

*Compact Anthology of*

# WORLD LITERATURE

## PART THREE

The Renaissance

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ISBN: 978-1-940771-22-9

This title is a product of a Complete College Georgia grant.

Produced by:  
University System of Georgia

Published by:  
University of North Georgia Press  
Dahlonega, Georgia

Cover Design and Layout Design:  
Corey Parson

For more information, please visit <http://ung.edu/university-press>  
Or email [ungpress@ung.edu](mailto:ungpress@ung.edu)



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# Acknowledgements

This anthology is the product of a Complete College Georgia grant, and I would like to thank the Board of Regents of the University System of Georgia for making this project possible. Many individuals at the University Press of North Georgia worked long hours on various aspects of the anthology, and I appreciate their time and effort; in particular, I would like to thank Corey Parson, managing editor, for her professionalism and support during this long process. Terri E. Bell, senior library assistant/ copyright compliance at UNG-Dahlonega, had the vital job of checking copyrights and researching the public domain content for this open access project, and I am grateful for her hard work and dedication.

*Written by Editor-in-Chief Laura J. Getty, Ph.D.*

A large part of my portion of this textbook came to fruition while time-traveling with my World Literature I students to familiar and unfamiliar places in the Ancient, Middle Ages, and Renaissance periods. I am first grateful for those students' participation and insights, and I give special thanks to Dr. Joyce Stavick, head of the English Department at UNG, who kindly arranged for me to teach those classes during the time of my writing. This textbook could not have been made possible without our past, present, and future students who are willing to take the journey to different parts of the world in different times.

Important acknowledgments go to the Complete College Georgia Grant that critically funded this project. I also express my sincere gratitude to Dr. B. J. Robinson, director of the university press, for her thoughtful leadership, Dr. Deborah Prosser, dean of libraries, for providing helpful feedback, and Terri E. Bell, senior library assistant, for her extensive work on public domain research and copyright compliance, as well as to the anonymous peer-reviewers. My gratitude also goes to Dr. Laura Getty, editor-in-chief, with her seasoned teaching experience and broad knowledge. I am also grateful to Corey Parson, managing editor, Amy Beard, assistant managing editor, and Matthew Pardue, project editor, for their tireless work. Last but not least, I thank my family for their support and understanding during the time I spent on this project.

Despite multiple examinations of this textbook, there may be errors and areas of improvement. Fortunately, this online textbook can be periodically updated. I hope that this textbook will be of good use to students and teachers alike.

*Written by Co-editor Kyoungnye Kwon, Ph.D.*

# Introduction

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In the European context, the Renaissance is traditionally dated from Christopher Columbus reaching North America in 1492 C.E. Of course, since Columbus thought that he had reached the East Indies (from which mistake the native peoples of the Americas came to be called “Indians”), it wasn’t until 1513 C.E., when the *conquistador* Balboa crossed the isthmus of Panama and saw the Pacific Ocean, that Europeans began to grasp fully the enormity of what had been discovered: two continents about which they knew nothing. In some ways, the European perspective of the world had just turned upside down. Everything that was “known” before could potentially be questioned, leading to various reactions in literature: Throw rules to the wind (as Francois Rabelais does in his *Gargantua and Pantagruel*), speculate about the ways that society could—or should—change (as Miguel de Cervantes does in his *Don Quixote* and Thomas More does in his *Utopia*), or try to explain the New World in the context of the Old World (as Shakespeare does in *The Tempest*).

As mentioned in Part Two, the Renaissance is a European concept at its heart: the *re-naissance* (re-birth) of classical Greek and Roman literature and culture. There is a certain egotism in naming one’s own time period, but even more so in naming the previous time period: According to Renaissance writers, everything after the classical period and before the Renaissance is that stuff in the middle—the Middle Ages. Such a perspective tells us very little about medieval authors, but it reveals a great deal about Renaissance writers. The world is always changing, but the “world upside down” concept separates the time periods. In Machiavelli’s *The Prince*, the author asserts that the uncertainty of the times call for a strong (dictatorial) leader, who will impose order. In Cervantes’ *Don Quixote*, the title character attempts to be a knight in shining armor to restore order. Although presented as insane, Don Quixote’s actions—to help the weak and defend the good—take place in an environment where helping others seems old-fashioned. The critique of society is a biting one.

Culturally, Europe saw several important changes, including the widespread use of the printing press (with the accompanying rise in literacy rates). The availability of books made possible the idea of a Renaissance man, celebrated by Rabelais and others. Guns and cannons altered the landscape for a hero; since bullets could penetrate a knight’s armor, soldiers began to take center stage. As Cervantes writes about someone clinging to the ideals of knighthood, he himself lived in a world where he was shot in the hand during the Battle of Lepanto.

Worldwide, the spread of books and writing led to the recording of oral stories. Since the stories had been in circulation for a long time before they were written down, there is very little that is Renaissance about these works by the European definition. The act of writing them down, however, sometimes was itself a world upside down experience, since the means of recording the stories came from outside cultures. In Guatemala, the *Popol Vuh* survived as a written document because Christian missionaries were teaching the Mayans to translate the Bible; instead, one scribe used the new writing system to preserve the Mayan origin story. In Africa, the *Epic of Sundiata/Sonjara* may have been first recorded during the Renaissance, but it still exists as an oral story to the present day. In Asia, the Renaissance time period does not correspond particularly well with the dates of the various literary movements, which continued to focus on poetry and the emerging genres of prose narratives and drama.

## FOR STUDENTS:

The works in this section are meant to be compared and contrasted. Consider the following questions while reading:

- What views of the New World and the Old World do we find in Renaissance literature? What do we learn about the writers who present those views?
- How does the definition of leadership change in works such as *The Prince*, *Hamlet*, and *Don Quixote*?
- What do we learn about heroism in the Renaissance? How has it changed?
- What concepts of morality do we find in *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, *Hamlet*, and *The Prince*?

The texts also can be compared and contrasted with earlier time periods:

- What are the differences among ancient world warriors, medieval knights, and Renaissance soldiers? How does that affect the Renaissance definition of a hero?
- How has the view of authority (and authority figures) changed from the Ancient World to the Renaissance?
- How has the role of women in society changed over time in these works? In what ways has it not changed?
- Culture shock: How would Hamlet react if he were dropped into the *Iliad*? What would the characters in the *Iliad* think about him, and why? How would the situation change if Hamlet were dropped into the *Tale of Genji*?

*Written by Laura J. Getty*

This chapter introduces two prominent examples from the Joseon (also spelled as Chosŏn) Dynasty (1392-1897) in Korea: the Korean indigenous poetic form called “sijo” and *The Tale of Hong Gil-Dong* (1612), one of the first novels written in Hangeul (also spelled “Hangul”), the Korean alphabet. Joseon, a Confucian society that lasted for about five centuries, was the last dynasty before Korea’s modernization.

In Joseon literature, what is notable is the invention (1443) and promulgation (1446) of Hangeul, the Korean alphabet, by Sejong the Great, the fourth king of the Joseon Dynasty, who reigned from 1418 to 1450. Before Hangeul, Koreans did not have an indigenous written system that matched their oral language, and mostly borrowed Chinese letters for writing. After the popularization of Hangeul, however, Korean indigenous literature in Korean blossomed.

The Joseon Dynasty was also a monarchical society based on a class system that consisted of *yangban* (“noble men,” such as scholars, landlords, rulers, and generals), *jung-in* (professionals, such as doctors, mathematicians, and translators), *sang-in* (merchants), and *nobi* (servants) in order of hierarchy from top to bottom. Furthermore, while it allowed patriarchal polygamy, the Confucian Joseon Dynasty limited the rights of the concubines and their children in inheritance and opportunities for social mobility. *The Tale of Hong Gil-Dong* deals with this social contradiction and focuses on social discriminations against, and condescension for, the children of concubines.

There has been inconsistency in the Romanization of the Korean language. Before 2000, the McCune-Reischauer system was the official system for South Korea. South Korea adopted the Revised Romanization of Korean in 2000, but there is still some inconsistency because some people continued to use the previous system or do not consult a standardized system. In this chapter, the 2000 Revised Romanization of Korean is used, but some other common variations are indicated.

#### AS YOU READ, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

- Select and examine a theme in a sijo poem. What idea does it suggest, and what surprising twist does it display at the end? If you detect any humor or wit, can you explain those elements as well?
- Because sijo blossomed during the Joseon Dynasty, which officially adopted Confucianism, some traditional sijo reflect Confucian themes, such as loyalty. Examine if a particular verse reflects, subverts, and/or avoids Confucian ideas.
- How would you compose your own sijo in English?
- Take a look at the image of the original text in Hangeul, the Korean alphabet, in the following website (<http://www.korea.net/AboutKorea/History/The-Beginnings-of-the-Countrys-History>). Given that Korea had long been in a tributary relationship with China, imported philosophies from China, and used Chinese letters for important documents until



**IMAGE 10.1: SEJONG THE GREAT** | The king of Joseon sits on his throne.

**Author:** User “Mammique”

**Source:** Wikimedia Commons

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Korea's own alphabet became popular, what implications might *The Tale of Hong Gil-Dong* have as one of the earliest novels in Korean about Korean issues?

- In what ways do you think Hong Gil-Dong's ideas and actions were subversive and progressive, yet at the same time limited by his society?
- Examine the text for any traces of Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, and Catholicism, all of which Heo Gyun had access to during his time.
- If you are familiar with the Chinese classic *The Water Margin*, compare the Chinese classic and Heo Gyun's novel.
- Develop an argument about the character Hong Gil-Dong, considering his drive for self-fulfillment and the actions he takes. Which character in other literary traditions can he be compared to?
- You can watch a part of the TV drama adaptation (no English subtitles) in the following website (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SH5pFNKn8Q>), which corresponds to the beginning of the tale of Hong Gil-Dong. How do you think this video clip dramatizes the novel?

**FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEE THE FOLLOWING SOURCES:**

- Go to the following website for a brief history of Korea and the map of Korea over time. You will find the map of Joseon on this page, which is generally the same as the current map of Korea.  
<http://www.korea.net/AboutKorea/Korea-at-a-Glance/History>
- For more instructions on how to write sijo in English, go to [http://www.sejongscociety.org/korean\\_theme/sijo/sijo\\_more.html](http://www.sejongscociety.org/korean_theme/sijo/sijo_more.html)
- For a greater understanding of sijo, watch David McCann's three videos:  
[http://sejongscociety.org/videos/sijo/sijo\\_teaching\\_form\\_of\\_sijo\\_md\\_fl.htm](http://sejongscociety.org/videos/sijo/sijo_teaching_form_of_sijo_md_fl.htm)  
[http://sejongscociety.org/videos/sijo/sijo\\_teaching\\_history\\_of\\_sijo\\_md\\_fl.htm](http://sejongscociety.org/videos/sijo/sijo_teaching_history_of_sijo_md_fl.htm)  
[http://sejongscociety.org/videos/sijo/sijo\\_teaching\\_chungsan-lee\\_md\\_fl.htm](http://sejongscociety.org/videos/sijo/sijo_teaching_chungsan-lee_md_fl.htm)
- For examples of contemporary sijo (in English), see the following Sejong Cultural Society's websites:  
<http://www.sejongculturalsociety.org/writing/past/2014/winners/sijo.php#1>

*Written by Kyoungnye Kwon*

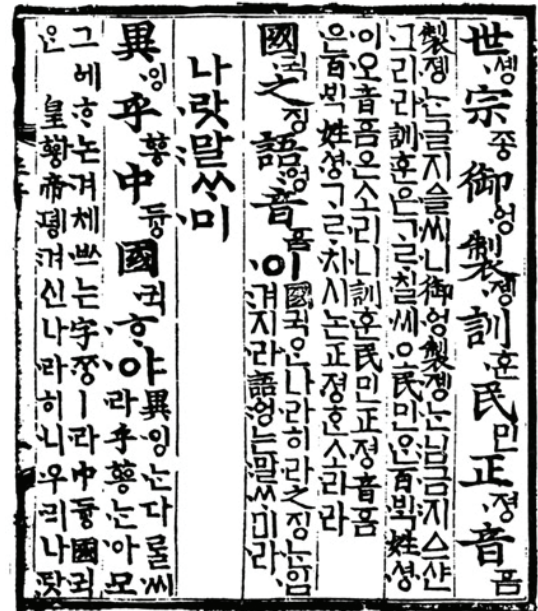


IMAGE 10.2: HUNMIN JEONG-EUM | A Korean writing manual for teaching the language's native.

Author: User "PuzzletChung"  
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## SIJO POETRY

First used ca. 1000 C.E.  
Korea

The sijo (pronounced "shee-jo") is a Korean indigenous poetic form, which first emerged around the middle of the Goryeo Period (918-1392), was active during the Joseon Period (1392-1897), and is still practiced today. It is the best example of Korean indigenous poetry and is comparable to other poetic traditions, especially those in East Asia.

The sijo is a three-line Korean poetic form, traditionally meant to be sung and recited, dealing with various themes, such as the philosophical, pastoral, and personal. The first line is usually written in a 3-4-4-4 syllable pattern and introduces an idea. The second line is usually written in a 3-4-4-4 syllable pattern and develops the idea.



The third line is usually written in a 3-5-4-3 syllable pattern and provides a twist on the initial idea in the first half and a resolution in the second half of the line. As there have been many variations, the number of syllables is flexible in sijo. However, for its musicality, it is important to have four distinct syllabic groups in each line, which are further divided into the first half and the second half. When reciting, slight pauses should mark the space between each group, as well as the space between the first half and the second half.

Selected poems here represent well-known traditional sijo poems. Yun Seondo (1587-1671) is regarded as the sijo master in Korea, along with Chung Chul, for producing a number of exemplary pieces. Yun was a scholar, government official, and tutor to princes at the royal court, and he produced most of his famous poetry while in political exile. Chung Chul (1536-1594) was a Confucian scholar who wrote a great number of elegant sijo. Hwang Chin-i (1506-c1567) was a *gisaeng* (female entertainer) whose professional name was Myeongwal (“bright moon”). She was famous for her beauty and her talent at poetry, literature, music, dance, and calligraphy. Yi Sun-shin (1545-1598) was a naval commander who won victories against the Japanese navy during the war with Japan between 1592 and 1598. Chŏng Mong-ju (1338-1392) was a Confucian scholar who refused to betray his king in the Goryeo Kingdom when Korea was transitioning from the Goryeo Kingdom to the Joseon Dynasty. Kim Chang-up (1658-1721), Yang Sa-Eun (1517-1584), and Im Che (1549-1587) were all writers during the Joseon Dynasty.

*Written by Kyounghye Kwon*

## READINGS:

### SIJO POEM

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Hwang Jin-I, Translated by David R. McCann

I will break in two the long strong back  
of this long midwinter night,

동지달 지나간 밤을 한 허리를 버혀 내어

Roll it up and put it away  
under the springtime coverlet.

춘풍 이불 아래 서리허리 넣었다가

And the night that my loved one comes back again  
I will unroll it to lengthen the time.

어른 님 오신 날 밤이여드란 구비구비 펴리라

### THE FIRST STANZA OF “SONG OF (MY) FIVE FRIENDS”

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Yun Seondo, Translated by Larry Gross

You ask how many friends I have? Water and stone, bamboo and pine.  
The moon rising over the eastern hill is a joyful comrade.  
Besides these five companions, what other pleasure should I ask

- Yun Seondo (also spelled Yun Söndo)’s full poem can be found here:  
<http://www.webring.org/l/rd?ring=sijowebring;id=3;url=http%3A%2F%2Fthewordshop.tripod.com%2FSijo%2F>

**THE FIRST VERSE FROM THE SPRING SEQUENCE OF THE POEMS  
ABOUT THE CHANGING SEASONS**

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Yun Seondo, Translated by Larry Gross

Sun lights up the hill behind, mist rises on the channel ahead.  
*Push the boat, push the boat!*  
The night tide has gone out, the morning tide is coming in.  
*Jigukchong, jigukchong, eosawa!*  
Untamed flowers along the shore reach out to the far village.

**THE TRADITIONAL SIJO POEMS BY CHUNG CHUL, KIM CHANG-UP, U-TAEK, YANG SA EUN,  
HWANG JINI (ALSO SPELLED HWANG CHIN-I), IM CHE, YI WONIK, YUN SUNDO,  
AND OTHERS, AS WELL AS EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY SIJO:**

- Go to the link and read these poems:

[http://www.sejongculturalsociety.org/writing/current/resources/sijo\\_samples.php](http://www.sejongculturalsociety.org/writing/current/resources/sijo_samples.php)

**SIJO POEMS BY YI SUN-SHIN AND CHŎNG MONG-JU**

- Go to the link and scroll down the page to read these poems:

<http://chosonkorea.org/index.php/culture/literature/sijopoetry>

**THE TALE OF HONG GIL-DONG**

Heo Gyun (1569-1618 C.E.)

First published in 1612 C.E.

Korea

*The Tale of Hong Gil-Dong* (also spelled “Hong Kil Tong” and pronounced as such), one of the earliest novels in Korean, was written by Heo Gyun (also spelled “Hŏ Kyun” or “Huh Kyun”) during the Joseon Dynasty (1392-1897). Although the novel, first published in 1612, is set during the reign of King Sejong (1418- 1450), it is inspired by an actual robber named Hong Gil-Dong during the reign of King Yeonsan-gun (1494-1506) and is also seen as partially inspired by *The Water Margin*, a Chinese classic generally attributed to Shi Nai’an (ca. 1296–1372). Heo Gyun was an unorthodox thinker. Despite the Confucian state ideology of the Joseon Dynasty, he developed interests in Buddhism, Taoism, and possibly even Catholicism. He criticized social and governmental corruption and contradiction, and he argued for equal employment opportunities that would not discriminate against the children of concubines. This novel is noted for its social criticism.

Medical missionary and diplomat Horace Newton Allen's (1858-1932 C.E.) translation of this story, published in 1889 by the Knickerbocker Press, has some typos and errors, but is historically significant in that it is the first Korean novel (not a "folktale," although the translator seemed to consider it one) to be translated in English through the eyes of one of the earliest Westerners to reside in Korea.

*Written by Kyounghye Kwon*

**HONG GIL-DONG**  
**OR**  
**THE ADVENTURES OF AN ABUSED BOY**

Heo Gyun, Translated by H. N. Allen

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Part 1

During the reign of the third king in Korea there lived a noble of high rank and noted family, by name Hong. His title was Ye Cho Pansa. He had two sons by his wife and one by one of his concubines. The latter son was very remarkable from his birth to his death, and he it is who forms the subject of this history.

When Hong Pansa was the father of but two sons, he dreamed by night on one occasion that he heard the noise of thunder, and looking up he saw a huge dragon entering his apartment, which seemed too small to contain the whole of his enormous body. The dream was so startling as to awaken the sleeper, who at once saw that it was a good omen, and a token to him of a blessing about to be conferred. He hoped the blessing might prove to be another son, and went to impart the good news to his wife. She would not see him, however, as she was offended by his taking a concubine from the class of "dancing girls." The great man was sad, and went away. Within the year, however, a son of marvelous beauty was born to one concubine, much to the annoyance of his wife and to himself, for he would have been glad to have the beautiful boy a full son, and eligible to office. The child was named Gil-Dong, or Hong Gil-Dong. He grew fast, and became more and more beautiful. He learned rapidly, and surprised every one by his remarkable ability. As he grew up he rebelled at being placed with the slaves, and at not being allowed to call his parent, father. The other children laughed and jeered at him, and made life very miserable. He refused longer to study of the duties of children to their parents. He upset his table in school, and declared he was going to be a soldier. One bright moonlight night Hong Pansa saw his son in the courtyard practicing the arts of the soldier, and he asked him what it meant. Gil-Dong answered that he was fitting himself to become a man that people should respect and fear. He said he knew that heaven had made all things for the use of men, if they found themselves capable of using them, and that the laws of men were only made to assist a few that could not otherwise do as they would; but that he was not inclined to submit to any such tyranny, but would become a great man in spite of his evil surroundings. "This is a most remarkable boy," mused Hong Pansa.

"What a pity that he is not my proper and legitimate son, that he might be an honor to my name. As it is, I fear he will cause me serious trouble." He urged the boy to go to bed and sleep, but Gil-Dong said it was useless, that if he went to bed he would think of his troubles till the tears washed sleep away from his eyes, and caused him to get up.

The wife of Hong Pansa and his other concubine (the dancing girl), seeing how much their lord and master thought of Gil-Dong, grew to hate the latter intensely, and began to lay plans for ridding themselves of him. They called some mootang, or sorceresses, and explained to them that their happiness was disturbed by this son of a rival, and that peace could only be restored to their hearts by the death of this youth. The witches laughed and said: "Never mind. There is an old woman who lives by the east gate, tell her to come and prejudice the father. She can do it, and he will then look after his son."

The old hag came as requested. Hong Pansa was then in the women's apartments, telling them of the wonderful boy, much to their annoyance. A visitor was announced, and the old woman made a low bow outside. Hong Pansa asked her what her business was, and she stated that she had heard of his wonderful son, and came to see him, to foretell what his future was to be.

Gil-Dong came as called, and on seeing him the hag bowed and said: "Send out all of the people." She then stated: "This will be a very great man; if not a king, he will be greater than the king, and will avenge his early wrongs by killing all his family." At this the father called to her to stop, and enjoined strict secrecy upon her. He sent Gil-Dong at once to a strong room, and had him locked in for safe keeping.

The boy was very sad at this new state of affairs, but as his father let him have books, he got down to hard study, and learned the Chinese works on astronomy. He could not see his mother, and his unnatural father was too afraid

to come near him. He made up his mind, however, that as soon as he could get out he would go to some far off country, where he was not known, and make his true power felt.

Meanwhile, the unnatural father was kept in a state of continual excitement by his wicked concubine, who was bent on the destruction of the son of her rival, and kept constantly before her master the great dangers that would come to him from being the parent of such a man as Gil-Dong was destined to be, if allowed to live. She showed him that such power as the boy was destined to possess, would eventually result in his overthrows!, and with him his father's house would be in disgrace, and, doubtless, would be abolished. While if this did not happen, the son was sure to kill his family, so that, in either case, it was the father's clear duty to prevent any further trouble by putting the boy out of the way. Hong Pansa was finally persuaded that his concubine was right, and sent for the assassins to come and kill his son. But a spirit filled the father with disease, and he told the men to stay their work. Medicines failed to cure the disease, and the mootang women were called in by the concubine. They beat their drums and danced about the room, conjuring the spirit to leave, but it would not obey. At last they said, at the suggestion of the concubine, that Gil-Dong was the cause of the disorder, and that with his death the spirit would cease troubling the father.

Again the assassins were sent for, and came with their swords, accompanied by the old hag from the east gate. While they were meditating on the death of Gil-Dong, he was musing on the unjust laws of men who allowed sons to be born of concubines, but denied them rights that were enjoyed by other men.

## Part 2

While thus musing in the darkness of the night, he heard a crow caw three times and fly away. "This means something ill to me," thought he; and just then his window was thrown open, and in stepped the assassins. They made at the boy, but he was not there. In their rage they wounded each other, and killed the old woman who was their guide. To their amazement the room had disappeared, and they were surrounded by high mountains. A mighty storm arose, and rocks flew through the air. They could not escape, and, in their terror, were about to give up, when music was heard, and a boy came riding by on a donkey, playing a flute. He took away their weapons, and showed himself to be Gil-Dong. He promised not to kill them, as they begged for their lives, but only on condition that they should never try to kill another man. He told them that he would know if the promise was broken, and, in that event, he would instantly kill them.

Gil-Dong went by night to see his father, who thought him a spirit, and was very much afraid. He gave his father medicine, which instantly cured him; and sending for his mother, bade her good-by, and started for an unknown country.

His father was very glad that the boy had escaped, and lost his affection for his wicked concubine. But the latter, with her mistress, was very angry, and tried in vain to devise some means to accomplish their evil purposes.

Gil-Dong, free at last journeyed to the south, and began to ascend the lonely mountains. Tigers were abundant, but he feared them not, and they seemed to avoid molesting him. After many days, he found himself high up on a barren peak enveloped by the clouds and enjoyed the remoteness of the place, and the absence of men and obnoxious laws. He now felt himself a free man, and the equal of any, while he knew that heaven was smiling upon him and giving him powers not accorded to other men.

Through the clouds at some distance he thought he espied a huge stone door in the bare wall of rock. Going up to it, he found it to be indeed a movable door, and, opening it, he stepped inside, when, to his amazement, he found himself in an open plain, surrounded by high and inaccessible mountains. He saw before him over two hundred good houses, and many men, who, when they had somewhat recovered from their own surprise, came rushing upon him, apparently with evil intent. Laying hold upon him they asked him who he was, and why he came trespassing upon their ground. He said: "I am surprised to find myself in the presence of men. I am but the son of a concubine, and men, with their laws, are obnoxious to me. Therefore, I thought to get away from man entirely, and, for that reason, I wandered alone into these wild regions. But who are you, and why do you live in this lone spot? Perhaps we may have a kindred feeling."

"We are called thieves," was answered; "but we only despoil the hated official class of some of their ill-gotten gains. We are willing to help the poor unbeknown, but no man can enter our stronghold and depart alive, unless he has become one of us. To do so, however, he must prove himself to be strong in body and mind. If you can pass the examination and wish to join our party, well and good; otherwise you die."

This suited Gil-Dong immensely, and he consented to the conditions. They gave him various trials of strength, but he chose his own. Going up to a huge rock on which several men were seated, he laid hold of it and hurled it to some distance, to the dismay of the men, who fell from their seat, and to the surprised delight of all. He was at once installed a member, and a feast was ordered. The contract was sealed by mingling blood from the lips of all the members with blood similarly supplied by Gil-Dong. He was then given a prominent seat and served to wine and food.

Gil-Dong soon became desirous of giving to his comrades some manifestation of his courage. An opportunity presently offered. He heard the men bemoaning their inability to despoil a large and strong Buddhist temple not far distant. As was the rule, this temple in the mountains was well patronized by officials, who made it a place of retirement for pleasure and debauch, and in return the lazy, licentious priests were allowed to collect tribute from the poor people about, till they had become rich and powerful. The several attempts made by the robber band had proved unsuccessful, by virtue of the number and vigilance of the priests, together with the strength of their enclosure. Gil-Dong agreed to assist them to accomplish their design or perish in the attempt, and such was their faith in him that they readily agreed to his plans.

On a given day Gil-Dong, dressed in the red gown of a youth, just betrothed, covered himself with the dust of travel, and mounted on a donkey, with one robber disguised as a servant, made his way to the temple. He asked on arrival to be shown to the head priest, to whom he stated that he was the son of Hong Pansa, that his noble father having heard of the greatness of this temple, and the wisdom of its many priests, had decided to send him with a letter, which he produced, to be educated among their numbers. He also stated that a train of one hundred ponies loaded with rice had been sent as a present from his father to the priest, and he expected they would arrive before dark, as they did not wish to stop alone in the mountains, even though every pony was attended by a groom, who was armed for defense. The priests were delighted, and having read the letter, they never for a moment suspected that all was not right. A great feast was ordered in honor of their noble scholar, and all sat down before the tables, which were filled so high that one could hardly see his neighbor on the opposite side. They had scarcely seated themselves and indulged in the generous wine, when it was announced that the train of ponies laden with rice had arrived. Servants were sent to look after the tribute, and the eating and drinking went on. Suddenly Gil-Dong clapped his hand, over his cheek with a cry of pain, which drew the attention of all. When, to the great mortification of the priests, he produced from his mouth a pebble, previously introduced on the sly, and exclaimed: "Is it to feed on stones that my father sent me to this place? What do you mean by setting such rice before a gentleman?"



IMAGE 10.4: HONG GIL-DONG JEON | The first pages of a Korean Hong Gil-Dong novel.

Author: Heo Gyun  
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### Part 3

The priests were filled with mortification and dismay, and bowed their shaven heads to the floor in humiliation. When at a sign from Gil-Dong, a portion of the robbers, who had entered the court as grooms to the ponies, seized the bending priests and bound them as they were. The latter shouted for help, but the other robbers, who had been concealed in the bags, which were supposed to contain rice, seized the servants, while others were loading the ponies with jewels, rice, cash and whatever of value they could lay hands upon.

An old priest who was attending to the fires, seeing the uproar, made off quietly to the yamen near by and called for soldiers. The soldiers were sent after some delay, and Gil-Dong, disguised as a priest, called to them to follow him down a by-path after the robbers. While he conveyed the soldiers over this rough path, the robbers made good their escape by the main road, and were soon joined in their stronghold by their youthful leader, who had left the soldiers groping helplessly in the dark among the rocks and trees in a direction opposite that taken by the robbers.

The priests soon found out that they had lost almost all their riches, and were at no loss in determining how the skilful affair had been planned and carried out. Gil-Dong's name was noised abroad, and it was soon known that he was heading a band of robbers, who, through his assistance, were able to do many marvelous things. The robber band was delighted at the success of his first undertaking, and made him their chief, with the consent of all. After sufficient time had elapsed for the full enjoyment of their last and greatest success, Gil-Dong planned a new raid.

The Governor of a neighboring province was noted for his overbearing ways and the heavy burdens that he laid upon his subjects. He was very rich, but universally hated, and Gil-Dong decided to avenge the people and humiliate the Governor, knowing that his work would be appreciated by the people, as were indeed his acts at the temple. He instructed his band to proceed singly to the Governor's city—the local capital—at the time of a fair, when their coming would not cause comment. At a given time a portion of them were to set fire to a lot of straw-thatched huts outside the city gates, while the others repaired in a body to the Governor's yamen. They did so. The Governor was borne in his chair to a place where he could witness the conflagration, which also drew away the most of the inhabitants. The robbers bound the remaining servants, and while some were securing money, jewels, and weapons, Gil-Dong wrote on the walls: "The wicked Governor that robs the people is relieved of his ill-gotten gains by Gil-Dong—the people's avenger."

Again the thieves made good their escape, and Gil-Dong's name became known everywhere.

The Governor offered a great reward for his capture, but no one seemed desirous of encountering a robber of such boldness. At last the King offered a reward after consulting with his officers. When one of them said he would capture the thief alone, the King was astonished at his boldness and courage, and bade him be off and make the attempt. The officer was called the Pochang; he had charge of the prisons, and was a man of great courage.

The Pochang started on his search, disguised as a traveler. He took a donkey and servant, and after travelling many days he put up at a little inn, at the same time that another man on a donkey rode up. The latter was Gil-Dong in disguise, and he soon entered into conversation with the man, whose mission was known to him.

"I goo" said Gil-Dong, as he sat down to eat, "this is a dangerous country. I have just been chased by the robber Gil-Dong till the life is about gone out of me."

"Gil-Dong, did you say?" remarked Pochang. "I wish he would chase me. I am anxious to see the man of whom we hear so much."

"Well, if you see him once you will be satisfied," replied Gil-Dong.

"Why?" asked the Pochang. "Is he such a fearful-looking man as to frighten one by his aspect alone?"

"No; on the contrary he looks much as do ordinary mortals. But we know he is different, you see."

"Exactly," said the Pochang. "That is just the trouble. You are afraid of him before you see him. Just let me get a glimpse of him, and matters will be different, I think."

"Well," said Gil-Dong, "you can be easily pleased, if that is all, for I dare say if you go back into the mountains here you will see him, and get acquainted with him too."

"That is good. Will you show me the place?"

"Not I. I have seen enough of him to please me. I can tell you where to go, however, if you persist in your curiosity," said the robber.

"Agreed!" exclaimed the officer. "Let us be off at once lest he escapes. And if you succeed in showing him to me, I will reward you for your work and protect you from the thief."

After some objection by Gil-Dong, who appeared to be reluctant to go, and insisted on at least finishing his dinner, they started off, with their servants, into the mountains. Night overtook them, much to the apparent dismay of the guide, who pretended to be very anxious to give up the quest. At length, however, they came to the stone door, which was open. Having entered the robber's stronghold, the door closed behind them, and the guide disappeared, leaving the dismayed officer surrounded by the thieves. His courage had now left him, and he regretted his rashness. The robbers bound him securely and led him past their miniature city into an enclosure surrounded

by houses which, by their bright colors, seemed to be the abode of royalty. He was conveyed into a large audience-chamber occupying the most extensive building of the collection, and there, on a sort of throne, in royal style, sat his guide. The Pochang saw his mistake, and fell on his face, begging for mercy. Gil-Dong upbraided him for his impudence and arrogance and promised to let him off this time. Wine was brought, and all partook of it. That given to the officer was drugged, and he fell into a stupor soon after drinking it. While in this condition he was put into a bag and conveyed in a marvelous manner to a high mountain overlooking the capital. Here he found himself upon recovering from the effects of his potion; and not daring to face his sovereign with such a fabulous tale, he cast himself down from the high mountain, and was picked up dead, by passers-by, in the morning. Almost at the same time that His Majesty received word of the death of his officer, and was marveling at the audacity of the murderer in bringing the body almost to the palace doors, came simultaneous reports of great depredations in each of the eight provinces. The trouble was in each case attributed to Gil-Dong, and the fact that he was reported as being in eight far removed places at the same time caused great consternation.

#### Part 4

Official orders were issued to each of the eight governors to catch and bring to the city, at once, the robber Gil-Dong. These orders were so well obeyed that upon a certain day soon after, a guard came from each province bringing Gil-Dong, and there in a line stood eight men alike in every respect.

The King on inquiry found that Gil-Dong was the son of Hong Pansa, and the father was ordered into the royal presence. He came with his legitimate son, and bowed his head in shame to the ground. When asked what he meant by having a son who would cause such general misery and distress, he swooned away, and would have died had not one of the Gil-Dongs produced some medicine which cured him. The son, however, acted as spokesman, and informed the King that Gil-Dong was but the son of his father's slave, that he was utterly incorrigible, and had fled from home when a mere boy. When asked to decide as to which was his true son, the father stated that his son had a scar on the left thigh. Instantly each of the eight men pulled up the baggy trousers and displayed a scar. The guard was commanded to remove the men and kill all of them: but when they attempted to do so the life had disappeared, and the men were found to be only figures in straw and wax.

Soon after this a letter was seen posted on the Palace gate, announcing that if the government would confer upon Gil-Dong the rank of Pansa, as held by his father, and thus remove from him the stigma attaching; to him as the son of a slave, he would stop his depredations. This proposition could not be entertained at first, but one of the counsel suggested that it might offer a solution of the vexed question, and they could yet be spared the disgrace of having an officer with such a record. For, as he proposed, men could be so stationed that when the newly-appointed officer came to make his bow before His Majesty, they could fall upon him and kill him before he arose. This plan was greeted with applause, and a decree was issued conferring the desired rank; proclamations to that effect being posted in public places, so that the news would reach Gil-Dong. It did reach him, and he soon appeared at the city gate. A great crowd attended him as he rode to the Palace gates; but knowing the plans laid for him, as he passed through the gates and came near enough to be seen of the King, he was caught up in a cloud and borne away amid strange music; wholly discomfiting his enemies.

Some time after this occurrence the King was walking with a few eunuchs and attendants in the royal gardens. It was evening time, but the full moon furnished ample light. The atmosphere was tempered just to suit; it was neither cold nor warm, while it lacked nothing of the bracing character of a Korean autumn. The leaves were blood-red on the maples; the heavy cloak of climbing vines that enshrouded the great wall near by was also beautifully colored. These effects could even be seen by the bright moonlight, and seated on a hill-side the royal party were enjoying the tranquility of the scene, when all were astonished by the sound of a flute played by some one up above them. Looking up among the tree-tops a man was seen descending toward them, seated upon the back of a gracefully moving stork. The King imagined it must be some heavenly being, and ordered the chief eunuch to make some proper salutation. But before this could be done, a voice was heard saying: "Fear not, O King. I am simply Hong Pansa (Gil-Dong's new title). I have come to make my obeisance before your august presence and be confirmed in my rank."

This he did, and no one attempted to molest him; seeing which, the King, feeling that it was useless longer to attempt to destroy a man who could read the unspoken thoughts of men, said:

"Why do you persist in troubling the country? I have removed from you now the stigma attached to your birth. What more will you have?"

"I wish," said Gil-Dong, with due humility, "to go to a distant land, and settle down to the pursuit of peace and happiness. If I may be granted three thousand bags of rice I will gladly go and trouble you no longer."

"But how will you transport such an enormous quantity of rice?" asked the King.

"That can be arranged," said Gil-Dong. "If I may be but granted the order, I will remove the rice at daybreak."

The order was given. Gil-Dong went away as he came, and in the early morning a fleet of junks appeared off the royal granaries, took on the rice, and made away before the people were well aware of their presence.

Gil-Dong now sailed for an island off the west coast. He found one uninhabited, and with his few followers he stored his riches, and brought many articles of value from his former hiding-places. His people were taught to till the soil, and all went well on the little island till the master made a trip to a neighboring island, which was famous for its deadly mineral poison—a thing much prized for tipping the arrows with. Gil-Dong wanted to get some of this poison, and made a visit to the island. While passing through the settled districts he casually noticed that many copies of a proclamation were posted up, offering a large reward to any one who would succeed in restoring to her father a young lady who had been stolen by a band of savage people who lived in the mountains.

Gil-Dong journeyed on all day, and at night he found himself high up in the wild mountain regions, where the poison was abundant. Gazing about in making some preparations for passing the night in this place, he saw a light, and following it, he came to a house built below him on a ledge of rocks, and in an almost inaccessible position. He could see the interior of a large hall, where were gathered many hairy, shaggy-looking men, eating, drinking, and smoking. One old fellow, who seemed to be chief, was tormenting a young lady by trying to tear away her veil and expose her to the gaze of the barbarians assembled. Gil-Dong could not stand this sight, and, taking a poisoned arrow, he sent it direct for the heart of the villain, but the distance was so great that he missed his mark sufficiently to only wound the arm. All one of them threw aside her veil and implored for mercy. Then it was that Gil-Dong recognized the maiden whom he had rescued the previous evening. She was marvelously beautiful, and already he was deeply smitten with her maidenly charms. Her voice seemed like that of an angel of peace sent to quiet the hearts of rough men. As she modestly begged for her life, she told the story of her capture by the robbers, and how she had been dragged away to their den, and was only saved from insult by the interposition of some heavenly being, who had in pity smote the arm of her tormentor.

Great was Gil-Dong's joy at being able to explain his own part in the matter, and the maiden heart, already won by the manly beauty of her rescuer, now overflowed with gratitude and love. Remembering herself, however, she quickly veiled her face, but the mischief had been done; each had seen the other, and they could henceforth know no peace, except in each other's presence.

The proclamations had made but little impression upon Gil-Dong, and it was not till the lady had told her story that he remembered reading them. He at once took steps to remove the beautiful girl and her companion in distress, and not knowing but that other of the savages might return, he did not dare to make search for a chair and bearers, but mounting donkeys the little party set out for the home of the distressed parents, which they reached safely in due time. The father's delight knew no bounds. He was a subject of Korea's King, yet he possessed this island and ruled its people in his own right. And calling his subjects, he explained to them publicly the wonderful works of the stranger, to whom he betrothed his daughter, and to whom he gave his official position.

