



VINTAGE

# The Monk

Matthew Lewis

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## About the Book

Noble and devout, Ambrosio is the abbot of a Spanish monastery and spends his days in prayer and preaching. However his monastery is harboring a malevolent force in the form of a young monk called Rosario. Rosario attaches himself to the abbot and then one fateful night reveals that he is in fact a beautiful woman in disguise. From this moment on Ambrosio finds himself seduced into a lurid maelstrom of sin and vice that it is impossible for him to resist.

INCLUDES THE BRAVO OF VENICE

## About the Author

Matthew Lewis was born on 9 July 1775 in London. He was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford. He later worked as an attaché to the British Embassy in Holland and an MP. When he was nineteen years old he wrote *The Monk*, which was published in 1796 and became a huge popular success, leading to the author being nicknamed 'Monk Lewis'. In 1804 he published *The Bravo of Venice* and he also wrote plays, poetry, translations and a memoir. He died on 14 May 1818 on a voyage home from the estate he had inherited in Jamaica.

## OTHER WORKS BY MATTHEW LEWIS

*Village Virtues*

*The Minister*

*The Castle Spectre*

*The Twins*

*Adelmorn, the Outlaw*

*Alfonso, King of Castile*

*The Love of Gain*

*The Captive*

*The Harper's Daughter*

*Rugantino*

*The Wood Daemon*

*Adelgitha*

*Venoni*

*Timour the Tartar*

*Poems*

*Journal of a West India Proprietor*

MATTHEW LEWIS

# The Monk

AND

# The Bravo of Venice

VINTAGE BOOKS

London

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque.*

HORAT.

*Dreams, magic terrors, spells of mighty power,  
Witches, and ghosts who rove at midnight hour.*



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## PREFACE

### *Imitation of Horace,*

#### *Ep. 20.—B. 1.*

Methinks, Oh! vain ill-judging book,  
I see thee cast a wishful look,  
Where reputations won and lost are  
In famous row called Paternoster.  
Incensed to find your precious olio  
Buried in unexplored port-folio,  
You scorn the prudent lock and key,  
And pant well bound and gilt to see  
Your volume in the window set  
Of Stockdale, Hookham, or Debrett;

Go then, and pass that dangerous bourn  
Whence never book can back return:  
And when you find, condemned, despised,  
Neglected, blamed, and criticised,  
Abuse from all who read you fall,  
(If haply you be read at all)  
Sorely will you your folly sigh at,  
And wish for me, and home, and quiet.

Assuming now a conjuror's office, I  
Thus on your future fortune prophesy:—  
Soon as your novelty is o'er,  
And you are young and new no more,  
In some dark dirty corner thrown,  
Mouldy with damp, with cobwebs strown,  
Your leaves shall be the book-worm's prey;  
Or sent to chandler-shop away,  
And doomed to suffer public scandal,  
Shall line the trunk, or wrap the candle!

But should you meet with approbation,  
And some one find an inclination  
To ask, by natural transition,  
Respecting me and my condition;  
That I am one, the enquirer teach,  
Nor very poor, nor very rich;  
Of passions strong, of hasty nature,  
Of graceless form and dwarfish stature;  
By few approved, and few approving;  
Extreme in hating and in loving;

Abhorring all whom I dislike,  
Adoring who my fancy strike;  
In forming judgements never long,  
And for the most part judging wrong;  
In friendship firm, but still believing  
Others are treacherous and deceiving,  
And thinking in the present æra  
That friendship is a pure chimæra:  
More passionate no creature living,  
Proud, obstinate, and unforgiving,  
But yet for those who kindness show,  
Ready through fire and smoke to go.

Again, should it be asked your page,  
“Pray, what may be the author’s age?”  
Your faults, no doubt, will make it clear,  
I scarce have seen my twentieth year,  
Which passed, kind Reader, on my word,  
While England’s throne held George the Third.

Now then your venturous course pursue:  
Go, my delight! Dear book, adieu!

H<sub>A</sub>GUE,  
Oct. 28, 1794.

