

the Moor faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation; I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me¹ to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow-being in so forlorn a plight; so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. The children who had sallied forth open-mouthed as usual on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright (afrit), when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like a ruffling hen before her brood when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion", cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour, to draw upon us the eyes of the Inquisition?"

"Be quiet (1-c), wife", replied Peregil; "here is a poor sick stranger, without friend or home, wouldst thou turn him forth² to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated, for although (altho) she lived in a hovel³, she was a furious stickler for the credit⁴ of her house; the little water carrier, however, for once⁵ was stiff-necked, and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheep-skin for him, on the ground, in the coolest part of the house; being the only kind of bed, that his poverty afforded.

103.

Continuation.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill⁶ of the simple water carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and addressing him in a low voice, "My end", said he, "I fear is at hand.

¹ laisse-moi, permets-moi. — ² renvoyer, repousser. — ³ cabane. — ⁴ stickler, disputeur ardent; she was a furious stickler for the credit, elle était furieusement jalouse de l'honneur. — ⁵ une fois. — ⁶ habileté secourable.

If I die I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity"; so saying he opened his cloak, and showed a small box of sandal wood (wud), strapped round his body. "God grant, my friend", replied the worthy (werthi) little Peregil, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be." The Moor shook (shuk) his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it; but his convulsions returned with increased (s = ss) violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes", cried she, "of your foolish good nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives¹, shall be ruined (ru-ind) by notaries and alguazils."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought (thāt) struck him. "It is not yet day", said he; "I can convey (convā) the dead body out of the city, and bury (berri) it in the sands on the banks of the Xénil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know any thing of his death."

So said, so done; the wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

104.

Continuation.

As ill-luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, and mischief (mischif), making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced², spider-legged³ varlet⁴, supple and insinuating; the famous barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge (nóledj) of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve⁵. It was said

¹ pluriel de life. — ² à figure de belette. — ³ à jambes d'araignée. — ⁴ drôle. — ⁵ il ne pouvait pas retenir plus qu'un tamis.

that he slept but with one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered (uncúverd), so that even in his sleep, he might see and hear all that was going on¹. Certain it is, he was a sort of scáandalous chrónicle for the quidnuncs² of Granáda, and had more cústomers than all the rest of his fratérnity. This méddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of the little window which served him as a look (lük)-out³; and he saw his neighbour assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence, that Pedrillo Pedrúgo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes (minits) he was at his loophole⁴ watching (wóatching) the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbour's door (dòr) and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on his clothes (clòz), and, stéaling forth silently, followed the water carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xénil, and bury (bérrí) something that had the appearance of a déad bódý.

The barber hied him⁵ home, and fidgeted about his shop, setting évery thing úpside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin (bàs'n) under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily cústomer the alcáalde.

The alcáalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrúgo seated him in a cháir, threw (thrū) a nápkín ròund his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to móllify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings (dū-ings)!" said Pedrúgo, who played barber and news monger (nüz múngr)⁶ at the same time — "Strange doings! Róbbery, and murder, and burial (bérríul), all in one night!"

"Hey (hà)! how! — what is that you say?" cried the alcáalde.

"I say", replied the barber, rubbing a piéce of soap over the nose and móuth of the dignitary, for a Spánish barber disdains to emplòy a brush — "I say that Peregil has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mússulman, and

¹ tout ce qui se passait. — ² nouvelliste. — ³ observatoire. — ⁴ vasistas. — ⁵ courir en hâte. — ⁶ colporteur de nouvelles.

buried him this blessed night. Accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do yo know all this?" demáded the alcáalde.

"Be pátient, Sennor¹, and you shall hear all about it", replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recóunted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving his beard, washing (wóshing) his chin, and wiping him dry with a dirty (dérty) nápkín, while he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Móslem.

105.

Continuation.