The people indulged in all manner of gay festivities in honor of the return of the lost daughter of their chief; in respect to the bravery of Gil-Dong; and to celebrate his advent as their ruler.

In due season the marriage ceremonies were celebrated, and the impatient lovers were given to each other's embrace. Their lives were full of happiness and prosperity. Other outlying islands were united under Gil-Dong's rule, and no desire or ambition remained ungratified. Yet there came a time when the husband grew sad, and tears swelled the heart of the young wife as she tried in vain to comfort him. He explained at last that he had a presentiment that his father was either dead or dying, and that it was his duty to go and mourn at the grave. With anguish at the thought of parting, the wife urged him to go. Taking a junk laden with handsome marble slabs for the grave and statuary to surround it, and followed by junks bearing three thousand bags of rice, he set out for the capital. Arriving, he cut off his hair, and repaired to his old Louie, where a servant admitted him on the supposition that he was a priest. He found his father was no more; but the body yet remained, because a suitable place could not be found for the burial. Thinking him to be a priest, Gil-Dong was allowed to select the spot, and the burial took place with due ceremony. Then it was that the son revealed himself, and took his place with the mourners. The stone images and monuments were erected upon the nicely sodded grounds. Gil-Dong sent the rice he had brought, to the government granaries in return for the King's loan to him, and regretted that mourning would prevent his paying his respects to his King; he set out for his home with his true mother and his father's legal wife. The latter did not survive long after the death of her husband, but the poor slave-mother of the bright boy was spared many years to enjoy the peace and quiet of her son's bright home, and to be ministered to by her dutiful, loving children and their numerous offspring.



# Europe

# 11

The Renaissance in Europe refers to a period between the Middle Ages and the Modern period. Although different parts of Europe experienced the Renaissance at different times in their own unique ways, it can be said that it roughly ranges from the fourteenth century to the seventeenth century. Rather than having a clear demarcation from the previous and later periods, it converges with the later phase of the Middle Ages (ranging from the fifth century to the fifteenth century) and with a large part of the Early Modern period (ranging from 1450 C.E. to 1750 C.E.).

As the literal meaning of renaissance, “rebirth,” indicates, the European Renaissance was a period of a renewed interest in the Classical world of Greece and Rome and the intellectual movement called humanism. In humanism, secular scholars sought to help humans break free from the mental restrictions based on religious orthodoxy, to encourage free intellectual investigation, and to empower the potential of human thinking and creativity. This development first began in Italy and influenced all parts of Europe. Other major changes include the decline of the feudal system, the growth of commerce, and the applications of innovations such as paper, printing, gunpowder, and the mariner’s compass. The invention of metal movable type (c. 1450 C.E.) is generally credited to Johannes Gutenberg; with the invention of printing came increased literacy and the development of vernacular literature. The Protestant Reformation led by Martin Luther presented a new form of Christianity that focuses on the individual’s inner experiences, and it also brought out Counter-Reformation in Catholic countries. Renaissance Europe also made great strides in exploring new continents. Christopher Columbus arrived in America in 1492, which led to the far-reaching consequences of establishing European overseas empires. For example, Spain under the reign of Phillip II (1556-1598 C.E.) was a powerful empire, controlling many territories in Asia, Africa, and America, although it eventually ran into bankruptcy and entered into a period of decline.

The selections in this chapter reflect many of the characteristics of this period. Thomas More, Machiavelli, Cervantes, and Shakespeare are all good examples of the intellectual movement of humanism. Cervantes’s *Don Quixote*, generally regarded as the first Western novel, can be compared with Rabelais’s *Gargantua and Pantagruel* in its use of humor and satire. In England, More’s *Utopia* imagined a world entirely governed by reason. Further, in England, drama particularly flourished, with its primary playwright Shakespeare. Both Columbus’s entries and Shakespeare’s *The Tempest* reveal Europe’s encounter with and imagination of the New World.



**IMAGE 11.1: ITALY 1494** | A map of national boundaries on the Italian Peninsula and parts of Europe, 1494 C.E.

**Author:** User “Capmo”  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
**License:** CC BY-SA 3.0

## AS YOU READ, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

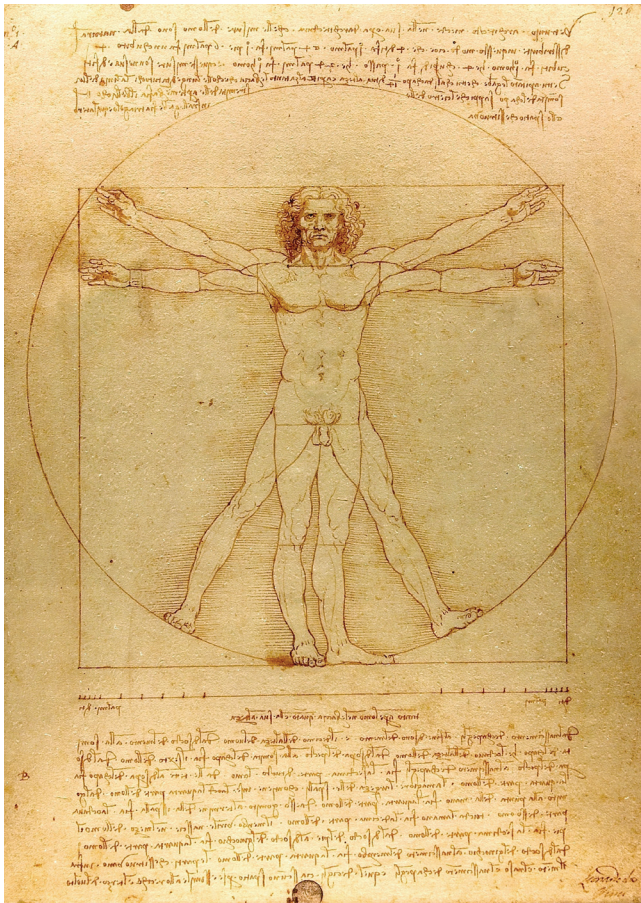
- How does humanism seem to have affected the writings in this period?
- How do the selected works in this chapter seem to engage previous literary heritages and traditions?
- How do the works in this chapter shed light on Europe’s encounter with and imagination of the New World?

- How do the works in this chapter approach the notion of identity?
- What specific literary device, style, or strategy do you find notable in the selected works?

**FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEE THE FOLLOWING SOURCES:**

- For the interactive map of Christopher Columbus’s voyages, click “interactive”:  
<http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/127070/Christopher-Columbus>
- You can find Renaissance works of art and an educational video titled “Spirit of the Renaissance” at the following website:  
<http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/497788/Renaissance-art>

*Written by Kyounghe Kwon*



**IMAGE 11.2: THE VITRUVIAN MAN** | Famous illustration by Leonardo da Vinci depicting human proportions.

**Author:** Leonardo da Vinci  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
**License:** Public Domain



**IMAGE 11.3: THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT** | A portrait believed by most scholars to depict William Shakespeare.

**Author:** User “GianniG46”  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
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## DON QUIXOTE

Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616 C.E.)

Published in 1605 C.E. (Part 1) and 1615 C.E. (Part 2)

Spain

*Don Quixote* was written by Miguel de Cervantes (Spanish novelist, playwright, and poet) and was published in two parts. The novel, influenced by Renaissance Humanism, was immediately popular although its literary gravity was only recognized later. As the prologue in part 1 of the novel states, it was conceived as a comic satire of chivalric romance literatures of the time. However, the novel presents multiple levels of implications beyond its attack on the previous literary tradition. Cervantes's diverse life experiences as a soldier, a slave, a civil servant, and a writer might have given him vantage points from which he could satirize different aspects of his contemporary society. In 1612, Thomas Shelton's English translation of the first part appeared, and soon Cervantes became well-known beyond Spain, especially in England, France, and Italy.

*Written by Kyounghye Kwon*

## DON QUIXOTE

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Miguel de Cervantes, Translated by John Ormsby

### Volume I

#### *Chapter I*

*Which treats of the character and pursuits of the famous gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*

In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet breeches and shoes to match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a lad for the field and market-place, who used to saddle the hack as well as handle the bill-hook. The age of this gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty; he was of a hardy habit, spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser and a great sportsman. They will have it his surname was Quixada or Quesada (for here there is some difference of opinion among the authors who write on the subject), although from reasonable conjectures it seems plain that he was called Quexana. This, however, is of but little importance to our tale; it will be enough not to stray a hair's breadth from the truth in the telling of it.

You must know, then, that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such ardour and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillageland to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous Feliciano de Silva's composition, for their lucidity of style and complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in his reading he came upon courtships and cartels, where he often found passages like "the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty;" or again, "the high heavens, that of your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your greatness deserves." Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and worm the meaning out of them; what Aristotle himself could not have made out or extracted had he come to life again for that special purpose. He was not at all easy about the wounds which Don Belianis gave and took, because it seemed to him that, great as were the surgeons who had cured him, he must have had his face and body covered all over with seams and scars. He commended, however, the author's way of ending his book with the promise of that interminable adventure, and many a time was he tempted to take up his pen and finish it properly as is there proposed, which no doubt he would have done, and made a successful piece of work of it too, had not greater and more absorbing thoughts prevented him.

Many an argument did he have with the curate of his village (a learned man, and a graduate of Sigüenza) as to which had been the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. Master Nicholas, the village barber, however, used to say that neither of them came up to the Knight of Phoebus, and that if there was any that could compare with him it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, because he had a spirit that was equal to every occasion, and was no finikin knight, nor lachrymose like his brother, while in the matter of valour he was not a whit behind him. In short, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits. His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense; and it so possessed his mind that the

whole fabric of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in the world had more reality in it. He used to say the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very good knight, but that he was not to be compared with the Knight of the Burning Sword who with one back-stroke cut in half two fierce and monstrous giants. He thought more of Bernardo del Carpio because at Roncesvalles he slew Roland in spite of enchantments, availing himself of the artifice of Hercules when he strangled Antaeus the son of Terra in his arms. He approved highly of the giant Morgante, because, although of the giant breed which is always arrogant and ill-conditioned, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all he admired Reinaldos of Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying forth from his castle and robbing everyone he met, and when beyond the seas he stole that image of Mahomet which, as his history says, was entirely of gold. To have a bout of kicking at that traitor of a Ganelon he would have given his housekeeper, and his niece into the bargain.

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion that ever madman in this world hit upon, and that was that he fancied it was right and requisite, as well for the support of his own honour as for the service of his country, that he should make a knight-errant of himself, roaming the world over in full armour and on horseback in quest of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of Trebizond at least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner eaten with rust and covered with mildew. He scoured and polished it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it, that it had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion. This deficiency, however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet of pasteboard which, fitted on to the morion, looked like a whole one. It is true that, in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

He next proceeded to inspect his hack, which, with more quartos than a real and more blemishes than the steed of Gonela, that “*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,” surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus of Alexander or the Babieca of the Cid. Four days were spent in thinking what name to give him, because (as he said to himself) it was not right that a horse belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was; for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rocinante, a name, to his thinking, lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself “Don Quixote,” whence, as has been already said, the authors of this veracious history have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and not Quesada as others would have it. Recollecting, however, that the valiant Amadis was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it



**IMAGE 11.4: DON QUIXOTE GOES MAD FROM HIS READING OF BOOKS OF CHIVALRY** | Illustration by Gustave Doré depicting Don Quixote surrounded by characters from his books.

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famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul, he, like a good knight, resolved to add on the name of his, and to style himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin and country, and did honour to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armour being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself, "If, for my sins, or by my good fortune, I come across some giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or, in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have some one I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, 'I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure?'" Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of some one to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del Toboso—she being of El Toboso—a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself and the things belonging to him.

## Chapter II

*Which treats of the first sally the ingenious Don Quixote made from home*

These preliminaries settled, he did not care to put off any longer the execution of his design, urged on to it by the thought of all the world was losing by his delay, seeing what wrongs he intended to right, grievances to redress, injustices to repair, abuses to remove, and duties to discharge. So, without giving notice of his intention to anyone, and without anybody seeing him, one morning before the dawning of the day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July) he donned his suit of armour, mounted Rocinante with his patched-up helmet on, braced his buckler, took his lance, and by the back door of the yard sallied forth upon the plain in the highest contentment and satisfaction at seeing with what ease he had made a beginning with his grand purpose. But scarcely did he find himself upon the open plain, when a terrible thought struck him, one all but enough to make him abandon the enterprise at the very outset. It occurred to him that he had not been dubbed a knight, and that according to the law of chivalry he neither could nor ought to bear arms against any knight; and that even if he had been, still he ought, as a novice knight, to wear white armour, without a device upon the shield until by his prowess he had earned one. These reflections made him waver in his purpose, but his craze being stronger than any reasoning, he made up his mind to have himself dubbed a knight by the first one he came across, following the example of others in the same case, as he had read in the books that brought him to this pass. As for white armour, he resolved, on the first opportunity, to scour his until it was whiter than an ermine; and so comforting himself he pursued his way, taking that which his horse chose, for in this he believed lay the essence of adventures.

Thus setting out, our new-fledged adventurer paced along, talking to himself and saying, "Who knows but that in time to come, when the veracious history of my famous deeds is made known, the sage who writes it, when he has to set forth my first sally in the early morning, will do it after this fashion? 'Scarce had the rubicund Apollo spread o'er the face of the broad spacious earth the golden threads of his bright hair, scarce had the little birds of painted plumage attuned their notes to hail with dulcet and mellifluous harmony the coming of the rosy Dawn, that, deserting the soft couch of her jealous spouse, was appearing to mortals at the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, quitting the lazy down, mounted his celebrated steed Rocinante and began to traverse the ancient and famous Campo de Montiel;'" which in fact he was actually traversing. "Happy the age, happy the time," he continued, "in which shall be made known my deeds of fame, worthy to be moulded in brass, carved in marble, limned in pictures, for a memorial for ever. And thou, O sage magician, whoever thou art, to whom it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wondrous history, forget not, I entreat thee, my good Rocinante, the constant companion of my ways and wanderings." Presently he broke out again, as if he were love-stricken in earnest, "O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, a grievous wrong hast thou done me to drive me forth with scorn, and with inexorable obduracy banish me from the presence of thy beauty. O lady, deign to hold in remembrance this heart, thy vassal, that thus in anguish pines for love of thee."

So he went on stringing together these and other absurdities, all in the style of those his books had taught him, imitating their language as well as he could; and all the while he rode so slowly and the sun mounted so rapidly and with such fervour that it was enough to melt his brains if he had any. Nearly all day he travelled without anything

remarkable happening to him, at which he was in despair, for he was anxious to encounter some one at once upon whom to try the might of his strong arm.

Writers there are who say the first adventure he met with was that of Puerto Lapice; others say it was that of the windmills; but what I have ascertained on this point, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is that he was on the road all day, and towards nightfall his hack and he found themselves dead tired and hungry, when, looking all around to see if he could discover any castle or shepherd's shanty where he might refresh himself and relieve his sore wants, he perceived not far out of his road an inn, which was as welcome as a star guiding him to the portals, if not the palaces, of his redemption; and quickening his pace he reached it just as night was setting in. At the door were standing two young women, girls of the district as they call them, on their way to Seville with some carriers who had chanced to halt that night at the inn; and as, happen what might to our adventurer, everything he saw or imaged seemed to him to be and to happen after the fashion of what he read of, the moment he saw the inn he pictured it to himself as a castle with its four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver, not forgetting the drawbridge and moat and all the belongings usually ascribed to castles of the sort. To this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he advanced, and at a short distance from it he checked Rocinante, hoping that some dwarf would show himself upon the battlements, and by sound of trumpet give notice that a knight was approaching the castle. But seeing that they were slow about it, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stable, he made for the inn door, and perceived the two gay damsels who were standing there, and who seemed to him to be two fair maidens or lovely ladies taking their ease at the castle gate.

At this moment it so happened that a swineherd who was going through the stubbles collecting a drove of pigs (for, without any apology, that is what they are called) gave a blast of his horn to bring them together, and forthwith it seemed to Don Quixote to be what he was expecting, the signal of some dwarf announcing his arrival; and so with prodigious satisfaction he rode up to the inn and to the ladies, who, seeing a man of this sort approaching in full armour and with lance and buckler, were turning in dismay into the inn, when Don Quixote, guessing their fear by their flight, raising his pasteboard visor, disclosed his dry dusty visage, and with courteous bearing and gentle voice addressed them, "Your ladyships need not fly or fear any rudeness, for that it belongs not to the order of knighthood which I profess to offer to anyone, much less to highborn maidens as your appearance proclaims you to be." The girls were looking at him and straining their eyes to make out the features which the clumsy visor obscured, but when they heard themselves called maidens, a thing so much out of their line, they could not restrain their laughter, which made Don Quixote wax indignant, and say, "Modesty becomes the fair, and moreover laughter that has little cause is great silliness; this, however, I say not to pain or anger you, for my desire is none other than to serve you."

The incomprehensible language and the unpromising looks of our cavalier only increased the ladies' laughter, and that increased his irritation, and matters might have gone farther if at that moment the landlord had not come out, who, being a very fat man, was a very peaceful one. He, seeing this grotesque figure clad in armour that did not match any more than his saddle, bridle, lance, buckler, or corselet, was not at all indisposed to join the damsels in their manifestations of amusement; but, in truth, standing in awe of such a complicated armament, he thought it best to speak him fairly, so he said, "Senor Caballero, if your worship wants lodging, bating the bed (for there is not one in the inn) there is plenty of everything else here." Don Quixote, observing the respectful bearing of the Alcaide of the fortress (for so innkeeper and inn seemed in his eyes), made answer, "Sir Castellan, for me anything will suffice, for

'My armour is my only wear,  
My only rest the fray.'

The host fancied he called him Castellan because he took him for a "worthy of Castile," though he was in fact an Andalusian, and one from the strand of San Lucar, as crafty a thief as Cacus and as full of tricks as a student or a page. "In that case," said he,

"Your bed is on the flinty rock,  
Your sleep to watch away;

and if so, you may dismount and safely reckon upon any quantity of sleeplessness under this roof for a twelve-month, not to say for a single night." So saying, he advanced to hold the stirrup for Don Quixote, who got down with great difficulty and exertion (for he had not broken his fast all day), and then charged the host to take great care of his horse, as he was the best bit of flesh that ever ate bread in this world. The landlord eyed him over but did not find him as good as Don Quixote said, nor even half as good; and putting him up in the stable, he returned to see what might be wanted by his guest, whom the damsels, who had by this time made their peace with him, were now relieving of his armour. They had taken off his breastplate and backpiece, but they neither knew nor saw how

to open his gorget or remove his make-shift helmet, for he had fastened it with green ribbons, which, as there was no untying the knots, required to be cut. This, however, he would not by any means consent to, so he remained all the evening with his helmet on, the drollest and oddest figure that can be imagined; and while they were removing his armour, taking the baggages who were about it for ladies of high degree belonging to the castle, he said to them with great sprightliness:

“Oh, never, surely, was there knight  
So served by hand of dame,  
As served was he, Don Quixote hight,  
When from his town he came;  
With maidens waiting on himself,  
Princesses on his hack—

or Rocinante, for that, ladies mine, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote of La Mancha is my own; for though I had no intention of declaring myself until my achievements in your service and honour had made me known, the necessity of adapting that old ballad of Lancelot to the present occasion has given you the knowledge of my name altogether prematurely. A time, however, will come for your ladyships to command and me to obey, and then the might of my arm will show my desire to serve you.”

The girls, who were not used to hearing rhetoric of this sort, had nothing to say in reply; they only asked him if he wanted anything to eat. “I would gladly eat a bit of something,” said Don Quixote, “for I feel it would come very seasonably.” The day happened to be a Friday, and in the whole inn there was nothing but some pieces of the fish they call in Castile “abadejo,” in Andalusia “bacallao,” and in some places “curadillo,” and in others “troutlet;” so they asked him if he thought he could eat troutlet, for there was no other fish to give him. “If there be troutlets enough,” said Don Quixote, “they will be the same thing as a trout; for it is all one to me whether I am given eight reals in small change or a piece of eight; moreover, it may be that these troutlets are like veal, which is better than beef, or kid, which is better than goat. But whatever it be let it come quickly, for the burden and pressure of arms cannot be borne without support to the inside.” They laid a table for him at the door of the inn for the sake of the air, and the host brought him a portion of ill-soaked and worse cooked stockfish, and a piece of bread as black and mouldy as his own armour; but a laughable sight it was to see him eating, for having his helmet on and the beaver up, he could not with his own hands put anything into his mouth unless some one else placed it there, and this service one of the ladies rendered him. But to give him anything to drink was impossible, or would have been so had not the landlord bored a reed, and putting one end in his mouth poured the wine into him through the other; all which he bore with patience rather than sever the ribbons of his helmet.

While this was going on there came up to the inn a sowgelder, who, as he approached, sounded his reed pipe four or five times, and thereby completely convinced Don Quixote that he was in some famous castle, and that they were regaling him with music, and that the stockfish was trout, the bread the whitest, the wenches ladies, and the landlord the castellan of the castle; and consequently he held that his enterprise and sally had been to some purpose. But still it distressed him to think he had not been dubbed a knight, for it was plain to him he could not lawfully engage in any adventure without receiving the order of knighthood.

### Chapter III

*Wherein is related the droll way in which Don Quixote had himself dubbed a knight*

Harassed by this reflection, he made haste with his scanty pothouse supper, and having finished it called the landlord, and shutting himself into the stable with him, fell on his knees before him, saying, “From this spot I rise not, valiant knight, until your courtesy grants me the boon I seek, one that will redound to your praise and the benefit of the human race.” The landlord, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing a speech of this kind, stood staring at him in bewilderment, not knowing what to do or say, and entreating him to rise, but all to no purpose until he had agreed to grant the boon demanded of him. “I looked for no less, my lord, from your High Magnificence,” replied Don Quixote, “and I have to tell you that the boon I have asked and your liberality has granted is that you shall dub me knight to-morrow morning, and that to-night I shall watch my arms in the chapel of this your castle; thus tomorrow, as I have said, will be accomplished what I so much desire, enabling me lawfully to roam through all the four quarters of the world seeking adventures on behalf of those in distress, as is the duty of chivalry and of knights-errant like myself, whose ambition is directed to such deeds.”

The landlord, who, as has been mentioned, was something of a wag, and had already some suspicion of his guest's want of wits, was quite convinced of it on hearing talk of this kind from him, and to make sport for the night he determined to fall in with his humour. So he told him he was quite right in pursuing the object he had in view, and that

such a motive was natural and becoming in cavaliers as distinguished as he seemed and his gallant bearing showed him to be; and that he himself in his younger days had followed the same honourable calling, roaming in quest of adventures in various parts of the world, among others the Curing-grounds of Malaga, the Isles of Riara, the Precinct of Seville, the Little Market of Segovia, the Olivera of Valencia, the Rondilla of Granada, the Strand of San Lucar, the Colt of Cordova, the Taverns of Toledo, and divers other quarters, where he had proved the nimbleness of his feet and the lightness of his fingers, doing many wrongs, cheating many widows, ruining maids and swindling minors, and, in short, bringing himself under the notice of almost every tribunal and court of justice in Spain; until at last he had retired to this castle of his, where he was living upon his property and upon that of others; and where he received all knights-errant of whatever rank or condition they might be, all for the great love he bore them and that they might share their substance with him in return for his benevolence. He told him, moreover, that in this castle of his there was no chapel in which he could watch his armour, as it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt, but that in a case of necessity it might, he knew, be watched anywhere, and he might watch it that night in a courtyard of the castle, and in the morning, God willing, the requisite ceremonies might be performed so as to have him dubbed a knight, and so thoroughly dubbed that nobody could be more so. He asked if he had any money with him, to which Don Quixote replied that he had not a farthing, as in the histories of knights-errant he had never read of any of them carrying any. On this point the landlord told him he was mistaken; for, though not recorded in the histories, because in the author's opinion there was no need to mention anything so obvious and necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed therefore that they did not carry them, and he might regard it as certain and established that all knights-errant (about whom there were so many full and unimpeachable books) carried well-furnished purses in case of emergency, and likewise carried shirts and a little box of ointment to cure the wounds they received. For in those plains and deserts where they engaged in combat and came out wounded, it was not always that there was some one to cure them, unless indeed they had for a friend some sage magician to succour them at once by fetching through the air upon a cloud some damsel or dwarf with a vial of water of such virtue that by tasting one drop of it they were cured of their hurts and wounds in an instant and left as sound as if they had not received any damage whatever. But in case this should not occur, the knights of old took care to see that their squires were provided with money and other requisites, such as lint and ointments for healing purposes; and when it happened that knights had no squires (which was rarely and seldom the case) they themselves carried everything in cunning saddle-bags that were hardly seen on the horse's croup, as if it were something else of more importance, because, unless for some such reason, carrying saddle-bags was not very favourably regarded among knights-errant. He therefore advised him (and, as his godson so soon to be, he might even command him) never from that time forth to travel without money and the usual requirements, and he would find the advantage of them when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to follow his advice scrupulously, and it was arranged forthwith that he should watch his armour in a large yard at one side of the inn; so, collecting it all together, Don Quixote placed it on a trough that stood by the side of a well, and bracing his buckler on his arm he grasped his lance and began with a stately air to march up and down in front of the trough, and as he began his march night began to fall.

The landlord told all the people who were in the inn about the craze of his guest, the watching of the armour, and the dubbing ceremony he contemplated. Full of wonder at so strange a form of madness, they flocked to see it from a distance, and observed with what composure he sometimes paced up and down, or sometimes, leaning on his lance, gazed on his armour without taking his eyes off it for ever so long; and as the night closed in with a light from the moon so brilliant that it might vie with his that lent it, everything the novice knight did was plainly seen by all.

Meanwhile one of the carriers who were in the inn thought fit to water his team, and it was necessary to remove Don Quixote's armour as it lay on the trough; but he seeing the other approach hailed him in a loud voice, "O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight that comest to lay hands on the armour of the most valorous errant that ever girt on sword, have a care what thou dost; touch it not unless thou wouldst lay down thy life as the penalty of thy rashness." The carrier gave no heed to these words (and he would have done better to heed them if he had been heedful of his health), but seizing it by the straps flung the armour some distance from him. Seeing this, Don Quixote raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts, apparently, upon his lady Dulcinea, exclaimed, "Aid me, lady mine, in this the first encounter that presents itself to this breast which thou holdest in subjection; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first jeopardy;" and, with these words and others to the same purpose, dropping his buckler he lifted his lance with both hands and with it smote such a blow on the carrier's head that he stretched him on the ground, so stunned that had he followed it up with a second there would have been no need of a surgeon to cure him. This done, he picked up his armour and returned to his beat with the same serenity as before.

Shortly after this, another, not knowing what had happened (for the carrier still lay senseless), came with the same object of giving water to his mules, and was proceeding to remove the armour in order to clear the trough, when Don Quixote, without uttering a word or imploring aid from anyone, once more dropped his buckler and once more lifted his lance, and without actually breaking the second carrier's head into pieces, made more than three of it, for he laid it open in four. At the noise all the people of the inn ran to the spot, and among them the



landlord. Seeing this, Don Quixote braced his buckler on his arm, and with his hand on his sword exclaimed, "O Lady of Beauty, strength and support of my faint heart, it is time for thee to turn the eyes of thy greatness on this thy captive knight on the brink of so mighty an adventure." By this he felt himself so inspired that he would not have flinched if all the carriers in the world had assailed him. The comrades of the wounded perceiving the plight they were in began from a distance to shower stones on Don Quixote, who screened himself as best he could with his buckler, not daring to quit the trough and leave his armour unprotected. The landlord shouted to them to leave him alone, for he had already told them that he was mad, and as a madman he would not be accountable even if he killed them all. Still louder shouted Don Quixote, calling them knaves and traitors, and the lord of the castle, who allowed knights-errant to be treated in this fashion, a villain and a low-born knight whom, had he received the order of knighthood, he would call to account for his treachery. "But of you," he cried, "base and vile rabble, I make no account; fling, strike, come on, do all ye can against me, ye shall see what the reward of your folly and insolence will be." This he uttered with so much spirit and boldness that he filled his assailants with a terrible fear, and as much for this reason as at the persuasion of the landlord they left off stoning him, and he allowed them to carry off the wounded, and with the same calmness and composure as before resumed the watch over his armour.

But these freaks of his guest were not much to the liking of the landlord, so he determined to cut matters short and confer upon him at once the unlucky order of knighthood before any further misadventure could occur; so, going up to him, he apologised for the rudeness which, without his knowledge, had been offered to him by these low people, who, however, had been well punished for their audacity. As he had already told him, he said, there was no chapel in the castle, nor was it needed for what remained to be done, for, as he understood the ceremonial of the order, the whole point of being dubbed a knight lay in the accolade and in the slap on the shoulder, and that could be administered in the middle of a field; and that he had now done all that was needful as to watching the armour, for all requirements were satisfied by a watch of two hours only, while he had been more than four about it. Don Quixote believed it all, and told him he stood there ready to obey him, and to make an end of it with as much despatch as possible; for, if he were again attacked, and felt himself to be dubbed knight, he would not, he thought, leave a soul alive in the castle, except such as out of respect he might spare at his bidding.

Thus warned and menaced, the castellan forthwith brought out a book in which he used to enter the straw and barley he served out to the carriers, and, with a lad carrying a candle-end, and the two damsels already mentioned, he returned to where Don Quixote stood, and bade him kneel down. Then, reading from his account-book as if he were repeating some devout prayer, in the middle of his delivery he raised his hand and gave him a sturdy blow on the neck, and then, with his own sword, a smart slap on the shoulder, all the while muttering between his teeth as if he was saying his prayers. Having done this, he directed one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with great self-possession and gravity, and not a little was required to prevent a burst of laughter at each stage of the ceremony; but what they had already seen of the novice knight's prowess kept their laughter within bounds. On girding him with the sword the worthy lady said to him, "May God make your worship a very fortunate knight, and grant you success in battle." Don Quixote asked her name in order that he might from that time forward know to whom he was beholden for the favour he had received, as he meant to confer upon her some portion of the honour he acquired by the might of his arm. She answered with great humility that she was called La Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler of Toledo who lived in the stalls of Sanchobienaya, and that wherever she might be she would serve and esteem him as her lord. Don Quixote said in reply that she would do him a favour if thenceforward she assumed the "Don" and called herself Dona Tolosa. She promised she would, and then the other buckled on his spur, and with her followed almost the same conversation as with the lady of the sword. He asked her name, and she said it was La Molinera, and that she was the daughter of a respectable miller of Antequera; and of her likewise Don Quixote requested that she would adopt the "Don" and call herself Dona Molinera, making offers to her further services and favours.

Having thus, with hot haste and speed, brought to a conclusion these never-till-now-seen ceremonies, Don Quixote was on thorns until he saw himself on horseback sallying forth in quest of adventures; and saddling Rocinante at once he mounted, and embracing his host, as he returned thanks for his kindness in knighting him, he addressed him in language so extraordinary that it is impossible to convey an idea of it or report it. The landlord, to get him out of the inn, replied with no less rhetoric though with shorter words, and without calling upon him to pay the reckoning let him go with a Godspeed.

#### Chapter IV

##### *Of what happened to our knight when he left the inn*

Day was dawning when Don Quixote quitted the inn, so happy, so gay, so exhilarated at finding himself now dubbed a knight, that his joy was like to burst his horse-girths. However, recalling the advice of his host as to the requisites he ought to carry with him, especially that referring to money and shirts, he determined to go home and

provide himself with all, and also with a squire, for he reckoned upon securing a farm-labourer, a neighbour of his, a poor man with a family, but very well qualified for the office of squire to a knight. With this object he turned his horse's head towards his village, and Rocinante, thus reminded of his old quarters, stepped out so briskly that he hardly seemed to tread the earth.

He had not gone far, when out of a thicket on his right there seemed to come feeble cries as of some one in distress, and the instant he heard them he exclaimed, "Thanks be to heaven for the favour it accords me, that it so soon offers me an opportunity of fulfilling the obligation I have undertaken, and gathering the fruit of my ambition. These cries, no doubt, come from some man or woman in want of help, and needing my aid and protection;" and wheeling, he turned Rocinante in the direction whence the cries seemed to proceed. He had gone but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and tied to another, and stripped from the waist upwards, a youth of about fifteen years of age, from whom the cries came. Nor were they without cause, for a lusty farmer was flogging him with a belt and following up every blow with scoldings and commands, repeating, "Your mouth shut and your eyes open!" while the youth made answer, "I won't do it again, master mine; by God's passion I won't do it again, and I'll take more care of the flock another time."

Seeing what was going on, Don Quixote said in an angry voice, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes you to assail one who cannot defend himself; mount your steed and take your lance" (for there was a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was tied), "and I will make you know that you are behaving as a coward." The farmer, seeing before him this figure in full armour brandishing a lance over his head, gave himself up for dead, and made answer meekly, "Sir Knight, this youth that I am chastising is my servant, employed by me to watch a flock of sheep that I have hard by, and he is so careless that I lose one every day, and when I punish him for his carelessness and knavery he says I do it out of niggardliness, to escape paying him the wages I owe him, and before God, and on my soul, he lies."

"Lies before me, base clown!" said Don Quixote. "By the sun that shines on us I have a mind to run you through with this lance. Pay him at once without another word; if not, by the God that rules us I will make an end of you, and annihilate you on the spot; release him instantly."

The farmer hung his head, and without a word untied his servant, of whom

Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him.

He replied, nine months at seven reals a month. Don Quixote added it up, found that it came to sixty-three reals, and told the farmer to pay it down immediately, if he did not want to die for it.

The trembling clown replied that as he lived and by the oath he had sworn (though he had not sworn any) it was not so much; for there were to be taken into account and deducted three pairs of shoes he had given him, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was sick.

"All that is very well," said Don Quixote; "but let the shoes and the blood-lettings stand as a setoff against the blows you have given him without any cause; for if he spoiled the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have damaged that of his body, and if the barber took blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn it when he was sound; so on that score he owes you nothing."

"The difficulty is, Sir Knight, that I have no money here; let Andres come home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real."

"I go with him!" said the youth. "Nay, God forbid! No, senor, not for the world; for once alone with me, he would ray me like a Saint Bartholomew."

"He will do nothing of the kind," said Don Quixote; "I have only to command, and he will obey me; and as he has sworn to me by the order of knighthood which he has received, I leave him free, and I guarantee the payment."

"Consider what you are saying, senor," said the youth; "this master of mine is not a knight, nor has he received any order of knighthood; for he is Juan Haldudo the Rich, of Quintanar."

"That matters little," replied Don Quixote; "there may be Haldudos knights; moreover, everyone is the son of his works."

"That is true," said Andres; "but this master of mine—of what works is he the son, when he refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour?"

"I do not refuse, brother Andres," said the farmer, "be good enough to come along with me, and I swear by all the orders of knighthood there are in the world to pay you as I have agreed, real by real, and perfumed."

"For the perfumery I excuse you," said Don Quixote; "give it to him in reals, and I shall be satisfied; and see that you do as you have sworn; if not, by the same oath I swear to come back and hunt you out and punish you; and I shall find you though you should lie closer than a lizard. And if you desire to know who it is lays this command upon you, that you be more firmly bound to obey it, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of wrongs and injustices; and so, God be with you, and keep in mind what you have promised and sworn under those penalties that have been already declared to you."

So saying, he gave Rocinante the spur and was soon out of reach. The farmer followed him with his eyes, and when he saw that he had cleared the wood and was no longer in sight, he turned to his boy Andres, and said,

“Come here, my son, I want to pay you what I owe you, as that undoer of wrongs has commanded me.”

“My oath on it,” said Andres, “your worship will be well advised to obey the command of that good knight—may he live a thousand years—for, as he is a valiant and just judge, by Roque, if you do not pay me, he will come back and do as he said.”

“My oath on it, too,” said the farmer; “but as I have a strong affection for you, I want to add to the debt in order to add to the payment;” and seizing him by the arm, he tied him up again, and gave him such a flogging that he left him for dead.

“Now, Master Andres,” said the farmer, “call on the undoer of wrongs; you will find he won’t undo that, though I am not sure that I have quite done with you, for I have a good mind to flay you alive.” But at last he untied him, and gave him leave to go look for his judge in order to put the sentence pronounced into execution.

Andres went off rather down in the mouth, swearing he would go to look for the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha and tell him exactly what had happened, and that all would have to be repaid him sevenfold; but for all that, he went off weeping, while his master stood laughing.

Thus did the valiant Don Quixote right that wrong, and, thoroughly satisfied with what had taken place, as he considered he had made a very happy and noble beginning with his knighthood, he took the road towards his village in perfect self-content, saying in a low voice, “Well mayest thou this day call thyself fortunate above all on earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest of the fair! since it has fallen to thy lot to hold subject and submissive to thy full will and pleasure a knight so renowned as is and will be Don Quixote of La Mancha, who, as all the world knows, yesterday received the order of knighthood, and hath to-day righted the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice conceived and cruelty perpetrated: who hath to-day plucked the rod from the hand of yonder ruthless oppressor so wantonly lashing that tender child.”

He now came to a road branching in four directions, and immediately he was reminded of those cross-roads where knights-errant used to stop to consider which road they should take. In imitation of them he halted for a while, and after having deeply considered it, he gave Rocinante his head, submitting his own will to that of his hack, who followed out his first intention, which was to make straight for his own stable. After he had gone about two miles Don Quixote perceived a large party of people, who, as afterwards appeared, were some Toledo traders, on their way to buy silk at Murcia. There were six of them coming along under their sunshades, with four servants mounted, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote descried them when the fancy possessed him that this must be some new adventure; and to help him to imitate as far as he could those passages he had read of in his books, here seemed to come one made on purpose, which he resolved to attempt. So with a lofty bearing and determination he fixed himself firmly in his stirrups, got his lance ready, brought his buckler before his breast, and planting himself in the middle of the road, stood waiting the approach of these knights-errant, for such he now considered and held them to be; and when they had come near enough to see and hear, he exclaimed with a haughty gesture, “All the world stand, unless all the world confess that in all the world there is no maiden fairer than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.”

The traders halted at the sound of this language and the sight of the strange figure that uttered it, and from both figure and language at once guessed the craze of their owner; they wished, however, to learn quietly what was the object of this confession that was demanded of them, and one of them, who was rather fond of a joke and was very sharp-witted, said to him, “Sir Knight, we do not know who this good lady is that you speak of; show her to us, for, if she be of such beauty as you suggest, with all our hearts and without any pressure we will confess the truth that is on your part required of us.”

“If I were to show her to you,” replied Don Quixote, “what merit would you have in confessing a truth so manifest? The essential point is that without seeing her you must believe, confess, affirm, swear, and defend it; else ye have to do with me in battle, ill-conditioned, arrogant rabble that ye are; and come ye on, one by one as the order of knighthood requires, or all together as is the custom and vile usage of your breed, here do I bide and await you relying on the justice of the cause I maintain.”

“Sir Knight,” replied the trader, “I entreat your worship in the name of this present company of princes, that, to save us from charging our consciences with the confession of a thing we have never seen or heard of, and one moreover so much to the prejudice of the Empresses and Queens of the Alcarria and Estremadura, your worship will be pleased to show us some portrait of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat; for by the thread one gets at the ball, and in this way we shall be satisfied and easy, and you will be content and pleased; nay, I believe we are already so far agreed with you that even though her portrait should show her blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and sulphur from the other, we would nevertheless, to gratify your worship, say all in her favour that you desire.”