M. G. L.

## ADVERTISEMENT

The first idea of this Romance was suggested by the story of the *Santon Barsisa*, related in *The Guardian*.— *The Bleeding Nun* is a tradition still credited in many parts of Germany; and I have been told, that the ruins of the castle of *Lauenstein*, which she is supposed to haunt, may yet be seen upon the borders of *Thuringia*.—The *Water-King*, from the third to the twelfth stanza, is the fragment of an original Danish ballad—And *Belerma and Durandarte* is translated from some stanzas to be found in a collection of old Spanish poetry, which contains also the popular song of *Gayferos and Melesindra*, mentioned in *Don Quixote*.——I have now made a full avowal of all the plagiarisms of which I am aware myself; but I doubt not, many more may be found, of which I am at present totally unconscious.

# THE MONK

# VOLUME I

## CHAP. I.

———*Lord Angelo is precise;  
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Scarcely had the abbey-bell tolled for five minutes, and already was the church of the Capuchins thronged with auditors. Do not encourage the idea, that the crowd was assembled either from motives of piety or thirst of information. But very few were influenced by those reasons; and in a city where superstition reigns with such despotic sway as in Madrid, to seek for true devotion would be a fruitless attempt. The audience now assembled in the Capuchin church was collected by various causes, but all of them were foreign to the ostensible motive. The women came to show themselves, the men to see the women: some were attracted by curiosity to hear an orator so celebrated; some came, because they had no better means of employing their time till the play began; some, from being assured that it would be impossible to find places in the church; and one half of Madrid was brought thither by expecting to meet the other half. The only persons truly anxious to hear the preacher, were a few antiquated devotees, and half a dozen rival orators, determined to find fault with and ridicule the discourse. As to the remainder of the audience, the sermon might have been omitted altogether, certainly without their being disappointed, and very probably without their perceiving the omission.

Whatever was the occasion, it is at least certain, that the Capuchin church had never witnessed a more numerous assembly. Every corner was filled, every seat was occupied. The very statues which ornamented the long aisles were pressed into



the service. Boys suspended themselves upon the wings of cherubims; St. Francis and St. Mark bore each a spectator on his shoulders; and St. Agatha found herself under the necessity of carrying double. The consequence was, that, in spite of all their hurry and expedition, our two newcomers, on entering the church, looked round in vain for places.

However, the old woman continued to move forwards. In vain were exclamations of displeasure vented against her from all sides: in vain was she addressed with—"I assure you, Signora, there are no places here."—"I beg, Signora, that you will not crowd me so intolerably!"—"Signora, you cannot pass this way. Bless me! How can people be so troublesome!"—The old woman was obstinate, and on she went. By dint of perseverance and two brawny arms she made a passage through the crowd, and managed to bustle herself into the very body of the church, at no great distance from the pulpit. Her companion had followed her with timidity and in silence, profiting by the exertions of her conductress.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the old woman in a tone of disappointment, while she threw a glance of enquiry round her; "Holy Virgin! what heat! what a crowd! I wonder what can be the meaning of all this. I believe we must return: there is no such thing as a seat to be had, and nobody seems kind enough to accommodate us with theirs."

This broad hint attracted the notice of two cavaliers, who occupied stools on the right hand, and were leaning their backs against the seventh column from the pulpit. Both were young, and richly habited. Hearing this appeal to their politeness pronounced in a female voice, they interrupted their conversation to look at the speaker. She had thrown up her veil in order to take a clearer look round the cathedral. Her hair was red, and she squinted. The cavaliers turned round, and renewed their conversation.

"By all means," replied the old woman's companion; "by all means, Leonella, let us return home immediately; the heat is excessive, and I am terrified at such a crowd."

These words were pronounced in a tone of unexampled sweetness. The cavaliers again broke off their discourse, but for this time they were not contented with looking up: both started

involuntarily from their seats, and turned themselves towards the speaker.