Now it so happened² that this alcáalde was one of the most overbearing and, at the same time, most griping corrúpt curmúdgeons³ in all Granáda. It could not be denied, howéver, that he set a high (hì) válué upon jústice, for he sold it at its weight (wát) in gold. He presumed the case (s=ss) in póint⁴ to be one of murder and róbbery; doubtless (dòutless) there must be rich spòil; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? For as to mèrly entrapping the delinquent — that would be féeding the gállows; but entrapping the booty — that would be enriching the judge, and such, accòrding to his crèed, was the great end⁵ of jústice. So thinking, he súmmoned to his présence his trústiest alguazil⁶, a gáunt húngry-looking varlet, clad⁷, accòrding to the cústom of his órder⁸, in the àncient Spánish garb, and béaring in his hand a slender white wand⁹, the dréaded insígnia of his óffice. Such was the légal bloodhound (blúdhòund) of the àncient Spánish breed¹⁰, that he put upon the traces of the unlúcky water carrier and such was his spèed and cèr-tainty, that he was upon the háunches of poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought bòth him and his donkey before the dispènsér of jústice.

¹ pron. *senyor*, seigneur. — ² il se trouva par hasard. — ³ ladre. — ⁴ en question. — ⁵ la fin, le but. — ⁶ *alguazil*, mot arabe qui a passé en espagnol; il signifie sergent, archer. — ⁷ vêtu. — ⁸ état, profession. — ⁹ baguette. — ¹⁰ race.

The alcáde bent upon him¹ one of his most terrific frowns. "Hark ye culprit", roared he in a voice that made the knees (nèz) of poor Peregil smite together — "hark ye culprit! there is no need² of denying thy guilt, every thing is known (nòn) to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen (lìsn) to reason³. The man that had been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless (dòutless) in a fit⁴ of religious zèal, that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore; render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up⁵."

106.

Continuation.

The poor water carrier called upon⁶ all the saints to witness his innocence; alàs not one of them appeared; and if they had⁷, the alcáde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straight (stràt) forward⁸ simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying", demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels (djū-ìlz), which were the object of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship (wërship)⁹", replied the water carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sándal wood (wūd), which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sándal wood, a box of sándal wood!" exclaimed the alcáde, his eyes sparkling at the idea (idè-a) of precious jewels. "And where is this box? where have you concealed it?"

"An¹⁰ it please your grace", replied the water carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words, when the keen alguazil darted off, and re-appeared in an instant with

¹ lanca sur lui. — ² il n'est pas besoin. — ³ j'entends raison. — ⁴ accès. — ⁵ étouffer. — ⁶ évoquer. — ⁷ suppléer: appeared. — ⁸ droit. — ⁹ votre honneur. — ¹⁰ an = if.

the mysterious box of sándal wood. The alcáde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasures it was expected to contain¹; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within, but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters and an end of a waxen taper.

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice even in Spain is apt to be impartial. The alcáde having recovered (ricúverd)² from his disappointment, and found that there was really (rè-ally) no booty in the case (s=ss), now listened (lìsnd) dispassionately to the explanation of the water carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrést; nay more³, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sándal wood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey, in payment of costs and charges⁴.

107.

Continuation.

Behold⁵ the unfortunate Peregil reduced once more⁶ to the necessity of being his own water carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon, his usual good humour forsook (forsük) him. "Dog of an alcáde!" would he cry⁷, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!" And then at the remembrance at the beloved (bilúvd) companion of his labours, all the kindness of his nature would⁸ break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would⁸ he exclaim, resting his burthen on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow — "ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant (wórrunt) me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou

¹ qu'on s'attendait à y trouver. — ² se remettre. — ³ qui plus est. — ⁴ dépenses et frais. — ⁵ voilà. — ⁶ de nouveau. — ⁷ s'écriait-il (would sert à marquer la coutume qu'on a de faire quelque chose). — ⁸ would (coutume).

misses the water-jars, poor beast!" To add to his afflictions, his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings; she had warned him not to commit the act of hospitality that had brought him all these misfortunes; and, now took (tük) every occasion to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If ever her children lacked food, or needed a new garment, she could answer (änser) with a sneer — "Go to your father — he is heir (är) to king Chico of the Alhambra; ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box¹."