“She distils nothing of the kind, vile rabble,” said Don Quixote, burning with rage, “nothing of the kind, I say, only ambergris and civet in cotton; nor is she one-eyed or humpbacked, but straighter than a Guadarrama spindle: but ye must pay for the blasphemy ye have uttered against beauty like that of my lady.”

And so saying, he charged with levelled lance against the one who had spoken, with such fury and fierceness

that, if luck had not contrived that Rocinante should stumble midway and come down, it would have gone hard with the rash trader. Down went Rocinante, and over went his master, rolling along the ground for some distance; and when he tried to rise he was unable, so encumbered was he with lance, buckler, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his old armour; and all the while he was struggling to get up he kept saying, "Fly not, cowards and caitiffs! stay, for not by my fault, but my horse's, am I stretched here."

One of the muleteers in attendance, who could not have had much good nature in him, hearing the poor prostrate man blustering in this style, was unable to refrain from giving him an answer on his ribs; and coming up to him he seized his lance, and having broken it in pieces, with one of them he began so to belabour our Don Quixote that, notwithstanding and in spite of his armour, he milled him like a measure of wheat. His masters called out not to lay on so hard and to leave him alone, but the muleteers blood was up, and he did not care to drop the game until he had vented the rest of his wrath, and gathering up the remaining fragments of the lance he finished with a discharge upon the unhappy victim, who all through the storm of sticks that rained on him never ceased threatening heaven, and earth, and the brigands, for such they seemed to him. At last the muleteer was tired, and the traders continued their journey, taking with them matter for talk about the poor fellow who had been cudgelled. He when he found himself alone made another effort to rise; but if he was unable when whole and sound, how was he to rise after having been thrashed and well-nigh knocked to pieces? And yet he esteemed himself fortunate, as it seemed to him that this was a regular knight-errant's mishap, and entirely, he considered, the fault of his horse. However, battered in body as he was, to rise was beyond his power.

### Chapter V

#### *In which the narrative of our knight's mishap is continued*

Finding, then, that, in fact he could not move, he thought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to think of some passage in his books, and his craze brought to his mind that about Baldwin and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain side, a story known by heart by the children, not forgotten by the young men, and lauded and even believed by the old folk; and for all that not a whit truer than the miracles of Mahomet. This seemed to him to fit exactly the case in which he found himself, so, making a show of severe suffering, he began to roll on the ground and with feeble breath repeat the very words which the wounded knight of the wood is said to have uttered:

Where art thou, lady mine, that thou  
My sorrow dost not rue?  
Thou canst not know it, lady mine,  
Or else thou art untrue.

And so he went on with the ballad as far as the lines:

O noble Marquis of Mantua,  
My Uncle and liege lord!

As chance would have it, when he had got to this line there happened to come by a peasant from his own village, a neighbour of his, who had been with a load of wheat to the mill, and he, seeing the man stretched there, came up to him and asked him who he was and what was the matter with him that he complained so dolefully.

Don Quixote was firmly persuaded that this was the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, so the only answer he made was to go on with his ballad, in which he told the tale of his misfortune, and of the loves of the Emperor's son and his wife all exactly as the ballad sings it.

The peasant stood amazed at hearing such nonsense, and relieving him of the visor, already battered to pieces by blows, he wiped his face, which was covered with dust, and as soon as he had done so he recognised him and said, "Senor Quixada" (for so he appears to have been called when he was in his senses and had not yet changed from a quiet country gentleman into a knight-errant), "who has brought your worship to this pass?" But to all questions the other only went on with his ballad.

Seeing this, the good man removed as well as he could his breastplate and backpiece to see if he had any wound, but he could perceive no blood nor any mark whatever. He then contrived to raise him from the ground, and with no little difficulty hoisted him upon his ass, which seemed to him to be the easiest mount for him; and collecting the arms, even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them on Rocinante, and leading him by the bridle and the ass by the halter he took the road for the village, very sad to hear what absurd stuff Don Quixote was talking.

Nor was Don Quixote less so, for what with blows and bruises he could not sit upright on the ass, and from

time to time he sent up sighs to heaven, so that once more he drove the peasant to ask what ailed him. And it could have been only the devil himself that put into his head tales to match his own adventures, for now, forgetting Baldwin, he bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, when the Alcaide of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narvaez, took him prisoner and carried him away to his castle; so that when the peasant again asked him how he was and what ailed him, he gave him for reply the same words and phrases that the captive Abindarraez gave to Rodrigo de Narvaez, just as he had read the story in the "Diana" of Jorge de Montemayor where it is written, applying it to his own case so aptly that the peasant went along cursing his fate that he had to listen to such a lot of nonsense; from which, however, he came to the conclusion that his neighbour was mad, and so made all haste to reach the village to escape the wearisomeness of this harangue of Don Quixote's; who, at the end of it, said, "Senor Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, your worship must know that this fair Xarifa I have mentioned is now the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, am doing, and will do the most famous deeds of chivalry that in this world have been seen, are to be seen, or ever shall be seen."

To this the peasant answered, "Senor—sinner that I am!—cannot your worship see that I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso your neighbour, and that your worship is neither Baldwin nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Senor Quixada?"

"I know who I am," replied Don Quixote, "and I know that I may be not only those I have named, but all the Twelve Peers of France and even all the Nine Worthies, since my achievements surpass all that they have done all together and each of them on his own account."

With this talk and more of the same kind they reached the village just as night was beginning to fall, but the peasant waited until it was a little later that the belaboured gentleman might not be seen riding in such a miserable trim. When it was what seemed to him the proper time he entered the village and went to Don Quixote's house, which he found all in confusion, and there were the curate and the village barber, who were great friends of Don Quixote, and his housekeeper was saying to them in a loud voice, "What does your worship think can have befallen my master, Senor Licentiate Pero Perez?" for so the curate was called; "it is three days now since anything has been seen of him, or the hack, or the buckler, lance, or armour. Miserable me! I am certain of it, and it is as true as that I was born to die, that these accursed books of chivalry he has, and has got into the way of reading so constantly, have upset his reason; for now I remember having often heard him saying to himself that he would turn knight-errant and go all over the world in quest of adventures. To the devil and Barabbas with such books, that have brought to ruin in this way the finest understanding there was in all La Mancha!"

The niece said the same, and, more: "You must know, Master Nicholas"—for that was the name of the barber—"it was often my uncle's way to stay two days and nights together poring over these unholy books of misventures, after which he would fling the book away and snatch up his sword and fall to slashing the walls; and when he was tired out he would say he had killed four giants like four towers; and the sweat that flowed from him when he was weary he said was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle; and then he would drink a great jug of cold water and become calm and quiet, saying that this water was a most precious potion which the sage Esquife, a great magician and friend of his, had brought him. But I take all the blame upon myself for never having told your worships of my uncle's vagaries, that you might put a stop to them before things had come to this pass, and burn all these accursed books—for he has a great number—that richly deserve to be burned like heretics."

"So say I too," said the curate, "and by my faith to-morrow shall not pass without public judgment upon them, and may they be condemned to the flames lest they lead those that read to behave as my good friend seems to have behaved."

All this the peasant heard, and from it he understood at last what was the matter with his neighbour, so he began calling aloud, "Open, your worships, to Senor Baldwin and to Senor the Marquis of Mantua, who comes badly wounded, and to Senor Abindarraez, the Moor, whom the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, the Alcaide of Antequera, brings captive."

At these words they all hurried out, and when they recognised their friend, master, and uncle, who had not yet dismounted from the ass because he could not, they ran to embrace him.

"Hold!" said he, "for I am badly wounded through my horse's fault; carry me to bed, and if possible send for the wise Urganda to cure and see to my wounds."

"See there! plague on it!" cried the housekeeper at this: "did not my heart tell the truth as to which foot my master went lame of? To bed with your worship at once, and we will contrive to cure you here without fetching that Hurgada. A curse I say once more, and a hundred times more, on those books of chivalry that have brought your worship to such a pass."

They carried him to bed at once, and after searching for his wounds could find none, but he said they were all bruises from having had a severe fall with his horse Rocinante when in combat with ten giants, the biggest and the boldest to be found on earth.

“So, so!” said the curate, “are there giants in the dance? By the sign of the Cross I will burn them to-morrow before the day over.”

They put a host of questions to Don Quixote, but his only answer to all was—give him something to eat, and leave him to sleep, for that was what he needed most. They did so, and the curate questioned the peasant at great length as to how he had found Don Quixote. He told him, and the nonsense he had talked when found and on the way home, all which made the licentiate the more eager to do what he did the next day, which was to summon his friend the barber, Master Nicholas, and go with him to Don Quixote’s house.

## Chapter VII

### *Of the second sally of our worthy knight Don Quixote of La Mancha*

At this instant Don Quixote began shouting out, “Here, here, valiant knights! here is need for you to put forth the might of your strong arms, for they of the Court are gaining the mastery in the tourney!” Called away by this noise and outcry, they proceeded no farther with the scrutiny of the remaining books, and so it is thought that “The Carolea,” “The Lion of Spain,” and “The Deeds of the Emperor,” written by Don Luis de Avila, went to the fire unseen and unheard; for no doubt they were among those that remained, and perhaps if the curate had seen them they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

When they reached Don Quixote he was already out of bed, and was still shouting and raving, and slashing and cutting all round, as wide awake as if he had never slept.

They closed with him and by force got him back to bed, and when he had become a little calm, addressing the curate, he said to him, “Of a truth, Senor Archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace for us who call ourselves the Twelve Peers, so carelessly to allow the knights of the Court to gain the victory in this tourney, we the adventurers having carried off the honour on the three former days.”

“Hush, gossip,” said the curate; “please God, the luck may turn, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; for the present let your worship have a care of your health, for it seems to me that you are over-fatigued, if not badly wounded.”

“Wounded no,” said Don Quixote, “but bruised and battered no doubt, for that bastard Don Roland has cud-gelled me with the trunk of an oak tree, and all for envy, because he sees that I alone rival him in his achievements. But I should not call myself Reinaldos of Montalvan did he not pay me for it in spite of all his enchantments as soon as I rise from this bed. For the present let them bring me something to eat, for that, I feel, is what will be more to my purpose, and leave it to me to avenge myself.”

They did as he wished; they gave him something to eat, and once more he fell asleep, leaving them marvelling at his madness.

That night the housekeeper burned to ashes all the books that were in the yard and in the whole house; and some must have been consumed that deserved preservation in everlasting archives, but their fate and the laziness of the examiner did not permit it, and so in them was verified the proverb that the innocent suffer for the guilty.

One of the remedies which the curate and the barber immediately applied to their friend’s disorder was to wall up and plaster the room where the books were, so that when he got up he should not find them (possibly the cause being removed the effect might cease), and they might say that a magician had carried them off, room and all; and this was done with all despatch. Two days later Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to go and look at his books, and not finding the room where he had left it, he wandered from side to side looking for it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and tried it with his hands, and turned and twisted his eyes in every direction without saying a word; but after a good while he asked his housekeeper whereabouts was the room that held his books.

The housekeeper, who had been already well instructed in what she was to answer, said, “What room or what nothing is it that your worship is looking for? There are neither room nor books in this house now, for the devil himself has carried all away.”

“It was not the devil,” said the niece, “but a magician who came on a cloud one night after the day your worship left this, and dismounting from a serpent that he rode he entered the room, and what he did there I know not, but after a little while he made off, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had done we saw neither book nor room: but we remember very well, the housekeeper and I, that on leaving, the old villain said in a loud voice that, for a private grudge he owed the owner of the books and the room, he had done mischief in that house that would be discovered by-and-by: he said too that his name was the Sage Munaton.”

“He must have said Friston,” said Don Quixote.

“I don’t know whether he called himself Friston or Friton,” said the housekeeper, “I only know that his name ended with ‘ton.’”

“So it does,” said Don Quixote, “and he is a sage magician, a great enemy of mine, who has a spite against me because he knows by his arts and lore that in process of time I am to engage in single combat with a knight whom he befriends and that I am to conquer, and he will be unable to prevent it; and for this reason he endeavours to do me all the ill turns that he can; but I promise him it will be hard for him to oppose or avoid what is decreed by Heaven.”

“Who doubts that?” said the niece; “but, uncle, who mixes you up in these quarrels? Would it not be better to remain at peace in your own house instead of roaming the world looking for better bread than ever came of wheat, never reflecting that many go for wool and come back shorn?”

“Oh, niece of mine,” replied Don Quixote, “how much astray art thou in thy reckoning; ere they shear me I shall have plucked away and stripped off the beards of all who dare to touch only the tip of a hair of mine.”

The two were unwilling to make any further answer, as they saw that his anger was kindling.

In short, then, he remained at home fifteen days very quietly without showing any signs of a desire to take up with his former delusions, and during this time he held lively discussions with his two gossips, the curate and the barber, on the point he maintained, that knights-errant were what the world stood most in need of, and that in him was to be accomplished the revival of knight-errantry. The curate sometimes contradicted him, sometimes agreed with him, for if he had not observed this precaution he would have been unable to bring him to reason.

Meanwhile Don Quixote worked upon a farm labourer, a neighbour of his, an honest man (if indeed that title can be given to him who is poor), but with very little wit in his pate. In a word, he so talked him over, and with such persuasions and promises, that the poor clown made up his mind to sally forth with him and serve him as esquire. Don Quixote, among other things, told him he ought to be ready to go with him gladly, because any moment an adventure might occur that might win an island in the twinkling of an eye and leave him governor of it. On these and the like promises Sancho Panza (for so the labourer was called) left wife and children, and engaged himself as esquire to his neighbour.

Don Quixote next set about getting some money; and selling one thing and pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case, he got together a fair sum. He provided himself with a buckler, which he begged as a loan from a friend, and, restoring his battered helmet as best he could, he warned his squire Sancho of the day and hour he meant to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought most needful. Above all, he charged him to take alforjas with him. The other said he would, and that he meant to take also a very good ass he had, as he was not much given to going on foot. About the ass, Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying whether he could call to mind any knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on ass-back, but no instance occurred to his memory. For all that, however, he determined to take him, intending to furnish him with a more honourable mount when a chance of it presented itself, by appropriating the horse of the first discourteous knight he encountered. Himself he provided with shirts and such other things as he could, according to the advice the host had given him; all which being done, without taking leave, Sancho Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they sallied forth unseen by anybody from the village one night, and made such good way in the course of it that by daylight they held themselves safe from discovery, even should search be made for them.

Sancho rode on his ass like a patriarch, with his alforjas and bota, and longing to see himself soon governor of the island his master had promised him. Don Quixote decided upon taking the same route and road he had taken on his first journey, that over the Campo de Montiel, which he travelled with less discomfort than on the last occasion, for, as it was early morning and the rays of the sun fell on them obliquely, the heat did not distress them.

And now said Sancho Panza to his master, “Your worship will take care, Senor Knight-errant, not to forget about the island you have promised me, for be it ever so big I’ll be equal to governing it.”

To which Don Quixote replied, “Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a practice very much in vogue with the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they won, and I am determined that there shall be no failure on my part in so liberal a custom; on the contrary, I mean to improve upon it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, waited until their squires were old, and then when they had had enough of service and hard days and worse nights, they gave them some title or other, of count, or at the most marquis, of some valley or province more or less; but if thou livest and I live, it may well be that before six days are over, I may have won some kingdom that has others dependent upon it, which will be just the thing to enable thee to be crowned king of one of them. Nor needst thou count this wonderful, for things and chances fall to the lot of such knights in ways so unexampled and unexpected that I might easily give thee even more than I promise thee.”

“In that case,” said Sancho Panza, “if I should become a king by one of those miracles your worship speaks of, even Juana Gutierrez, my old woman, would come to be queen and my children infantiles.”

“Well, who doubts it?” said Don Quixote.

“I doubt it,” replied Sancho Panza, “because for my part I am persuaded that though God should shower down kingdoms upon earth, not one of them would fit the head of Mari Gutierrez. Let me tell you, senor, she is not worth two maravedis for a queen; countess will fit her better, and that only with God’s help.”

“Leave it to God, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “for he will give her what suits her best; but do not undervalue thyself so much as to come to be content with anything less than being governor of a province.”

“I will not, señor,” answered Sancho, “specially as I have a man of such quality for a master in your worship, who will know how to give me all that will be suitable for me and that I can bear.”

### Chapter VIII

*Of the good fortune which the valiant Don Quixote had in the terrible and undreamt-of adventure of the windmills, with other occurrences worthy to be fitly recorded*

At this point they came in sight of thirty forty windmills that there are on plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, “Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God’s good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth.”

“What giants?” said Sancho Panza.

“Those thou seest there,” answered his master, “with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long.”

“Look, your worship,” said Sancho; “what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go.”

“It is easy to see,” replied Don Quixote, “that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat.”

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He, however, was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them shouting, “Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for a single knight attacks you.”

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, “Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me.”

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such a peril, with lance in rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at Rocinante’s fullest gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in front of him; but as he drove his lance-point into the sail the wind whirled it round with such force that it shattered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over on the plain, in a sorry condition. Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rocinante fallen with him.

“God bless me!” said Sancho, “did I not tell your worship to mind what you were about, for they were only windmills? and no one could have made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in his head.”

“Hush, friend Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “the fortunes of war more than any other are liable to frequent fluctuations; and moreover I think, and it is the truth, that that same sage Frison who carried off my study and books, has turned these giants into mills in order to rob me of the glory of vanquishing them, such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good sword.”

“God order it as he may,” said Sancho Panza, and helping him to rise got him up again on Rocinante, whose shoulder was half out; and then, discussing the late adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lapice, for there, said Don Quixote, they could not fail to find adventures in abundance and variety, as it was a great thoroughfare. For all that, he was much grieved at the loss of his lance, and saying so to his squire, he added, “I remember having read how a Spanish knight, Diego Perez de Vargas by name, having broken his sword in battle, tore from an oak a ponderous bough or branch, and with it did such things that day, and pounded so many Moors, that he got the surname of Machuca, and he and his descendants from that day forth were called Vargas y Machuca. I mention this because from the first oak I see I mean to rend such another branch, large and stout like that, with which I am determined and resolved to do such deeds that thou mayest deem thyself very fortunate in being found worthy to come and see them, and be an eyewitness of things that will with difficulty be believed.”

“Be that as God will,” said Sancho, “I believe it all as your worship says it; but straighten yourself a little, for you seem all on one side, may be from the shaking of the fall.”

“That is the truth,” said Don Quixote, “and if I make no complaint of the pain it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound, even though their bowels be coming out through it.”

“If so,” said Sancho, “I have nothing to say; but God knows I would rather your worship complained when anything ailed you. For my part, I confess I must complain however small the ache may be; unless this rule about not



complaining extends to the squires of knights-errant also.”

Don Quixote could not help laughing at his squire’s simplicity, and he assured him he might complain whenever and however he chose, just as he liked, for, so far, he had never read of anything to the contrary in the order of knighthood.

Sancho bade him remember it was dinner-time, to which his master answered that he wanted nothing himself just then, but that he might eat when he had a mind. With this permission Sancho settled himself as comfortably as he could on his beast, and taking out of the alforjas what he had stowed away in them, he jogged along behind his master munching deliberately, and from time to time taking a pull at the bota with a relish that the thirstiest tapster in Malaga might have envied; and while he went on in this way, gulping down draught after draught, he never gave a thought to any of the promises his master had made him, nor did he rate it as hardship but rather as recreation going in quest of adventures, however dangerous they might be. Finally they passed the night among some trees, from one of which Don Quixote plucked a dry branch to serve him after a fashion as a lance, and fixed on it the head he had removed from the broken one. All that night Don Quixote lay awake thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in order to conform to what he had read in his books, how many a night in the forests and deserts knights used to lie sleepless supported by the memory of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho Panza spend it, for having his stomach full of something stronger than chicory water he made but one sleep of it, and, if his master had not called him,

neither the rays of the sun beating on his face nor all the cheery notes of the birds welcoming the approach of day would have had power to waken him. On getting up he tried the bota and found it somewhat less full than the night before, which grieved his heart because they did not seem to be on the way to remedy the deficiency readily. Don Quixote did not care to break his fast, for, as has been already said, he confined himself to savoury recollections for nourishment.

They returned to the road they had set out with, leading to Puerto Lapice, and at three in the afternoon they came in sight of it. “Here, brother Sancho Panza,” said Don Quixote when he saw it, “we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures; but observe, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest danger in the world, thou must not put a hand to thy sword in my defence, unless indeed thou perceivest that those who assail me are rabble or base folk; for in that case thou mayest very properly aid me; but if they be knights it is on no account permitted or allowed thee by the laws of knighthood to help me until thou hast been dubbed a knight.”

“Most certainly, senor,” replied Sancho, “your worship shall be fully obeyed in this matter; all the more as of myself I am peaceful and no friend to mixing in strife and quarrels: it is true that as regards the defence of my own person I shall not give much heed to those laws, for laws human and divine allow each one to defend himself against any assailant whatever.”

“That I grant,” said Don Quixote, “but in this matter of aiding me against knights thou must put a restraint upon thy natural impetuosity.”

“I will do so, I promise you,” answered Sancho, “and will keep this precept as carefully as Sunday.”

While they were thus talking there appeared on the road two friars of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for not less tall were the two mules they



**IMAGE 11.5: DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA AND SANCHO PANZA** | Illustration by Gustave Doré depicting Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

**Author:** Gustave Doré  
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rode on. They wore travelling spectacles and carried sunshades; and behind them came a coach attended by four or five persons on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach there was, as afterwards appeared, a Biscay lady on her way to Seville, where her husband was about to take passage for the Indies with an appointment of high honour. The friars, though going the same road, were not in her company; but the moment Don Quixote perceived

them he said to his squire, "Either I am mistaken, or this is going to be the most famous adventure that has ever been seen, for those black bodies we see there must be, and doubtless are, magicians who are carrying off some stolen princess in that coach, and with all my might I must undo this wrong."

"This will be worse than the windmills," said Sancho. "Look, señor; those are friars of St. Benedict, and the coach plainly belongs to some travellers: I tell you to mind well what you are about and don't let the devil mislead you."

"I have told thee already, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that on the subject of adventures thou knowest little. What I say is the truth, as thou shalt see presently."

So saying, he advanced and posted himself in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming, and as soon as he thought they had come near enough to hear what he said, he cried aloud, "Devilish and unnatural beings, release instantly the highborn princesses whom you are carrying off by force in this coach, else prepare to meet a speedy death as the just punishment of your evil deeds."

The friars drew rein and stood wondering at the appearance of Don Quixote as well as at his words, to which they replied, "Senor Caballero, we are not devilish or unnatural, but two brothers of St. Benedict following our road, nor do we know whether or not there are any captive princesses coming in this coach."

"No soft words with me, for I know you, lying rabble," said Don Quixote, and without waiting for a reply he spurred Rocinante and with levelled lance charged the first friar with such fury and determination, that, if the friar had not flung himself off the mule, he would have brought him to the ground against his will, and sore wounded, if not killed outright. The second brother, seeing how his comrade was treated, drove his heels into his castle of a mule and made off across the country faster than the wind.

Sancho Panza, when he saw the friar on the ground, dismounting briskly from his ass, rushed towards him and began to strip off his gown. At that instant the friars muleteers came up and asked what he was stripping him for. Sancho answered them that this fell to him lawfully as spoil of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had won. The muleteers, who had no idea of a joke and did not understand all this about battles and spoils, seeing that Don Quixote was some distance off talking to the travellers in the coach, fell upon Sancho, knocked him down, and leaving hardly a hair in his beard, belaboured him with kicks and left him stretched breathless and senseless on the ground; and without any more delay helped the friar to mount, who, trembling, terrified, and pale, as soon as he found himself in the saddle, spurred after his companion, who was standing at a distance looking on, watching the result of the onslaught; then, not caring to wait for the end of the affair just begun, they pursued their journey making more crosses than if they had the devil after them.

Don Quixote was, as has been said, speaking to the lady in the coach: "Your beauty, lady mine," said he, "may now dispose of your person as may be most in accordance with your pleasure, for the pride of your ravishers lies prostrate on the ground through this strong arm of mine; and lest you should be pining to know the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beautiful lady Dulcinea del Toboso: and in return for the service you have received of me I ask no more than that you should return to El Toboso, and on my behalf present yourself before that lady and tell her what I have done to set you free."

One of the squires in attendance upon the coach, a Biscayan, was listening to all Don Quixote was saying, and, perceiving that he would not allow the coach to go on, but was saying it must return at once to El Toboso, he made at him, and seizing his lance addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan after his fashion, "Begone, caballero, and ill go with thee; by the God that made me, unless thou quittest coach, slayest thee as art here a Biscayan."

Don Quixote understood him quite well, and answered him very quietly, "If thou wert a knight, as thou art none, I should have already chastised thy folly and rashness, miserable creature." To which the Biscayan returned, "I no gentleman!—I swear to God thou liest as I am Christian: if thou droppest lance and drawest sword, soon shalt thou see thou art carrying water to the cat: Biscayan on land, hidalgo at sea, hidalgo at the devil, and look, if thou sayest otherwise thou liest."

"You will see presently," said Agrajes," replied Don Quixote; and throwing his lance on the ground he drew his sword, braced his buckler on his arm, and attacked the Biscayan, bent upon taking his life.

The Biscayan, when he saw him coming on, though he wished to dismount from his mule, in which, being one of those sorry ones let out for hire, he had no confidence, had no choice but to draw his sword; it was lucky for him, however, that he was near the coach, from which he was able to snatch a cushion that served him for a shield; and they went at one another as if they had been two mortal enemies. The others strove to make peace between them, but could not, for the Biscayan declared in his disjointed phrase that if they did not let him finish his battle he would kill his mistress and everyone that strove to prevent him. The lady in the coach, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to draw aside a little, and set herself to watch this severe struggle, in the course of which the Biscayan smote Don Quixote a mighty stroke on the shoulder over the top of his buckler, which, given to one without armour, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this prodigious blow,

cried aloud, saying, "O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this your knight, who, in fulfilling his obligations to your beauty, finds himself in this extreme peril." To say this, to lift his sword, to shelter himself well behind his buckler, and to assail the Biscayan was the work of an instant, determined as he was to venture all upon a single blow. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in this way, was convinced of his courage by his spirited bearing, and resolved to follow his example, so he waited for him keeping well under cover of his cushion, being unable to execute any sort of manoeuvre with his mule, which, dead tired and never meant for this kind of game, could not stir a step.

On, then, as aforesaid, came Don Quixote against the wary Biscayan, with uplifted sword and a firm intention of splitting him in half, while on his side the Biscayan waited for him sword in hand, and under the protection of his cushion; and all present stood trembling, waiting in suspense the result of blows such as threatened to fall, and the lady in the coach and the rest of her following were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, that God might deliver her squire and all of them from this great peril in which they found themselves. But it spoils all, that at this point and crisis the author of the history leaves this battle impending, giving as excuse that he could find nothing more written about these achievements of Don Quixote than what has been already set forth. It is true the second author of this work was unwilling to believe that a history so curious could have been allowed to fall under the sentence of oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha could have been so undiscerning as not to preserve in their archives or registries some documents referring to this famous knight; and this being his persuasion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this pleasant history, which, heaven favouring him, he did find in a way that shall be related in the Second Part.

### Chapter IX

*In which is concluded and finished the terrific battle between the gallant Biscayan and the valiant Manchegan*

In the First Part of this history we left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote with drawn swords uplifted, ready to deliver two such furious slashing blows that if they had fallen full and fair they would at least have split and cleft them asunder from top to toe and laid them open like a pomegranate; and at this so critical point the delightful history came to a stop and stood cut short without any intimation from the author where what was missing was to be found.

This distressed me greatly, because the pleasure derived from having read such a small portion turned to vexation at the thought of the poor chance that presented itself of finding the large part that, so it seemed to me, was missing of such an interesting tale. It appeared to me to be a thing impossible and contrary to all precedent that so good a knight should have been without some sage to undertake the task of writing his marvellous achievements; a thing that was never wanting to any of those knights-errant who, they say, went after adventures; for every one of them had one or two sages as if made on purpose, who not only recorded their deeds but described their most trifling thoughts and follies, however secret they might be; and such a good knight could not have been so unfortunate as not to have what Platir and others like him had in abundance. And so I could not bring myself to believe that such a gallant tale had been left maimed and mutilated, and I laid the blame on Time, the devourer and destroyer of all things, that had either concealed or consumed it.

On the other hand, it struck me that, inasmuch as among his books there had been found such modern ones as "The Enlightenment of Jealousy" and the "Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares," his story must likewise be modern, and that though it might not be written, it might exist in the memory of the people of his village and of those in the neighbourhood. This reflection kept me perplexed and longing to know really and truly the whole life and wondrous deeds of our famous Spaniard, Don Quixote of La Mancha, light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first that in our age and in these so evil days devoted himself to the labour and exercise of the arms of knight-errantry, righting wrongs, succouring widows, and protecting damsels of that sort that used to ride about, whip in hand, on their palfreys, with all their virginity about them, from mountain to mountain and valley to valley—for, if it were not for some ruffian, or boor with a hood and hatchet, or monstrous giant, that forced them, there were in days of yore damsels that at the end of eighty years, in all which time they had never slept a day under a roof, went to their graves as much maids as the mothers that bore them. I say, then, that in these and other respects our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of everlasting and notable praise, nor should it be withheld even from me for the labour and pains spent in searching for the conclusion of this delightful history; though I know well that if Heaven, chance and good fortune had not helped me, the world would have remained deprived of an entertainment and pleasure that for a couple of hours or so may well occupy him who shall read it attentively. The discovery of it occurred in this way.

One day, as I was in the Alcana of Toledo, a boy came up to sell some pamphlets and old papers to a silk mercer, and, as I am fond of reading even the very scraps of paper in the streets, led by this natural bent of mine I took up one of the pamphlets the boy had for sale, and saw that it was in characters which I recognised as Arabic, and as I

was unable to read them though I could recognise them, I looked about to see if there were any Spanish-speaking Morisco at hand to read them for me; nor was there any great difficulty in finding such an interpreter, for even had I sought one for an older and better language I should have found him. In short, chance provided me with one, who when I told him what I wanted and put the book into his hands, opened it in the middle and after reading a little in it began to laugh. I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied that it was at something the book had written in the margin by way of a note. I bade him tell it to me; and he still laughing said, "In the margin, as I told you, this is written: 'This Dulcinea del Toboso so often mentioned in this history, had, they say, the best hand of any woman in all La Mancha for salting pigs.'"

When I heard Dulcinea del Toboso named, I was struck with surprise and amazement, for it occurred to me at once that these pamphlets contained the history of Don Quixote. With this idea I pressed him to read the beginning, and doing so, turning the Arabic offhand into Castilian, he told me it meant, "History of Don Quixote of La Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Benengeli, an Arab historian." It required great caution to hide the joy I felt when the title of the book reached my ears, and snatching it from the silk mercer, I bought all the papers and pamphlets from the boy for half a real; and if he had had his wits about him and had known how eager I was for them, he might have safely calculated on making more than six reals by the bargain. I withdrew at once with the Morisco into the cloister of the cathedral, and begged him to turn all these pamphlets that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without omitting or adding anything to them, offering him whatever payment he pleased. He was satisfied with two arrobas of raisins and two bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them faithfully and with all despatch; but to make the matter easier, and not to let such a precious find out of my hands, I took him to my house, where in little more than a month and a half he translated the whole just as it is set down here.

In the first pamphlet the battle between Don Quixote and the Biscayan was drawn to the very life, they planted in the same attitude as the history describes, their swords raised, and the one protected by his buckler, the other by his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so true to nature that it could be seen to be a hired one a bowshot off. The Biscayan had an inscription under his feet which said, "Don Sancho de Azpeitia," which no doubt must have been his name; and at the feet of Rocinante was another that said, "Don Quixote." Rocinante was marvellously portrayed, so long and thin, so lank and lean, with so much backbone and so far gone in consumption, that he showed plainly with what judgment and propriety the name of Rocinante had been bestowed upon him. Near him was Sancho Panza holding the halter of his ass, at whose feet was another label that said, "Sancho Zancas," and according to the picture, he must have had a big belly, a short body, and long shanks, for which reason, no doubt, the names of Panza and Zancas were given him, for by these two surnames the history several times calls him. Some other trifling particulars might be mentioned, but they are all of slight importance and have nothing to do with the true relation of the history; and no history can be bad so long as it is true.

If against the present one any objection be raised on the score of its truth, it can only be that its author was an Arab, as lying is a very common propensity with those of that nation; though, as they are such enemies of ours, it is conceivable that there were omissions rather than additions made in the course of it. And this is my own opinion; for, where he could and should give freedom to his pen in praise of so worthy a knight, he seems to me deliberately to pass it over in silence; which is ill done and worse contrived, for it is the business and duty of historians to be exact, truthful, and wholly free from passion, and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor love, should make them swerve from the path of truth, whose mother is history, rival of time, storehouse of deeds, witness for the past, example and counsel for the present, and warning for the future. In this I know will be found all that can be desired in the pleasantest, and if it be wanting in any good quality, I maintain it is the fault of its hound of an author and not the fault of the subject. To be brief, its Second Part, according to the translation, began in this way:

With trenchant swords upraised and poised on high, it seemed as though the two valiant and wrathful combatants stood threatening heaven, and earth, and hell, with such resolution and determination did they bear themselves. The fiery Biscayan was the first to strike a blow, which was delivered with such force and fury that had not the sword turned in its course, that single stroke would have sufficed to put an end to the bitter struggle and to all the adventures of our knight; but that good fortune which reserved him for greater things, turned aside the sword of his adversary, so that although it smote him upon the left shoulder, it did him no more harm than to strip all that side of its armour, carrying away a great part of his helmet with half of his ear, all which with fearful ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a sorry plight.

Good God! Who is there that could properly describe the rage that filled the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself dealt with in this fashion? All that can be said is, it was such that he again raised himself in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword more firmly with both hands, he came down on the Biscayan with such fury, smiting him full over the cushion and over the head, that—even so good a shield proving useless—as if a mountain had fallen on him, he began to bleed from nose, mouth, and ears, reeling as if about to fall backwards from his mule, as no doubt he would have done had he not flung his arms about its neck; at the same time, however, he slipped his feet out of the stirrups and then unclasped his arms, and the mule, taking fright at the terrible blow, made off across the

plain, and with a few plunges flung its master to the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on very calmly, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse and with great briskness ran to him, and, presenting the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him surrender, or he would cut his head off. The Biscayan was so bewildered that he was unable to answer a word, and it would have gone hard with him, so blind was Don Quixote, had not the ladies in the coach, who had hitherto been watching the combat in great terror, hastened to where he stood and implored him with earnest entreaties to grant them the great grace and favour of sparing their squire's life; to which Don Quixote replied with much gravity and dignity, "In truth, fair ladies, I am well content to do what ye ask of me; but it must be on one condition and understanding, which is that this knight promise me to go to the village of El Toboso, and on my behalf present himself before the peerless lady Dulcinea, that she deal with him as shall be most pleasing to her."

The terrified and disconsolate ladies, without discussing Don Quixote's demand or asking who Dulcinea might be, promised that their squire should do all that had been commanded.

"Then, on the faith of that promise," said Don Quixote, "I shall do him no further harm, though he well deserves it of me."

## Chapter X

### *Of the pleasant discourse that passed between Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza*

Now by this time Sancho had risen, rather the worse for the handling of the friars' muleteers, and stood watching the battle of his master, Don Quixote, and praying to God in his heart that it might be his will to grant him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island to make him governor of, as he had promised. Seeing, therefore, that the struggle was now over, and that his master was returning to mount Rocinante, he approached to hold the stirrup for him, and, before he could mount, he went on his knees before him, and taking his hand, kissed it saying, "May it please your worship, Senor Don Quixote, to give me the government of that island which has been won in this hard fight, for be it ever so big I feel myself in sufficient force to be able to govern it as much and as well as anyone in the world who has ever governed islands."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must take notice, brother Sancho, that this adventure and those like it are not adventures of islands, but of cross-roads, in which nothing is got except a broken head or an ear the less: have patience, for adventures will present themselves from which I may make you, not only a governor, but something more."

Sancho gave him many thanks, and again kissing his hand and the skirt of his hauberk, helped him to mount Rocinante, and mounting his ass himself, proceeded to follow his master, who at a brisk pace, without taking leave, or saying anything further to the ladies belonging to the coach, turned into a wood that was hard by. Sancho followed him at his ass's best trot, but Rocinante stepped out so that, seeing himself left behind, he was forced to call to his master to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, reining in Rocinante until his weary squire came up, who on reaching him said, "It seems to me, senor, it would be prudent in us to go and take refuge in some church, for, seeing how mauled he with whom you fought has been left, it will be no wonder if they give information of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood and arrest us, and, faith, if they do, before we come out of gaol we shall have to sweat for it."

"Peace," said Don Quixote; "where hast thou ever seen or heard that a knight-errant has been arraigned before a court of justice, however many homicides he may have committed?"

"I know nothing about omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in my life have had anything to do with one; I only know that the Holy Brotherhood looks after those who fight in the fields, and in that other matter I do not meddle."

"Then thou needst have no uneasiness, my friend," said Don Quixote, "for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, as thou livest, hast thou seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known world; hast thou read in history of any who has or had higher mettle in attack, more spirit in maintaining it, more dexterity in wounding or skill in overthrowing?"

"The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I have never read any history, for I can neither read nor write, but what I will venture to bet is that a more daring master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life, and God grant that this daring be not paid for where I have said; what I beg of your worship is to dress your wound, for a great deal of blood flows from that ear, and I have here some lint and a little white ointment in the alforjas."

"All that might be well dispensed with," said Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras, for time and medicine are saved by one single drop."

"What vial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza.

"It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "the receipt of which I have in my memory, with which one need have no fear of death, or dread dying of any wound; and so when I make it and give it to thee thou hast nothing to do when in some battle thou seest they have cut me in half through the middle of the body—as is wont to happen frequently,—but neatly and with great nicety, ere the blood congeal, to place that portion of the body which shall have fallen to the ground upon the other half which remains in the saddle, taking care to fit it on evenly and exactly.

Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have mentioned, and thou shalt see me become sounder than an apple.”

“If that be so,” said Panza, “I renounce henceforth the government of the promised island, and desire nothing more in payment of my many and faithful services than that your worship give me the receipt of this supreme liquor, for I am persuaded it will be worth more than two reals an ounce anywhere, and I want no more to pass the rest of my life in ease and honour; but it remains to be told if it costs much to make it.”

“With less than three reals, six quarts of it may be made,” said Don Quixote.

“Sinner that I am!” said Sancho, “then why does your worship put off making it and teaching it to me?”

“Peace, friend,” answered Don Quixote; “greater secrets I mean to teach thee and greater favours to bestow upon thee; and for the present let us see to the dressing, for my ear pains me more than I could wish.”