The voice came from a female, the delicacy and elegance of whose figure inspired the youths with the most lively curiosity to view the face to which it belonged. This satisfaction was denied them. Her features were hidden by a thick veil; but struggling through the crowd had deranged it sufficiently to discover a neck which for symmetry and beauty might have vied with the Medicean Venus. It was of the most dazzling whiteness, and received additional charms from being shaded by the tresses of her long fair hair, which descended in ringlets to her waist. Her figure was rather below than above the middle size: it was light and airy as that of an Hamadryad. Her bosom was carefully veiled. Her dress was white; it was fastened by a blue sash, and just permitted to peep out from under it a little foot of the most delicate proportions. A chaplet of large grains hung upon her arm, and her face was covered with a veil of thick black gauze. Such was the female, to whom the youngest of the cavaliers now offered his seat, while the other thought it necessary to pay the same attention to her companion.

The old lady with many expressions of gratitude, but without much difficulty, accepted the offer, and seated herself: the young one followed her example, but made no other compliment than a simple and graceful reverence. Don Lorenzo (such was the cavalier's name, whose seat she had accepted) placed himself near her; but first he whispered a few words in his friend's ear, who immediately took the hint, and endeavoured to draw off the old woman's attention from her lovely charge.

"You are doubtless lately arrived at Madrid," said Lorenzo to his fair neighbour; "it is impossible that such charms should have long remained unobserved; and had not this been your first public appearance, the envy of the women and adoration of the men would have rendered you already sufficiently remarkable."

He paused, in expectation of an answer. As his speech did not absolutely require one, the lady did not open her lips: After a few moments he resumed his discourse:

"Am I wrong in supposing you to be a stranger to Madrid?"

The lady hesitated; and at last, in so low a voice as to be scarcely intelligible, she made shift to answer,—"No, Segnor."

"Do you intend making a stay of any length?"

"Yes, Segnor."

"I should esteem myself fortunate, were it in my power to contribute to making your abode agreeable. I am well known at Madrid, and my family has some interest at court. If I can be of any service, you cannot honour or oblige me more than by permitting me to be of use to you."—"Surely," said he to himself, "she cannot answer that by a monosyllable; now she must say something to me."

Lorenzo was deceived, for the lady answered only by a bow.

By this time he had discovered, that his neighbour was not very conversible; but whether her silence proceeded from pride, discretion, timidity, or idiotism, he was still unable to decide.

After a pause of some minutes—"It is certainly from your being a stranger," said he, "and as yet unacquainted with our customs, that you continue to wear your veil. Permit me to remove it."

At the same time he advanced his hand towards the gauze: the lady raised hers to prevent him.

"I never unveil in public, Segnor."

"And where is the harm, I pray you?" interrupted her companion somewhat sharply. "Do not you see, that the other ladies have all laid their veils aside, to do honour no doubt to the holy place in which we are? I have taken off mine already; and surely, if I expose my features to general observation, you have no cause to put yourself in such a wonderful alarm! Blessed Maria! Here is a fuss and a bustle about a chit's face! Come, come, child! Uncover it! I warrant you that nobody will run away with it from you—"

"Dear aunt, it is not the custom in Murcia—"

"Murcia, indeed! Holy St. Barbara, what does that signify? You are always putting me in mind of that villanous province. If it is the custom in Madrid, that is all that we ought to mind; and therefore I desire you to take off your veil immediately. Obey me this moment, Antonia, for you know that I cannot bear contradiction."

Her niece was silent, but made no further opposition to Don Lorenzo's efforts, who, armed with the aunt's sanction, hastened to remove the gauze. What a seraph's head presented itself to his admiration! Yet it was rather bewitching than beautiful; it

was not so lovely from regularity of features, as from sweetness and sensibility of countenance. The several parts of her face considered separately, many of them were far from handsome; but, when examined together, the whole was adorable. Her skin, though fair, was not entirely without freckles; her eyes were not very large, nor their lashes particularly long. But then her lips were of the most rosy freshness; her fair and undulating hair, confined by a simple ribband, poured itself below her waist in a profusion of ringlets; her neck was full and beautiful in the extreme; her hand and arm were formed with the most perfect symmetry; her mild blue eyes seemed an heaven of sweetness, and the crystal in which they moved sparkled with all the brilliance of diamonds. She appeared to be scarcely fifteen; an arch smile, playing round her mouth, declared her to be possessed of liveliness, which excess of timidity at present repressed. She looked round her with a bashful glance; and whenever her eyes accidentally met Lorenzo's, she dropped them hastily upon her rosary; her cheek was immediately suffused with blushes, and she began to tell her beads; though her manner evidently showed that she knew not what she was about.