Was ever poor mortal so soundly² punished for having done a good action? The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit³, but still he bore meekly with⁴ the railings of his spouse. At length, one evening, when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandal wood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing (läfing) in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor (flör): — "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee", he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof!"

As the box struck the floor, the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth. Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas⁵ — "Who knows", thought he, "but⁶ this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care?" Picking it up therefore, he put it in his bosom (büzum), and the next morning as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery, and asked him to explain the contents.

108.

Continuation.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript", said he,

¹ coffre fort. — ² durement. — ³ tourmenté en chair et en esprit. — ⁴ with ne se traduit pas. — ⁵ recueillant ses idées. — ⁶ si ne.

"is a form of incantation for the recovery (ricüveri) of hidden treasure that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue, that the strongest bolts and bars¹, nay the adamantine rock itself will yield before it!"

"Bäh", cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried (bérrid) treasure." So saying, he shouldered his water-jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches, left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the seven floors (flörz)².

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower — and if the scroll³ I left with the Moor should enable⁴ me to get at it⁵!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well nigh⁶ let fall his water-jar.

109.

Continuation.

That night he tumbled and tumbled, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. Bright (brit) and early⁷ he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing his mind. "You can read Arabic", said he, "suppose⁸ we go together to the tower, and try the

¹ verrous et barreaux. — ² sept étages. — ³ suppléez which. — ⁴ mettre en état. — ⁵ d'y arriver. — ⁶ presque. — ⁷ de grand matin. — ⁸ supposé que.

effect of the charm; if it fails, we are no worse off¹ than before, but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we may discover (discover)."

"Hold", replied the Moslem; "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more", cried the little Gallego, "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment." So saying, he hastened (hastened) home, and soon returned with the end of a yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandal wood.

The Moor felt it and smelt at it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes", said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour therefore, when nothing was stirring (stirring) but² bats³ and owls, they ascended the woody (woody) hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditional tales. By the light of a lantern they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty (empty) chamber damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults one below the other; but the floor of the fourth was solid and though (though), according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible⁴ to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell and the light scarce cast forth any rays.

¹ nous n'en serons pas moins bien dans nos affaires. — ² que. — ³ chauve-souris. — ⁴ on disait qu'il était impossible.

Continuation.

They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watch (watch)-tower strike midnight; upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odour of myrrh (merr) and frankincense and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook (shook) and the floor (floor) yawning open, disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe they descended and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault covered (covered) with Arabic inscriptions. In the centre stood (stood) a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armour, but motionless as a statue. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of oriental pearl would stick¹ to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short² while cramming³ their pockets with the spoils; and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring⁴ upon them with unwinking⁵ eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere

¹ s'attachait. — ² ils respiraient à peine. — ³ pendant qu'ils remplissaient. — ⁴ lançant des regards enflammés. — ⁵ immobile (sans clignement).

skimming¹ of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure (shūr) of each other's² good faith³, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granàda.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water carrier.

"Friend Peregil", said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure and conveyed (convad) it out of harm's way⁴. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde, we are undone (undún)⁵."

"Certainly", replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil", said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and, I make no doubt (dout), can keep a secret: but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it", replied the little water carrier sturdily.

"Enough", said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

111.

Continuation.

Néver was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas, what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil, the water carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home he found his wife moping in a corner. "Mighty well", cried she as he entered, "you 've⁶ come at last; after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder (wunder) you have not brought home another Moor as a house-mate." Then bursting into tears, she began to wring her hands and smite her breast: "Unhappy woman that I am", exclaimed she, "what will become of me? My house stripped and plundered by

¹ d'avoir seulement écrémé. — ² pour s'assurer mutuellement. — ³ la bonne foi. — ⁴ hors de danger. — ⁵ perdu. — ⁶ you have.

lawyers and alguazils; and my husband a do-no-good¹, that no longer brings home bread for his family, but goes rambling about day and night, with infidel Moors! O my children, my children! what will become of us? we shall all have to beg² in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved (müvd) by the distress of his spouse, that he could not help whimpering³ also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained⁴. Thrusting his hand into the latter⁵, he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces, and gave them to his wife. The poor woman stared with astonishment and could not understand the meaning of the golden shower. Before she could recover (ricúver) from her surprise, the little Gallego threw forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy virgin (vërdjin), protect us!" exclaimed the wife. "What hast thou been doing, Peregil? surely (shürli) thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman, before⁶ it became a certainty with⁷ her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego hanging pendant from it; and overcome (overcüm) by the horrors conjured (cündjerd) up by her imagination, fell into violent hysterics⁸.