Sancho took out some lint and ointment from the alforjas; but when Don Quixote came to see his helmet shattered, he was like to lose his senses, and clapping his hand upon his sword and raising his eyes to heaven, he said, “I swear by the Creator of all things and the four Gospels in their fullest extent, to do as the great Marquis of Mantua did when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldwin (and that was not to eat bread from a table-cloth, nor embrace his wife, and other points which, though I cannot now call them to mind, I here grant as expressed) until I take complete vengeance upon him who has committed such an offence against me.”

Hearing this, Sancho said to him, “Your worship should bear in mind, Senor Don Quixote, that if the knight has done what was commanded him in going to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done all that he was bound to do, and does not deserve further punishment unless he commits some new offence.”

“Thou hast said well and hit the point,” answered Don Quixote; and so I recall the oath in so far as relates to taking fresh vengeance on him, but I make and confirm it anew to lead the life I have said until such time as I take by force from some knight another helmet such as this and as good; and think not, Sancho, that I am raising smoke with straw in doing so, for I have one to imitate in the matter, since the very same thing to a hair happened in the case of Mambrino’s helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear.”

“Senor,” replied Sancho, “let your worship send all such oaths to the devil, for they are very pernicious to salvation and prejudicial to the conscience; just tell me now, if for several days to come we fall in with no man armed with a helmet, what are we to do? Is the oath to be observed in spite of all the inconvenience and discomfort it will be to sleep in your clothes, and not to sleep in a house, and a thousand other mortifications contained in the oath of that old fool the Marquis of Mantua, which your worship is now wanting to revive? Let your worship observe that there are no men in armour travelling on any of these roads, nothing but carriers and carters, who not only do not wear helmets, but perhaps never heard tell of them all their lives.”

“Thou art wrong there,” said Don Quixote, “for we shall not have been above two hours among these cross-roads before we see more men in armour than came to Albraca to win the fair Angelica.”

“Enough,” said Sancho; “so be it then, and God grant us success, and that the time for winning that island which is costing me so dear may soon come, and then let me die.”

“I have already told thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “not to give thyself any uneasiness on that score; for if an island should fail, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or of Sobradisa, which will fit thee as a ring fits the finger, and all the more that, being on terra firma, thou wilt all the better enjoy thyself. But let us leave that to its own time; see if thou hast anything for us to eat in those alforjas, because we must presently go in quest of some castle where we may lodge to-night and make the balsam I told thee of, for I swear to thee by God, this ear is giving me great pain.”

“I have here an onion and a little cheese and a few scraps of bread,” said Sancho, “but they are not victuals fit for a valiant knight like your worship.”

“How little thou knowest about it,” answered Don Quixote; “I would have thee to know, Sancho, that it is the glory of knights-errant to go without eating for a month, and even when they do eat, that it should be of what comes first to hand; and this would have been clear to thee hadst thou read as many histories as I have, for, though they are very many, among them all I have found no mention made of knights-errant eating, unless by accident or at some sumptuous banquets prepared for them, and the rest of the time they passed in dalliance. And though it is plain they could not do without eating and performing all the other natural functions, because, in fact, they were men like ourselves, it is plain too that, wandering as they did the most part of their lives through woods and wilds and without a cook, their most usual fare would be rustic viands such as those thou now offer me; so that, friend Sancho, let not that distress thee which pleases me, and do not seek to make a new world or pervert knight-errantry.”

“Pardon me, your worship,” said Sancho, “for, as I cannot read or write, as I said just now, I neither know nor comprehend the rules of the profession of chivalry: henceforward I will stock the alforjas with every kind of dry fruit for your worship, as you are a knight; and for myself, as I am not one, I will furnish them with poultry and other things more substantial.”

"I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it is imperative on knights-errant not to eat anything else but the fruits thou speakest of; only that their more usual diet must be those, and certain herbs they found in the fields which they knew and I know too."

"A good thing it is," answered Sancho, "to know those herbs, for to my thinking it will be needful some day to put that knowledge into practice."

And here taking out what he said he had brought, the pair made their repast peaceably and sociably. But anxious to find quarters for the night, they with all despatch made an end of their poor dry fare, mounted at once, and made haste to reach some habitation before night set in; but daylight and the hope of succeeding in their object failed them close by the huts of some goatherds, so they determined to pass the night there, and it was as much to Sancho's discontent not to have reached a house, as it was to his master's satisfaction to sleep under the open heaven, for he fancied that each time this happened to him he performed an act of ownership that helped to prove his chivalry.

## Chapter XI

### *What befell Don Quixote with certain goatherds*

He was cordially welcomed by the goatherds, and Sancho, having as best he could put up Rocinante and the ass, drew towards the fragrance that came from some pieces of salted goat simmering in a pot on the fire; and though he would have liked at once to try if they were ready to be transferred from the pot to the stomach, he refrained from doing so as the goatherds removed them from the fire, and laying sheepskins on the ground, quickly spread their rude table, and with signs of hearty good-will invited them both to share what they had. Round the skins six of the men belonging to the fold seated themselves, having first with rough politeness pressed Don Quixote to take a seat upon a trough which they placed for him upside down. Don Quixote seated himself, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. Seeing him standing, his master said to him:

"That thou mayest see, Sancho, the good that knight-errantry contains in itself, and how those who fill any office in it are on the high road to be speedily honoured and esteemed by the world, I desire that thou seat thyself here at my side and in the company of these worthy people, and that thou be one with me who am thy master and natural lord, and that thou eat from my plate and drink from whatever I drink from; for the same may be said of knight-errantry as of love, that it levels all."

"Great thanks," said Sancho, "but I may tell your worship that provided I have enough to eat, I can eat it as well, or better, standing, and by myself, than seated alongside of an emperor. And indeed, if the truth is to be told, what I eat in my corner without form or fuss has much more relish for me, even though it be bread and onions, than the turkeys of those other tables where I am forced to chew slowly, drink little, wipe my mouth every minute, and cannot sneeze or cough if I want or do other things that are the privileges of liberty and solitude. So, senor, as for these honours which your worship would put upon me as a servant and follower of knight-errantry, exchange them for other things which may be of more use and advantage to me; for these, though I fully acknowledge them as received, I renounce from this moment to the end of the world."

"For all that," said Don Quixote, "thou must seat thyself, because him who humbleth himself God exalteth;" and seizing him by the arm he forced him to sit down beside himself.

The goatherds did not understand this jargon about squires and knights-errant, and all they did was to eat in silence and stare at their guests, who with great elegance and appetite were stowing away pieces as big as one's fist. The course of meat finished, they spread upon the sheepskins a great heap of parched acorns, and with them they put down a half cheese harder than if it had been made of mortar. All this while the horn was not idle, for it went round so constantly, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a water-wheel, that it soon drained one of the two wine-skins that were in sight. When Don Quixote had quite appeased his appetite he took up a handful of the acorns, and contemplating them attentively delivered himself somewhat in this fashion:

"Happy the age, happy the time, to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because in that fortunate age the gold so coveted in this our iron one was gained without toil, but because they that lived in it knew not the two words "mine" and "thine"! In that blessed age all things were in common; to win the daily food no labour was required of any save to stretch forth his hand and gather it from the sturdy oaks that stood generously inviting him with their sweet ripe fruit. The clear streams and running brooks yielded their savoury limpid waters in noble abundance. The busy and sagacious bees fixed their republic in the clefts of the rocks and hollows of the trees, offering without usance the plenteous produce of their fragrant toil to every hand. The mighty cork trees, unenforced save of their own courtesy, shed the broad light bark that served at first to roof the houses supported by rude stakes, a protection against the inclemency of heaven alone. Then all was peace, all friendship, all concord; as yet the dull share of the crooked plough had not dared to rend and pierce the tender bowels of our first mother that without compulsion yielded from every portion of her broad fertile bosom all that could satisfy, sustain, and delight the children that then possessed her. Then was it that the innocent and fair young shepherdess roamed from vale to vale and

hill to hill, with flowing locks, and no more garments than were needful modestly to cover what modesty seeks and ever sought to hide. Nor were their ornaments like those in use to-day, set off by Tyrian purple, and silk tortured in endless fashions, but the wreathed leaves of the green dock and ivy, wherewith they went as bravely and becomingly decked as our Court dames with all the rare and far-fetched artifices that idle curiosity has taught them. Then the love-thoughts of the heart clothed themselves simply and naturally as the heart conceived them, nor sought to commend themselves by forced and rambling verbiage. Fraud, deceit, or malice had then not yet mingled with truth and sincerity. Justice held her ground, undisturbed and unassailed by the efforts of favour and of interest, that now so much impair, pervert, and beset her. Arbitrary law had not yet established itself in the mind of the judge, for then there was no cause to judge and no one to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I have said, wandered at will alone and unattended, without fear of insult from lawlessness or libertine assault, and if they were undone it was of their own will and pleasure. But now in this hateful age of ours not one is safe, not though some new labyrinth like that of Crete conceal and surround her; even there the pestilence of gallantry will make its way to them through chinks or on the air by the zeal of its accursed importunity, and, despite of all seclusion, lead them to ruin. In defence of these, as time advanced and wickedness increased, the order of knights-errant was instituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows and to succour the orphans and the needy. To this order I belong, brother goatherds, to whom I return thanks for the hospitality and kindly welcome ye offer me and my squire; for though by natural law all living are bound to show favour to knights-errant, yet, seeing that without knowing this obligation ye have welcomed and feasted me, it is right that with all the good-will in my power I should thank you for yours.”

All this long harangue (which might very well have been spared) our knight delivered because the acorns they gave him reminded him of the golden age; and the whim seized him to address all this unnecessary argument to the goatherds, who listened to him gaping in amazement without saying a word in reply. Sancho likewise held his peace and ate acorns, and paid repeated visits to the second wine-skin, which they had hung up on a cork tree to keep the wine cool.

Don Quixote was longer in talking than the supper in finishing, at the end of which one of the goatherds said, “That your worship, senor knight-errant, may say with more truth that we show you hospitality with ready good-will, we will give you amusement and pleasure by making one of our comrades sing; he will be here before long, and he is a very intelligent youth and deep in love, and what is more he can read and write and play on the rebeck to perfection.”

The goatherd had hardly done speaking, when the notes of the rebeck reached their ears; and shortly after, the player came up, a very good-looking young man of about two-and-twenty. His comrades asked him if he had supped, and on his replying that he had, he who had already made the offer said to him:

“In that case, Antonio, thou mayest as well do us the pleasure of singing a little, that the gentleman, our guest, may see that even in the mountains and woods there are musicians: we have told him of thy accomplishments, and we want thee to show them and prove that we say true; so, as thou livest, pray sit down and sing that ballad about thy love that thy uncle the prebendary made thee, and that was so much liked in the town.”

“With all my heart,” said the young man, and without waiting for more pressing he seated himself on the trunk of a felled oak, and tuning his rebeck, presently began to sing to these words.

#### Antonio’s Ballad

Thou dost love me well, Olalla;  
Well I know it, even though  
Love’s mute tongues, thine eyes, have never  
By their glances told me so.

For I know my love thou knowest,  
Therefore thine to claim I dare:  
Once it ceases to be secret,  
Love need never feel despair.

True it is, Olalla, sometimes  
Thou hast all too plainly shown  
That thy heart is brass in hardness,  
And thy snowy bosom stone.

Yet for all that, in thy coyness,  
And thy fickle fits between,  
Hope is there—at least the border



Of her garment may be seen.

Lures to faith are they, those glimpses,  
And to faith in thee I hold;  
Kindness cannot make it stronger,  
Coldness cannot make it cold.

If it be that love is gentle,  
In thy gentleness I see  
Something holding out assurance  
To the hope of winning thee.

If it be that in devotion  
Lies a power hearts to move,  
That which every day I show thee,  
Helpful to my suit should prove.

Many a time thou must have noticed—  
If to notice thou dost care—  
How I go about on Monday  
Dressed in all my Sunday wear.

Love's eyes love to look on brightness;  
Love loves what is gaily drest;  
Sunday, Monday, all I care is  
Thou shouldst see me in my best.

No account I make of dances,  
Or of strains that pleased thee so,  
Keeping thee awake from midnight  
Till the cocks began to crow;

Or of how I roundly swore it  
That there's none so fair as thou;  
True it is, but as I said it,  
By the girls I'm hated now.

For Teresa of the hillside  
At my praise of thee was sore;  
Said, "You think you love an angel;  
It's a monkey you adore;

"Caught by all her glittering trinkets,  
And her borrowed braids of hair,  
And a host of made-up beauties  
That would Love himself ensnare.»

'T was a lie, and so I told her,  
And her cousin at the word  
Gave me his defiance for it;  
And what followed thou hast heard.

Mine is no high-flown affection,  
Mine no passion par amours—  
As they call it—what I offer  
Is an honest love, and pure.

Cunning cords the holy Church has,  
Cords of softest silk they be;  
Put thy neck beneath the yoke, dear;  
Mine will follow, thou wilt see.

Else—and once for all I swear it  
By the saint of most renown—  
If I ever quit the mountains,  
'T will be in a friar's gown.

Here the goatherd brought his song to an end, and though Don Quixote entreated him to sing more, Sancho had no mind that way, being more inclined for sleep than for listening to songs; so said he to his master, "Your worship will do well to settle at once where you mean to pass the night, for the labour these good men are at all day does not allow them to spend the night in singing."

"I understand thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "I perceive clearly that those visits to the wine-skin demand compensation in sleep rather than in music."

"It's sweet to us all, blessed be God," said Sancho.

"I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote; "but settle thyself where thou wilt; those of my calling are more becomingly employed in watching than in sleeping; still it would be as well if thou wert to dress this ear for me again, for it is giving me more pain than it need."

Sancho did as he bade him, but one of the goatherds, seeing the wound, told him not to be uneasy, as he would apply a remedy with which it would be soon healed; and gathering some leaves of rosemary, of which there was a great quantity there, he chewed them and mixed them with a little salt, and applying them to the ear he secured them firmly with a bandage, assuring him that no other treatment would be required, and so it proved.

## Chapter XII

### *Of what a goatherd related to those with Don Quixote*

Just then another young man, one of those who fetched their provisions from the village, came up and said, "Do you know what is going on in the village, comrades?"

"How could we know it?" replied one of them.

"Well, then, you must know," continued the young man, "this morning that famous student-shepherd called Chrysostom died, and it is rumoured that he died of love for that devil of a village girl the daughter of Guillermo the Rich, she that wanders about the wolds here in the dress of a shepherdess."

"You mean Marcela?" said one.

"Her I mean," answered the goatherd; "and the best of it is, he has directed in his will that he is to be buried in the fields like a Moor, and at the foot of the rock where the Cork-tree spring is, because, as the story goes (and they say he himself said so), that was the place where he first saw her. And he has also left other directions which the clergy of the village say should not and must not be obeyed because they savour of paganism. To all which his great friend Ambrosio the student, he who, like him, also went dressed as a shepherd, replies that everything must be done without any omission according to the directions left by Chrysostom, and about this the village is all in commotion; however, report says that, after all, what Ambrosio and all the shepherds his friends desire will be done, and to-morrow they are coming to bury him with great ceremony where I said. I am sure it will be something worth seeing; at least I will not fail to go and see it even if I knew I should not return to the village tomorrow."

"We will do the same," answered the goatherds, "and cast lots to see who must stay to mind the goats of all."

"Thou sayest well, Pedro," said one, "though there will be no need of taking that trouble, for I will stay behind for all; and don't suppose it is virtue or want of curiosity in me; it is that the splinter that ran into my foot the other day will not let me walk."

"For all that, we thank thee," answered Pedro.

Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him who the dead man was and who the shepherdess, to which Pedro replied that all he knew was that the dead man was a wealthy gentleman belonging to a village in those mountains, who had been a student at Salamanca for many years, at the end of which he returned to his village with the reputation of being very learned and deeply read. "Above all, they said, he was learned in the science of the stars and of what went on yonder in the heavens and the sun and the moon, for he told us of the crisis of the sun and moon to exact time."

"Eclipse it is called, friend, not crisis, the darkening of those two luminaries," said Don Quixote; but Pedro, not troubling himself with trifles, went on with his story, saying, "Also he foretold when the year was going to be one of abundance or estility."

“Sterility, you mean,” said Don Quixote.

“Sterility or estility,” answered Pedro, “it is all the same in the end. And I can tell you that by this his father and friends who believed him grew very rich because they did as he advised them, bidding them ‘sow barley this year, not wheat; this year you may sow pulse and not barley; the next there will be a full oil crop, and the three following not a drop will be got.’”

“That science is called astrology,” said Don Quixote.

“I do not know what it is called,” replied Pedro, “but I know that he knew all this and more besides. But, to make an end, not many months had passed after he returned from Salamanca, when one day he appeared dressed as a shepherd with his crook and sheepskin, having put off the long gown he wore as a scholar; and at the same time his great friend, Ambrosio by name, who had been his companion in his studies, took to the shepherd’s dress with him. I forgot to say that Chrysostom, who is dead, was a great man for writing verses, so much so that he made carols for Christmas Eve, and plays for Corpus Christi, which the young men of our village acted, and all said they were excellent. When the villagers saw the two scholars so unexpectedly appearing in shepherd’s dress, they were lost in wonder, and could not guess what had led them to make so extraordinary a change. About this time the father of our Chrysostom died, and he was left heir to a large amount of property in chattels as well as in land, no small number of cattle and sheep, and a large sum of money, of all of which the young man was left dissolute owner, and indeed he was deserving of it all, for he was a very good comrade, and kind-hearted, and a friend of worthy folk, and had a countenance like a benediction. Presently it came to be known that he had changed his dress with no other object than to wander about these wastes after that shepherdess Marcela our lad mentioned a while ago, with whom the deceased Chrysostom had fallen in love. And I must tell you now, for it is well you should know it, who this girl is; perhaps, and even without any perhaps, you will not have heard anything like it all the days of your life, though you should live more years than sarna.”

“Say Sarra,” said Don Quixote, unable to endure the goatherd’s confusion of words.

“The sarna lives long enough,” answered Pedro; “and if, senor, you must go finding fault with words at every step, we shall not make an end of it this twelvemonth.”

“Pardon me, friend,” said Don Quixote; “but, as there is such a difference between sarna and Sarra, I told you of it; however, you have answered very rightly, for sarna lives longer than Sarra: so continue your story, and I will not object any more to anything.”

“I say then, my dear sir,” said the goatherd, “that in our village there was a farmer even richer than the father of Chrysostom, who was named Guillermo, and upon whom God bestowed, over and above great wealth, a daughter at whose birth her mother died, the most respected woman there was in this neighbourhood; I fancy I can see her now with that countenance which had the sun on one side and the moon on the other; and moreover active, and kind to the poor, for which I trust that at the present moment her soul is in bliss with God in the other world. Her husband Guillermo died of grief at the death of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcela, a child and rich, to the care of an uncle of hers, a priest and prebendary in our village. The girl grew up with such beauty that it reminded us of her mother’s, which was very great, and yet it was thought that the daughter’s would exceed it; and so when she reached the age of fourteen to fifteen years nobody beheld her but blessed God that had made her so beautiful, and the greater number were in love with her past redemption. Her uncle kept her in great seclusion and retirement, but for all that the fame of her great beauty spread so that, as well for it as for her great wealth, her uncle was asked, solicited, and importuned, to give her in marriage not only by those of our town but of those many leagues round, and by the persons of highest quality in them. But he, being a good Christian man, though he desired to give her in marriage at once, seeing her to be old enough, was unwilling to do so without her consent, not that he had any eye to the gain and profit which the custody of the girl’s property brought him while he put off her marriage; and, faith, this was said in praise of the good priest in more than one set in the town. For I would have you know, Sir Errant, that in these little villages everything is talked about and everything is carped at, and rest assured, as I am, that the priest must be over and above good who forces his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in villages.”

“That is the truth,” said Don Quixote; “but go on, for the story is very good, and you, good Pedro, tell it with very good grace.”

“May that of the Lord not be wanting to me,” said Pedro; “that is the one to have. To proceed; you must know that though the uncle put before his niece and described to her the qualities of each one in particular of the many who had asked her in marriage, begging her to marry and make a choice according to her own taste, she never gave any other answer than that she had no desire to marry just yet, and that being so young she did not think herself fit to bear the burden of matrimony. At these, to all appearance, reasonable excuses that she made, her uncle ceased to urge her, and waited till she was somewhat more advanced in age and could mate herself to her own liking. For, said he—and he said quite right—parents are not to settle children in life against their will. But when one least looked for it, lo and behold! one day the demure Marcela makes her appearance turned shepherdess; and, in spite of her

uncle and all those of the town that strove to dissuade her, took to going a-field with the other shepherd-lasses of the village, and tending her own flock. And so, since she appeared in public, and her beauty came to be seen openly, I could not well tell you how many rich youths, gentlemen and peasants, have adopted the costume of Chrysostom, and go about these fields making love to her. One of these, as has been already said, was our deceased friend, of whom they say that he did not love but adore her. But you must not suppose, because Marcela chose a life of such liberty and independence, and of so little or rather no retirement, that she has given any occasion, or even the semblance of one, for disparagement of her purity and modesty; on the contrary, such and so great is the vigilance with which she watches over her honour, that of all those that court and woo her not one has boasted, or can with truth boast, that she has given him any hope however small of obtaining his desire. For although she does not avoid or shun the society and conversation of the shepherds, and treats them courteously and kindly, should any one of them come to declare his intention to her, though it be one as proper and holy as that of matrimony, she flings him from her like a catapult. And with this kind of disposition she does more harm in this country than if the plague had got into it, for her affability and her beauty draw on the hearts of those that associate with her to love her and to court her, but her scorn and her frankness bring them to the brink of despair; and so they know not what to say save to proclaim her aloud cruel and hard-hearted, and other names of the same sort which well describe the nature of her character; and if you should remain here any time, señor, you would hear these hills and valleys resounding with the laments of the rejected ones who pursue her. Not far from this there is a spot where there are a couple of dozen of tall beeches, and there is not one of them but has carved and written on its smooth bark the name of Marcela, and above some a crown carved on the same tree as though her lover would say more plainly that Marcela wore and deserved that of all human beauty. Here one shepherd is sighing, there another is lamenting; there love songs are heard, here despairing elegies. One will pass all the hours of the night seated at the foot of some oak or rock, and there, without having closed his weeping eyes, the sun finds him in the morning bemused and bereft of sense; and another without relief or respite to his sighs, stretched on the burning sand in the full heat of the sultry summer noontide, makes his appeal to the compassionate heavens, and over one and the other, over these and all, the beautiful Marcela triumphs free and careless. And all of us that know her are waiting to see what her pride will come to, and who is to be the happy man that will succeed in taming a nature so formidable and gaining possession of a beauty so supreme. All that I have told you being such well-established truth, I am persuaded that what they say of the cause of Chrysostom's death, as our lad told us, is the same. And so I advise you, señor, fail not to be present to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth seeing, for Chrysostom had many friends, and it is not half a league from this place to where he directed he should be buried."

"I will make a point of it," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by relating so interesting a tale."

"Oh," said the goatherd, "I do not know even the half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcela, but perhaps to-morrow we may fall in with some shepherd on the road who can tell us; and now it will be well for you to go and sleep under cover, for the night air may hurt your wound, though with the remedy I have applied to you there is no fear of an untoward result."

Sancho Panza, who was wishing the goatherd's loquacity at the devil, on his part begged his master to go into Pedro's hut to sleep. He did so, and passed all the rest of the night in thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of the lovers of Marcela. Sancho Panza settled himself between Rocinante and his ass, and slept, not like a lover who had been discarded, but like a man who had been soundly kicked.

### Chapter XIII

#### *In which is ended the story of the shepherdess Marcela, with other incidents*

Bit hardly had day begun to show itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds came to rouse Don Quixote and tell him that if he was still of a mind to go and see the famous burial of Chrysostom they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing better, rose and ordered Sancho to saddle and pannel at once, which he did with all despatch, and with the same they all set out forthwith. They had not gone a quarter of a league when at the meeting of two paths they saw coming towards them some six shepherds dressed in black sheepskins and with their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter oleander. Each of them carried a stout holly staff in his hand, and along with them there came two men of quality on horseback in handsome travelling dress, with three servants on foot accompanying them. Courteous salutations were exchanged on meeting, and inquiring one of the other which way each party was going, they learned that all were bound for the scene of the burial, so they went on all together.

One of those on horseback addressing his companion said to him, "It seems to me, Señor Vivaldo, that we may reckon as well spent the delay we shall incur in seeing this remarkable funeral, for remarkable it cannot but be judging by the strange things these shepherds have told us, of both the dead shepherd and homicide shepherdess."

“So I think too,” replied Vivaldo, “and I would delay not to say a day, but four, for the sake of seeing it.”

Don Quixote asked them what it was they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom. The traveller answered that the same morning they had met these shepherds, and seeing them dressed in this mournful fashion they had asked them the reason of their appearing in such a guise; which one of them gave, describing the strange behaviour and beauty of a shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of many who courted her, together with the death of that Chrysostom to whose burial they were going. In short, he repeated all that Pedro had related to Don Quixote.

This conversation dropped, and another was commenced by him who was called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what was the reason that led him to go armed in that fashion in a country so peaceful. To which Don Quixote replied, “The pursuit of my calling does not allow or permit me to go in any other fashion; easy life, enjoyment, and repose were invented for soft courtiers, but toil, unrest, and arms were invented and made for those alone whom the world calls knights-errant, of whom I, though unworthy, am the least of all.”

The instant they heard this all set him down as mad, and the better to settle the point and discover what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo proceeded to ask him what knights-errant meant.

“Have not your worships,” replied Don Quixote, “read the annals and histories of England, in which are recorded the famous deeds of King Arthur, whom we in our popular Castilian invariably call King Artus, with regard to whom it is an ancient tradition, and commonly received all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but was changed by magic art into a raven, and that in process of time he is to return to reign and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved that from that time to this any Englishman ever killed a raven? Well, then, in the time of this good king that famous order of chivalry of the Knights of the Round Table was instituted, and the amour of Don Lancelot of the Lake with the Queen Guinevere occurred, precisely as is there related, the go-between and confidante therein being the highly honourable dame Quintanona, whence came that ballad so well known and widely spread in our Spain—

O never surely was there knight  
So served by hand of dame,  
As served was he Sir Lancelot hight  
When he from Britain came—

with all the sweet and delectable course of his achievements in love and war. Handed down from that time, then, this order of chivalry went on extending and spreading itself over many and various parts of the world; and in it, famous and renowned for their deeds, were the mighty Amadis of Gaul with all his sons and descendants to the fifth generation, and the valiant Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never sufficiently praised Tirante el Blanco, and in our own days almost we have seen and heard and talked with the invincible knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, then, sirs, is to be a knight-errant, and what I have spoken of is the order of his chivalry, of which, as I have already said, I, though a sinner, have made profession, and what the aforesaid knights professed that same do I profess, and so I go through these solitudes and wilds seeking adventures, resolved in soul to oppose my arm and person to the most perilous that fortune may offer me in aid of the weak and needy.”

By these words of his the travellers were able to satisfy themselves of Don Quixote’s being out of his senses and of the form of madness that overmastered him, at which they felt the same astonishment that all felt on first becoming acquainted with it; and Vivaldo, who was a person of great shrewdness and of a lively temperament, in order to beguile the short journey which they said was required to reach the mountain, the scene of the burial, sought to give him an opportunity of going on with his absurdities. So he said to him, “It seems to me, Senor Knight-errant, that your worship has made choice of one of the most austere professions in the world, and I imagine even that of the Carthusian monks is not so austere.”

“As austere it may perhaps be,” replied our Don Quixote, “but so necessary for the world I am very much inclined to doubt. For, if the truth is to be told, the soldier who executes what his captain orders does no less than the captain himself who gives the order. My meaning, is, that churchmen in peace and quiet pray to Heaven for the welfare of the world, but we soldiers and knights carry into effect what they pray for, defending it with the might of our arms and the edge of our swords, not under shelter but in the open air, a target for the intolerable rays of the sun in summer and the piercing frosts of winter. Thus are we God’s ministers on earth and the arms by which his justice is done therein. And as the business of war and all that relates and belongs to it cannot be conducted without exceeding great sweat, toil, and exertion, it follows that those who make it their profession have undoubtedly more labour than those who in tranquil peace and quiet are engaged in praying to God to help the weak. I do not mean to say, nor does it enter into my thoughts, that the knight-errant’s calling is as good as that of the monk in his cell; I would merely infer from what I endure myself that it is beyond a doubt a more laborious and a more belaboured one, a hungrier and thirstier, a wretcheder, raggeder, and lousier; for there is no reason to doubt that the knights-errant of yore endured much hardship in the course of their lives. And if some of them by the might of their arms did

rise to be emperors, in faith it cost them dear in the matter of blood and sweat; and if those who attained to that rank had not had magicians and sages to help them they would have been completely baulked in their ambition and disappointed in their hopes.”

“That is my own opinion,” replied the traveller; “but one thing among many others seems to me very wrong in knights-errant, and that is that when they find themselves about to engage in some mighty and perilous adventure in which there is manifest danger of losing their lives, they never at the moment of engaging in it think of commending themselves to God, as is the duty of every good Christian in like peril; instead of which they commend themselves to their ladies with as much devotion as if these were their gods, a thing which seems to me to savour somewhat of heathenism.”

“Sir,” answered Don Quixote, “that cannot be on any account omitted, and the knight-errant would be disgraced who acted otherwise: for it is usual and customary in knight-errantry that the knight-errant, who on engaging in any great feat of arms has his lady before him, should turn his eyes towards her softly and lovingly, as though with them entreating her to favour and protect him in the hazardous venture he is about to undertake, and even though no one hear him, he is bound to say certain words between his teeth, commending himself to her with all his heart, and of this we have innumerable instances in the histories. Nor is it to be supposed from this that they are to omit commending themselves to God, for there will be time and opportunity for doing so while they are engaged in their task.”

“For all that,” answered the traveller, “I feel some doubt still, because often I have read how words will arise between two knights-errant, and from one thing to another it comes about that their anger kindles and they wheel their horses round and take a good stretch of field, and then without any more ado at the top of their speed they come to the charge, and in mid-career they are wont to commend themselves to their ladies; and what commonly comes of the encounter is that one falls over the haunches of his horse pierced through and through by his antagonist’s lance, and as for the other, it is only by holding on to the mane of his horse that he can help falling to the ground; but I know not how the dead man had time to commend himself to God in the course of such rapid work as this; it would have been better if those words which he spent in commending himself to his lady in the midst of his career had been devoted to his duty and obligation as a Christian. Moreover, it is my belief that all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to, for they are not all in love.”

“That is impossible,” said Don Quixote: “I say it is impossible that there could be a knight-errant without a lady, because to such it is as natural and proper to be in love as to the heavens to have stars: most certainly no history has been seen in which there is to be found a knight-errant without an amour, and for the simple reason that without one he would be held no legitimate knight but a bastard, and one who had gained entrance into the stronghold of the said knighthood, not by the door, but over the wall like a thief and a robber.”

“Nevertheless,” said the traveller, “if I remember rightly, I think I have read that Don Galaor, the brother of the valiant Amadis of Gaul, never had any special lady to whom he might commend himself, and yet he was not the less esteemed, and was a very stout and famous knight.”

To which our Don Quixote made answer, “Sir, one solitary swallow does not make summer; moreover, I know that knight was in secret very deeply in love; besides which, that way of falling in love with all that took his fancy was a natural propensity which he could not control. But, in short, it is very manifest that he had one alone whom he made mistress of his will, to whom he commended himself very frequently and very secretly, for he prided himself on being a reticent knight.”

“Then if it be essential that every knight-errant should be in love,” said the traveller, “it may be fairly supposed that your worship is so, as you are of the order; and if you do not pride yourself on being as reticent as Don Galaor, I entreat you as earnestly as I can, in the name of all this company and in my own, to inform us of the name, country, rank, and beauty of your lady, for she will esteem herself fortunate if all the world knows that she is loved and served by such a knight as your worship seems to be.”

At this Don Quixote heaved a deep sigh and said, “I cannot say positively whether my sweet enemy is pleased or not that the world should know I serve her; I can only say in answer to what has been so courteously asked of me, that her name is Dulcinea, her country El Toboso, a village of La Mancha, her rank must be at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and lady, and her beauty superhuman, since all the impossible and fanciful attributes of beauty which the poets apply to their ladies are verified in her; for her hairs are gold, her forehead Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her fairness snow, and what modesty conceals from sight such, I think and imagine, as rational reflection can only extol, not compare.”

“We should like to know her lineage, race, and ancestry,” said Vivaldo.

To which Don Quixote replied, “She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, or Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas or Orsini, nor of the Moncadas or Requesenes of Catalonia, nor yet of the Rebellas or Villanovas of Valencia; Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foces, or Gurreas of Aragon; Cerdas,

Manriques, Mendozas, or Guzmans of Castile; Alencastros, Pallas, or Meneses of Portugal; but she is of those of El Toboso of La Mancha, a lineage that though modern, may furnish a source of gentle blood for the most illustrious families of the ages that are to come, and this let none dispute with me save on the condition that Zerbino placed at the foot of the trophy of Orlando's arms, saying,

"These let none move Who dareth not his might with Roland prove."

"Although mine is of the Cachopins of Laredo," said the traveller, "I will not venture to compare it with that of El Toboso of La Mancha, though, to tell the truth, no such surname has until now ever reached my ears."

"What!" said Don Quixote, "has that never reached them?"

The rest of the party went along listening with great attention to the conversation of the pair, and even the very goatherds and shepherds perceived how exceedingly out of his wits our Don Quixote was. Sancho Panza alone thought that what his master said was the truth, knowing who he was and having known him from his birth; and all that he felt any difficulty in believing was that about the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, because neither any such name nor any such princess had ever come to his knowledge though he lived so close to El Toboso. They were going along conversing in this way, when they saw descending a gap between two high mountains some twenty shepherds, all clad in sheepskins of black wool, and crowned with garlands which, as afterwards appeared, were, some of them of yew, some of cypress. Six of the number were carrying a bier covered with a great variety of flowers and branches, on seeing which one of the goatherds said, "Those who come there are the bearers of Chrysostom's body, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him." They therefore made haste to reach the spot, and did so by the time those who came had laid the bier upon the ground, and four of them with sharp pickaxes were digging a grave by the side of a hard rock. They greeted each other courteously, and then Don Quixote and those who accompanied him turned to examine the bier, and on it, covered with flowers, they saw a dead body in the dress of a shepherd, to all appearance of one thirty years of age, and showing even in death that in life he had been of comely features and gallant bearing. Around him on the bier itself were laid some books, and several papers open and folded; and those who were looking on as well as those who were opening the grave and all the others who were there preserved a strange silence, until one of those who had borne the body said to another, "Observe carefully, Ambrosia if this is the place Chrysostom spoke of, since you are anxious that what he directed in his will should be so strictly complied with."

"This is the place," answered Ambrosia "for in it many a time did my poor friend tell me the story of his hard fortune. Here it was, he told me, that he saw for the first time that mortal enemy of the human race, and here, too, for the first time he declared to her his passion, as honourable as it was devoted, and here it was that at last Marcela ended by scorning and rejecting him so as to bring the tragedy of his wretched life to a close; here, in memory of misfortunes so great, he desired to be laid in the bowels of eternal oblivion." Then turning to Don Quixote and the travellers he went on to say, "That body, sirs, on which you are looking with compassionate eyes, was the abode of a soul on which Heaven bestowed a vast share of its riches. That is the body of Chrysostom, who was unrivalled in wit, unequalled in courtesy, unapproached in gentle bearing, a phoenix in friendship, generous without limit, grave without arrogance, gay without vulgarity, and, in short, first in all that constitutes goodness and second to none in all that makes up misfortune. He loved deeply, he was hated; he adored, he was scorned; he wooed a wild beast, he pleaded with marble, he pursued the wind, he cried to the wilderness, he served ingratitude, and for reward was made the prey of death in the mid-course of life, cut short by a shepherdess whom he sought to immortalise in the memory of man, as these papers which you see could fully prove, had he not commanded me to consign them to the fire after having consigned his body to the earth."

"You would deal with them more harshly and cruelly than their owner himself," said Vivaldo, "for it is neither right nor proper to do the will of one who enjoins what is wholly unreasonable; it would not have been reasonable in Augustus Caesar had he permitted the directions left by the divine Mantuan in his will to be carried into effect. So that, Senor Ambrosia while you consign your friend's body to the earth, you should not consign his writings to oblivion, for if he gave the order in bitterness of heart, it is not right that you should irrationally obey it. On the contrary, by granting life to those papers, let the cruelty of Marcela live for ever, to serve as a warning in ages to come to all men to shun and avoid falling into like danger; or I and all of us who have come here know already the story of this your love-stricken and heart-broken friend, and we know, too, your friendship, and the cause of his death, and the directions he gave at the close of his life; from which sad story may be gathered how great was the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, and the loyalty of your friendship, together with the end awaiting those who pursue rashly the path that insane passion opens to their eyes. Last night we learned the death of Chrysostom and that he was to be buried here, and out of curiosity and pity we left our direct road and resolved to come and see with our eyes that which when heard of had so moved our compassion, and in consideration of that compassion and our desire to prove it if we might by condolence, we beg of you, excellent Ambrosia, or at least I on my own account entreat you, that instead of burning those papers you allow me to carry away some of them."

And without waiting for the shepherd's answer, he stretched out his hand and took up some of those that were

nearest to him; seeing which Ambrosio said, "Out of courtesy, senor, I will grant your request as to those you have taken, but it is idle to expect me to abstain from burning the remainder."

Vivaldo, who was eager to see what the papers contained, opened one of them at once, and saw that its title was "Lay of Despair."

Ambrosio hearing it said, "That is the last paper the unhappy man wrote; and that you may see, senor, to what an end his misfortunes brought him, read it so that you may be heard, for you will have time enough for that while we are waiting for the grave to be dug."

"I will do so very willingly," said Vivaldo; and as all the bystanders were equally eager they gathered round him, and he, reading in a loud voice, found that it ran as follows.

#### *Chapter XIV*

*Wherein are inserted the despairing verses of the dead shepherd, together with other incidents not looked for*

#### The Lay of Chrysostom

Since thou dost in thy cruelty desire  
 The ruthless rigour of thy tyranny  
 From tongue to tongue, from land to land proclaimed,  
 The very Hell will I constrain to lend  
 This stricken breast of mine deep notes of woe  
 To serve my need of fitting utterance.  
 And as I strive to body forth the tale  
 Of all I suffer, all that thou hast done,  
 Forth shall the dread voice roll, and bear along  
 Shreds from my vitals torn for greater pain.  
 Then listen, not to dulcet harmony,  
 But to a discord wrung by mad despair  
 Out of this bosom's depths of bitterness,  
 To ease my heart and plant a sting in thine.

The lion's roar, the fierce wolf's savage howl,  
 The horrid hissing of the scaly snake,  
 The awesome cries of monsters yet unnamed,  
 The crow's ill-boding croak, the hollow moan  
 Of wild winds wrestling with the restless sea,  
 The wrathful bellow of the vanquished bull,  
 The plaintive sobbing of the widowed dove,  
 The envied owl's sad note, the wail of woe  
 That rises from the dreary choir of Hell,  
 Commingled in one sound, confusing sense,  
 Let all these come to aid my soul's complaint,  
 For pain like mine demands new modes of song.