Lorenzo gazed upon her with mingled surprise and admiration; but the aunt thought it necessary to apologize for Antonia's *mauvaise honte*.

"'Tis a young creature," said she, "who is totally ignorant of the world. She has been brought up in an old castle in Murcia, with no other society than her mother's, who, God help her! has no more sense, good soul, than is necessary to carry her soup to her mouth. Yet she is my own sister, both by father and mother."

"And has so little sense?" said Don Christoval with feigned astonishment. "How very extraordinary!"

"Very true, Segnor. Is it not strange? However, such is the fact; and yet only to see the luck of some people! A young nobleman, of the very first quality, took it into his head that Elvira had some pretensions to beauty.—As to pretensions, in truth she had always enough of *them*; but as to beauty!—If I had only taken half the pains to set myself off which she did!—But this is neither here nor there. As I was saying, Segnor, a young nobleman fell in love with her, and married her unknown to his father. Their

union remained a secret near three years; but at last it came to the ears of the old marquis, who, as you may well suppose, was not much pleased with the intelligence. Away he posted in all haste to Cordova, determined to seize Elvira, and send her away to some place or other, where she would never be heard of more. Holy St. Paul! How he stormed on finding that she had escaped him, had joined her husband, and that they had embarked together for the Indies! He swore at us all, as if the evil spirit had possessed him; he threw my father into prison—as honest a pains-taking shoe-maker as any in Cordova; and when he went away, he had the cruelty to take from us my sister's little boy, then scarcely two years old, and whom in the abruptness of her flight she had been obliged to leave behind her. I suppose that the poor little wretch met with bitter bad treatment from him, for in a few months after we received intelligence of his death."

"Why, this was a most terrible old fellow, Segnora!"

"Oh! shocking! and a man so totally devoid of taste! Why, would you believe it, Segnor? when I attempted to pacify him, he cursed me for a witch, and wished that, to punish the count, my sister might become as ugly as myself! Ugly indeed! I like him for that."

"Ridiculous!" cried Don Christoval. "Doubtless the count would have thought himself fortunate, had he been permitted to exchange the one sister for the other."

"Oh! Christ! Segnor, you are really too polite. However, I am heartily glad that the condé was of a different way of thinking. A mighty pretty piece of business, to be sure, Elvira has made of it! After broiling and stewing in the Indies for thirteen long years, her husband dies, and she returns to Spain, without an house to hide her head, or money to procure her one! This Antonia was then but an infant, and her only remaining child. She found that her father-in-law had married again, that he was irreconcilable to the condé, and that his second wife had produced him a son, who is reported to be a very fine young man. The old marquis refused to see my sister or her child; but sent her word that, on condition of never hearing any more of her, he would assign her a small pension, and she might live in an old castle which he possessed in Murcia. This had been the favourite habitation of his eldest son; but, since his flight from Spain, the old marquis

could not bear the place, but let it fall to ruin and confusion.— My sister accepted the proposal; she retired to Murcia, and has remained there till within the last month.”

“And what brings her now to Madrid?” enquired Don Lorenzo, whom admiration of the young Antonia compelled to take a lively interest in the talkative old woman’s narration.

“Alas! Segnor, her father-in-law being lately dead, the steward of his Murcian estates has refused to pay her pension any longer. With the design of supplicating his son to renew it, she is now come to Madrid; but I doubt that she might have saved herself the trouble. You young noblemen have always enough to do with your money, and are not very often disposed to throw it away upon old women. I advised my sister to send Antonia with her petition; but she would not hear of such a thing. She is so obstinate! Well! she will find herself the worse for not following my counsels: the girl has a good pretty face, and possibly might have done much.”

