid, so I will, to the last maravedis, or I will disown my name,¹ and forswear the mother that bore me." Her honest maid Maritornes seconded her fury; but Master Curate stopped their mouths by promising that he would see them satisfied for their wine and their skins, but especially for the tail which they kept such a clatter about. Dorothea comforted Sancho, assuring him, that whenever it appeared that his master had killed the giant, and restored her to her dominions, he should be sure of the best earldom in her

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter VIII., Book IV.

disposal. With this he huckled up again, and swore "that he himself had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard that reached down to his middle; and if it could not be found it must be hid by witchcraft, for every thing went by enchantment in that house, as he had found to his cost when he was there before."—Dorothea answered, that she believed him; and desired him to pluck up his spirits, for all things would be well. All parties being quieted, Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, entreated the curate to finish the novel, which was so near a conclusion; and he, in obedience to their commands, took up the book and read on.

Anselmo grew so satisfied in Camilla's virtue, that he lived with all the content and security in the world; to confirm which, Camilla ever in her looks seemed to discover her aversion to Lothario, which made him desire Anselmo to dispense with his coming to his house, since he found how averse his wife was to him, and how great a disgust she had to his company; but Anselmo would not be persuaded to yield to his request; and was so blind, that, seeking his content, he perpetually promoted his dishonour. He was not the only person pleased with the condition he lived in; Leonela was so transported with her amour, that, secured by

her lady's connivance, she perfectly abandoned herself to the indiscreet enjoyment of her gallant: so that one night her master heard somebody in her chamber, and coming to the door to discover who it was, he found it held fast against him; but at last forcing it open, he saw one leap out of the window the instant he entered the room: he would have pursued him, but Leonela clinging about him, begged him to appease his anger and concern, since the person that made his escape was her husband. Anselmo would not believe her, but drawing his dagger, threatened to kill her if she did not immediately make full discovery of the matter. Distracted with fear, she begged him to spare her life, and she would discover things that more nearly related to him than he imagined.—“Speak quickly then,” replied Anselmo, “or you die.”—“It is impossible,” returned she, “that in this confusion and fright I should say anything that can be understood; but give me but till to-morrow morning, and I will lay such things before you, as will surprise and amaze you: but believe me, sir, the person that leaped out of the window, is a young man of this city, who is contracted to me.” This something appeased Anselmo, and prevailed with him to allow her till the next morning to

make her confession: for he was too well assured of Camilla's virtue, by the past trial, to suspect that there could be anything relating to her in what Leonela had to tell him: wherefore fastening her in her room, and threatening that she should never come out till she had done what she had promised, he returned to his chamber to Camilla, and told her all that had passed, without omitting the promise she had given him to make some strange discovery the next morning. You may easily imagine the concern this gave Camilla; she made no doubt but that the discovery Leonela had promised was of her disloyalty; and without waiting to know whether it was so or not, that very night, as soon as Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her jewels, and some money, she got undiscovered out of the house, and went to Lothario, informed him of all that had passed, and desired him either to put her in some place of safety, or to go with her where they might enjoy each other secure from the fears of Anselmo. This surprising relation so confounded Lothario, that for some time he knew not what he did, or what resolution to take; but at last, with Camilla's consent, he put her into a nunnery, where a sister of his was abbess, and immediately, without

acquainting anybody with his departure, left the city.

Anselmo, as soon as it was day, got up, without missing his wife, and hurried away to Leonela's chamber, to hear what she had to say to him; but he found nobody there, only the sheets tied together, and fastened to the window, showed which way she had made her escape; on which he returned very sad to tell Camilla the adventure, but was extremely surprised when he found her not in the whole house, nor could hear any news of her from his servants; but finding in his search her trunks open, and most of her jewels gone, he no longer doubted of his dishonour: so, pensive and half-dressed as he was, he went to Lothario's lodging to tell him his misfortune; but when his servants informed him that he was gone that very night, with all his money and jewels, his pangs were redoubled, and his grief increased almost to madness. To conclude, he returned home, found his house empty, for fear had driven away all his servants. He knew not what to think, say, or do. He saw himself forsaken by his friend, his wife, and his very servants, with whom he imagined that Heaven itself had abandoned him; but his greatest trouble was to find himself robbed of his honour and repu-