No echoes of that discord shall be heard  
 Where Father Tagus rolls, or on the banks  
 Of olive-bordered Betis; to the rocks  
 Or in deep caverns shall my plaint be told,  
 And by a lifeless tongue in living words;  
 Or in dark valleys or on lonely shores,  
 Where neither foot of man nor sunbeam falls;  
 Or in among the poison-breathing swarms  
 Of monsters nourished by the sluggish Nile.  
 For, though it be to solitudes remote  
 The hoarse vague echoes of my sorrows sound  
 Thy matchless cruelty, my dismal fate  
 Shall carry them to all the spacious world.

Disdain hath power to kill, and patience dies



Slain by suspicion, be it false or true;  
 And deadly is the force of jealousy;  
 Long absence makes of life a dreary void;  
 No hope of happiness can give repose  
 To him that ever fears to be forgot;  
 And death, inevitable, waits in hall.  
 But I, by some strange miracle, live on  
 A prey to absence, jealousy, disdain;  
 Racked by suspicion as by certainty;  
 Forgotten, left to feed my flame alone.  
 And while I suffer thus, there comes no ray  
 Of hope to gladden me athwart the gloom;  
 Nor do I look for it in my despair;  
 But rather clinging to a cureless woe,  
 All hope do I abjure for evermore.

Can there be hope where fear is? Were it well,  
 When far more certain are the grounds of fear?  
 Ought I to shut mine eyes to jealousy,  
 If through a thousand heart-wounds it appears?  
 Who would not give free access to distrust,  
 Seeing disdain unveiled, and—bitter change!—  
 All his suspicions turned to certainties,  
 And the fair truth transformed into a lie?  
 Oh, thou fierce tyrant of the realms of love,  
 Oh, Jealousy! put chains upon these hands,  
 And bind me with thy strongest cord, Disdain.  
 But, woe is me! triumphant over all,  
 My sufferings drown the memory of you.

And now I die, and since there is no hope  
 Of happiness for me in life or death,  
 Still to my fantasy I'll fondly cling.  
 I'll say that he is wise who loveth well,  
 And that the soul most free is that most bound  
 In thralldom to the ancient tyrant Love.  
 I'll say that she who is mine enemy  
 In that fair body hath as fair a mind,  
 And that her coldness is but my desert,  
 And that by virtue of the pain he sends  
 Love rules his kingdom with a gentle sway.  
 Thus, self-deluding, and in bondage sore,  
 And wearing out the wretched shred of life  
 To which I am reduced by her disdain,  
 I'll give this soul and body to the winds,  
 All hopeless of a crown of bliss in store.

Thou whose injustice hath supplied the cause  
 That makes me quit the weary life I loathe,  
 As by this wounded bosom thou canst see  
 How willingly thy victim I become,  
 Let not my death, if haply worth a tear,  
 Cloud the clear heaven that dwells in thy bright eyes;  
 I would not have thee expiate in aught  
 The crime of having made my heart thy prey;  
 But rather let thy laughter gaily ring  
 And prove my death to be thy festival.

Fool that I am to bid thee! well I know  
Thy glory gains by my untimely end.

And now it is the time; from Hell's abyss  
Come thirsting Tantalus, come Sisyphus  
Heaving the cruel stone, come Tityus  
With vulture, and with wheel Ixion come,  
And come the sisters of the ceaseless toil;  
And all into this breast transfer their pains,  
And (if such tribute to despair be due)  
Chant in their deepest tones a doleful dirge  
Over a corse unworthy of a shroud.  
Let the three-headed guardian of the gate,  
And all the monstrous progeny of hell,  
The doleful concert join: a lover dead  
Methinks can have no fitter obsequies.

Lay of despair, grieve not when thou art gone  
Forth from this sorrowing heart: my misery  
Brings fortune to the cause that gave thee birth;  
Then banish sadness even in the tomb.

The "Lay of Chrysostom" met with the approbation of the listeners, though the reader said it did not seem to him to agree with what he had heard of Marcela's reserve and propriety, for Chrysostom complained in it of jealousy, suspicion, and absence, all to the prejudice of the good name and fame of Marcela; to which Ambrosio replied as one who knew well his friend's most secret thoughts, "Senor, to remove that doubt I should tell you that when the unhappy man wrote this lay he was away from Marcela, from whom he had voluntarily separated himself, to try if absence would act with him as it is wont; and as everything distresses and every fear haunts the banished lover, so imaginary jealousies and suspicions, dreaded as if they were true, tormented Chrysostom; and thus the truth of what report declares of the virtue of Marcela remains unshaken, and with her envy itself should not and cannot find any fault save that of being cruel, somewhat haughty, and very scornful."

"That is true," said Vivaldo; and as he was about to read another paper of those he had preserved from the fire, he was stopped by a marvellous vision (for such it seemed) that unexpectedly presented itself to their eyes; for on the summit of the rock where they were digging the grave there appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so beautiful that her beauty exceeded its reputation. Those who had never till then beheld her gazed upon her in wonder and silence, and those who were accustomed to see her were not less amazed than those who had never seen her before. But the instant Ambrosio saw her he addressed her, with manifest indignation:

"Art thou come, by chance, cruel basilisk of these mountains, to see if in thy presence blood will flow from the wounds of this wretched being thy cruelty has robbed of life; or is it to exult over the cruel work of thy humours that thou art come; or like another pitiless Nero to look down from that height upon the ruin of his Rome in embers; or in thy arrogance to trample on this ill-fated corpse, as the ungrateful daughter trampled on her father Tarquin's? Tell us quickly for what thou art come, or what it is thou wouldst have, for, as I know the thoughts of Chrysostom never failed to obey thee in life, I will make all these who call themselves his friends obey thee, though he be dead."

"I come not, Ambrosia for any of the purposes thou hast named," replied Marcela, "but to defend myself and to prove how unreasonable are all those who blame me for their sorrow and for Chrysostom's death; and therefore I ask all of you that are here to give me your attention, for will not take much time or many words to bring the truth home to persons of sense. Heaven has made me, so you say, beautiful, and so much so that in spite of yourselves my beauty leads you to love me; and for the love you show me you say, and even urge, that I am bound to love you. By that natural understanding which God has given me I know that everything beautiful attracts love, but I cannot see how, by reason of being loved, that which is loved for its beauty is bound to love that which loves it; besides, it may happen that the lover of that which is beautiful may be ugly, and ugliness being detestable, it is very absurd to say, "I love thee because thou art beautiful, thou must love me though I be ugly." But supposing the beauty equal on both sides, it does not follow that the inclinations must be therefore alike, for it is not every beauty that excites love, some but pleasing the eye without winning the affection; and if every sort of beauty excited love and won the heart, the will would wander vaguely to and fro unable to make choice of any; for as there is an infinity of beautiful objects

there must be an infinity of inclinations, and true love, I have heard it said, is indivisible, and must be voluntary and not compelled. If this be so, as I believe it to be, why do you desire me to bend my will by force, for no other reason but that you say you love me? Nay—tell me—had Heaven made me ugly, as it has made me beautiful, could I with justice complain of you for not loving me? Moreover, you must remember that the beauty I possess was no choice of mine, for, be it what it may, Heaven of its bounty gave it me without my asking or choosing it; and as the viper, though it kills with it, does not deserve to be blamed for the poison it carries, as it is a gift of nature, neither do I deserve reproach for being beautiful; for beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance or a sharp sword; the one does not burn, the other does not cut, those who do not come too near. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the mind, without which the body, though it be so, has no right to pass for beautiful; but if modesty is one of the virtues that specially lend a grace and charm to mind and body, why should she who is loved for her beauty part with it to gratify one who for his pleasure alone strives with all his might and energy to rob her of it? I was born free, and that I might live in freedom I chose the solitude of the fields; in the trees of the mountains I find society, the clear waters of the brooks are my mirrors, and to the trees and waters I make known my thoughts and charms. I am a fire afar off, a sword laid aside. Those whom I have inspired with love by letting them see me, I have by words undeceived, and if their longings live on hope—and I have given none to Chrysostom or to any other—it cannot justly be said that the death of any is my doing, for it was rather his own obstinacy than my cruelty that killed him; and if it be made a charge against me that his wishes were honourable, and that therefore I was bound to yield to them, I answer that when on this very spot where now his grave is made he declared to me his purity of purpose, I told him that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruits of my retirement and the spoils of my beauty; and if, after this open avowal, he chose to persist against hope and steer against the wind, what wonder is it that he should sink in the depths of his infatuation? If I had encouraged him, I should be false; if I had gratified him, I should have acted against my own better resolution and purpose. He was persistent in spite of warning, he despaired without being hated. Bethink you now if it be reasonable that his suffering should be laid to my charge. Let him who has been deceived complain, let him give way to despair whose encouraged hopes have proved vain, let him flatter himself whom I shall entice, let him boast whom I shall receive; but let not him call me cruel or homicide to whom I make no promise, upon whom I practise no deception, whom I neither entice nor receive. It has not been so far the will of Heaven that I should love by fate, and to expect me to love by choice is idle. Let this general declaration serve for each of my suitors on his own account, and let it be understood from this time forth that if anyone dies for me it is not of jealousy or misery he dies, for she who loves no one can give no cause for jealousy to any, and candour is not to be confounded with scorn. Let him who calls me wild beast and basilisk, leave me alone as something noxious and evil; let him who calls me ungrateful, withhold his service; who calls me wayward, seek not my acquaintance; who calls me cruel, pursue me not; for this wild beast, this basilisk, this ungrateful, cruel, wayward being has no kind of desire to seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and violent passion killed him, why should my modest behaviour and circumspection be blamed? If I preserve my purity in the society of the trees, why should he who would have me preserve it among men, seek to rob me of it? I have, as you know, wealth of my own, and I covet not that of others; my taste is for freedom, and I have no relish for constraint; I neither love nor hate anyone; I do not deceive this one or court that, or trifle with one or play with another. The modest converse of the shepherd girls of these hamlets and the care of my goats are my recreations; my desires are bounded by these mountains, and if they ever wander hence it is to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, steps by which the soul travels to its primeval abode.”

With these words, and not waiting to hear a reply, she turned and passed into the thickest part of a wood that was hard by, leaving all who were there lost in admiration as much of her good sense as of her beauty. Some—those wounded by the irresistible shafts launched by her bright eyes—made as though they would follow her, heedless of the frank declaration they had heard; seeing which, and deeming this a fitting occasion for the exercise of his chivalry in aid of distressed damsels, Don Quixote, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, exclaimed in a loud and distinct voice:

“Let no one, whatever his rank or condition, dare to follow the beautiful Marcela, under pain of incurring my fierce indignation. She has shown by clear and satisfactory arguments that little or no fault is to be found with her for the death of Chrysostom, and also how far she is from yielding to the wishes of any of her lovers, for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she should in justice be honoured and esteemed by all the good people of the world, for she shows that she is the only woman in it that holds to such a virtuous resolution.”

Whether it was because of the threats of Don Quixote, or because Ambrosio told them to fulfil their duty to their good friend, none of the shepherds moved or stirred from the spot until, having finished the grave and burned Chrysostom's papers, they laid his body in it, not without many tears from those who stood by. They closed the grave with a heavy stone until a slab was ready which Ambrosio said he meant to have prepared, with an epitaph which was to be to this effect:

Beneath the stone before your eyes  
 The body of a lover lies;  
 In life he was a shepherd swain,  
 In death a victim to disdain.  
 Ungrateful, cruel, coy, and fair,  
 Was she that drove him to despair,  
 And Love hath made her his ally  
 For spreading wide his tyranny.

They then strewed upon the grave a profusion of flowers and branches, and all expressing their condolence with his friend ambrosio, took their Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote bade farewell to his hosts and to the travellers, who pressed him to come with them to Seville, as being such a convenient place for finding adventures, for they presented themselves in every street and round every corner oftener than anywhere else. Don Quixote thanked them for their advice and for the disposition they showed to do him a favour, and said that for the present he would not, and must not go to Seville until he had cleared all these mountains of highwaymen and robbers, of whom report said they were full. Seeing his good intention, the travellers were unwilling to press him further, and once more bidding him farewell, they left him and pursued their journey, in the course of which they did not fail to discuss the story of Marcela and Chrysostom as well as the madness of Don Quixote. He, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcela, and make offer to her of all the service he could render her; but things did not fall out with him as he expected, according to what is related in the course of this veracious history, of which the Second Part ends here.

### Chapter XVIII

*In which is related the discourse Sancho Panza held with his master, Don Quixote, and other adventures worth relating*

Sancho reached his master so limp and faint that he could not urge on his beast. When Don Quixote saw the state he was in he said, "I have now come to the conclusion, good Sancho, that this castle or inn is beyond a doubt enchanted, because those who have so atrociously diverted themselves with thee, what can they be but phantoms or beings of another world? and I hold this confirmed by having noticed that when I was by the wall of the yard witnessing the acts of thy sad tragedy, it was out of my power to mount upon it, nor could I even dismount from Rocinante, because they no doubt had me enchanted; for I swear to thee by the faith of what I am that if I had been able to climb up or dismount, I would have avenged thee in such a way that those braggart thieves would have remembered their freak for ever, even though in so doing I knew that I contravened the laws of chivalry, which, as I have often told thee, do not permit a knight to lay hands on him who is not one, save in case of urgent and great necessity in defence of his own life and person."

"I would have avenged myself too if I could," said Sancho, "whether I had been dubbed knight or not, but I could not; though for my part I am persuaded those who amused themselves with me were not phantoms or enchanted men, as your worship says, but men of flesh and bone like ourselves; and they all had their names, for I heard them name them when they were tossing me, and one was called Pedro Martinez, and another Tenorio Hernandez, and the innkeeper, I heard, was called Juan Palomeque the Left-handed; so that, senor, your not being able to leap over the wall of the yard or dismount from your horse came of something else besides enchantments; and what I make out clearly from all this is, that these adventures we go seeking will in the end lead us into such misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot; and that the best and wisest thing, according to my small wits, would be for us to return home, now that it is harvest-time, and attend to our business, and give over wandering from Zeca to Mecca and from pail to bucket, as the saying is."

"How little thou knowest about chivalry, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "hold thy peace and have patience; the day will come when thou shalt see with thine own eyes what an honourable thing it is to wander in the pursuit of this calling; nay, tell me, what greater pleasure can there be in the world, or what delight can equal that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? None, beyond all doubt."

"Very likely," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it; all I know is that since we have been knights-errant, or since your worship has been one (for I have no right to reckon myself one of so honourable a number) we have never won any battle except the one with the Biscayan, and even out of that your worship came with half an ear and half a helmet the less; and from that till now it has been all cudgellings and more cudgellings, cuffs and more cuffs, I getting the blanketing over and above, and falling in with enchanted persons on whom I cannot avenge myself so as to know what the delight, as your worship calls it, of conquering an enemy is like."

"That is what vexes me, and what ought to vex thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but henceforward I will endeavour to have at hand some sword made by such craft that no kind of enchantments can take effect upon him

who carries it, and it is even possible that fortune may procure for me that which belonged to Amadis when he was called 'The Knight of the Burning Sword,' which was one of the best swords that ever knight in the world possessed, for, besides having the said virtue, it cut like a razor, and there was no armour, however strong and enchanted it might be, that could resist it."

"Such is my luck," said Sancho, "that even if that happened and your worship found some such sword, it would, like the balsam, turn out serviceable and good for dubbed knights only, and as for the squires, they might suffer sorrow."

"Fear not that, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "Heaven will deal better by thee."

Thus talking, Don Quixote and his squire were going along, when, on the road they were following, Don Quixote perceived approaching them a large and thick cloud of dust, on seeing which he turned to Sancho and said:

"This is the day, Sancho, on which will be seen the boon my fortune is reserving for me; this, I say, is the day on which as much as on any other shall be displayed the might of my arm, and on which I shall do deeds that shall remain written in the book of fame for all ages to come. Seest thou that cloud of dust which rises yonder? Well, then, all that is churned up by a vast army composed of various and countless nations that comes marching there."

"According to that there must be two," said Sancho, "for on this opposite side also there rises just such another cloud of dust."

Don Quixote turned to look and found that it was true, and rejoicing exceedingly, he concluded that they were two armies about to engage and encounter in the midst of that broad plain; for at all times and seasons his fancy was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, crazy feats, loves, and defiances that are recorded in the books of chivalry, and everything he said, thought, or did had reference to such things. Now the cloud of dust he had seen was raised by two great droves of sheep coming along the same road in opposite directions, which, because of the dust, did not become visible until they drew near, but Don Quixote asserted so positively that they were armies that Sancho was led to believe it and say, "Well, and what are we to do, senor?"

"What?" said Don Quixote: "give aid and assistance to the weak and those who need it; and thou must know, Sancho, that this which comes opposite to us is conducted and led by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great isle of Trapobana; this other that marches behind me is that of his enemy the king of the Garamantas, Pentapolin of the Bare Arm, for he always goes into battle with his right arm bare."

"But why are these two lords such enemies?"

"They are at enmity," replied Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a very beautiful and moreover gracious lady, and a Christian, and her father is unwilling to bestow her upon the pagan king unless he first abandons the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and adopts his own."

"By my beard," said Sancho, "but Pentapolin does quite right, and I will help him as much as I can."

"In that thou wilt do what is thy duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for to engage in battles of this sort it is not requisite to be a dubbed knight."

"That I can well understand," answered Sancho; "but where shall we put this ass where we may be sure to find him after the fray is over? for I believe it has not been the custom so far to go into battle on a beast of this kind."

"That is true," said Don Quixote, "and what you had best do with him is to leave him to take his chance whether he be lost or not, for the horses we shall have when we come out victors will be so many that even Rocinante will run a risk of being changed for another. But attend to me and observe, for I wish to give thee some account of the chief knights who accompany these two armies; and that thou mayest the better see and mark, let us withdraw to that hillock which rises yonder, whence both armies may be seen."

They did so, and placed themselves on a rising ground from which the two droves that Don Quixote made armies of might have been plainly seen if the clouds of dust they raised had not obscured them and blinded the sight; nevertheless, seeing in his imagination what he did not see and what did not exist, he began thus in a loud voice:

"That knight whom thou seest yonder in yellow armour, who bears upon his shield a lion crowned crouching at the feet of a damsel, is the valiant Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge; that one in armour with flowers of gold, who bears on his shield three crowns argent on an azure field, is the dreaded Micocolemba, grand duke of Quirocia; that other of gigantic frame, on his right hand, is the ever dauntless Brandabarbaran de Boliche, lord of the three Arabias, who for armour wears that serpent skin, and has for shield a gate which, according to tradition, is one of those of the temple that Samson brought to the ground when by his death he revenged himself upon his enemies. But turn thine eyes to the other side, and thou shalt see in front and in the van of this other army the ever victorious and never vanquished Timonel of Carcajona, prince of New Biscay, who comes in armour with arms quartered azure, vert, white, and yellow, and bears on his shield a cat or on a field tawny with a motto which says Miau, which is the beginning of the name of his lady, who according to report is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of the duke Alfeniquen of the Algarve; the other, who burdens and presses the loins of that powerful charger and bears arms

white as snow and a shield blank and without any device, is a novice knight, a Frenchman by birth, Pierres Papin by name, lord of the baronies of Utrique; that other, who with iron-shod heels strikes the flanks of that nimble parti-coloured zebra, and for arms bears azure vair, is the mighty duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo del Bosque, who bears for device on his shield an asparagus plant with a motto in Castilian that says, *Rastrea mi suerte*." And so he went on naming a number of knights of one squadron or the other out of his imagination, and to all he assigned off-hand their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, carried away by the illusions of his unheard-of craze; and without a pause, he continued, "People of divers nations compose this squadron in front; here are those that drink of the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus, those that scour the woody Massilian plains, those that sift the pure fine gold of Arabia Felix, those that enjoy the famed cool banks of the crystal Thermodon, those that in many and various ways divert the streams of the golden Pactolus, the Numidians, faithless in their promises, the Persians renowned in archery, the Parthians and the Medes that fight as they fly, the Arabs that ever shift their dwellings, the Scythians as cruel as they are fair, the Ethiopians with pierced lips, and an infinity of other nations whose features I recognise and descry, though I cannot recall their names. In this other squadron there come those that drink of the crystal streams of the olive-bearing Betis, those that make smooth their countenances with the water of the ever rich and golden Tagus, those that rejoice in the fertilising flow of the divine Genil, those that roam the Tartesian plains abounding in pasture, those that take their pleasure in the Elysian meadows of Jerez, the rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy ears of corn, the wearers of iron, old relics of the Gothic race, those that bathe in the Pisuerga renowned for its gentle current, those that feed their herds along the spreading pastures of the winding Guadiana famed for its hidden course, those that tremble with the cold of the pineclad Pyrenees or the dazzling snows of the lofty Apennine; in a word, as many as all Europe includes and contains."

Good God! what a number of countries and nations he named! giving to each its proper attributes with marvellous readiness; brimful and saturated with what he had read in his lying books! Sancho Panza hung upon his words without speaking, and from time to time turned to try if he could see the knights and giants his master was describing, and as he could not make out one of them he said to him:

"Senor, devil take it if there's a sign of any man you talk of, knight or giant, in the whole thing; maybe it's all enchantment, like the phantoms last night."

"How canst thou say that!" answered Don Quixote; "dost thou not hear the neighing of the steeds, the braying of the trumpets, the roll of the drums?"

"I hear nothing but a great bleating of ewes and sheep," said Sancho; which was true, for by this time the two flocks had come close.

"The fear thou art in, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevents thee from seeing or hearing correctly, for one of the effects of fear is to derange the senses and make things appear different from what they are; if thou art in such fear, withdraw to one side and leave me to myself, for alone I suffice to bring victory to that side to which I shall give my aid;" and so saying he gave Rocinante the spur, and putting the lance in rest, shot down the slope like a thunderbolt. Sancho shouted after him, crying, "Come back, Senor Don Quixote; I vow to God they are sheep and ewes you are charging! Come back! Unlucky the father that begot me! what madness is this! Look, there is no giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered or whole, nor vair azure or bedevilled. What are you about? Sinner that I am before God!" But not for all these entreaties did Don Quixote turn back; on the contrary he went on shouting out, "Ho, knights, ye who follow and fight under the banners of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the Bare Arm, follow me all; ye shall see how easily I shall give him his revenge over his enemy Alifanfaron of the Trapobana."

So saying, he dashed into the midst of the squadron of ewes, and began spearing them with as much spirit and intrepidity as if he were transfixing mortal enemies in earnest. The shepherds and drovers accompanying the flock shouted to him to desist; seeing it was no use, they ungirt their slings and began to salute his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote gave no heed to the stones, but, letting drive right and left kept saying:

"Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Come before me; I am a single knight who would fain prove thy prowess hand to hand, and make thee yield thy life a penalty for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta." Here came a sugar-plum from the brook that struck him on the side and buried a couple of ribs in his body. Feeling himself so smitten, he imagined himself slain or badly wounded for certain, and recollecting his liquor he drew out his flask, and putting it to his mouth began to pour the contents into his stomach; but ere he had succeeded in swallowing what seemed to him enough, there came another almond which struck him on the hand and on the flask so fairly that it smashed it to pieces, knocking three or four teeth and grinders out of his mouth in its course, and sorely crushing two fingers of his hand. Such was the force of the first blow and of the second, that the poor knight in spite of himself came down backwards off his horse. The shepherds came up, and felt sure they had killed him; so in all haste they collected their flock together, took up the dead beasts, of which there were more than seven, and made off without waiting to ascertain anything further.

All this time Sancho stood on the hill watching the crazy feats his master was performing, and tearing his beard and cursing the hour and the occasion when fortune had made him acquainted with him. Seeing him, then,

brought to the ground, and that the shepherds had taken themselves off, he ran to him and found him in very bad case, though not unconscious; and said he:

“Did I not tell you to come back, Senor Don Quixote; and that what you were going to attack were not armies but droves of sheep?”

“That’s how that thief of a sage, my enemy, can alter and falsify things,” answered Don Quixote; “thou must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for those of his sort to make us believe what they choose; and this malignant being who persecutes me, envious of the glory he knew I was to win in this battle, has turned the squadrons of the enemy into droves of sheep. At any rate, do this much, I beg of thee, Sancho, to undeceive thyself, and see that what I say is true; mount thy ass and follow them quietly, and thou shalt see that when they have gone some little distance from this they will return to their original shape and, ceasing to be sheep, become men in all respects as I described them to thee at first. But go not just yet, for I want thy help and assistance; come hither, and see how many of my teeth and grinders are missing, for I feel as if there was not one left in my mouth.”

Sancho came so close that he almost put his eyes into his mouth; now just at that moment the balsam had acted on the stomach of Don Quixote, so, at the very instant when Sancho came to examine his mouth, he discharged all its contents with more force than a musket, and full into the beard of the compassionate squire.

“Holy Mary!” cried Sancho, “what is this that has happened me? Clearly this sinner is mortally wounded, as he vomits blood from the mouth;” but considering the matter a little more closely he perceived by the colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood but the balsam from the flask which he had seen him drink; and he was taken with such a loathing that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his inside over his very master, and both were left in a precious state. Sancho ran to his ass to get something wherewith to clean himself, and relieve his master, out of his alforjas; but not finding them, he well-nigh took leave of his senses, and cursed himself anew, and in his heart resolved to quit his master and return home, even though he forfeited the wages of his service and all hopes of the promised island.

Don Quixote now rose, and putting his left hand to his mouth to keep his teeth from falling out altogether, with the other he laid hold of the bridle of Rocinante, who had never stirred from his master’s side—so loyal and well-behaved was he—and betook himself to where the squire stood leaning over his ass with his hand to his cheek, like one in deep dejection. Seeing him in this mood, looking so sad, Don Quixote said to him:

“Bear in mind, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another; all these tempests that fall upon us are signs that fair weather is coming shortly, and that things will go well with us, for it is impossible for good or evil to last for ever; and hence it follows that the evil having lasted long, the good must be now nigh at hand; so thou must not distress thyself at the misfortunes which happen to me, since thou hast no share in them.”

“How have I not?” replied Sancho; “was he whom they blanketed yesterday perchance any other than my father’s son? and the alforjas that are missing to-day with all my treasures, did they belong to any other but myself?”

“What! are the alforjas missing, Sancho?” said Don Quixote.

“Yes, they are missing,” answered Sancho.

“In that case we have nothing to eat to-day,” replied Don Quixote.

“It would be so,” answered Sancho, “if there were none of the herbs your worship says you know in these meadows, those with which knights-errant as unlucky as your worship are wont to supply such-like shortcomings.”

“For all that,” answered Don Quixote, “I would rather have just now a quarter of bread, or a loaf and a couple of pilchards’ heads, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with Doctor Laguna’s notes. Nevertheless, Sancho the Good, mount thy beast and come along with me, for God, who provides for all things, will not fail us (more especially when we are so active in his service as we are), since he fails not the midges of the air, nor the grubs of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the water, and is so merciful that he maketh his sun to rise on the good and on the evil, and sendeth rain on the unjust and on the just.”

“Your worship would make a better preacher than knight-errant,” said

Sancho.

“Knights-errant knew and ought to know everything, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for there were knights-errant in former times as well qualified to deliver a sermon or discourse in the middle of an encampment, as if they had graduated in the University of Paris; whereby we may see that the lance has never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.”

“Well, be it as your worship says,” replied Sancho; “let us be off now and find some place of shelter for the night, and God grant it may be somewhere where there are no blankets, nor blanketeers, nor phantoms, nor enchanted Moors; for if there are, may the devil take the whole concern.”

“Ask that of God, my son,” said Don Quixote; “and do thou lead on where thou wilt, for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice; but reach me here thy hand, and feel with thy finger, and find out how many of my teeth and grinders are missing from this right side of the upper jaw, for it is there I feel the pain.”

Sancho put in his fingers, and feeling about asked him, "How many grinders used your worship have on this side?"

"Four," replied Don Quixote, "besides the back-tooth, all whole and quite sound."

"Mind what you are saying, señor."

"I say four, if not five," answered Don Quixote, "for never in my life have I had tooth or grinder drawn, nor has any fallen out or been destroyed by any decay or rheum."

"Well, then," said Sancho, "in this lower side your worship has no more than two grinders and a half, and in the upper neither a half nor any at all, for it is all as smooth as the palm of my hand."

"Luckless that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire gave him; "I had rather they despoiled me of an arm, so it were not the sword-arm; for I tell thee, Sancho, a mouth without teeth is like a mill without a millstone, and a tooth is much more to be prized than a diamond; but we who profess the austere order of chivalry are liable to all this. Mount, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow thee at whatever pace thou wilt."

Sancho did as he bade him, and proceeded in the direction in which he thought he might find refuge without quitting the high road, which was there very much frequented. As they went along, then, at a slow pace—for the pain in Don Quixote's jaws kept him uneasy and ill-disposed for speed—Sancho thought it well to amuse and divert him by talk of some kind, and among the things he said to him was that which will be told in the following chapter.

### Chapter XXII

*Of the freedom Don Quixote conferred on several unfortunates who against their will were being carried where they had no wish to go*

Cide Hamete Benengeli, the Arab and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, delightful, and original history that after the discussion between the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha and his squire Sancho Panza which is set down at the end of chapter twenty-one, Don Quixote raised his eyes and saw coming along the road he was following some dozen men on foot strung together by the neck, like beads, on a great iron chain, and all with manacles on their hands. With them there came also two men on horseback and two on foot; those on horseback with wheel-lock muskets, those on foot with javelins and swords, and as soon as Sancho saw them he said:

"That is a chain of galley slaves, on the way to the galleys by force of the king's orders."

"How by force?" asked Don Quixote; "is it possible that the king uses force against anyone?"

"I do not say that," answered Sancho, "but that these are people condemned for their crimes to serve by force in the king's galleys."

"In fact," replied Don Quixote, "however it may be, these people are going where they are taking them by force, and not of their own will."

"Just so," said Sancho.

"Then if so," said Don Quixote, "here is a case for the exercise of my office, to put down force and to succour and help the wretched."

"Recollect, your worship," said Sancho, "Justice, which is the king himself, is not using force or doing wrong to such persons, but punishing them for their crimes."

The chain of galley slaves had by this time come up, and Don Quixote in very courteous language asked those who were in custody of it to be good enough to tell him the reason or reasons for which they were conducting these people in this manner. One of the guards on horseback answered that they were galley slaves belonging to his majesty, that they were going to the galleys, and that was all that was to be said and all he had any business to know.

"Nevertheless," replied Don Quixote, "I should like to know from each of them separately the reason of his misfortune;" to this he added more to the same effect to induce them to tell him what he wanted so civilly that the other mounted guard said to him:

"Though we have here the register and certificate of the sentence of every one of these wretches, this is no time to take them out or read them; come and ask themselves; they can tell if they choose, and they will, for these fellows take a pleasure in doing and talking about rascalities."

With this permission, which Don Quixote would have taken even had they not granted it, he approached the chain and asked the first for what offences he was now in such a sorry case.

He made answer that it was for being a lover.

"For that only?" replied Don Quixote; "why, if for being lovers they send people to the galleys I might have been rowing in them long ago."

"The love is not the sort your worship is thinking of," said the galley slave; "mine was that I loved a washer-woman's basket of clean linen so well, and held it so close in my embrace, that if the arm of the law had not forced it from me, I should never have let it go of my own will to this moment; I was caught in the act, there was no occasion



for torture, the case was settled, they treated me to a hundred lashes on the back, and three years of gurapas besides, and that was the end of it.”

“What are gurapas?” asked Don Quixote.

“Gurapas are galleys,” answered the galley slave, who was a young man of about four-and-twenty, and said he was a native of Piedrahita.

Don Quixote asked the same question of the second, who made no reply, so downcast and melancholy was he; but the first answered for him, and said, “He, sir, goes as a canary, I mean as a musician and a singer.”

“What!” said Don Quixote, “for being musicians and singers are people sent to the galleys too?”

“Yes, sir,” answered the galley slave, “for there is nothing worse than singing under suffering.”

“On the contrary, I have heard say,” said Don Quixote, “that he who sings scares away his woes.”

“Here it is the reverse,” said the galley slave; “for he who sings once weeps all his life.”

“I do not understand it,” said Don Quixote; but one of the guards said to him, “Sir, to sing under suffering means with the non sancta fraternity to confess under torture; they put this sinner to the torture and he confessed his crime, which was being a *cuatrero*, that is a cattle-stealer, and on his confession they sentenced him to six years in the galleys, besides two hundred lashes that he has already had on the back; and he is always dejected and downcast because the other thieves that were left behind and that march here ill-treat, and snub, and jeer, and despise him for confessing and not having spirit enough to say nay; for, say they, ‘nay’ has no more letters in it than ‘yea,’ and a culprit is well off when life or death with him depends on his own tongue and not on that of witnesses or evidence; and to my thinking they are not very far out.”

“And I think so too,” answered Don Quixote; then passing on to the third he asked him what he had asked the others, and the man answered very readily and unconcernedly, “I am going for five years to their ladyships the gurapas for the want of ten ducats.”

“I will give twenty with pleasure to get you out of that trouble,” said Don Quixote.

“That,” said the galley slave, “is like a man having money at sea when he is dying of hunger and has no way of buying what he wants; I say so because if at the right time I had had those twenty ducats that your worship now offers me, I would have greased the notary’s pen and freshened up the attorney’s wit with them, so that to-day I should be in the middle of the plaza of the Zocodover at Toledo, and not on this road coupled like a greyhound. But God is great; patience—there, that’s enough of it.”

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, a man of venerable aspect with a white beard falling below his breast, who on hearing himself asked the reason of his being there began to weep without answering a word, but the fifth acted as his tongue and said, “This worthy man is going to the galleys for four years, after having gone the rounds in ceremony and on horseback.”

“That means,” said Sancho Panza, “as I take it, to have been exposed to shame in public.”

“Just so,” replied the galley slave, “and the offence for which they gave him that punishment was having been an ear-broker, nay body-broker; I mean, in short, that this gentleman goes as a pimp, and for having besides a certain touch of the sorcerer about him.”

“If that touch had not been thrown in,” said Don Quixote, “he would not deserve, for mere pimping, to row in the galleys, but rather to command and be admiral of them; for the office of pimp is no ordinary one, being the office of persons of discretion, one very necessary in a well-ordered state, and only to be exercised by persons of good birth; nay, there ought to be an inspector and overseer of them, as in other offices, and recognised number, as with the brokers on change; in this way many of the evils would be avoided which are caused by this office and calling being in the hands of stupid and ignorant people, such as women more or less silly, and pages and jesters of little standing and experience, who on the most urgent occasions, and when ingenuity of contrivance is needed, let the crumbs freeze on the way to their mouths, and know not which is their right hand. I should like to go farther, and give reasons to show that it is advisable to choose those who are to hold so necessary an office in the state, but this is not the fit place for it; some day I will expound the matter to some one able to see to and rectify it; all I say now is, that the additional fact of his being a sorcerer has removed the sorrow it gave me to see these white hairs and this venerable countenance in so painful a position on account of his being a pimp; though I know well there are no sorceries in the world that can move or compel the will as some simple folk fancy, for our will is free, nor is there herb or charm that can force it. All that certain silly women and quacks do is to turn men mad with potions and poisons, pretending that they have power to cause love, for, as I say, it is an impossibility to compel the will.”

“It is true,” said the good old man, “and indeed, sir, as far as the charge of sorcery goes I was not guilty; as to that of being a pimp I cannot deny it; but I never thought I was doing any harm by it, for my only object was that all the world should enjoy itself and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles; but my good intentions were unavailing to save me from going where I never expect to come back from, with this weight of years upon me and a urinary ailment that never gives me a moment’s ease;” and again he fell to weeping as before, and such compassion

did Sancho feel for him that he took out a real of four from his bosom and gave it to him in alms.

Don Quixote went on and asked another what his crime was, and the man answered with no less but rather much more sprightliness than the last one.

"I am here because I carried the joke too far with a couple of cousins of mine, and with a couple of other cousins who were none of mine; in short, I carried the joke so far with them all that it ended in such a complicated increase of kindred that no accountant could make it clear: it was all proved against me, I got no favour, I had no money, I was near having my neck stretched, they sentenced me to the galleys for six years, I accepted my fate, it is the punishment of my fault; I am a young man; let life only last, and with that all will come right. If you, sir, have anything wherewith to help the poor, God will repay it to you in heaven, and we on earth will take care in our petitions to him to pray for the life and health of your worship, that they may be as long and as good as your amiable appearance deserves."

This one was in the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he was a great talker and a very elegant Latin scholar.

Behind all these there came a man of thirty, a very personable fellow, except that when he looked, his eyes turned in a little one towards the other. He was bound differently from the rest, for he had to his leg a chain so long that it was wound all round his body, and two rings on his neck, one attached to the chain, the other to what they call a "keep-friend" or "friend's foot," from which hung two irons reaching to his waist with two manacles fixed to them in which his hands were secured by a big padlock, so that he could neither raise his hands to his mouth nor lower his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man carried so many more chains than the others. The guard replied that it was because he alone had committed more crimes than all the rest put together, and was so daring and such a villain, that though they marched him in that fashion they did not feel sure of him, but were in dread of his making his escape.

"What crimes can he have committed," said Don Quixote, "if they have not deserved a heavier punishment than being sent to the galleys?"

"He goes for ten years," replied the guard, "which is the same thing as civil death, and all that need be said is that this good fellow is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, otherwise called Ginesillo de Parapilla."

"Gently, senior commissary," said the galley slave at this, "let us have no fixing of names or surnames; my name is Gines, not Ginesillo, and my family name is Pasamonte, not Parapilla as you say; let each one mind his own business, and he will be doing enough."

"Speak with less impertinence, master thief of extra measure," replied the commissary, "if you don't want me to make you hold your tongue in spite of your teeth."

"It is easy to see," returned the galley slave, "that man goes as God pleases, but some one shall know some day whether I am called Ginesillo de Parapilla or not."

"Don't they call you so, you liar?" said the guard.

"They do," returned Gines, "but I will make them give over calling me so, or I will be shaved, where, I only say behind my teeth. If you, sir, have anything to give us, give it to us at once, and God speed you, for you are becoming tiresome with all this inquisitiveness about the lives of others; if you want to know about mine, let me tell you I am Gines de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these fingers."

"He says true," said the commissary, "for he has himself written his story as grand as you please, and has left the book in the prison in pawn for two hundred reals."

"And I mean to take it out of pawn," said Gines, "though it were in for two hundred ducats."

"Is it so good?" said Don Quixote.

"So good is it," replied Gines, "that a fig for 'Lazarillo de Tormes,' and all of that kind that have been written, or shall be written compared with it: all I will say about it is that it deals with facts, and facts so neat and diverting that no lies could match them."

"And how is the book entitled?" asked Don Quixote.

"The 'Life of Gines de Pasamonte,'" replied the subject of it.

"And is it finished?" asked Don Quixote.

"How can it be finished," said the other, "when my life is not yet finished? All that is written is from my birth down to the point when they sent me to the galleys this last time."

"Then you have been there before?" said Don Quixote.