“Ah, Segnora!” interrupted Don Christoval, counterfeiting a passionate air; “if a pretty face will do the business, why has not your sister recourse to you?”

“Oh! Jesus! my lord, I swear you quite overpower me with your gallantry! But I promise you that I am too well aware of the danger of such expeditions to trust myself in a young nobleman’s power! No, no; I have as yet preserved my reputation without blemish or reproach, and I always knew how to keep the men at a proper distance.”

“Of that, Segnora, I have not the least doubt. But permit me to ask you, Have you then any aversion to matrimony?”

“That is an home question. I cannot but confess, that if an amiable cavalier was to present himself——”

Here she intended to throw a tender and significant look upon Don Christoval; but, as she unluckily happened to squint most abominably, the glance fell directly upon his companion. Lorenzo took the compliment to himself, and answered it by a profound bow.

“May I enquire,” said he, “the name of the marquis?”

“The marquis de las Cisternas.”

“I know him intimately well. He is not at present in Madrid, but is expected here daily. He is one of the best of men; and if

the lovely Antonia will permit me to be her advocate with him, I doubt not my being able to make a favourable report of her cause."

Antonia raised her blue eyes, and silently thanked him for the offer by a smile of inexpressible sweetness. Leonella's satisfaction was much more loud and audible. Indeed, as her niece was generally silent in her company, she thought it incumbent upon her to talk enough for both: this she managed without difficulty, for she very seldom found herself deficient in words.

"Oh, Segnor!" she cried; "you will lay our whole family under the most signal obligations! I accept your offer with all possible gratitude, and return you a thousand thanks for the generosity of your proposal. Antonia, why do not you speak, child? While the cavalier says all sorts of civil things to you, you sit like a statue, and never utter a syllable of thanks, either bad, good, or indifferent!—"

"My dear aunt, I am very sensible that—"

"Fye, niece! How often have I told you, that you never should interrupt a person who is speaking! When did you ever know me do such a thing? Are these your Murcian manners? Mercy on me! I shall never be able to make this girl any thing like a person of good breeding. But pray, Segnor," she continued, addressing herself to Don Christoval, "inform me, why such a crowd is assembled to-day in this cathedral."

"Can you possibly be ignorant, that Ambrosio, abbot of this monastery, pronounces a sermon in this church every Thursday? All Madrid rings with his praises. As yet he has preached but thrice; but all who have heard him are so delighted with his eloquence, that it is as difficult to obtain a place at church, as at the first representation of a new comedy. His fame certainly must have reached your ears?"

"Alas! Segnor, till yesterday I never had the good fortune to see Madrid; and at Cordova we are so little informed of what is passing in the rest of the world, that the name of Ambrosio has never been mentioned in its precincts."

"You will find it in every one's mouth at Madrid. He seems to have fascinated the inhabitants; and, not having attended his sermons myself, I am astonished at the enthusiasm which he has

excited. The adoration paid him both by young and old, by man and woman, is unexampled. The grandees load him with presents; their wives refuse to have any other confessor; and he is known through all the city by the name of The Man of Holiness."

"Undoubtedly, Segnor, he is of noble origin?"

"That point still remains undecided. The late superior of the Capuchins found him while yet an infant at the abbey-door. All attempts to discover who had left him there were vain, and the child himself could give no account of his parents. He was educated in the monastery, where he has remained ever since. He early showed a strong inclination for study and retirement; and as soon as he was of a proper age, he pronounced his vows. No one has ever appeared to claim him, or clear up the mystery which conceals his birth; and the monks, who find their account in the favour which is shewn to their establishment from respect to him, have not hesitated to publish, that he is a present to them from the Virgin. In truth, the singular austerity of his life gives some countenance to the report. He is now thirty years old, every hour of which period has been passed in study, total seclusion from the world, and mortification of the flesh. Till these last three weeks, when he was chosen superior of the society to which he belongs, he had never been on the outside of the abbey-walls. Even now he never quits them except on Thursdays, when he delivers a discourse in this cathedral, which all Madrid assembles to hear. His knowledge is said to be the most profound, his eloquence the most persuasive. In the whole course of his life he has never been known to transgress a single rule of his order; the smallest stain is not to be discovered upon his character; and he is reported to be so strict an observer of chastity, that he knows not in what consists the difference of man and woman. The common people therefore esteem him to be a saint."