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn (solem) promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being. To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her carresses. "Now, wife", exclaimed the little man, with honest exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow-creature in distress."

¹ vaurien. — ² il nous faudra mendier. — ³ il ne put s'empêcher de pleurer (geindre). — ⁴ ne put se retenir. — ⁵ celle-ci (la poche). — ⁶ que. — ⁷ chez. — ⁸ attaques de nerfs.

Continuation.

The honest Gallego retired to his sheep-skin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied (émtid) the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat all night counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and ear-rings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted¹ to enjoy her riches.

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweller's (djū-illerz) shop to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among (amíng) the ruins (rū-inz) of the Alhambra. The jeweller saw that it had an Arabic inscription, and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third (thërd) of its value, with which the water carrier was perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes (clöz) for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him², while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half (hâf) she went about with a look (lük) of mystery³; yet she held her peace⁴, though (thò) surrounded by her gossips. It is true, she could not help⁵ giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked (tâkt) of ordering a new basquina⁶ all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and a new lace mantilla⁷. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off⁸ his trade of water carrying, as it did not altogether⁹ agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living¹⁰ in the city in this sultry season.

¹ quand il lui serait permis. — ² il fit danser tous ses enfants autour de lui. — ³ d'un air mystérieux. — ⁴ elle se taisait. — ⁵ elle ne pouvait s'empêcher. — ⁶ basquina, espèce de jupon. —

⁷ sorte de coiffure des Espagnoles. — ⁸ cesser; renoncer à. — ⁹ tout à fait. — ¹⁰ il était impossible de vivre.

The neighbours stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and graces¹ and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends, the moment² her back was turned.

Continuation.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed³ backwards and forwards in her slattern rags, about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a broken mirror. Nay in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddling barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever watchful eye caught (cât) the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loop-hole, reconnoitring the slattern spouse of the water carrier, decorated with the splendour of an eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments than he posted off with all speed to the alcâlde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again (agén) on the scent, and before the day was over, the unfortunate Peregil was again dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain", cried the alcâlde in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty (émti) coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting⁴ in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch (retch) that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

¹ manières gracieuses. — ² suppléez when. — ³ to sail, naviguer; ici: marcher. — ⁴ que votre femme se pavane.

The tērrific water carrier fell on his knees (nēz), and made a full relation of the mārvellous manner in which he had gained his wéalth. The alcáldē, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened (lisnd) with greedy éars to this Aràbian tale of enchānted tréasure. The alguazil was despātched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half (hâf) frightened out of his wits¹ at finding himself in the hands of the hārpies of the law. When he beheld the water carrier standing with sheepish looks² and dôwncast cōuntenance, he compréhended the whole matter. "Miserable ánimál", said he, as he pássed nēar him, "did I not wārn thee against (agénst) babbling to thy wife?"

114.

Continuation.

The story of the Moor coincided (co-insided) exactly (x=gz) with that of his collèague; but the alcáldē affécted to be slòw of beliēf, and threw out ménaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Sôftly, good Sénnor Alcáldē", said the Mússulman, who by this time had recovered his úsual shrewdness and self-posséssion (pozéshun). "Let us not mar Fōrtune's fávours in the scramble for them. Nòbody knows any thing of this matter but ourselves — let us keep the sècret. Prómise a fàir divísion, and all shall be pròduced — refusè, and the cave shall remàin for éver closed."