"In the service of God and the king I have been there for four years before now, and I know by this time what the biscuit and courbash are like," replied Gines; "and it is no great grievance to me to go back to them, for there I shall have time to finish my book; I have still many things left to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is more than enough leisure; though I do not want much for what I have to write, for I have it by heart."

"You seem a clever fellow," said Don Quixote.

"And an unfortunate one," replied Gines, "for misfortune always persecutes good wit."

"It persecutes rogues," said the commissary.

"I told you already to go gently, master commissary," said Pasamonte; "their lordships yonder never gave you that staff to ill-treat us wretches here, but to conduct and take us where his majesty orders you; if not, by the life of-never mind-; it may be that some day the stains made in the inn will come out in the scouring; let everyone hold his tongue and behave well and speak better; and now let us march on, for we have had quite enough of this entertainment."

The commissary lifted his staff to strike Pasamonte in return for his threats, but Don Quixote came between them, and begged him not to ill-use him, as it was not too much to allow one who had his hands tied to have his tongue a trifle free; and turning to the whole chain of them he said:

"From all you have told me, dear brethren, make out clearly that though they have punished you for your faults, the punishments you are about to endure do not give you much pleasure, and that you go to them very much against the grain and against your will, and that perhaps this one's want of courage under torture, that one's want of money, the other's want of advocacy, and lastly the perverted judgment of the judge may have been the cause of your ruin and of your failure to obtain the justice you had on your side. All which presents itself now to my mind, urging, persuading, and even compelling me to demonstrate in your case the purpose for which Heaven sent me into the world and caused me to make profession of the order of chivalry to which I belong, and the vow I took therein to give aid to those in need and under the oppression of the strong. But as I know that it is a mark of prudence not to do by foul means what may be done by fair, I will ask these gentlemen, the guards and commissary, to be so good as to release you and let you go in peace, as there will be no lack of others to serve the king under more favourable circumstances; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature have made free. Moreover, sirs of the guard," added Don Quixote, "these poor fellows have done nothing to you; let each answer for his own sins yonder; there is a God in Heaven who will not forget to punish the wicked or reward the good; and it is not fitting that honest men should be the instruments of punishment to others, they being therein no way concerned. This request I make thus gently and quietly, that, if you comply with it, I may have reason for thanking you; and, if you will not voluntarily, this lance and sword together with the might of my arm shall compel you to comply with it by force."

"Nice nonsense!" said the commissary; "a fine piece of pleasantry he has come out with at last! He wants us to let the king's prisoners go, as if we had any authority to release them, or he to order us to do so! Go your way, sir, and good luck to you; put that basin straight that you've got on your head, and don't go looking for three feet on a cat."

"'Tis you that are the cat, rat, and rascal," replied Don Quixote, and acting on the word he fell upon him so suddenly that without giving him time to defend himself he brought him to the ground sorely wounded with a lance-thrust; and lucky it was for him that it was the one that had the musket. The other guards stood thunderstruck and amazed at this unexpected event, but recovering presence of mind, those on horseback seized their swords, and those on foot their javelins, and attacked Don Quixote, who was waiting for them with great calmness; and no doubt it would have gone badly with him if the galley slaves, seeing the chance before them of liberating themselves, had not effected it by contriving to break the chain on which they were strung. Such was the confusion, that the guards, now rushing at the galley slaves who were breaking loose, now to attack Don Quixote who was waiting for them, did nothing at all that was of any use. Sancho, on his part, gave a helping hand to release Gines de Pasamonte, who was the first to leap forth upon the plain free and unfettered, and who, attacking the prostrate commissary, took from him his sword and the musket, with which, aiming at one and levelling at another, he, without ever discharging it, drove every one of the guards off the field, for they took to flight, as well to escape Pasamonte's musket, as the showers of stones the now released galley slaves were raining upon them. Sancho was greatly grieved at the affair, because he anticipated that those who had fled would report the matter to the Holy Brotherhood, who at the summons of the alarm-bell would at once sally forth in quest of the offenders; and he said so to his master, and entreated him to leave the place at once, and go into hiding in the sierra that was close by.

"That is all very well," said Don Quixote, "but I know what must be done now;" and calling together all the galley slaves, who were now running riot, and had stripped the commissary to the skin, he collected them round him to hear what he had to say, and addressed them as follows: "To be grateful for benefits received is the part of persons of good birth, and one of the sins most offensive to God is ingratitude; I say so because, sirs, ye have already seen by manifest proof the benefit ye have received of me; in return for which I desire, and it is my good pleasure that, laden with that chain which I have taken off your necks, ye at once set out and proceed to the city of El Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and say to her that her knight, he of the Rueful Countenance, sends to commend himself to her; and that ye recount to her in full detail all the particulars of this notable adventure, up to the recovery of your longed-for liberty; and this done ye may go where ye will, and good fortune attend you."

Gines de Pasamonte made answer for all, saying, "That which you, sir, our deliverer, demand of us, is of all

impossibilities the most impossible to comply with, because we cannot go together along the roads, but only singly and separate, and each one his own way, endeavouring to hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth to escape the Holy Brotherhood, which, no doubt, will come out in search of us. What your worship may do, and fairly do, is to change this service and tribute as regards the lady Dulcinea del Toboso for a certain quantity of ave-marias and credos which we will say for your worship's intention, and this is a condition that can be complied with by night as by day, running or resting, in peace or in war; but to imagine that we are going now to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean to take up our chain and set out for El Toboso, is to imagine that it is now night, though it is not yet ten in the morning, and to ask this of us is like asking pears of the elm tree."

"Then by all that's good," said Don Quixote (now stirred to wrath), "Don son of a bitch, Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, or whatever your name is, you will have to go yourself alone, with your tail between your legs and the whole chain on your back."

Pasamonte, who was anything but meek (being by this time thoroughly convinced that Don Quixote was not quite right in his head as he had committed such a vagary as to set them free), finding himself abused in this fashion, gave the wink to his companions, and falling back they began to shower stones on Don Quixote at such a rate that he was quite unable to protect himself with his buckler, and poor Rocinante no more heeded the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho planted himself behind his ass, and with him sheltered himself from the hailstorm that poured on both of them. Don Quixote was unable to shield himself so well but that more pebbles than I could count struck him full on the body with such force that they brought him to the ground; and the instant he fell the student pounced upon him, snatched the basin from his head, and with it struck three or four blows on his shoulders, and as many more on the ground, knocking it almost to pieces. They then stripped him of a jacket that he wore over his armour, and they would have stripped off his stockings if his greaves had not prevented them. From Sancho they took his coat, leaving him in his shirt-sleeves; and dividing among themselves the remaining spoils of the battle, they went each one his own way, more solicitous about keeping clear of the Holy Brotherhood they dreaded, than about burdening themselves with the chain, or going to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. The ass and Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were all that were left upon the spot; the ass with drooping head, serious, shaking his ears from time to time as if he thought the storm of stones that assailed them was not yet over; Rocinante stretched beside his master, for he too had been brought to the ground by a stone; Sancho stripped, and trembling with fear of the Holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote fuming to find himself so served by the very persons for whom he had done so much.

### Chapter LII

*Of the quarrel that Don Quixote had with the goatherd, together with the rare adventure of the penitents, which with an expenditure of sweat he brought to a happy conclusion*

The goatherd's tale gave great satisfaction to all the hearers, and the canon especially enjoyed it, for he had remarked with particular attention the manner in which it had been told, which was as unlike the manner of a clownish goatherd as it was like that of a polished city wit; and he observed that the curate had been quite right in saying that the woods bred men of learning. They all offered their services to Eugenio but he who showed himself most liberal in this way was Don Quixote, who said to him, "Most assuredly, brother goatherd, if I found myself in a position to attempt any adventure, I would, this very instant, set out on your behalf, and would rescue Leandra from that convent (where no doubt she is kept against her will), in spite of the abbess and all who might try to prevent me, and would place her in your hands to deal with her according to your will and pleasure, observing, however, the laws of chivalry which lay down that no violence of any kind is to be offered to any damsel. But I trust in God our Lord that the might of one malignant enchanter may not prove so great but that the power of another better disposed may prove superior to it, and then I promise you my support and assistance, as I am bound to do by my profession, which is none other than to give aid to the weak and needy."

The goatherd eyed him, and noticing Don Quixote's sorry appearance and looks, he was filled with wonder, and asked the barber, who was next him, "Senor, who is this man who makes such a figure and talks in such a strain?"

"Who should it be," said the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the doer of injustice, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damsels, the terror of giants, and the winner of battles?"

"That," said the goatherd, "sounds like what one reads in the books of the knights-errant, who did all that you say this man does; though it is my belief that either you are joking, or else this gentleman has empty lodgings in his head."

"You are a great scoundrel," said Don Quixote, "and it is you who are empty and a fool. I am fuller than ever was the whoreson bitch that bore you;" and passing from words to deeds, he caught up a loaf that was near him and sent it full in the goatherd's face, with such force that he flattened his nose; but the goatherd, who did not understand jokes, and found himself roughly handled in such good earnest, paying no respect to carpet, tablecloth, or diners,

sprang upon Don Quixote, and seizing him by the throat with both hands would no doubt have throttled him, had not Sancho Panza that instant come to the rescue, and grasping him by the shoulders flung him down on the table, smashing plates, breaking glasses, and upsetting and scattering everything on it. Don Quixote, finding himself free, strove to get on top of the goatherd, who, with his face covered with blood, and soundly kicked by Sancho, was on all fours feeling about for one of the table-knives to take a bloody revenge with. The canon and the curate, however, prevented him, but the barber so contrived it that he got Don Quixote under him, and rained down upon him such a shower of fisticuffs that the poor knight's face streamed with blood as freely as his own. The canon and the curate were bursting with laughter, the officers were capering with delight, and both the one and the other hissed them on as they do dogs that are worrying one another in a fight. Sancho alone was frantic, for he could not free himself from the grasp of one of the canon's servants, who kept him from going to his master's assistance.

At last, while they were all, with the exception of the two bruisers who were mauling each other, in high glee and enjoyment, they heard a trumpet sound a note so doleful that it made them all look in the direction whence the sound seemed to come. But the one that was most excited by hearing it was Don Quixote, who though sorely against his will he was under the goatherd, and something more than pretty well pummelled, said to him, "Brother devil (for it is impossible but that thou must be one since thou hast had might and strength enough to overcome mine), I ask thee to agree to a truce for but one hour for the solemn note of yonder trumpet that falls on our ears seems to me to summon me to some new adventure." The goatherd, who was by this time tired of pummelling and being pummelled, released him at once, and Don Quixote rising to his feet and turning his eyes to the quarter where the sound had been heard, suddenly saw coming down the slope of a hill several men clad in white like penitents.

The fact was that the clouds had that year withheld their moisture from the earth, and in all the villages of the district they were organising processions, rogations, and penances, imploring God to open the hands of his mercy and send the rain; and to this end the people of a village that was hard by were going in procession to a holy hermitage there was on one side of that valley. Don Quixote when he saw the strange garb of the penitents, without reflecting how often he had seen it before, took it into his head that this was a case of adventure, and that it fell to him alone as a knight-errant to engage in it; and he was all the more confirmed in this notion, by the idea that an image draped in black they had with them was some illustrious lady that these villains and discourteous thieves were carrying off by force. As soon as this occurred to him he ran with all speed to Rocinante who was grazing at large, and taking the bridle and the buckler from the saddle-bow, he had him bridled in an instant, and calling to Sancho for his sword he mounted Rocinante, braced his buckler on his arm, and in a loud voice exclaimed to those who stood by, "Now, noble company, ye shall see how important it is that there should be knights in the world professing the order of knight-errantry; now, I say, ye shall see, by the deliverance of that worthy lady who is borne captive there, whether knights-errant deserve to be held in estimation," and so saying he brought his legs to bear on Rocinante—for he had no spurs—and at a full canter (for in all this veracious history we never read of Rocinante fairly galloping) set off to encounter the penitents, though the curate, the canon, and the barber ran to prevent him. But it was out of their power, nor did he even stop for the shouts of Sancho calling after him, "Where are you going, Senor Don Quixote? What devils have possessed you to set you on against our Catholic faith? Plague take me! mind, that is a procession of penitents, and the lady they are carrying on that stand there is the blessed image of the immaculate Virgin. Take care what you are doing, senor, for this time it may be safely said you don't know what you are about." Sancho laboured in vain, for his master was so bent on coming to quarters with these sheeted figures and releasing the lady in black that he did not hear a word; and even had he heard, he would not have turned back if the king had ordered him. He came up with the procession and reined in Rocinante, who was already anxious enough to slacken speed a little, and in a hoarse, excited voice he exclaimed, "You who hide your faces, perhaps because you are not good subjects, pay attention and listen to what I am about to say to you." The first to halt were those who were carrying the image, and one of the four ecclesiastics who were chanting the Litany, struck by the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rocinante, and the other ludicrous peculiarities he observed, said in reply to him, "Brother, if you have anything to say to us say it quickly, for these brethren are whipping themselves, and we cannot stop, nor is it reasonable we should stop to hear anything, unless indeed it is short enough to be said in two words."

"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this; that at once, this very instant, ye release that fair lady whose tears and sad aspect show plainly that ye are carrying her off against her will, and that ye have committed some scandalous outrage against her; and I, who was born into the world to redress all such like wrongs, will not permit you to advance another step until you have restored to her the liberty she pines for and deserves."

From these words all the hearers concluded that he must be a madman, and began to laugh heartily, and their laughter acted like gunpowder on Don Quixote's fury, for drawing his sword without another word he made a rush at the stand. One of those who supported it, leaving the burden to his comrades, advanced to meet him, flourishing a forked stick that he had for propping up the stand when resting, and with this he caught a mighty cut Don Quixote made at him that severed it in two; but with the portion that remained in his hand he dealt such a thwack on the

shoulder of Don Quixote's sword arm (which the buckler could not protect against the clownish assault) that poor Don Quixote came to the ground in a sad plight.

Sancho Panza, who was coming on close behind puffing and blowing, seeing him fall, cried out to his assailant not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never harmed anyone all the days of his life; but what checked the clown was, not Sancho's shouting, but seeing that Don Quixote did not stir hand or foot; and so, fancying he had killed him, he hastily hitched up his tunic under his girdle and took to his heels across the country like a deer.

By this time all Don Quixote's companions had come up to where he lay; but the processionists seeing them come running, and with them the officers of the Brotherhood with their crossbows, apprehended mischief, and clustering round the image, raised their hoods, and grasped their scourges, as the priests did their tapers, and awaited the attack, resolved to defend themselves and even to take the offensive against their assailants if they could. Fortune, however, arranged the matter better than they expected, for all Sancho did was to fling himself on his master's body, raising over him the most doleful and laughable lamentation that ever was heard, for he believed he was dead. The curate was known to another curate who walked in the procession, and their recognition of one another set at rest the apprehensions of both parties; the first then told the other in two words who Don Quixote was, and he and the whole troop of penitents went to see if the poor gentleman was dead, and heard Sancho Panza saying, with tears in his eyes, "Oh flower of chivalry, that with one blow of a stick hast ended the course of thy well-spent life! Oh pride of thy race, honour and glory of all La Mancha, nay, of all the world, that for want of thee will be full of evil-doers, no longer in fear of punishment for their misdeeds! Oh thou, generous above all the Alexanders, since for only eight months of service thou hast given me the best island the sea girds or surrounds! Humble with the proud, haughty with the humble, encounterer of dangers, endurer of outrages, enamoured without reason, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the mean, in short, knight-errant, which is all that can be said!"

At the cries and moans of Sancho, Don Quixote came to himself, and the first word he said was, "He who lives separated from you, sweetest Dulcinea, has greater miseries to endure than these. Aid me, friend Sancho, to mount the enchanted cart, for I am not in a condition to press the saddle of Rocinante, as this shoulder is all knocked to pieces."

"That I will do with all my heart, senor," said Sancho; "and let us return to our village with these gentlemen, who seek your good, and there we will prepare for making another sally, which may turn out more profitable and creditable to us."

"Thou art right, Sancho," returned Don Quixote; "It will be wise to let the malign influence of the stars which now prevails pass off."

The canon, the curate, and the barber told him he would act very wisely in doing as he said; and so, highly amused at Sancho Panza's simplicities, they placed Don Quixote in the cart as before. The procession once more formed itself in order and proceeded on its road; the goatherd took his leave of the party; the officers of the Brotherhood declined to go any farther, and the curate paid them what was due to them; the canon begged the curate to let him know how Don Quixote did, whether he was cured of his madness or still suffered from it, and then begged leave to continue his journey; in short, they all separated and went their ways, leaving to themselves the curate and the barber, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the good Rocinante, who regarded everything with as great resignation as his master. The carter yoked his oxen and made Don Quixote comfortable on a truss of hay, and at his usual deliberate pace took the road the curate directed, and at the end of six days they reached Don Quixote's village, and entered it about the middle of the day, which it so happened was a Sunday, and the people were all in the plaza, through which Don Quixote's cart passed. They all flocked to see what was in the cart, and when they recognised their townsman they were filled with amazement, and a boy ran off to bring the news to his housekeeper and his niece that their master and uncle had come back all lean and yellow and stretched on a truss of hay on an ox-cart. It was piteous to hear the cries the two good ladies raised, how they beat their breasts and poured out fresh maledictions on those accursed books of chivalry; all which was renewed when they saw Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

At the news of Don Quixote's arrival Sancho Panza's wife came running, for she by this time knew that her husband had gone away with him as his squire, and on seeing Sancho, the first thing she asked him was if the ass was well. Sancho replied that he was, better than his master was.

"Thanks be to God," said she, "for being so good to me; but now tell me, my friend, what have you made by your squirings? What gown have you brought me back? What shoes for your children?"

"I bring nothing of that sort, wife," said Sancho; "though I bring other things of more consequence and value."

"I am very glad of that," returned his wife; "show me these things of more value and consequence, my friend; for I want to see them to cheer my heart that has been so sad and heavy all these ages that you have been away."

"I will show them to you at home, wife," said Sancho; "be content for the present; for if it please God that we should again go on our travels in search of adventures, you will soon see me a count, or governor of an island, and

that not one of those everyday ones, but the best that is to be had.”

“Heaven grant it, husband,” said she, “for indeed we have need of it. But tell me, what’s this about islands, for I don’t understand it?”

“Honey is not for the mouth of the ass,” returned Sancho; “all in good time thou shalt see, wife—nay, thou wilt be surprised to hear thyself called ‘your ladyship’ by all thy vassals.”

“What are you talking about, Sancho, with your ladyships, islands, and vassals?” returned Teresa Panza—for so Sancho’s wife was called, though they were not relations, for in La Mancha it is customary for wives to take their husbands’ surnames.

“Don’t be in such a hurry to know all this, Teresa,” said Sancho; “it is enough that I am telling you the truth, so shut your mouth. But I may tell you this much by the way, that there is nothing in the world more delightful than to be a person of consideration, squire to a knight-errant, and a seeker of adventures. To be sure most of those one finds do not end as pleasantly as one could wish, for out of a hundred, ninety-nine will turn out cross and contrary. I know it by experience, for out of some I came blanketed, and out of others belaboured. Still, for all that, it is a fine thing to be on the look-out for what may happen, crossing mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting castles, putting up at inns, all at free quarters, and devil take the maravedi to pay.”

While this conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife, Don Quixote’s housekeeper and niece took him in and undressed him and laid him in his old bed. He eyed them askance, and could not make out where he was. The curate charged his niece to be very careful to make her uncle comfortable and to keep a watch over him lest he should make his escape from them again, telling her what they had been obliged to do to bring him home. On this the pair once more lifted up their voices and renewed their maledictions upon the books of chivalry, and implored heaven to plunge the authors of such lies and nonsense into the midst of the bottomless pit. They were, in short, kept in anxiety and dread lest their uncle and master should give them the slip the moment he found himself somewhat better, and as they feared so it fell out.

But the author of this history, though he has devoted research and industry to the discovery of the deeds achieved by Don Quixote in his third sally, has been unable to obtain any information respecting them, at any rate derived from authentic documents; tradition has merely preserved in the memory of La Mancha the fact that Don Quixote, the third time he sallied forth from his home, betook himself to Saragossa, where he was present at some famous jousts which came off in that city, and that he had adventures there worthy of his valour and high intelligence. Of his end and death he could learn no particulars, nor would he have ascertained it or known of it, if good fortune had not produced an old physician for him who had in his possession a leaden box, which, according to his account, had been discovered among the crumbling foundations of an ancient hermitage that was being rebuilt; in which box were found certain parchment manuscripts in Gothic character, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his achievements, and setting forth the beauty of Dulcinea, the form of Rocinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, together with sundry epitaphs and eulogies on his life and character; but all that could be read and deciphered were those which the trustworthy author of this new and unparalleled history here presents. And the said author asks of those that shall read it nothing in return for the vast toil which it has cost him in examining and searching the Manchegan archives in order to bring it to light, save that they give him the same credit that people of sense give to the books of chivalry that pervade the world and are so popular; for with this he will consider himself amply paid and fully satisfied, and will be encouraged to seek out and produce other histories, if not as truthful, at least equal in invention and not less entertaining. The first words written on the parchment found in the leaden box were these:

*The academicians of Argamasilla, a village of La Mancha, on the life and death of Don Quixote of La Mancha, hoc scripserunt monicongo, academician of Argamasilla,*

#### On The Tomb Of Don Quixote Epitaph

The scatterbrain that gave La Mancha more  
 Rich spoils than Jason’s; who a point so keen  
 Had to his wit, and happier far had been  
 If his wit’s weathercock a blunter bore;  
 The arm renowned far as Gaeta’s shore,  
 Cathay, and all the lands that lie between;  
 The muse discreet and terrible in mien  
 As ever wrote on brass in days of yore;  
 He who surpassed the Amadisés all,  
 And who as naught the Galaors accounted,  
 Supported by his love and gallantry:

Who made the Belianises sing small,  
And sought renown on Rocinante mounted;  
Here, underneath this cold stone, doth he lie.

*Paniaguado, Academician Of Argamasilla, In Laudem Dulcineae Del Toboso*

Sonnet

She, whose full features may be here descried,  
High-bosomed, with a bearing of disdain,  
Is Dulcinea, she for whom in vain  
The great Don Quixote of La Mancha sighed.  
For her, Toboso's queen, from side to side  
He traversed the grim sierra, the champaign  
Of Aranjuez, and Montiel's famous plain:  
On Rocinante oft a weary ride.  
Malignant planets, cruel destiny,  
Pursued them both, the fair Manchegan dame,  
And the unconquered star of chivalry.  
Nor youth nor beauty saved her from the claim  
Of death; he paid love's bitter penalty,  
And left the marble to preserve his name.

*Caprichoso, A Most Acute Academician Of Argamasilla, In Praise Of Rocinante, Steed Of Don Quixote Of La Mancha*

Sonnet

On that proud throne of diamantine sheen,  
Which the blood-reeking feet of Mars degrade,  
The mad Manchegan's banner now hath been  
By him in all its bravery displayed.  
There hath he hung his arms and trenchant blade  
Wherewith, achieving deeds till now unseen,  
He slays, lays low, cleaves, hews; but art hath made  
A novel style for our new paladin.  
If Amadis be the proud boast of Gaul,  
If by his progeny the fame of Greece  
Through all the regions of the earth be spread,  
Great Quixote crowned in grim Bellona's hall  
To-day exalts La Mancha over these,  
And above Greece or Gaul she holds her head.  
Nor ends his glory here, for his good steed  
Doth Brillador and Bayard far exceed;  
As mettled steeds compared with Rocinante,  
The reputation they have won is scanty.

*Burlador, Academician Of Argamasilla, On Sancho Panza*

Sonnet

The worthy Sancho Panza here you see;  
A great soul once was in that body small,  
Nor was there squire upon this earthly ball  
So plain and simple, or of guile so free.  
Within an ace of being Count was he,  
And would have been but for the spite and gall  
Of this vile age, mean and illiberal,  
That cannot even let a donkey be.  
For mounted on an ass (excuse the word),  
By Rocinante's side this gentle squire  
Was wont his wandering master to attend.



Delusive hopes that lure the common herd  
With promises of ease, the heart's desire,  
In shadows, dreams, and smoke ye always end.

*Cachidiablo, Academician Of Argamasilla*

On The Tomb Of Don Quixote Epitaph

The knight lies here below,  
Ill-errant and bruised sore,  
Whom Rocinante bore  
In his wanderings to and fro.  
By the side of the knight is laid  
Stolid man Sancho too,  
Than whom a squire more true  
Was not in the esquire trade.

*Tiquitoc, Academician Of Argamasilla, On The Tomb Of Dulcinea Del Toboso*

EPITAPH

Here Dulcinea lies.  
Plump was she and robust:  
Now she is ashes and dust:  
The end of all flesh that dies.  
A lady of high degree,  
With the port of a lofty dame,  
And the great Don Quixote's flame,  
And the pride of her village was she.

These were all the verses that could be deciphered; the rest, the writing being worm-eaten, were handed over to one of the Academicians to make out their meaning conjecturally. We have been informed that at the cost of many sleepless nights and much toil he has succeeded, and that he means to publish them in hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

“Forse altro cantera con miglior plectro.”

*End of Part I*

## Volume II

### *Chapter III*

*Of the laughable conversation that passed between Don Quixote, sancho panza, and the bachelor samson carrasco*

Don Quixote remained very deep in thought, waiting for the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he was to hear how he himself had been put into a book as Sancho said; and he could not persuade himself that any such history could be in existence, for the blood of the enemies he had slain was not yet dry on the blade of his sword, and now they wanted to make out that his mighty achievements were going about in print. For all that, he fancied some sage, either a friend or an enemy, might, by the aid of magic, have given them to the press; if a friend, in order to magnify and exalt them above the most famous ever achieved by any knight-errant; if an enemy, to bring them to naught and degrade them below the meanest ever recorded of any low squire, though as he said to himself, the achievements of squires never were recorded. If, however, it were the fact that such a history were in existence, it must necessarily, being the story of a knight-errant, be grandiloquent, lofty, imposing, grand and true. With this he comforted himself somewhat, though it made him uncomfortable to think that the author was a Moor, judging by the title of “Cide;” and that no truth was to be looked for from Moors, as they are all impostors, cheats, and schemers. He was afraid he might have dealt with his love affairs in some indecorous fashion, that might tend to the discredit and prejudice of the purity of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso; he would have had him set forth the fidelity and respect he had always observed towards her, spurning queens, empresses, and damsels of all sorts, and keeping in check the impetuosity of his natural impulses. Absorbed and wrapped up in these and divers other cogitations, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom Don Quixote received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though he was called Samson, was of no great bodily size, but he was a very great wag; he was of a

sallow complexion, but very sharp-witted, somewhere about four-and-twenty years of age, with a round face, a flat nose, and a large mouth, all indications of a mischievous disposition and a love of fun and jokes; and of this he gave a sample as soon as he saw Don Quixote, by falling on his knees before him and saying, "Let me kiss your mightiness's hand, Senor Don Quixote of La Mancha, for, by the habit of St. Peter that I wear, though I have no more than the first four orders, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that have ever been, or will be, all the world over. A blessing on Cide Hamete Benengeli, who has written the history of your great deeds, and a double blessing on that connoisseur who took the trouble of having it translated out of the Arabic into our Castilian vulgar tongue for the universal entertainment of the people!"

Don Quixote made him rise, and said, "So, then, it is true that there is a history of me, and that it was a Moor and a sage who wrote it?"

"So true is it, senor," said Samson, "that my belief is there are more than twelve thousand volumes of the said history in print this very day. Only ask Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, and moreover there is a report that it is being printed at Antwerp, and I am persuaded there will not be a country or language in which there will not be a translation of it."

"One of the things," here observed Don Quixote, "that ought to give most pleasure to a virtuous and eminent man is to find himself in his lifetime in print and in type, familiar in people's mouths with a good name; I say with a good name, for if it be the opposite, then there is no death to be compared to it."

"If it goes by good name and fame," said the bachelor, "your worship alone bears away the palm from all the knights-errant; for the Moor in his own language, and the Christian in his, have taken care to set before us your gallantry, your high courage in encountering dangers, your fortitude in adversity, your patience under misfortunes as well as wounds, the purity and continence of the platonic loves of your worship and my lady Dona Dulcinea del Toboso—"

"I never heard my lady Dulcinea called Dona," observed Sancho here; "nothing more than the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so here already the history is wrong."

"That is not an objection of any importance," replied Carrasco.

"Certainly not," said Don Quixote; "but tell me, senor bachelor, what deeds of mine are they that are made most of in this history?"

"On that point," replied the bachelor, "opinions differ, as tastes do; some swear by the adventure of the wind-mills that your worship took to be Briareuses and giants; others by that of the fulling mills; one cries up the description of the two armies that afterwards took the appearance of two droves of sheep; another that of the dead body on its way to be buried at Segovia; a third says the liberation of the galley slaves is the best of all, and a fourth that nothing comes up to the affair with the Benedictine giants, and the battle with the valiant Biscayan."

"Tell me, senor bachelor," said Sancho at this point, "does the adventure with the Yanguesans come in, when our good Rocinante went hankering after dainties?"

"The sage has left nothing in the ink-bottle," replied Samson; "he tells all and sets down everything, even to the capers that worthy Sancho cut in the blanket."

"I cut no capers in the blanket," returned Sancho; "in the air I did, and more of them than I liked."

"There is no human history in the world, I suppose," said Don Quixote, "that has not its ups and downs, but more than others such as deal with chivalry, for they can never be entirely made up of prosperous adventures."

"For all that," replied the bachelor, "there are those who have read the history who say they would have been glad if the author had left out some of the countless cudgellings that were inflicted on Senor Don Quixote in various encounters."

"That's where the truth of the history comes in," said Sancho.

"At the same time they might fairly have passed them over in silence," observed Don Quixote; "for there is no need of recording events which do not change or affect the truth of a history, if they tend to bring the hero of it into contempt. Aeneas was not in truth and earnest so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so wise as Homer describes him."

"That is true," said Samson; "but it is one thing to write as a poet, another to write as a historian; the poet may describe or sing things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian has to write them down, not as they ought to have been, but as they were, without adding anything to the truth or taking anything from it."

"Well then," said Sancho, "if this senor Moor goes in for telling the truth, no doubt among my master's drubbings mine are to be found; for they never took the measure of his worship's shoulders without doing the same for my whole body; but I have no right to wonder at that, for, as my master himself says, the members must share the pain of the head."

"You are a sly dog, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "if I faith, you have no want of memory when you choose to remember."

"If I were to try to forget the thwacks they gave me," said Sancho, "my weals would not let me, for they are still

fresh on my ribs.”

“Hush, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and don’t interrupt the bachelor, whom I entreat to go on and tell all that is said about me in this history.”

“And about me,” said Sancho, “for they say, too, that I am one of the principal presonages in it.”

“Personages, not presonages, friend Sancho,” said Samson.

“What! Another word-catcher!” said Sancho; “if that’s to be the way we shall not make an end in a lifetime.”

“May God shorten mine, Sancho,” returned the bachelor, “if you are not the second person in the history, and there are even some who would rather hear you talk than the cleverest in the whole book; though there are some, too, who say you showed yourself over-credulous in believing there was any possibility in the government of that island offered you by Senor Don Quixote.”

“There is still sunshine on the wall,” said Don Quixote; “and when Sancho is somewhat more advanced in life, with the experience that years bring, he will be fitter and better qualified for being a governor than he is at present.”

“By God, master,” said Sancho, “the island that I cannot govern with the years I have, I’ll not be able to govern with the years of Methuselah; the difficulty is that the said island keeps its distance somewhere, I know not where; and not that there is any want of head in me to govern it.”

“Leave it to God, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for all will be and perhaps better than you think; no leaf on the tree stirs but by God’s will.”

“That is true,” said Samson; “and if it be God’s will, there will not be any want of a thousand islands, much less one, for Sancho to govern.”

“I have seen governors in these parts,” said Sancho, “that are not to be compared to my shoe-sole; and for all that they are called ‘your lordship’ and served on silver.”

“Those are not governors of islands,” observed Samson, “but of other governments of an easier kind: those that govern islands must at least know grammar.”

“I could manage the gram well enough,” said Sancho; “but for the mar I have neither leaning nor liking, for I don’t know what it is; but leaving this matter of the government in God’s hands, to send me wherever it may be most to his service, I may tell you, senor bachelor Samson Carrasco, it has pleased me beyond measure that the author of this history should have spoken of me in such a way that what is said of me gives no offence; for, on the faith of a true squire, if he had said anything about me that was at all unbecoming an old Christian, such as I am, the deaf would have heard of it.”

“That would be working miracles,” said Samson.

“Miracles or no miracles,” said Sancho, “let everyone mind how he speaks or writes about people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into his head.”

“One of the faults they find with this history,” said the bachelor, “is that its author inserted in it a novel called ‘The Ill-advised Curiosity;’ not that it is bad or ill-told, but that it is out of place and has nothing to do with the history of his worship Senor Don Quixote.”

“I will bet the son of a dog has mixed the cabbages and the baskets,” said Sancho.

“Then, I say,” said Don Quixote, “the author of my history was no sage, but some ignorant chatterer, who, in a haphazard and heedless way, set about writing it, let it turn out as it might, just as Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, used to do, who, when they asked him what he was painting, answered, ‘What it may turn out.’ Sometimes he would paint a cock in such a fashion, and so unlike, that he had to write alongside of it in Gothic letters, ‘This is a cock; and so it will be with my history, which will require a commentary to make it intelligible.’”

“No fear of that,” returned Samson, “for it is so plain that there is nothing in it to puzzle over; the children turn its leaves, the young people read it, the grown men understand it, the old folk praise it; in a word, it is so thumbed, and read, and got by heart by people of all sorts, that the instant they see any lean hack, they say, ‘There goes Rocinante.’ And those that are most given to reading it are the pages, for there is not a lord’s ante-chamber where there is not a ‘Don Quixote’ to be found; one takes it up if another lays it down; this one pounces upon it, and that begs for it. In short, the said history is the most delightful and least injurious entertainment that has been hitherto seen, for there is not to be found in the whole of it even the semblance of an immodest word, or a thought that is other than Catholic.”

“To write in any other way,” said Don Quixote, “would not be to write truth, but falsehood, and historians who have recourse to falsehood ought to be burned, like those who coin false money; and I know not what could have led the author to have recourse to novels and irrelevant stories, when he had so much to write about in mine; no doubt he must have gone by the proverb ‘with straw or with hay, etc.’ for by merely setting forth my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my lofty purposes, my enterprises, he might have made a volume as large, or larger than all the works of El Tostado would make up. In fact, the conclusion I arrive at, senor bachelor, is, that to write histories, or books of any kind, there is need of great judgment and a ripe understanding. To give expression to humour, and write in a strain of graceful pleasantry, is the gift of great geniuses. The cleverest character in comedy is the clown,

for he who would make people take him for a fool, must not be one. History is in a measure a sacred thing, for it should be true, and where the truth is, there God is; but notwithstanding this, there are some who write and fling books broadcast on the world as if they were fritters.”

“There is no book so bad but it has something good in it,” said the bachelor.

“No doubt of that,” replied Don Quixote; “but it often happens that those who have acquired and attained a well-deserved reputation by their writings, lose it entirely, or damage it in some degree, when they give them to the press.”

“The reason of that,” said Samson, “is, that as printed works are examined leisurely, their faults are easily seen; and the greater the fame of the writer, the more closely are they scrutinised. Men famous for their genius, great poets, illustrious historians, are always, or most commonly, envied by those who take a particular delight and pleasure in criticising the writings of others, without having produced any of their own.”

“That is no wonder,” said Don Quixote; “for there are many divines who are no good for the pulpit, but excellent in detecting the defects or excesses of those who preach.”

“All that is true, Senor Don Quixote,” said Carrasco; “but I wish such fault-finders were more lenient and less exacting, and did not pay so much attention to the spots on the bright sun of the work they grumble at; for if *quando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they should remember how long he remained awake to shed the light of his work with as little shade as possible; and perhaps it may be that what they find fault with may be moles, that sometimes heighten the beauty of the face that bears them; and so I say very great is the risk to which he who prints a book exposes himself, for of all impossibilities the greatest is to write one that will satisfy and please all readers.”

“That which treats of me must have pleased few,” said Don Quixote.

“Quite the contrary,” said the bachelor; “for, as *stultorum infinitum est numerus*, innumerable are those who have relished the said history; but some have brought a charge against the author’s memory, inasmuch as he forgot to say who the thief was who stole Sancho’s Dapple; for it is not stated there, but only to be inferred from what is set down, that he was stolen, and a little farther on we see Sancho mounted on the same ass, without any reappearance of it. They say, too, that he forgot to state what Sancho did with those hundred crowns that he found in the valise in the Sierra Morena, as he never alludes to them again, and there are many who would be glad to know what he did with them, or what he spent them on, for it is one of the serious omissions of the work.”

“Senor Samson, I am not in a humour now for going into accounts or explanations,” said Sancho; “for there’s a sinking of the stomach come over me, and unless I doctor it with a couple of sups of the old stuff it will put me on the thorn of Santa Lucia. I have it at home, and my old woman is waiting for me; after dinner I’ll come back, and will answer you and all the world every question you may choose to ask, as well about the loss of the ass as about the spending of the hundred crowns;” and without another word or waiting for a reply he made off home.

Don Quixote begged and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation and remained, a couple of young pigeons were added to the ordinary fare, at dinner they talked chivalry, Carrasco fell in with his host’s humour, the banquet came to an end, they took their afternoon sleep, Sancho returned, and their conversation was resumed.

## Chapter V

*Of the shrewd and droll conversation that passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, and other matters worthy of being duly recorded*

The translator of this history, when he comes to write this fifth chapter, says that he considers it apocryphal, because in it Sancho Panza speaks in a style unlike that which might have been expected from his limited intelligence, and says things so subtle that he does not think it possible he could have conceived them; however, desirous of doing what his task imposed upon him, he was unwilling to leave it untranslated, and therefore he went on to say:

Sancho came home in such glee and spirits that his wife noticed his happiness a bowshot off, so much so that it made her ask him, “What have you got, Sancho friend, that you are so glad?”

To which he replied, “Wife, if it were God’s will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I show myself.”

“I don’t understand you, husband,” said she, “and I don’t know what you mean by saying you would be glad, if it were God’s will, not to be well pleased; for, fool as I am, I don’t know how one can find pleasure in not having it.”

“Hark ye, Teresa,” replied Sancho, “I am glad because I have made up my mind to go back to the service of my master Don Quixote, who means to go out a third time to seek for adventures; and I am going with him again, for my necessities will have it so, and also the hope that cheers me with the thought that I may find another hundred crowns like those we have spent; though it makes me sad to have to leave thee and the children; and if God would be pleased to let me have my daily bread, dry-shod and at home, without taking me out into the byways and cross-roads—and he could do it at small cost by merely willing it—it is clear my happiness would be more solid and

lasting, for the happiness I have is mingled with sorrow at leaving thee; so that I was right in saying I would be glad, if it were God's will, not to be well pleased."

"Look here, Sancho," said Teresa; "ever since you joined on to a knight-errant you talk in such a roundabout way that there is no understanding you."