"Does that make a saint?" enquired Antonia. "Bless me! then am I one."

"Holy St. Barbara!" exclaimed Leonella, "what a question! Fye, child, fye! these are not fit subjects for young women to handle. You should not seem to remember that there is such a thing as a man in the world, and you ought to imagine every body to be of



the same sex with yourself. I should like to see you give people to understand, that you know that a man has no breasts, and no hips, and no... ..”

Luckily for Antonia’s ignorance, which her aunt’s lecture would soon have dispelled, an universal murmur through the church announced the preacher’s arrival. Donna Leonella rose from her seat to take a better view of him, and Antonia followed her example.

He was a man of noble port and commanding presence. His stature was lofty, and his features uncommonly handsome. His nose was aquiline, his eyes large, black and sparkling, and his dark brows almost joined together. His complexion was of a deep but clear brown; study and watching had entirely deprived his cheek of colour. Tranquillity reigned upon his smooth unwrinkled forehead; and content, expressed upon every feature, seemed to announce the man equally unacquainted with cares and crimes. He bowed himself with humility to the audience. Still there was a certain severity in his look and manner that inspired universal awe, and few could sustain the glance of his eye, at once fiery and penetrating. Such was Ambrosio, abbot of the Capuchins, and surnamed “The Man of Holiness.”

Antonia, while she gazed upon him eagerly, felt a pleasure fluttering in her bosom which till then had been unknown to her, and for which she in vain endeavoured to account. She waited with impatience till the sermon should begin; and when at length the friar spoke, the sound of his voice seemed to penetrate into her very soul. Though no other of the spectators felt such violent sensations as did the young Antonia, yet every one listened with interest and emotion. They who were insensible to religion’s merits, were still enchanted with Ambrosio’s oratory. All found their attention irresistibly attracted while he spoke, and the most profound silence reigned through the crowded aisles. Even Lorenzo could not resist the charm: he forgot that Antonia was seated near him, and listened to the preacher with undivided attention.

In language nervous, clear, and simple, the monk expatiated on the beauties of religion. He explained some abstruse parts of the sacred writings in a style that carried with it universal conviction. His voice, at once distinct and deep, was fraught with

all the terrors of the tempest, while he inveighed against the vices of humanity, and described the punishments reserved for them in a future state. Every hearer looked back upon his past offences, and trembled: the thunder seemed to roll, whose bolt was destined to crush him, and the abyss of eternal destruction to open before his feet! But when Ambrosio, changing his theme, spoke of the excellence of an unsullied conscience, of the glorious prospect which eternity presented to the soul untainted with reproach, and of the recompense which awaited it in the regions of everlasting glory, his auditors felt their scattered spirits insensibly return. They threw themselves with confidence upon the mercy of their judge; they hung with delight upon the consoling words of the preacher; and while his full voice swelled into melody, they were transported to those happy regions which he painted to their imaginations in colours so brilliant and glowing.