tation, for Camilla's crime was but too evident from all these concurring circumstances. After a thousand distracting thoughts, he resolved to retreat to that village whither he formerly retired, to give Lothario an opportunity to ruin him; wherefore, fastening up his doors, he took horse, full of despair and languishing sorrow, the violence of which was so great, that he had scarce rid half way, when he was forced to alight, and, tying his horse to a tree, he threw himself beneath it, and spent, in that melancholy posture, a thousand racking reflections, most part of the day; till, a little before night, he discovered a passenger coming the same road, of whom he inquired what news at Florence? The traveller replied, that the most surprising news that had been heard of late, was now all the talk of the city, which was, that Lothario had that very night carried away the wealthy Anselmo's wife Camilla, which was all confessed by Camilla's woman, who was apprehended that night as she slipped from the window of Anselmo's house, by a pair of sheets. "The truth of this story I cannot affirm," continued the traveller; "but every body is astonished at the accident; for no man could ever suspect such a crime from a person engaged in so strict a friendship with Anselmo as Lothario

was; for they were called the Two Friends.”—“Is it yet known,” replied Anselmo, “which way Lothario and Camilla are gone?”—“No, sir,” returned the traveller, “though the governor has made as strict a search after them as is possible.”—Anselmo asked no more questions, but after they had taken their leaves of each other, the traveller left him and pursued his journey.

This mournful news so affected the unfortunate Anselmo, that he was struck with death almost that very moment. Getting therefore on his horse as well as he could, he arrived at his friend's house. He knew nothing yet of his disgrace; but seeing him so pale and melancholy, concluded that some great misfortune had befallen him. Anselmo desired to be immediately led to his chamber, and furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and to be left alone with his door locked: when, finding that his end approached, he resolved to leave in writing the cause of his sudden and unexpected death. Taking therefore the pen, he began to write; but, unable to finish what he designed, he died a martyr to his impertinent curiosity. The gentleman, finding he did not call, and that it grew late, resolved to enter his chamber, and see whether his friend was better or worse. He

found him half out of bed, lying on his face, with the pen in his hand, and a paper open before him. Seeing him in this posture, he drew near him, called and moved him, but soon found he was dead; which made him call his servants to behold the unhappy event; and then took up the paper, which he saw was written in Anselmo's own hand, and was to this effect:—

“A foolish and impertinent desire has robbed me of life. If Camilla hear of my death, let her know that I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was there any reason I should have desired or expected it; and since I contrived my own dishonour, there is no cause”—

Thus far Anselmo writ; but life would not hold out till he could give the reasons he designed. The next day the gentleman of the house sent word of Anselmo's death to his relations, who already knew his misfortunes, as well as the nunnery whither Camilla was retired. She herself was indeed very near that death which her husband had passed; though not for the loss of him, but Lothario; of which she had lately heard a flying report; but though she was a widow now, she would neither take the veil, nor leave the nunnery; till, in a few days, the

news was confirmed¹ of his being slain in a battle betwixt Monsieur de Lautrec, and that great general, Gonzalo Fernandes de Cordona, in the kingdom of Naples.² This was the end of the offending and too late penitent friend; the news of which made Camilla immediately profess herself, and soon after, overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, pay for her transgression with the loss of her life. This was the unhappy end of them all, proceeding from so impertinent a beginning.

“I like this novel well enough,” said the curate; “yet, after all, I cannot persuade myself that there is anything of truth in it; and if it be purely invention, the author was in the wrong; for it is not to be imagined there could ever be a husband so foolish, as to venture on so dangerous an experiment. Had he made his husband and wife a gallant and a mistress, the fable had appeared more probable; but, as it is, it is next to impossible. However, I must confess, I have nothing to object against his manner of telling it.”

¹ See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter VIII., Book IV.

² *Ibid*, Note 5.

CHAPTER IX

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF MANY SURPRISING
ACCIDENTS IN THE INN

At the same time the innkeeper, who stood at the door, seeing company coming, “More guests,” cried he; “a brave jolly troop, on my word. If they stop here, we may sing, O be joyful.”—“What are they?” said Cardenio.—“Four men,” said the host, “on horseback, *à la Gineta*,* with black masks† on their faces, and armed with lances and targets; a lady too all in white, that rides single and masked; and two running footmen.”—“Are they near?” said the curate.—“Just at the door,” replied the innkeeper.—Hearing this, Dorothea veiled herself, and Cardenio had just time enough to step into the next room, where Don Quixote lay, when the strangers came into the yard. The four horsemen, who made a very genteel

* A kind of riding with short stirrups, which the Spaniards took from the Arabians, and is still used by all the African and Eastern nations.

† *Antifaz*; a piece of thin black silk, which the Spaniards wear before their faces in travelling, not for disguise, but to keep off the dust and sun.