"It is enough that God understands me, wife," replied Sancho; "for he is the understander of all things; that will do; but mind, sister, you must look to Dapple carefully for the next three days, so that he may be fit to take arms; double his feed, and see to the pack-saddle and other harness, for it is not to a wedding we are bound, but to go round the world, and play at give and take with giants and dragons and monsters, and hear hissings and roarings and bellowings and howlings; and even all this would be lavender, if we had not to reckon with Yanguesans and enchanted Moors."

"I know well enough, husband," said Teresa, "that squires-errant don't eat their bread for nothing, and so I will be always praying to our Lord to deliver you speedily from all that hard fortune."

"I can tell you, wife," said Sancho, "if I did not expect to see myself governor of an island before long, I would drop down dead on the spot."

"Nay, then, husband," said Teresa; "let the hen live, though it be with her pip, live, and let the devil take all the governments in the world; you came out of your mother's womb without a government, you have lived until now without a government, and when it is God's will you will go, or be carried, to your grave without a government. How many there are in the world who live without a government, and continue to live all the same, and are reckoned in the number of the people. The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as the poor are never without that, they always eat with a relish. But mind, Sancho, if by good luck you should find yourself with some government, don't forget me and your children. Remember that Sanchico is now full fifteen, and it is right he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot has a mind to have him trained for the Church. Consider, too, that your daughter Mari-Sancha will not die of grief if we marry her; for I have my suspicions that she is as eager to get a husband as you to get a government; and, after all, a daughter looks better ill married than well whored."

"By my faith," replied Sancho, "if God brings me to get any sort of a government, I intend, wife, to make such a high match for Mari-Sancha that there will be no approaching her without calling her 'my lady.'"

"Nay, Sancho," returned Teresa; "marry her to her equal, that is the safest plan; for if you put her out of wooden clogs into high-heeled shoes, out of her grey flannel petticoat into hoops and silk gowns, out of the plain 'Marica' and 'thou,' into 'Dona So-and-so' and 'my lady,' the girl won't know where she is, and at every turn she will fall into a thousand blunders that will show the thread of her coarse homespun stuff."

"Tut, you fool," said Sancho; "it will be only to practise it for two or three years; and then dignity and decorum will fit her as easily as a glove; and if not, what matter? Let her be 'my lady,' and never mind what happens."

"Keep to your own station, Sancho," replied Teresa; "don't try to raise yourself higher, and bear in mind the proverb that says, 'wipe the nose of your neighbour's son, and take him into your house.' A fine thing it would be, indeed, to marry our Maria to some great count or grand gentleman, who, when the humour took him, would abuse her and call her clown-bred and clodhopper's daughter and spinning wench. I have not been bringing up my daughter for that all this time, I can tell you, husband. Do you bring home money, Sancho, and leave marrying her to my care; there is Lope Tocho, Juan Tocho's son, a stout, sturdy young fellow that we know, and I can see he does not look sour at the girl; and with him, one of our own sort, she will be well married, and we shall have her always under our eyes, and be all one family, parents and children, grandchildren and sons-in-law, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell among us; so don't you go marrying her in those courts and grand palaces where they won't know what to make of her, or she what to make of herself."

"Why, you idiot and wife for Barabbas," said Sancho, "what do you mean by trying, without why or wherefore, to keep me from marrying my daughter to one who will give me grandchildren that will be called 'your lordship'? Look ye, Teresa, I have always heard my elders say that he who does not know how to take advantage of luck when it comes to him, has no right to complain if it gives him the go-by; and now that it is knocking at our door, it will not do to shut it out; let us go with the favouring breeze that blows upon us."

It is this sort of talk, and what Sancho says lower down, that made the translator of the history say he considered this chapter apocryphal.

"Don't you see, you animal," continued Sancho, "that it will be well for me to drop into some profitable government that will lift us out of the mire, and marry Mari-Sancha to whom I like; and you yourself will find yourself called 'Dona Teresa Panza,' and sitting in church on a fine carpet and cushions and draperies, in spite and in defiance of all the born ladies of the town? No, stay as you are, growing neither greater nor less, like a tapestry figure—Let us say no more about it, for Sanchica shall be a countess, say what you will."

"Are you sure of all you say, husband?" replied Teresa. "Well, for all that, I am afraid this rank of countess for my daughter will be her ruin. You do as you like, make a duchess or a princess of her, but I can tell you it will not be with my will and consent. I was always a lover of equality, brother, and I can't bear to see people give themselves airs

without any right. They called me Teresa at my baptism, a plain, simple name, without any additions or tags or fringes of Dons or Donas; Cascajo was my father's name, and as I am your wife, I am called Teresa Panza, though by right I ought to be called Teresa Cascajo; but 'kings go where laws like,' and I am content with this name without having the 'Don' put on top of it to make it so heavy that I cannot carry it; and I don't want to make people talk about me when they see me go dressed like a countess or governor's wife; for they will say at once, 'See what airs the slut gives herself! Only yesterday she was always spinning flax, and used to go to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head instead of a mantle, and there she goes to-day in a hooped gown with her broaches and airs, as if we didn't know her!' If God keeps me in my seven senses, or five, or whatever number I have, I am not going to bring myself to such a pass; go you, brother, and be a government or an island man, and swagger as much as you like; for by the soul of my mother, neither my daughter nor I are going to stir a step from our village; a respectable woman should have a broken leg and keep at home; and to be busy at something is a virtuous damsel's holiday; be off to your adventures along with your Don Quixote, and leave us to our misadventures, for God will mend them for us according as we deserve it. I don't know, I'm sure, who fixed the 'Don' to him, what neither his father nor grandfather ever had."

"I declare thou hast a devil of some sort in thy body!" said Sancho. "God help thee, what a lot of things thou hast strung together, one after the other, without head or tail! What have Cascajo, and the broaches and the proverbs and the airs, to do with what I say? Look here, fool and dolt (for so I may call you, when you don't understand my words, and run away from good fortune), if I had said that my daughter was to throw herself down from a tower, or go roaming the world, as the Infanta Dona Urraca wanted to do, you would be right in not giving way to my will; but if in an instant, in less than the twinkling of an eye, I put the 'Don' and 'my lady' on her back, and take her out of the stubble, and place her under a canopy, on a dais, and on a couch, with more velvet cushions than all the Almohades of Morocco ever had in their family, why won't you consent and fall in with my wishes?"

"Do you know why, husband?" replied Teresa; "because of the proverb that says 'who covers thee, discovers thee.' At the poor man people only throw a hasty glance; on the rich man they fix their eyes; and if the said rich man was once on a time poor, it is then there is the sneering and the tattle and spite of backbiters; and in the streets here they swarm as thick as bees."

"Look here, Teresa," said Sancho, "and listen to what I am now going to say to you; maybe you never heard it in all your life; and I do not give my own notions, for what I am about to say are the opinions of his reverence the preacher, who preached in this town last Lent, and who said, if I remember rightly, that all things present that our eyes behold, bring themselves before us, and remain and fix themselves on our memory much better and more forcibly than things past."

These observations which Sancho makes here are the other ones on account of which the translator says he regards this chapter as apocryphal, inasmuch as they are beyond Sancho's capacity.

"Whence it arises," he continued, "that when we see any person well dressed and making a figure with rich garments and retinue of servants, it seems to lead and impel us perforce to respect him, though memory may at the same moment recall to us some lowly condition in which we have seen him, but which, whether it may have been poverty or low birth, being now a thing of the past, has no existence; while the only thing that has any existence is what we see before us; and if this person whom fortune has raised from his original lowly state (these were the very words the padre used) to his present height of prosperity, be well bred, generous, courteous to all, without seeking to vie with those whose nobility is of ancient date, depend upon it, Teresa, no one will remember what he was, and everyone will respect what he is, except indeed the envious, from whom no fair fortune is safe."

"I do not understand you, husband," replied Teresa; "do as you like, and don't break my head with any more speechifying and rethoric; and if you have revolved to do what you say—"

"Resolved, you should say, woman," said Sancho, "not revolved."

"Don't set yourself to wrangle with me, husband," said Teresa; "I speak as God pleases, and don't deal in out-of-the-way phrases; and I say if you are bent upon having a government, take your son Sancho with you, and teach him from this time on how to hold a government; for sons ought to inherit and learn the trades of their fathers."

"As soon as I have the government," said Sancho, "I will send for him by post, and I will send thee money, of which I shall have no lack, for there is never any want of people to lend it to governors when they have not got it; and do thou dress him so as to hide what he is and make him look what he is to be."

"You send the money," said Teresa, "and I'll dress him up for you as fine as you please."

"Then we are agreed that our daughter is to be a countess," said Sancho.

"The day that I see her a countess," replied Teresa, "it will be the same to me as if I was burying her; but once more I say do as you please, for we women are born to this burden of being obedient to our husbands, though they be dogs;" and with this she began to weep in earnest, as if she already saw Sanchica dead and buried.

Sancho consoled her by saying that though he must make her a countess, he would put it off as long as possible. Here their conversation came to an end, and Sancho went back to see Don Quixote, and make arrangements for their departure.

## Chapter X

*Wherein is related the crafty device sancho adopted to enchant the lady dulcinea, and other incidents as ludicrous as they are true*

When the author of this great history comes to relate what is set down in this chapter he says he would have preferred to pass it over in silence, fearing it would not be believed, because here Don Quixote's madness reaches the confines of the greatest that can be conceived, and even goes a couple of bowshots beyond the greatest. But after all, though still under the same fear and apprehension, he has recorded it without adding to the story or leaving out a particle of the truth, and entirely disregarding the charges of falsehood that might be brought against him; and he was right, for the truth may run fine but will not break, and always rises above falsehood as oil above water; and so, going on with his story, he says that as soon as Don Quixote had ensconced himself in the forest, oak grove, or wood near El Toboso, he bade Sancho return to the city, and not come into his presence again without having first spoken on his behalf to his lady, and begged of her that it might be her good pleasure to permit herself to be seen by her enslaved knight, and deign to bestow her blessing upon him, so that he might thereby hope for a happy issue in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to execute the task according to the instructions, and to bring back an answer as good as the one he brought back before.

"Go, my son," said Don Quixote, "and be not dazed when thou findest thyself exposed to the light of that sun of beauty thou art going to seek. Happy thou, above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and let it not escape thy memory, how she receives thee; if she changes colour while thou art giving her my message; if she is agitated and disturbed at hearing my name; if she cannot rest upon her cushion, shouldst thou haply find her seated in the sumptuous state chamber proper to her rank; and should she be standing, observe if she poises herself now on one foot, now on the other; if she repeats two or three times the reply she gives thee; if she passes from gentleness to austerity, from asperity to tenderness; if she raises her hand to smooth her hair though it be not disarranged. In short, my son, observe all her actions and motions, for if thou wilt report them to me as they were, I will gather what she hides in the recesses of her heart as regards my love; for I would have thee know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not, that with lovers the outward actions and motions they give way to when their loves are in question are the faithful messengers that carry the news of what is going on in the depths of their hearts. Go, my friend, may better fortune than mine attend thee, and bring thee a happier issue than that which I await in dread in this dreary solitude."

"I will go and return quickly," said Sancho; "cheer up that little heart of yours, master mine, for at the present moment you seem to have got one no bigger than a hazel nut; remember what they say, that a stout heart breaks bad luck, and that where there are no fletches there are no pegs; and moreover they say, the hare jumps up where it's not looked for. I say this because, if we could not find my lady's palaces or castles to-night, now that it is daylight I count upon finding them when I least expect it, and once found, leave it to me to manage her."

"Verily, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou dost always bring in thy proverbs happily, whatever we deal with; may God give me better luck in what I am anxious about."

With this, Sancho wheeled about and gave Dapple the stick, and Don Quixote remained behind, seated on his horse, resting in his stirrups and leaning on the end of his lance, filled with sad and troubled forebodings; and there we will leave him, and accompany Sancho, who went off no less serious and troubled than he left his master; so much so, that as soon as he had got out of the thicket, and looking round saw that Don Quixote was not within sight, he dismounted from his ass, and seating himself at the foot of a tree began to commune with himself, saying, "Now, brother Sancho, let us know where your worship is going. Are you going to look for some ass that has been lost? Not at all. Then what are you going to look for? I am going to look for a princess, that's all; and in her for the sun of beauty and the whole heaven at once. And where do you expect to find all this, Sancho? Where? Why, in the great city of El Toboso. Well, and for whom are you going to look for her? For the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who rights wrongs, gives food to those who thirst and drink to the hungry. That's all very well, but do you know her house, Sancho? My master says it will be some royal palace or grand castle. And have you ever seen her by any chance? Neither I nor my master ever saw her. And does it strike you that it would be just and right if the El Toboso people, finding out that you were here with the intention of going to tamper with their princesses and trouble their ladies, were to come and cudgel your ribs, and not leave a whole bone in you? They would, indeed, have very good reason, if they did not see that I am under orders, and that 'you are a messenger, my friend, no blame belongs to you.' Don't you trust to that, Sancho, for the Manchegan folk are as hot-tempered as they are honest, and won't put up with liberties from anybody. By the Lord, if they get scent of you, it will be worse for you, I promise you. Be off, you scoundrel! Let the bolt fall. Why should I go looking for three feet on a cat, to please another man; and what is more, when looking for Dulcinea will be looking for Marica in Ravenna, or the bachelor in Salamanca? The devil, the devil and nobody else, has mixed me up in this business!"

Such was the soliloquy Sancho held with himself, and all the conclusion he could come to was to say to himself

again, “Well, there’s remedy for everything except death, under whose yoke we have all to pass, whether we like it or not, when life’s finished. I have seen by a thousand signs that this master of mine is a madman fit to be tied, and for that matter, I too, am not behind him; for I’m a greater fool than he is when I follow him and serve him, if there’s any truth in the proverb that says, ‘Tell me what company thou keepest, and I’ll tell thee what thou art,’ or in that other, ‘Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.’ Well then, if he be mad, as he is, and with a madness that mostly takes one thing for another, and white for black, and black for white, as was seen when he said the windmills were giants, and the monks’ mules dromedaries, flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and much more to the same tune, it will not be very hard to make him believe that some country girl, the first I come across here, is the lady Dulcinea; and if he does not believe it, I’ll swear it; and if he should swear, I’ll swear again; and if he persists I’ll persist still more, so as, come what may, to have my quoit always over the peg. Maybe, by holding out in this way, I may put a stop to his sending me on messages of this kind another time; or maybe he will think, as I suspect he will, that one of those wicked enchanters, who he says have a spite against him, has changed her form for the sake of doing him an ill turn and injuring him.”

With this reflection Sancho made his mind easy, counting the business as good as settled, and stayed there till the afternoon so as to make Don Quixote think he had time enough to go to El Toboso and return; and things turned out so luckily for him that as he got up to mount Dapple, he spied, coming from El Toboso towards the spot where he stood, three peasant girls on three colts, or fillies—for the author does not make the point clear, though it is more likely they were she-asses, the usual mount with village girls; but as it is of no great consequence, we need not stop to prove it.

To be brief, the instant Sancho saw the peasant girls, he returned full speed to seek his master, and found him sighing and uttering a thousand passionate lamentations. When Don Quixote saw him he exclaimed, “What news, Sancho, my friend? Am I to mark this day with a white stone or a black?”

“Your worship,” replied Sancho, “had better mark it with ruddle, like the inscriptions on the walls of class rooms, that those who see it may see it plain.”

“Then thou bringest good news,” said Don Quixote.

“So good,” replied Sancho, “that your worship has only to spur Rocinante and get out into the open field to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with two others, damsels of hers, is coming to see your worship.”

“Holy God! what art thou saying, Sancho, my friend?” exclaimed Don Quixote. “Take care thou art not deceiving me, or seeking by false joy to cheer my real sadness.”

“What could I get by deceiving your worship,” returned Sancho, “especially when it will so soon be shown whether I tell the truth or not? Come, senor, push on, and you will see the princess our mistress coming, robed and adorned—in fact, like what she is. Her damsels and she are all one glow of gold, all bunches of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of brocade of more than ten borders; with their hair loose on their shoulders like so many sunbeams playing with the wind; and moreover, they come mounted on three piebald cackneys, the finest sight ever you saw.”

“Hackneys, you mean, Sancho,” said Don Quixote.

“There is not much difference between cackneys and hackneys,” said Sancho; “but no matter what they come on, there they are, the finest ladies one could wish for, especially my lady the princess Dulcinea, who staggers one’s senses.”

“Let us go, Sancho, my son,” said Don Quixote, “and in guerdon of this news, as unexpected as it is good, I bestow upon thee the best spoil I shall win in the first adventure I may have; or if that does not satisfy thee, I promise thee the foals I shall have this year from my three mares that thou knowest are in foal on our village common.”

“I’ll take the foals,” said Sancho; “for it is not quite certain that the spoils of the first adventure will be good ones.”

By this time they had cleared the wood, and saw the three village lasses close at hand. Don Quixote looked all along the road to El Toboso, and as he could see nobody except the three peasant girls, he was completely puzzled, and asked Sancho if it was outside the city he had left them.

“How outside the city?” returned Sancho. “Are your worship’s eyes in the back of your head, that you can’t see that they are these who are coming here, shining like the very sun at noonday?”

“I see nothing, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “but three country girls on three jackasses.”

“Now, may God deliver me from the devil!” said Sancho, “and can it be that your worship takes three hackneys—or whatever they’re called—as white as the driven snow, for jackasses? By the Lord, I could tear my beard if that was the case!”

“Well, I can only say, Sancho, my friend,” said Don Quixote, “that it is as plain they are jackasses—or jennyasses—as that I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza: at any rate, they seem to me to be so.”

“Hush, senor,” said Sancho, “don’t talk that way, but open your eyes, and come and pay your respects to the lady of your thoughts, who is close upon us now;” and with these words he advanced to receive the three village lasses,



and dismounting from Dapple, caught hold of one of the asses of the three country girls by the halter, and dropping on both knees on the ground, he said, "Queen and princess and duchess of beauty, may it please your haughtiness and greatness to receive into your favour and good-will your captive knight who stands there turned into marble stone, and quite stupefied and benumbed at finding himself in your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he the vagabond knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called 'The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'"

Don Quixote had by this time placed himself on his knees beside Sancho, and, with eyes starting out of his head and a puzzled gaze, was regarding her whom Sancho called queen and lady; and as he could see nothing in her except a village lass, and not a very well-favoured one, for she was platter-faced and snub-nosed, he was perplexed and bewildered, and did not venture to open his lips. The country girls, at the same time, were astonished to see these two men, so different in appearance, on their knees, preventing their companion from going on. She, however, who had been stopped, breaking silence, said angrily and testily, "Get out of the way, bad luck to you, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry."

To which Sancho returned, "Oh, princess and universal lady of El Toboso, is not your magnanimous heart softened by seeing the pillar and prop of knight-errantry on his knees before your sublimated presence?"

On hearing this, one of the others exclaimed, "Woa then! why, I'm rubbing thee down, she-ass of my father-in-law! See how the lordlings come to make game of the village girls now, as if we here could not chaff as well as themselves. Go your own way, and let us go ours, and it will be better for you."

"Get up, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this; "I see that fortune, 'with evil done to me unsated still,' has taken possession of all the roads by which any comfort may reach 'this wretched soul' that I carry in my flesh. And thou, highest perfection of excellence that can be desired, utmost limit of grace in human shape, sole relief of this afflicted heart that adores thee, though the malign enchanter that persecutes me has brought clouds and cataracts on my eyes, and to them, and them only, transformed thy unparagoned beauty and changed thy features into those of a poor peasant girl, if so be he has not at the same time changed mine into those of some monster to render them loathsome in thy sight, refuse not to look upon me with tenderness and love; seeing in this submission that I make on my knees to thy transformed beauty the humility with which my soul adores thee."

"Hey-day! My grandfather!" cried the girl, "much I care for your love-making! Get out of the way and let us pass, and we'll thank you."

Sancho stood aside and let her go, very well pleased to have got so well out of the hobble he was in. The instant the village lass who had done duty for Dulcinea found herself free, prodding her "cackney" with a spike she had at the end of a stick, she set off at full speed across the field. The she-ass, however, feeling the point more acutely than usual, began cutting such capers, that it flung the lady Dulcinea to the ground; seeing which, Don Quixote ran to raise her up, and Sancho to fix and girth the pack-saddle, which also had slipped under the ass's belly. The pack-saddle being secured, as Don Quixote was about to lift up his enchanted mistress in his arms and put her upon her beast, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him the trouble, for, going back a little, she took a short run, and putting both hands on the croup of the ass she dropped into the saddle more lightly than a falcon, and sat astride like a man, whereat Sancho said, "Rogue! but our lady is lighter than a lanner, and might teach the cleverest Cordovan or Mexican how to mount; she cleared the back of the saddle in one jump, and without spurs she is making the hackney go like a zebra; and her damsels are no way behind her, for they all fly like the wind;" which was the truth, for as soon as they saw Dulcinea mounted, they pushed on after her, and sped away without looking back, for more than half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when they were no longer in sight, he turned to Sancho and said, "How now, Sancho? thou seest how I am hated by enchanters! And see to what a length the malice and spite they bear me go, when they seek to deprive me of the happiness it would give me to see my lady in her own proper form. The fact is I was born to be an example of misfortune, and the target and mark at which the arrows of adversity are aimed and directed. Observe too, Sancho, that these traitors were not content with changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they transformed and changed her into a shape as mean and ill-favoured as that of the village girl yonder; and at the same time they robbed her of that which is such a peculiar property of ladies of distinction, that is to say, the sweet fragrance that comes of being always among perfumes and flowers. For I must tell thee, Sancho, that when I approached to put Dulcinea upon her hackney (as thou sayest it was, though to me it appeared a she-ass), she gave me a whiff of raw garlic that made my head reel, and poisoned my very heart."

"O scum of the earth!" cried Sancho at this, "O miserable, spiteful enchanters! O that I could see you all strung by the gills, like sardines on a twig! Ye know a great deal, ye can do a great deal, and ye do a great deal more. It ought to have been enough for you, ye scoundrels, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into oak galls, and her hair of purest gold into the bristles of a red ox's tail, and in short, all her features from fair to foul, without meddling with her smell; for by that we might somehow have found out what was hidden underneath that ugly rind; though, to tell the truth, I never perceived her ugliness, but only her beauty, which was raised to the highest pitch

of perfection by a mole she had on her right lip, like a moustache, with seven or eight red hairs like threads of gold, and more than a palm long.”

“From the correspondence which exists between those of the face and those of the body,” said Don Quixote, “Dulcinea must have another mole resembling that on the thick of the thigh on that side on which she has the one on her face; but hairs of the length thou hast mentioned are very long for moles.”

“Well, all I can say is there they were as plain as could be,” replied Sancho.

“I believe it, my friend,” returned Don Quixote; “for nature bestowed nothing on Dulcinea that was not perfect and well-finished; and so, if she had a hundred moles like the one thou hast described, in her they would not be moles, but moons and shining stars. But tell me, Sancho, that which seemed to me to be a pack-saddle as thou wert fixing it, was it a flat-saddle or a side-saddle?”

“It was neither,” replied Sancho, “but a jineta saddle, with a field covering worth half a kingdom, so rich is it.”

“And that I could not see all this, Sancho!” said Don Quixote; “once more I say, and will say a thousand times, I am the most unfortunate of men.”

Sancho, the rogue, had enough to do to hide his laughter, at hearing the simplicity of the master he had so nicely befooled. At length, after a good deal more conversation had passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and followed the road to Saragossa, which they expected to reach in time to take part in a certain grand festival which is held every year in that illustrious city; but before they got there things happened to them, so many, so important, and so strange, that they deserve to be recorded and read, as will be seen farther on.

## Chapter XI

### *Of the strange adventure which the valiant Don Quixote had with the car or cart of “the Cortes of Death”*

Dejected beyond measure did Don Quixote pursue his journey, turning over in his mind the cruel trick the enchanters had played him in changing his lady Dulcinea into the vile shape of the village lass, nor could he think of any way of restoring her to her original form; and these reflections so absorbed him, that without being aware of it he let go Rocinante’s bridle, and he, perceiving the liberty that was granted him, stopped at every step to crop the fresh grass with which the plain abounded.

Sancho recalled him from his reverie. “Melancholy, senor,” said he, “was made, not for beasts, but for men; but if men give way to it overmuch they turn to beasts; control yourself, your worship; be yourself again; gather up Rocinante’s reins; cheer up, rouse yourself and show that gallant spirit that knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is this? What weakness is this? Are we here or in France? The devil fly away with all the Dulcineas in the world; for the well-being of a single knight-errant is of more consequence than all the enchantments and transformations on earth.”

“Hush, Sancho,” said Don Quixote in a weak and faint voice, “hush and utter no blasphemies against that enchanted lady; for I alone am to blame for her misfortune and hard fate; her calamity has come of the hatred the wicked bear me.”

“So say I,” returned Sancho; “his heart rend in twain, I trow, who saw her once, to see her now.”

“Thou mayest well say that, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “as thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; for the enchantment does not go so far as to pervert thy vision or hide her loveliness from thee; against me alone and against my eyes is the strength of its venom directed. Nevertheless, there is one thing which has occurred to me, and that is that thou didst ill describe her beauty to me, for, as well as I recollect, thou saidst that her eyes were pearls; but eyes that are like pearls are rather the eyes of a sea-bream than of a lady, and I am persuaded that Dulcinea’s must be green emeralds, full and soft, with two rainbows for eyebrows; take away those pearls from her eyes and transfer them to her teeth; for beyond a doubt, Sancho, thou hast taken the one for the other, the eyes for the teeth.”

“Very likely,” said Sancho; “for her beauty bewildered me as much as her ugliness did your worship; but let us leave it all to God, who alone knows what is to happen in this vale of tears, in this evil world of ours, where there is hardly a thing to be found without some mixture of wickedness, roguery, and rascality. But one thing, senor, troubles me more than all the rest, and that is thinking what is to be done when your worship conquers some giant, or some other knight, and orders him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where is this poor giant, or this poor wretch of a vanquished knight, to find her? I think I can see them wandering all over El Toboso, looking like noddies, and asking for my lady Dulcinea; and even if they meet her in the middle of the street they won’t know her any more than they would my father.”

“Perhaps, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “the enchantment does not go so far as to deprive conquered and presented giants and knights of the power of recognising Dulcinea; we will try by experiment with one or two of the first I vanquish and send to her, whether they see her or not, by commanding them to return and give me an

account of what happened to them in this respect.”

“I declare, I think what your worship has proposed is excellent,” said Sancho; “and that by this plan we shall find out what we want to know; and if it be that it is only from your worship she is hidden, the misfortune will be more yours than hers; but so long as the lady Dulcinea is well and happy, we on our part will make the best of it, and get on as well as we can, seeking our adventures, and leaving Time to take his own course; for he is the best physician for these and greater ailments.”

Don Quixote was about to reply to Sancho Panza, but he was prevented by a cart crossing the road full of the most diverse and strange personages and figures that could be imagined. He who led the mules and acted as carter was a hideous demon; the cart was open to the sky, without a tilt or cane roof, and the first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote’s eyes was that of Death itself with a human face; next to it was an angel with large painted wings, and at one side an emperor, with a crown, to all appearance of gold, on his head. At the feet of Death was the god called Cupid, without his bandage, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows; there was also a knight in full armour, except that he had no morion or helmet, but only a hat decked with plumes of divers colours; and along with these there were others with a variety of costumes and faces. All this, unexpectedly encountered, took Don Quixote somewhat aback, and struck terror into the heart of Sancho; but the next instant Don Quixote was glad of it, believing that some new perilous adventure was presenting itself to him, and under this impression, and with a spirit prepared to face any danger, he planted himself in front of the cart, and in a loud and menacing tone, exclaimed, “Carter, or coachman, or devil, or whatever thou art, tell me at once who thou art, whither thou art going, and who these folk are thou carriest in thy wagon, which looks more like Charon’s boat than an ordinary cart.”

To which the devil, stopping the cart, answered quietly, “Senor, we are players of Angulo el Malo’s company; we have been acting the play of ‘The Cortes of Death’ this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, in a village behind that hill, and we have to act it this afternoon in that village which you can see from this; and as it is so near, and to save the trouble of undressing and dressing again, we go in the costumes in which we perform. That lad there appears as Death, that other as an angel, that woman, the manager’s wife, plays the queen, this one the soldier, that the emperor, and I the devil; and I am one of the principal characters of the play, for in this company I take the leading parts. If you want to know anything more about us, ask me and I will answer with the utmost exactitude, for as I am a devil I am up to everything.”

“By the faith of a knight-errant,” replied Don Quixote, “when I saw this cart I fancied some great adventure was presenting itself to me; but I declare one must touch with the hand what appears to the eye, if illusions are to be avoided. God speed you, good people; keep your festival, and remember, if you demand of me ought wherein I can render you a service, I will do it gladly and willingly, for from a child I was fond of the play, and in my youth a keen lover of the actor’s art.”

While they were talking, fate so willed it that one of the company in a mummers’ dress with a great number of bells, and armed with three blown ox-bladders at the end of a stick, joined them, and this merry-andrew approaching Don Quixote, began flourishing his stick and banging the ground with the bladders and cutting capers with great jingling of the bells, which untoward apparition so startled Rocinante that, in spite of Don Quixote’s efforts to hold him in, taking the bit between his teeth he set off across the plain with greater speed than the bones of his anatomy ever gave any promise of.

Sancho, who thought his master was in danger of being thrown, jumped off Dapple, and ran in all haste to help him; but by the time he reached him he was already on the ground, and beside him was Rocinante, who had come down with his master, the usual end and upshot of Rocinante’s vivacity and high spirits. But the moment Sancho quitted his beast to go and help Don Quixote, the dancing devil with the bladders jumped up on Dapple, and beating him with them, more by the fright and the noise than by the pain of the blows, made him fly across the fields towards the village where they were going to hold their festival. Sancho witnessed Dapple’s career and his master’s fall, and did not know which of the two cases of need he should attend to first; but in the end, like a good squire and good servant, he let his love for his master prevail over his affection for his ass; though every time he saw the bladders rise in the air and come down on the hind quarters of his Dapple he felt the pains and terrors of death, and he would have rather had the blows fall on the apples of his own eyes than on the least hair of his ass’s tail. In this trouble and perplexity he came to where Don Quixote lay in a far sorer plight than he liked, and having helped him to mount Rocinante, he said to him, “Senor, the devil has carried off my Dapple.”

“What devil?” asked Don Quixote.

“The one with the bladders,” said Sancho.

“Then I will recover him,” said Don Quixote, “even if he be shut up with him in the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, for the cart goes slowly, and with the mules of it I will make good the loss of Dapple.”

“You need not take the trouble, senor,” said Sancho; “keep cool, for as I now see, the devil has let Dapple go and he is coming back to his old quarters;” and so it turned out, for, having come down with Dapple, in imitation of

Don Quixote and Rocinante, the devil made off on foot to the town, and the ass came back to his master.

“For all that,” said Don Quixote, “it will be well to visit the discourtesy of that devil upon some of those in the cart, even if it were the emperor himself.”

“Don’t think of it, your worship,” returned Sancho; “take my advice and never meddle with actors, for they are a favoured class; I myself have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet come off scot-free; remember that, as they are merry folk who give pleasure, everyone favours and protects them, and helps and makes much of them, above all when they are those of the royal companies and under patent, all or most of whom in dress and appearance look like princes.”

“Still, for all that,” said Don Quixote, “the player devil must not go off boasting, even if the whole human race favours him.”

So saying, he made for the cart, which was now very near the town, shouting out as he went, “Stay! halt! ye merry, jovial crew! I want to teach you how to treat asses and animals that serve the squires of knights-errant for steeds.”

So loud were the shouts of Don Quixote, that those in the cart heard and understood them, and, guessing by the words what the speaker’s intention was, Death in an instant jumped out of the cart, and the emperor, the devil carter and the angel after him, nor did the queen or the god Cupid stay behind; and all armed themselves with stones and formed in line, prepared to receive Don Quixote on the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, when he saw them drawn up in such a gallant array with uplifted arms ready for a mighty discharge of stones, checked Rocinante and began to consider in what way he could attack them with the least danger to himself. As he halted Sancho came up, and seeing him disposed to attack this well-ordered squadron, said to him, “It would be the height of madness to attempt such an enterprise; remember, senor, that against sops from the brook, and plenty of them, there is no defensive armour in the world, except to stow oneself away under a brass bell; and besides, one should remember that it is rashness, and not valour, for a single man to attack an army that has Death in it, and where emperors fight in person, with angels, good and bad, to help them; and if this reflection will not make you keep quiet, perhaps it will to know for certain that among all these, though they look like kings, princes, and emperors, there is not a single knight-errant.”

“Now indeed thou hast hit the point, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “which may and should turn me from the resolution I had already formed. I cannot and must not draw sword, as I have many a time before told thee, against anyone who is not a dubbed knight; it is for thee, Sancho, if thou wilt, to take vengeance for the wrong done to thy Dapple; and I will help thee from here by shouts and salutary counsels.”

“There is no occasion to take vengeance on anyone, senor,” replied Sancho; “for it is not the part of good Christians to revenge wrongs; and besides, I will arrange it with my ass to leave his grievance to my good-will and pleasure, and that is to live in peace as long as heaven grants me life.”

“Well,” said Don Quixote, “if that be thy determination, good Sancho, sensible Sancho, Christian Sancho, honest Sancho, let us leave these phantoms alone and turn to the pursuit of better and worthier adventures; for, from what I see of this country, we cannot fail to find plenty of marvellous ones in it.”

He at once wheeled about, Sancho ran to take possession of his Dapple, Death and his flying squadron returned to their cart and pursued their journey, and thus the dread adventure of the cart of Death ended happily, thanks to the advice Sancho gave his master; who had, the following day, a fresh adventure, of no less thrilling interest than the last, with an enamoured knight-errant.

## Chapter XVI

### *Of what befell Don Quixote with a discreet gentleman of La Mancha*

Don Quixote pursued his journey in the high spirits, satisfaction, and self-complacency already described, fancying himself the most valorous knight-errant of the age in the world because of his late victory. All the adventures that could befall him from that time forth he regarded as already done and brought to a happy issue; he made light of enchantments and enchanters; he thought no more of the countless drubbings that had been administered to him in the course of his knight-errantry, nor of the volley of stones that had levelled half his teeth, nor of the ingratitude of the galley slaves, nor of the audacity of the Yanguesans and the shower of stakes that fell upon him; in short, he said to himself that could he discover any means, mode, or way of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he would not envy the highest fortune that the most fortunate knight-errant of yore ever reached or could reach.

He was going along entirely absorbed in these fancies, when Sancho said to him, “Isn’t it odd, senor, that I have still before my eyes that monstrous enormous nose of my gossip, Tom Cecial?”

“And dost thou, then, believe, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial thy gossip?”

"I don't know what to say to that," replied Sancho; "all I know is that the tokens he gave me about my own house, wife and children, nobody else but himself could have given me; and the face, once the nose was off, was the very face of Tom Cecial, as I have seen it many a time in my town and next door to my own house; and the sound of the voice was just the same."

"Let us reason the matter, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Come now, by what process of thinking can it be supposed that the bachelor Samson Carrasco would come as a knight-errant, in arms offensive and defensive, to fight with me? Have I ever been by any chance his enemy? Have I ever given him any occasion to owe me a grudge? Am I his rival, or does he profess arms, that he should envy the fame I have acquired in them?"

"Well, but what are we to say, señor," returned Sancho, "about that knight, whoever he is, being so like the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire so like my gossip, Tom Cecial? And if that be enchantment, as your worship says, was there no other pair in the world for them to take the likeness of?"

"It is all," said Don Quixote, "a scheme and plot of the malignant magicians that persecute me, who, foreseeing that I was to be victorious in the conflict, arranged that the vanquished knight should display the countenance of my friend the bachelor, in order that the friendship I bear him should interpose to stay the edge of my sword and might of my arm, and temper the just wrath of my heart; so that he who sought to take my life by fraud and falsehood should save his own. And to prove it, thou knowest already, Sancho, by experience which cannot lie or deceive, how easy it is for enchanters to change one countenance into another, turning fair into foul, and foul into fair; for it is not two days since thou sawest with thine own eyes the beauty and elegance of the peerless Dulcinea in all its perfection and natural harmony, while I saw her in the repulsive and mean form of a coarse country wench, with cataracts in her eyes and a foul smell in her mouth; and when the perverse enchanter ventured to effect so wicked a transformation, it is no wonder if he effected that of Samson Carrasco and thy gossip in order to snatch the glory of victory out of my grasp. For all that, however, I console myself, because, after all, in whatever shape he may have been, I have victorious over my enemy."

"God knows what's the truth of it all," said Sancho; and knowing as he did that the transformation of Dulcinea had been a device and imposition of his own, his master's illusions were not satisfactory to him; but he did not like to reply lest he should say something that might disclose his trickery.

As they were engaged in this conversation they were overtaken by a man who was following the same road behind them, mounted on a very handsome flea-bitten mare, and dressed in a gaban of fine green cloth, with tawny velvet facings, and a montera of the same velvet. The trappings of the mare were of the field and jineta fashion, and of mulberry colour and green. He carried a Moorish cutlass hanging from a broad green and gold baldric; the buskins were of the same make as the baldric; the spurs were not gilt, but lacquered green, and so brightly polished that, matching as they did the rest of his apparel, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold.

When the traveller came up with them he saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare was passing them without stopping, but Don Quixote called out to him, "Gallant sir, if so be your worship is going our road, and has no occasion for speed, it would be a pleasure to me if we were to join company."

"In truth," replied he on the mare, "I would not pass you so hastily but for fear that horse might turn restive in the company of my mare."

"You may safely hold in your mare, señor," said Sancho in reply to this, "for our horse is the most virtuous and well-behaved horse in the world; he never does anything wrong on such occasions, and the only time he misbehaved, my master and I suffered for it sevenfold; I say again your worship may pull up if you like; for if she was offered to him between two plates the horse would not hanker after her."

The traveller drew rein, amazed at the trim and features of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a valise in front of Dapple's pack-saddle; and if the man in green examined Don Quixote closely, still more closely did Don Quixote examine the man in green, who struck him as being a man of intelligence. In appearance he was about fifty years of age, with but few grey hairs, an aquiline cast of features, and an expression between grave and gay; and his dress and accoutrements showed him to be a man of good condition. What he in green thought of Don Quixote of La Mancha was that a man of that sort and shape he had never yet seen; he marvelled at the length of his hair, his lofty stature, the lankness and sallowness of his countenance, his armour, his bearing and his gravity—a figure and picture such as had not been seen in those regions for many a long day.