The alcáldē consúlted apàrt with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his professiōn. "Prómise any thing", said he, "until you get posséssion of the tréasure. You may then sèize upon³ the whole, and if he and his accómplíce dare to múrmur, thréaten them with the fāggot and the stake⁴ as infidels and sōrcerers."

The alcáldē rélished⁵ the advice. Smoothing his bròw and turning to the Moor "This is a strānge story", said he, "and may be true, but I must have ócular

¹ littéralement: moitié effrayé hors de ses esprits = presque insensé de frayeur. — ² air de mouton, bête, penaud. — ³ s'emparer. — ⁴ fagot et poteau = bûcher. — ⁵ goûter

proof of it. This very night you must repèat the incantation in my présence. If there be¹ really (rè-alli) such tréasure, we will share it ámicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have déceived me, expéct no mērcy at my hands². In the mean time you must remàin in cústody.

The Moor and the water carrier chèerfully agrèed to these conditions, sàtisfied that the évént would prove (prūv) the trūth of their words.

Towards (tòrdz) midnight the alcáldē sallied fòrth sècretly, atténded by the alguazil and the méddlesome barber, all strongly armed.

They conducted the Moor and the water carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter, to bēar off the expécted tréasure. They arrivèd at the tower withòut being obsèrved, and tying the donkey to a fig tree, descénded into the fourth vault of the tower.

115.

Continuation.

The scròll was pròduced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor réad the form of incantation. The éarth trembled as before, and the pavèment ópened with a thūndering sound, disclosèing the nàrrow flight of steps. The alcáldē, the alguazils, and the barber were struck aghàst³, and could not sùmmōn cōurage⁴ to descénd. The Moor and the water carrier entered the lòwer vault, and found the two Moors sèated as before, silent and mòtionless. They removed (rimūvd) two of the great jars, filled with gòlden coin, and précíous stones. The water carrier bore them up one by one⁵ upon his shòuldèrs, but thòugh a strong-backed little man, and accústomed to carry burthens, he stāggered bènèath their weight (wàt); and found, when⁶ slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the ánimál could bēar.

"Let us be contént for the présent", said the Moor; "here is as much tréasure as we can carry off withòut

¹ s'il y a. — ² de ma part. — ³ frappé d'épouvante. — ⁴ prendre courage. — ⁵ l'un après l'autre. — ⁶ suppléez: they were.

being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcáde.

"The greatest prize of all", said the Moor, "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means", cried the grasping alcáde.

"I will descend for no more", said the Moor doggedly¹; "enough is enough for a reasonable man — more is superfluous."

"And I", said the water carrier, "will bring up no further burthen to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats and entreaties equally vain, the alcáde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me", said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying he descended the steps, followed with trembling reluctance by the alguazil and the barber.

116.

Conclusion.

No sooner² did the Moor behold them fairly³ earthened⁴ than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with his usual crash, and the three worthies (wérthiz) remained buried (bérrid) in its womb (wūm).

He then hastened (hànd) up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done", cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover (ricúver) breath. "The alcáde and the other two are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid", replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer

¹ opiniâtrément. — ² à peine. — ³ réellement. — ⁴ sous terre.

arrive to break¹ the charm. The will of God be done!" So saying he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy; so the Moor and the water carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward (tòrd) the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-labourer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and, in fact, it is doubtful (dóutfül) which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment — the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck² divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones and other baubles, but then he always gave the water carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massy gold, of five times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within reach of accidents³, but made off⁴ to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tetuan, and the Gallego with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal⁵. Here, under the admonition and tuition (tù-ishun) of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the worthy (wérthi) little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword (sòrd) by his side, and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil: his progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while Sennora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasselled⁶ from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger became a model of slattern fashion⁷ and finery⁸.

As to⁹ the alcáde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the Seven Floors,

¹ pour rompre. — ² bonheur. — ³ ils eurent soin de ne pas rester à la portée des accidents. — ⁴ s'en aller. — ⁵ se rendit au plus vite en Portugal. — ⁶ couverte de franges, de dentelles et de glands. — ⁷ mode. — ⁸ luxe de mauvais goût. — ⁹ quant à.