The discourse was of considerable length: yet, when it concluded, the audience grieved that it had not lasted longer. Though the monk had ceased to speak, enthusiastic silence still prevailed through the church. At length the charm gradually dissolving, the general admiration was expressed in audible terms. As Ambrosio descended from the pulpit, his auditors crowded round him, loaded him with blessings, threw themselves at his feet, and kissed the hem of his garment. He passed on slowly, with his hands crossed devoutly upon his bosom, to the door opening into the abbey-chapel, at which his monks waited to receive him. He ascended the steps, and then, turning towards his followers, addressed to them a few words of gratitude and exhortation. While he spoke, his rosary, composed of large grains of amber, fell from his hand, and dropped among the surrounding multitude. It was seized eagerly, and immediately divided amidst the spectators. Whoever became possessor of a bead, preserved it as a sacred relique; and had it been the chaplet of thrice-blessed St. Francis himself, it could not have been disputed with greater vivacity. The abbot, smiling at their eagerness, pronounced his benediction and quitted the church, while humility dwelt upon every feature. Dwelt she also in his heart?

Antonia's eyes followed him with anxiety. As the door closed after him, it seemed to her as she had lost some one essential to her happiness. A tear stole in silence down her cheek.

"He is separated from the world!" said she to herself; "perhaps, I shall never see him more!"

As she wiped away the tear, Lorenzo observed her action.

"Are you satisfied with our orator?" said he; "or do you think that Madrid over-rates his talents?"

Antonia's heart was so filled with admiration for the monk, that she eagerly seized the opportunity of speaking of him: besides, as she now no longer considered Lorenzo as an absolute stranger, she was less embarrassed by her excessive timidity.

"Oh! he far exceeds all my expectations," answered she; "till this moment I had no idea of the powers of eloquence. But when he spoke, his voice inspired me with such interest, such esteem, I might almost say such affection for him, that I am myself astonished at the acuteness of my feelings."

Lorenzo smiled at the strength of her expressions.

"You are young, and just entering into life," said he: "your heart, new to the world, and full of warmth and sensibility, receives its first impressions with eagerness. Artless yourself, you suspect not others of deceit; and viewing the world through the medium of your own truth and innocence, you fancy all who surround you to deserve your confidence and esteem. What pity, that these gay visions must soon be dissipated! What pity, that you must soon discover the baseness of mankind, and guard against your fellow-creatures as against your foes!"

"Alas! Segnor," replied Antonia, "the misfortunes of my parents have already placed before me but too many sad examples of the perfidy of the world! Yet surely in the present instance the warmth of sympathy cannot have deceived me."

"In the present instance, I allow that it has not. Ambrosio's character is perfectly without reproach; and a man who has passed the whole of his life within the walls of a convent, cannot have found the opportunity to be guilty, even were he possessed of the inclination. But now, when, obliged by the duties of his situation, he must enter occasionally into the world, and be thrown into the way of temptation, it is now that it behoves him to show the brilliance of his virtue. The trial is dangerous; he is

just at that period of life when the passions are most vigorous, unbridled, and despotic; his established reputation will mark him out to seduction as an illustrious victim; novelty will give additional charms to the allurements of pleasure; and even the talents with which nature has endowed him will contribute to his ruin, by facilitating the means of obtaining his object. Very few would return victorious from a contest so severe."

"Ah! surely Ambrosio will be one of those few."

"Of that I have myself no doubt: by all accounts he is an exception to mankind in general, and envy would seek in vain for a blot upon his character."

"Segnor, you delight me by this assurance! It encourages me to indulge my prepossession in his favour; and you know not with what pain I should have repressed the sentiment! Ah! dearest aunt, entreat my mother to choose him for our confessor."

"I entreat her?" replied Leonella; "I promise you that I shall do no such thing. I do not like this same Ambrosio in the least; he has a look of severity about him that made me tremble from head to foot. Were he my confessor, I should never have the courage to avow one half of my peccadilloes, and then I should be in a rare condition! I never saw such a stern-looking mortal, and hope that I never shall see such another. His description of the devil, God bless us! almost terrified me out of my wits, and when he spoke about sinners he seemed as if he was ready to eat them."

"You are right, Segnora," answered Don Christoval. "Too great severity is said to be Ambrosio's only fault. Exempted himself from human failings, he is not sufficiently indulgent to those of others; and though strictly just and disinterested in his decisions, his government of the monks has already shown some proofs of his inflexibility. But the crowd is nearly dissipated: will you permit us to attend you home?"

"O Christ! Segnor," exclaimed Leonella affecting to blush; "I would not suffer such a thing for the universe! If I came home attended by so gallant a cavalier, my sister is so scrupulous that she would read me an hour's lecture, and I should never hear the last of it. Besides, I rather wish you not to make your proposals just at present.—"

"My proposals? I assure you, Signora."

"Oh! Signor, I believe that your assurances of impatience are all very true; but really I must desire a little respite. It would not be quite so delicate in me to accept your hand at first sight."

"Accept my hand? As I hope to live and breathe——"

"Oh! dear Signor, press me no further if you love me! I shall consider your obedience as a proof of your affection; you shall hear from me to-morrow, and so farewell. But pray, cavaliers, may I not enquire your names?"

"My friend's," replied Lorenzo, "is the Condé d'Ossorio, and mine Lorenzo de Medina."

"'Tis sufficient. Well, Don Lorenzo, I shall acquaint my sister with your obliging offer, and let you know the result with all expedition. Where may I send to you?"

"I am always to be found at the Medina palace."

"You may depend upon hearing from me. Farewell, cavaliers. Signor Condé, let me entreat you to moderate the excessive ardour of your passion. However, to prove that I am not displeased with you, and prevent your abandoning yourself to despair, receive this mark of my affection, and sometimes bestow a thought upon the absent Leonella."

As she said this, she extended a lean and wrinkled hand; which her supposed admirer kissed with such sorry grace and constraint so evident, that Lorenzo with difficulty repressed his inclination to laugh. Leonella then hastened to quit the church: the lovely Antonia followed her in silence; but when she reached the porch, she turned involuntarily, and cast back her eyes towards Lorenzo. He bowed to her, as bidding her farewell; she returned the compliment, and hastily withdrew.

"So, Lorenzo!" said Don Christoval as soon as they were alone, "you have procured me an agreeable intrigue! To favour your designs upon Antonia, I obligingly make a few civil speeches which mean nothing to the aunt, and at the end of an hour I find myself upon the brink of matrimony! How will you reward me for having suffered so grievously for your sake? What can repay me for having kissed the leathern paw of that confounded old witch? Diavolo! She has left such a scent upon my lips, that I shall smell of garlick for this month to come! As I pass along the Prado, I

shall be taken for a walking omelet, or some large onion running to seed!"

"I confess, my poor count," replied Lorenzo, "that your service has been attended with danger; yet am I so far from supposing it to be past all endurance, that I shall probably solicit you to carry on your amours still further."

"From that petition I conclude, that the little Antonia has made some impression upon you."

"I cannot express to you how much I am charmed with her. Since my father's death, my uncle the duke de Medina has signified to me his wishes to see me married; I have till now eluded his hints, and refused to understand them; but what I have seen this evening——"

"Well, what have you seen this evening? Why surely, Don Lorenzo, you cannot be mad enough to think of making a wife out of this granddaughter of 'as honest a pains-taking shoemaker as any in Cordova'?"

"You forget, that she is also the grand-daughter of the late marquis de las Cisternas; but without disputing about birth and titles, I must assure you, that I never beheld a woman so interesting as Antonia."

"Very possibly; but you cannot mean to marry her?"

"Why not, my dear condé? I shall have wealth enough for both of us, and you know that my uncle thinks liberally upon the subject. From what I have seen of Raymond de las Cisternas, I am certain that he will readily acknowledge Antonia for his niece. Her birth therefore will be no objection to my offering her my hand. I should be a villain, could I think of her on any other terms than marriage; and in truth she seems possessed of every quality requisite to make me happy in a wife—young, lovely, gentle, sensible——"

"Sensible? Why, she said nothing but Yes, and No."

"She did not say much more, I must confess—but then she always said Yes or No in the right place."

"Did she so? Oh! your most obedient! That is using a right lover's argument, and I dare dispute no longer with so profound a casuist. Suppose we adjourn to the comedy?"

"It is out of my power. I only arrived last night at Madrid, and have not yet had an opportunity of seeing my sister. You know