Don Quixote saw very plainly the attention with which the traveller was regarding him, and read his curiosity in his astonishment; and courteous as he was and ready to please everybody, before the other could ask him any question he anticipated him by saying, "The appearance I present to your worship being so strange and so out of the common, I should not be surprised if it filled you with wonder; but you will cease to wonder when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights who, as people say, go seeking adventures. I have left my home, I have mortgaged my estate, I have given up my comforts, and committed myself to the arms of Fortune, to bear me whithersoever she may please. My desire was to bring to life again knight-errantry, now dead, and for some time past, stumbling here, falling there, now coming down headlong, now raising myself up again, I have carried out a great portion of

my design, succouring widows, protecting maidens, and giving aid to wives, orphans, and minors, the proper and natural duty of knights-errant; and, therefore, because of my many valiant and Christian achievements, I have been already found worthy to make my way in print to well-nigh all, or most, of the nations of the earth. Thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and it is on the high-road to be printed thirty thousand thousands of times, if heaven does not put a stop to it. In short, to sum up all in a few words, or in a single one, I may tell you I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called 'The Knight of the Rueful Countenance;' for though self-praise is degrading, I must perforce sound my own sometimes, that is to say, when there is no one at hand to do it for me. So that, gentle sir, neither this horse, nor this lance, nor this shield, nor this squire, nor all these arms put together, nor the sallowness of my countenance, nor my gaunt leanness, will henceforth astonish you, now that you know who I am and what profession I follow."

With these words Don Quixote held his peace, and, from the time he took to answer, the man in green seemed to be at a loss for a reply; after a long pause, however, he said to him, "You were right when you saw curiosity in my amazement, sir knight; but you have not succeeded in removing the astonishment I feel at seeing you; for although you say, senor, that knowing who you are ought to remove it, it has not done so; on the contrary, now that I know, I am left more amazed and astonished than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant in the world in these days, and histories of real chivalry printed? I cannot realise the fact that there can be anyone on earth now-a-days who aids widows, or protects maidens, or defends wives, or succours orphans; nor should I believe it had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be heaven! for by means of this history of your noble and genuine chivalrous deeds, which you say has been printed, the countless stories of fictitious knights-errant with which the world is filled, so much to the injury of morality and the prejudice and discredit of good histories, will have been driven into oblivion."

"There is a good deal to be said on that point," said Don Quixote, "as to whether the histories of the knights-errant are fiction or not."

"Why, is there anyone who doubts that those histories are false?" said the man in green.

"I doubt it," said Don Quixote, "but never mind that just now; if our journey lasts long enough, I trust in God I shall show your worship that you do wrong in going with the stream of those who regard it as a matter of certainty that they are not true."

From this last observation of Don Quixote's, the traveller began to have a suspicion that he was some crazy being, and was waiting for him to confirm it by something further; but before they could turn to any new subject Don Quixote begged him to tell him who he was, since he himself had rendered account of his station and life. To this, he in the green gaban replied "I, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, am a gentleman by birth, native of the village where, please God, we are going to dine today; I am more than fairly well off, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my life with my wife, children, and friends; my pursuits are hunting and fishing, but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, nothing but a tame partridge or a bold ferret or two; I have six dozen or so of books, some in our mother tongue, some Latin, some of them history, others devotional; those of chivalry have not as yet crossed the threshold of my door; I am more given to turning over the profane than the devotional, so long as they are books of honest entertainment that charm by their style and attract and interest by the invention they display, though of these there are very few in Spain. Sometimes I dine with my neighbours and friends, and often invite them; my entertainments are neat and well served without stint of anything. I have no taste for tattle, nor do I allow tattling in my presence; I pry not into my neighbours' lives, nor have I lynx-eyes for what others do. I hear mass every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no display of good works, lest I let hypocrisy and vainglory, those enemies that subtly take possession of the most watchful heart, find an entrance into mine. I strive to make peace between those whom I know to be at variance; I am the devoted servant of Our Lady, and my trust is ever in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho listened with the greatest attention to the account of the gentleman's life and occupation; and thinking it a good and a holy life, and that he who led it ought to work miracles, he threw himself off Dapple, and running in haste seized his right stirrup and kissed his foot again and again with a devout heart and almost with tears.

Seeing this the gentleman asked him, "What are you about, brother? What are these kisses for?"

"Let me kiss," said Sancho, "for I think your worship is the first saint in the saddle I ever saw all the days of my life."

"I am no saint," replied the gentleman, "but a great sinner; but you are, brother, for you must be a good fellow, as your simplicity shows."

Sancho went back and regained his pack-saddle, having extracted a laugh from his master's profound melancholy, and excited fresh amazement in Don Diego. Don Quixote then asked him how many children he had, and observed that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who were without the true knowledge of God, placed the summum bonum was in the gifts of nature, in those of fortune, in having many friends, and many and good children.

“I, Senor Don Quixote,” answered the gentleman, “have one son, without whom, perhaps, I should count myself happier than I am, not because he is a bad son, but because he is not so good as I could wish. He is eighteen years of age; he has been for six at Salamanca studying Latin and Greek, and when I wished him to turn to the study of other sciences I found him so wrapped up in that of poetry (if that can be called a science) that there is no getting him to take kindly to the law, which I wished him to study, or to theology, the queen of them all. I would like him to be an honour to his family, as we live in days when our kings liberally reward learning that is virtuous and worthy; for learning without virtue is a pearl on a dunghill. He spends the whole day in settling whether Homer expressed himself correctly or not in such and such a line of the Iliad, whether Martial was indecent or not in such and such an epigram, whether such and such lines of Virgil are to be understood in this way or in that; in short, all his talk is of the works of these poets, and those of Horace, Perseus, Juvenal, and Tibullus; for of the moderns in our own language he makes no great account; but with all his seeming indifference to Spanish poetry, just now his thoughts are absorbed in making a gloss on four lines that have been sent him from Salamanca, which I suspect are for some poetical tournament.”

To all this Don Quixote said in reply, “Children, senor, are portions of their parents’ bowels, and therefore, be they good or bad, are to be loved as we love the souls that give us life; it is for the parents to guide them from infancy in the ways of virtue, propriety, and worthy Christian conduct, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their parents’ old age, and the glory of their posterity; and to force them to study this or that science I do not think wise, though it may be no harm to persuade them; and when there is no need to study for the sake of *pane lucrando*, and it is the student’s good fortune that heaven has given him parents who provide him with it, it would be my advice to them to let him pursue whatever science they may see him most inclined to; and though that of poetry is less useful than pleasurable, it is not one of those that bring discredit upon the possessor. Poetry, gentle sir, is, as I take it, like a tender young maiden of supreme beauty, to array, bedeck, and adorn whom is the task of several other maidens, who are all the rest of the sciences; and she must avail herself of the help of all, and all derive their lustre from her. But this maiden will not bear to be handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed either at the corners of the market-places, or in the closets of palaces. She is the product of an Alchemy of such virtue that he who is able to practise it, will turn her into pure gold of inestimable worth. He that possesses her must keep her within bounds, not permitting her to break out in ribald satires or soulless sonnets. She must on no account be offered for sale, unless, indeed, it be in heroic poems, moving tragedies, or sprightly and ingenious comedies. She must not be touched by the buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or appreciating her hidden treasures. And do not suppose, senor, that I apply the term vulgar here merely to plebeians and the lower orders; for everyone who is ignorant, be he lord or prince, may and should be included among the vulgar. He, then, who shall embrace and cultivate poetry under the conditions I have named, shall become famous, and his name honoured throughout all the civilised nations of the earth. And with regard to what you say, senor, of your son having no great opinion of Spanish poetry, I am inclined to think that he is not quite right there, and for this reason: the great poet Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor did Virgil write in Greek, because he was a Latin; in short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they imbibed with their mother’s milk, and never went in quest of foreign ones to express their sublime conceptions; and that being so, the usage should in justice extend to all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, senor, I suspect, is not prejudiced against Spanish poetry, but against those poets who are mere Spanish verse writers, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences to adorn and give life and vigour to their natural inspiration; and yet even in this he may be wrong; for, according to a true belief, a poet is born one; that is to say, the poet by nature comes forth a poet from his mother’s womb; and following the bent that heaven has bestowed upon him, without the aid of study or art, he produces things that show how truly he spoke who said, ‘*Est Deus in nobis*,’ etc. At the same time, I say that the poet by nature who calls in art to his aid will be a far better poet, and will surpass him who tries to be one relying upon his knowledge of art alone. The reason is, that art does not surpass nature, but only brings it to perfection; and thus, nature combined with art, and art with nature, will produce a perfect poet. To bring my argument to a close, I would say then, gentle sir, let your son go on as his star leads him, for being so studious as he seems to be, and having already successfully surmounted the first step of the sciences, which is that of the languages, with their help he will by his own exertions reach the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes an independent gentleman, and adorns, honours, and distinguishes him, as much as the mitre does the bishop, or the gown the learned counsellor. If your son write satires reflecting on the honour of others, chide and correct him, and tear them up; but if he compose discourses in which he rebukes vice in general, in the style of Horace, and with elegance like his, commend him; for it is legitimate for a poet to write against envy and lash the envious in his verse, and the other vices too, provided he does not single out individuals; there are, however, poets who, for the sake of saying something spiteful, would run the risk of being banished to the coast of Pontus. If the poet be pure in his morals, he will be pure in his verses too; the pen is the tongue of the mind, and as the thought engendered there, so will be the

things that it writes down. And when kings and princes observe this marvellous science of poetry in wise, virtuous, and thoughtful subjects, they honour, value, exalt them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt strikes not, as if to show that they whose brows are honoured and adorned with such a crown are not to be assailed by anyone.”

He of the green gaban was filled with astonishment at Don Quixote’s argument, so much so that he began to abandon the notion he had taken up about his being crazy. But in the middle of the discourse, it being not very much to his taste, Sancho had turned aside out of the road to beg a little milk from some shepherds, who were milking their ewes hard by; and just as the gentleman, highly pleased, was about to renew the conversation, Don Quixote, raising his head, perceived a cart covered with royal flags coming along the road they were travelling; and persuaded that this must be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and bring him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, quitted the shepherds, and, prodding Dapple vigorously, came up to his master, to whom there fell a terrific and desperate adventure.

### Chapter XVII

*Wherein is shown the furthest and highest point which the unexampled courage of Don Quixote reached or could reach; together with the happily achieved adventure of the lions*

The history tells that when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, Sancho was buying some curds the shepherds agreed to sell him, and flurried by the great haste his master was in did not know what to do with them or what to carry them in; so, not to lose them, for he had already paid for them, he thought it best to throw them into his master’s helmet, and acting on this bright idea he went to see what his master wanted with him. He, as he approached, exclaimed to him:

“Give me that helmet, my friend, for either I know little of adventures, or what I observe yonder is one that will, and does, call upon me to arm myself.”

He of the green gaban, on hearing this, looked in all directions, but could perceive nothing, except a cart coming towards them with two or three small flags, which led him to conclude it must be carrying treasure of the King’s, and he said so to Don Quixote. He, however, would not believe him, being always persuaded and convinced that all that happened to him must be adventures and still more adventures; so he replied to the gentleman, “He who is prepared has his battle half fought; nothing is lost by my preparing myself, for I know by experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, and I know not when, or where, or at what moment, or in what shapes they will attack me;” and turning to Sancho he called for his helmet; and Sancho, as he had no time to take out the curds, had to give it just as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without perceiving what was in it thrust it down in hot haste upon his head; but as the curds were pressed and squeezed the whey began to run all over his face and beard, whereat he was so startled that he cried out to Sancho:

“Sancho, what’s this? I think my head is softening, or my brains are melting, or I am sweating from head to foot! If I am sweating it is not indeed from fear. I am convinced beyond a doubt that the adventure which is about to befall me is a terrible one. Give me something to wipe myself with, if thou hast it, for this profuse sweat is blinding me.”

Sancho held his tongue, and gave him a cloth, and gave thanks to God at the same time that his master had not found out what was the matter. Don Quixote then wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that made his head feel so cool, and seeing all that white mash inside his helmet he put it to his nose, and as soon as he had smelt it he exclaimed:

“By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, but it is curds thou hast put here, thou treacherous, impudent, ill-mannered squire!”

To which, with great composure and pretended innocence, Sancho replied, “If they are curds let me have them, your worship, and I’ll eat them; but let the devil eat them, for it must have been he who put them there. I dare not dirty your helmet! You have guessed the offender finely! Faith, sir, by the light God gives me, it seems I must have enchanters too, that persecute me as a creature and limb of your worship, and they must have put that nastiness there in order to provoke your patience to anger, and make you baste my ribs as you are wont to do. Well, this time, indeed, they have missed their aim, for I trust to my master’s good sense to see that I have got no curds or milk, or anything of the sort; and that if I had it is in my stomach I would put it and not in the helmet.”

“May be so,” said Don Quixote. All this the gentleman was observing, and with astonishment, more especially when, after having wiped himself clean, his head, face, beard, and helmet, Don Quixote put it on, and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, easing his sword in the scabbard, and grasping his lance, he cried, “Now, come who will, here am I, ready to try conclusions with Satan himself in person!”

By this time the cart with the flags had come up, unattended by anyone except the carter on a mule, and a man sitting in front. Don Quixote planted himself before it and said, “Whither are you going, brothers? What cart is



this? What have you got in it? What flags are those?"

To this the carter replied, "The cart is mine; what is in it is a pair of wild caged lions, which the governor of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty; and the flags are our lord the King's, to show that what is here is his property."

"And are the lions large?" asked Don Quixote.

"So large," replied the man who sat at the door of the cart, "that larger, or as large, have never crossed from Africa to Spain; I am the keeper, and I have brought over others, but never any like these. They are male and female; the male is in that first cage and the female in the one behind, and they are hungry now, for they have eaten nothing to-day, so let your worship stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them."

Hereupon, smiling slightly, Don Quixote exclaimed, "Lion-whelps to me! to me whelps of lions, and at such a time! Then, by God! those gentlemen who send them here shall see if I am a man to be frightened by lions. Get down, my good fellow, and as you are the keeper open the cages, and turn me out those beasts, and in the midst of this plain I will let them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and in the teeth of the enchanters who send them to me."

"So, so," said the gentleman to himself at this; "our worthy knight has shown of what sort he is; the curds, no doubt, have softened his skull and brought his brains to a head."

At this instant Sancho came up to him, saying, "Senor, for God's sake do something to keep my master, Don Quixote, from tackling these lions; for if he does they'll tear us all to pieces here."

"Is your master then so mad," asked the gentleman, "that you believe and are afraid he will engage such fierce animals?"

"He is not mad," said Sancho, "but he is venturesome."

"I will prevent it," said the gentleman; and going over to Don Quixote, who was insisting upon the keeper's opening the cages, he said to him, "Sir knight, knights-errant should attempt adventures which encourage the hope of a successful issue, not those which entirely withhold it; for valour that trenches upon temerity savours rather of madness than of courage; moreover, these lions do not come to oppose you, nor do they dream of such a thing; they are going as presents to his Majesty, and it will not be right to stop them or delay their journey."

"Gentle sir," replied Don Quixote, "you go and mind your tame partridge and your bold ferret, and leave everyone to manage his own business; this is mine, and I know whether these gentlemen the lions come to me or not;" and then turning to the keeper he exclaimed, "By all that's good, sir scoundrel, if you don't open the cages this very instant, I'll pin you to the cart with this lance."

The carter, seeing the determination of this apparition in armour, said to him, "Please your worship, for charity's sake, senor, let me unyoke the mules and place myself in safety along with them before the lions are turned out; for if they kill them on me I am ruined for life, for all I possess is this cart and mules."

"O man of little faith," replied Don Quixote, "get down and unyoke; you will soon see that you are exerting yourself for nothing, and that you might have spared yourself the trouble."

The carter got down and with all speed unyoked the mules, and the keeper called out at the top of his voice, "I call all here to witness that against my will and under compulsion I open the cages and let the lions loose, and that I warn this gentleman that he will be accountable for all the harm and mischief which these beasts may do, and for my salary and dues as well. You, gentlemen, place yourselves in safety before I open, for I know they will do me no harm."

Once more the gentleman strove to persuade Don Quixote not to do such a mad thing, as it was tempting God to engage in such a piece of folly. To this, Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was about. The gentleman in return entreated him to reflect, for he knew he was under a delusion.

"Well, senor," answered Don Quixote, "if you do not like to be a spectator of this tragedy, as in your opinion it will be, spur your flea-bitten mare, and place yourself in safety."

Hearing this, Sancho with tears in his eyes entreated him to give up an enterprise compared with which the one of the windmills, and the awful one of the fulling mills, and, in fact, all the feats he had attempted in the whole course of his life, were cakes and fancy bread. "Look ye, senor," said Sancho, "there's no enchantment here, nor anything of the sort, for between the bars and chinks of the cage I have seen the paw of a real lion, and judging by that I reckon the lion such a paw could belong to must be bigger than a mountain."

"Fear at any rate," replied Don Quixote, "will make him look bigger to thee than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here thou knowest our old compact; thou wilt repair to Dulcinea—I say no more." To these he added some further words that banished all hope of his giving up his insane project. He of the green gaban would have offered resistance, but he found himself ill-matched as to arms, and did not think it prudent to come to blows with a madman, for such Don Quixote now showed himself to be in every respect; and the latter, renewing his commands to the keeper and repeating his threats, gave warning to the gentleman to spur his mare, Sancho his Dapple, and the carter his mules, all striving to get away from the cart as far as they could before the lions broke

loose. Sancho was weeping over his master's death, for this time he firmly believed it was in store for him from the claws of the lions; and he cursed his fate and called it an unlucky hour when he thought of taking service with him again; but with all his tears and lamentations he did not forget to thrash Dapple so as to put a good space between himself and the cart. The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were now some distance off, once more entreated and warned him as before; but he replied that he heard him, and that he need not trouble himself with any further warnings or entreaties, as they would be fruitless, and bade him make haste.

During the delay that occurred while the keeper was opening the first cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would not be well to do battle on foot, instead of on horseback, and finally resolved to fight on foot, fearing that Rocinante might take fright at the sight of the lions; he therefore sprang off his horse, flung his lance aside, braced his buckler on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced slowly with marvellous intrepidity and resolute courage, to plant himself in front of the cart, commending himself with all his heart to God and to his lady Dulcinea.

It is to be observed, that on coming to this passage, the author of this veracious history breaks out into exclamations. "O doughty Don Quixote! high-mettled past extolling! Mirror, wherein all the heroes of the world may see themselves! Second modern Don Manuel de Leon, once the glory and honour of Spanish knighthood! In what words shall I describe this dread exploit, by what language shall I make it credible to ages to come, what eulogies are there unmeet for thee, though they be hyperboles piled on hyperboles! On foot, alone, undaunted, high-souled, with but a simple sword, and that no trenchant blade of the Perrillo brand, a shield, but no bright polished steel one, there stoodst thou, biding and awaiting the two fiercest lions that Africa's forests ever bred! Thy own deeds be thy praise, valiant Manchegan, and here I leave them as they stand, wanting the words wherewith to glorify them!"

Here the author's outburst came to an end, and he proceeded to take up the thread of his story, saying that the keeper, seeing that Don Quixote had taken up his position, and that it was impossible for him to avoid letting out the male without incurring the enmity of the fiery and daring knight, flung open the doors of the first cage, containing, as has been said, the lion, which was now seen to be of enormous size, and grim and hideous mien. The first thing he did was to turn round in the cage in which he lay, and protrude his claws, and stretch himself thoroughly; he next opened his mouth, and yawned very leisurely, and with near two palms' length of tongue that he had thrust forth, he licked the dust out of his eyes and washed his face; having done this, he put his head out of the cage and looked all round with eyes like glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanour to strike terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote merely observed him steadily, longing for him to leap from the cart and come to close quarters with him, when he hoped to hew him in pieces.

So far did his unparalleled madness go; but the noble lion, more courteous than arrogant, not troubling himself about silly bravado, after having looked all round, as has been said, turned about and presented his hind-quarters to Don Quixote, and very coolly and tranquilly lay down again in the cage. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered the keeper to take a stick to him and provoke him to make him come out.

"That I won't," said the keeper; "for if I anger him, the first he'll tear in pieces will be myself. Be satisfied, sir knight, with what you have done, which leaves nothing more to be said on the score of courage, and do not seek to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; he is free to come out or not to come out; but as he has not come out so far, he will not come out to-day. Your worship's great courage has been fully manifested already; no brave champion, so it strikes me, is bound to do more than challenge his enemy and wait for him on the field; if his adversary does not come, on him lies the disgrace, and he who waits for him carries off the crown of victory."

"That is true," said Don Quixote; "close the door, my friend, and let me have, in the best form thou canst, what thou hast seen me do, by way of certificate; to wit, that thou didst open for the lion, that I waited for him, that he did not come out, that I still waited for him, and that still he did not come out, and lay down again. I am not bound to do more; enchantments avaunt, and God uphold the right, the truth, and true chivalry! Close the door as I bade thee, while I make signals to the fugitives that have left us, that they may learn this exploit from thy lips."

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, fixing on the point of his lance the cloth he had wiped his face with after the deluge of curds, proceeded to recall the others, who still continued to fly, looking back at every step, all in a body, the gentleman bringing up the rear. Sancho, however, happening to observe the signal of the white cloth, exclaimed, "May I die, if my master has not overcome the wild beasts, for he is calling to us."

They all stopped, and perceived that it was Don Quixote who was making signals, and shaking off their fears to some extent, they approached slowly until they were near enough to hear distinctly Don Quixote's voice calling to them. They returned at length to the cart, and as they came up, Don Quixote said to the carter, "Put your mules to once more, brother, and continue your journey; and do thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and the keeper, to compensate for the delay they have incurred through me."

"That will I give with all my heart," said Sancho; "but what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

The keeper, then, in full detail, and bit by bit, described the end of the contest, exalting to the best of his power and ability the valour of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion quailed, and would not and dared not come

out of the cage, although he had held the door open ever so long; and showing how, in consequence of his having represented to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion in order to force him out, which he wished to have done, he very reluctantly, and altogether against his will, had allowed the door to be closed.

“What dost thou think of this, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “Are there any enchantments that can prevail against true valour? The enchanters may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage they cannot.”

Sancho paid the crowns, the carter put to, the keeper kissed Don Quixote’s hands for the bounty bestowed upon him, and promised to give an account of the valiant exploit to the King himself, as soon as he saw him at court.

“Then,” said Don Quixote, “if his Majesty should happen to ask who performed it, you must say THE KNIGHT OF THE LIONS; for it is my desire that into this the name I have hitherto borne of Knight of the Rueful Countenance be from this time forward changed, altered, transformed, and turned; and in this I follow the ancient usage of knights-errant, who changed their names when they pleased, or when it suited their purpose.”

The cart went its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he of the green gaban went theirs. All this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being entirely taken up with observing and noting all that Don Quixote did and said, and the opinion he formed was that he was a man of brains gone mad, and a madman on the verge of rationality. The first part of his history had not yet reached him, for, had he read it, the amazement with which his words and deeds filled him would have vanished, as he would then have understood the nature of his madness; but knowing nothing of it, he took him to be rational one moment, and crazy the next, for what he said was sensible, elegant, and well expressed, and what he did, absurd, rash, and foolish; and said he to himself, “What could be madder than putting on a helmet full of curds, and then persuading oneself that enchanters are softening one’s skull; or what could be greater rashness and folly than wanting to fight lions tooth and nail?”

Don Quixote roused him from these reflections and this soliloquy by saying, “No doubt, Senor Don Diego de Miranda, you set me down in your mind as a fool and a madman, and it would be no wonder if you did, for my deeds do not argue anything else. But for all that, I would have you take notice that I am neither so mad nor so foolish as I must have seemed to you. A gallant knight shows to advantage bringing his lance to bear adroitly upon a fierce bull under the eyes of his sovereign, in the midst of a spacious plaza; a knight shows to advantage arrayed in glittering armour, pacing the lists before the ladies in some joyous tournament, and all those knights show to advantage that entertain, divert, and, if we may say so, honour the courts of their princes by warlike exercises, or what resemble them; but to greater advantage than all these does a knight-errant show when he traverses deserts, solitudes, cross-roads, forests, and mountains, in quest of perilous adventures, bent on bringing them to a happy and successful issue, all to win a glorious and lasting renown. To greater advantage, I maintain, does the knight-errant show bringing aid to some widow in some lonely waste, than the court knight dallying with some city damsel. All knights have their own special parts to play; let the courtier devote himself to the ladies, let him add lustre to his sovereign’s court by his liveries, let him entertain poor gentlemen with the sumptuous fare of his table, let him arrange joustings, marshal tournaments, and prove himself noble, generous, and magnificent, and above all a good Christian, and so doing he will fulfil the duties that are especially his; but let the knight-errant explore the corners of the earth and penetrate the most intricate labyrinths, at each step let him attempt impossibilities, on desolate heaths let him endure the burning rays of the midsummer sun, and the bitter inclemency of the winter winds and frosts; let no lions daunt him, no monsters terrify him, no dragons make him quail; for to seek these, to attack those, and to vanquish all, are in truth his main duties. I, then, as it has fallen to my lot to be a member of knight-errantry, cannot avoid attempting all that to me seems to come within the sphere of my duties; thus it was my bounden duty to attack those lions that I just now attacked, although I knew it to be the height of rashness; for I know well what valour is, that it is a virtue that occupies a place between two vicious extremes, cowardice and temerity; but it will be a lesser evil for him who is valiant to rise till he reaches the point of rashness, than to sink until he reaches the point of cowardice; for, as it is easier for the prodigal than for the miser to become generous, so it is easier for a rash man to prove truly valiant than for a coward to rise to true valour; and believe me, Senor Don Diego, in attempting adventures it is better to lose by a card too many than by a card too few; for to hear it said, ‘such a knight is rash and daring,’ sounds better than ‘such a knight is timid and cowardly.’”

“I protest, Senor Don Quixote,” said Don Diego, “everything you have said and done is proved correct by the test of reason itself; and I believe, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship’s breast as in their own proper depository and muniment-house; but let us make haste, and reach my village, where you shall take rest after your late exertions; for if they have not been of the body they have been of the spirit, and these sometimes tend to produce bodily fatigue.”

“I take the invitation as a great favour and honour, Senor Don Diego,” replied Don Quixote; and pressing forward at a better pace than before, at about two in the afternoon they reached the village and house of Don Diego, or, as Don Quixote called him, “The Knight of the Green Gaban.”

## Chapter XLII

*Of the counsels which Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza before he set out to govern the island, together with other well-considered matters*

The duke and duchess were so well pleased with the successful and droll result of the adventure of the Distressed One, that they resolved to carry on the joke, seeing what a fit subject they had to deal with for making it all pass for reality. So having laid their plans and given instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the next day, that following Clavileno's flight, the duke told Sancho to prepare and get ready to go and be governor, for his islanders were already looking out for him as for the showers of May.

Sancho made him an obeisance, and said, "Ever since I came down from heaven, and from the top of it beheld the earth, and saw how little it is, the great desire I had to be a governor has been partly cooled in me; for what is there grand in being ruler on a grain of mustard seed, or what dignity or authority in governing half a dozen men about as big as hazel nuts; for, so far as I could see, there were no more on the whole earth? If your lordship would be so good as to give me ever so small a bit of heaven, were it no more than half a league, I'd rather have it than the best island in the world."

"Recollect, Sancho," said the duke, "I cannot give a bit of heaven, no not so much as the breadth of my nail, to anyone; rewards and favours of that sort are reserved for God alone. What I can give I give you, and that is a real, genuine island, compact, well proportioned, and uncommonly fertile and fruitful, where, if you know how to use your opportunities, you may, with the help of the world's riches, gain those of heaven."

"Well then," said Sancho, "let the island come; and I'll try and be such a governor, that in spite of scoundrels I'll go to heaven; and it's not from any craving to quit my own humble condition or better myself, but from the desire I have to try what it tastes like to be a governor."

"If you once make trial of it, Sancho," said the duke, "you'll eat your fingers off after the government, so sweet a thing is it to command and be obeyed. Depend upon it when your master comes to be emperor (as he will beyond a doubt from the course his affairs are taking), it will be no easy matter to wrest the dignity from him, and he will be sore and sorry at heart to have been so long without becoming one."

"Senor," said Sancho, "it is my belief it's a good thing to be in command, if it's only over a drove of cattle."

"May I be buried with you, Sancho," said the duke, "but you know everything; I hope you will make as good a governor as your sagacity promises; and that is all I have to say; and now remember to-morrow is the day you must set out for the government of the island, and this evening they will provide you with the proper attire for you to wear, and all things requisite for your departure."

"Let them dress me as they like," said Sancho; "however I'm dressed I'll be Sancho Panza."

"That's true," said the duke; "but one's dress must be suited to the office or rank one holds; for it would not do for a jurist to dress like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, shall go partly as a lawyer, partly as a captain, for, in the island I am giving you, arms are needed as much as letters, and letters as much as arms."

"Of letters I know but little," said Sancho, "for I don't even know the A B C; but it is enough for me to have the Christus in my memory to be a good governor. As for arms, I'll handle those they give me till I drop, and then, God be my help!"

"With so good a memory," said the duke, "Sancho cannot go wrong in anything."

Here Don Quixote joined them; and learning what passed, and how soon Sancho was to go to his government, he with the duke's permission took him by the hand, and retired to his room with him for the purpose of giving him advice as to how he was to demean himself in his office. As soon as they had entered the chamber he closed the door after him, and almost by force made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a quiet tone thus addressed him: "I give infinite thanks to heaven, friend Sancho, that, before I have met with any good luck, fortune has come forward to meet thee. I who counted upon my good fortune to discharge the recompense of thy services, find myself still waiting for advancement, while thou, before the time, and contrary to all reasonable expectation, seest thyself blessed in the fulfillment of thy desires. Some will bribe, beg, solicit, rise early, entreat, persist, without attaining the object of their suit; while another comes, and without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself invested with the place or office so many have sued for; and here it is that the common saying, 'There is good luck as well as bad luck in suits,' applies. Thou, who, to my thinking, art beyond all doubt a dullard, without early rising or night watching or taking any trouble, with the mere breath of knight-errantry that has breathed upon thee, seest thyself without more ado governor of an island, as though it were a mere matter of course. This I say, Sancho, that thou attribute not the favour thou hast received to thine own merits, but give thanks to heaven that disposes matters beneficently, and secondly thanks to the great power the profession of knight-errantry contains in itself. With a heart, then, inclined to believe what I have said to thee, attend, my son, to thy Cato here who would counsel thee and be thy polestar and guide to direct and pilot thee to a safe haven out of this stormy sea wherein thou art about to ingulf thyself; for offices and great trusts are nothing else but a mighty gulf of troubles.

“First of all, my son, thou must fear God, for in the fear of him is wisdom, and being wise thou canst not err in aught.

“Secondly, thou must keep in view what thou art, striving to know thyself, the most difficult thing to know that the mind can imagine. If thou knowest thyself, it will follow thou wilt not puff thyself up like the frog that strove to make himself as large as the ox; if thou dost, the recollection of having kept pigs in thine own country will serve as the ugly feet for the wheel of thy folly.”

“That’s the truth,” said Sancho; “but that was when I was a boy; afterwards when I was something more of a man it was geese I kept, not pigs. But to my thinking that has nothing to do with it; for all who are governors don’t come of a kingly stock.”

“True,” said Don Quixote, “and for that reason those who are not of noble origin should take care that the dignity of the office they hold be accompanied by a gentle suavity, which wisely managed will save them from the sneers of malice that no station escapes.

“Glory in thy humble birth, Sancho, and be not ashamed of saying thou art peasant-born; for when it is seen thou art not ashamed no one will set himself to put thee to the blush; and pride thyself rather upon being one of lowly virtue than a lofty sinner. Countless are they who, born of mean parentage, have risen to the highest dignities, pontifical and imperial, and of the truth of this I could give thee instances enough to weary thee.

“Remember, Sancho, if thou make virtue thy aim, and take a pride in doing virtuous actions, thou wilt have no cause to envy those who have princely and lordly ones, for blood is an inheritance, but virtue an acquisition, and virtue has in itself alone a worth that blood does not possess.

“This being so, if perchance anyone of thy kinsfolk should come to see thee when thou art in thine island, thou art not to repel or slight him, but on the contrary to welcome him, entertain him, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt be approved of heaven (which is not pleased that any should despise what it hath made), and wilt comply with the laws of well-ordered nature.

“If thou carriest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those that administer governments to be long without their wives), teach and instruct her, and strive to smooth down her natural roughness; for all that may be gained by a wise governor may be lost and wasted by a boorish stupid wife.

“If perchance thou art left a widower—a thing which may happen—and in virtue of thy office seekest a consort of higher degree, choose not one to serve thee for a hook, or for a fishing-rod, or for the hood of thy ‘won’t have it;’ for verily, I tell thee, for all the judge’s wife receives, the husband will be held accountable at the general calling to account; where he will have repay in death fourfold, items that in life he regarded as naught.

“Never go by arbitrary law, which is so much favoured by ignorant men who plume themselves on cleverness.

“Let the tears of the poor man find with thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

“Strive to lay bare the truth, as well amid the promises and presents of the rich man, as amid the sobs and entreaties of the poor.

“When equity may and should be brought into play, press not the utmost rigour of the law against the guilty; for the reputation of the stern judge stands not higher than that of the compassionate.

“If perchance thou permittest the staff of justice to swerve, let it be not by the weight of a gift, but by that of mercy.

“If it should happen to thee to give judgment in the cause of one who is thine enemy, turn thy thoughts away from thy injury and fix them on the justice of the case.

“Let not thine own passion blind thee in another man’s cause; for the errors thou wilt thus commit will be most frequently irremediable; or if not, only to be remedied at the expense of thy good name and even of thy fortune.

“If any handsome woman come to seek justice of thee, turn away thine eyes from her tears and thine ears from her lamentations, and consider deliberately the merits of her demand, if thou wouldst not have thy reason swept away by her weeping, and thy rectitude by her sighs.

“Abuse not by word him whom thou hast to punish in deed, for the pain of punishment is enough for the unfortunate without the addition of thine objurgations.

“Bear in mind that the culprit who comes under thy jurisdiction is but a miserable man subject to all the propensities of our depraved nature, and so far as may be in thy power show thyself lenient and forbearing; for though the attributes of God are all equal, to our eyes that of mercy is brighter and loftier than that of justice.

“If thou followest these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days will be long, thy fame eternal, thy reward abundant, thy felicity unutterable; thou wilt marry thy children as thou wouldst; they and thy grandchildren will bear titles; thou wilt live in peace and concord with all men; and, when life draws to a close, death will come to thee in calm and ripe old age, and the light and loving hands of thy great-grandchildren will close thine eyes.

“What I have thus far addressed to thee are instructions for the adornment of thy mind; listen now to those which tend to that of the body.”

## Chapter XLIII

*Of the second set of counsels Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza*

Who, hearing the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote, would not have set him down for a person of great good sense and greater rectitude of purpose? But, as has been frequently observed in the course of this great history, he only talked nonsense when he touched on chivalry, and in discussing all other subjects showed that he had a clear and unbiassed understanding; so that at every turn his acts gave the lie to his intellect, and his intellect to his acts; but in the case of these second counsels that he gave Sancho, he showed himself to have a lively turn of humour, and displayed conspicuously his wisdom, and also his folly.

Sancho listened to him with the deepest attention, and endeavoured to fix his counsels in his memory, like one who meant to follow them and by their means bring the full promise of his government to a happy issue. Don Quixote, then, went on to say:

“With regard to the mode in which thou shouldst govern thy person and thy house, Sancho, the first charge I have to give thee is to be clean, and to cut thy nails, not letting them grow as some do, whose ignorance makes them fancy that long nails are an ornament to their hands, as if those excrescences they neglect to cut were nails, and not the talons of a lizard-catching kestrel—a filthy and unnatural abuse.

“Go not ungirt and loose, Sancho; for disordered attire is a sign of an unstable mind, unless indeed the slovenliness and slackness is to be set down to craft, as was the common opinion in the case of Julius Caesar.

“Ascertain cautiously what thy office may be worth; and if it will allow thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them respectable and serviceable, rather than showy and gay ones, and divide them between thy servants and the poor; that is to say, if thou canst clothe six pages, clothe three and three poor men, and thus thou wilt have pages for heaven and pages for earth; the vainglorious never think of this new mode of giving liveries.

“Eat not garlic nor onions, lest they find out thy boorish origin by the smell; walk slowly and speak deliberately, but not in such a way as to make it seem thou art listening to thyself, for all affectation is bad.

“Dine sparingly and sup more sparingly still; for the health of the whole body is forged in the workshop of the stomach.

“Be temperate in drinking, bearing in mind that wine in excess keeps neither secrets nor promises.

“Take care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides, and not to eruct in anybody’s presence.”

“Eruct!” said Sancho; “I don’t know what that means.”

“To eruct, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “means to belch, and that is one of the filthiest words in the Spanish language, though a very expressive one; and therefore nice folk have had recourse to the Latin, and instead of belch say eruct, and instead of belches say eructations; and if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom will bring them into use in the course of time, so that they will be readily understood; this is the way a language is enriched; custom and the public are all-powerful there.”

“In truth, senor,” said Sancho, “one of the counsels and cautions I mean to bear in mind shall be this, not to belch, for I’m constantly doing it.”

“Eruct, Sancho, not belch,” said Don Quixote.

“Eruct, I shall say henceforth, and I swear not to forget it,” said Sancho.

“Likewise, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thou must not mingle such a quantity of proverbs in thy discourse as thou dost; for though proverbs are short maxims, thou dost drag them in so often by the head and shoulders that they savour more of nonsense than of maxims.”

“God alone can cure that,” said Sancho; “for I have more proverbs in me than a book, and when I speak they come so thick together into my mouth that they fall to fighting among themselves to get out; that’s why my tongue lets fly the first that come, though they may not be pat to the purpose. But I’ll take care henceforward to use such as befit the dignity of my office; for ‘in a house where there’s plenty, supper is soon cooked,’ and ‘he who binds does not wrangle,’ and ‘the bell-ringer’s in a safe berth,’ and ‘giving and keeping require brains.’”

“That’s it, Sancho!” said Don Quixote; “pack, tack, string proverbs together; nobody is hindering thee! ‘My mother beats me, and I go on with my tricks.’ I am bidding thee avoid proverbs, and here in a second thou hast shot out a whole litany of them, which have as much to do with what we are talking about as ‘over the hills of Ubeda.’ Mind, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb aptly brought in is objectionable; but to pile up and string together proverbs at random makes conversation dull and vulgar.

“When thou ridest on horseback, do not go lolling with thy body on the back of the saddle, nor carry thy legs stiff or sticking out from the horse’s belly, nor yet sit so loosely that one would suppose thou wert on Dapple; for the seat on a horse makes gentlemen of some and grooms of others.

“Be moderate in thy sleep; for he who does not rise early does not get the benefit of the day; and remember, Sancho, diligence is the mother of good fortune, and indolence, its opposite, never yet attained the object of an honest ambition.

“The last counsel I will give thee now, though it does not tend to bodily improvement, I would have thee carry carefully in thy memory, for I believe it will be no less useful to thee than those I have given thee already, and it is this—never engage in a dispute about families, at least in the way of comparing them one with another; for necessarily one of those compared will be better than the other, and thou wilt be hated by the one thou hast disparaged, and get nothing in any shape from the one thou hast exalted.

“Thy attire shall be hose of full length, a long jerkin, and a cloak a trifle longer; loose breeches by no means, for they are becoming neither for gentlemen nor for governors.

“For the present, Sancho, this is all that has occurred to me to advise thee; as time goes by and occasions arise my instructions shall follow, if thou take care to let me know how thou art circumstanced.”

“Senor,” said Sancho, “I see well enough that all these things your worship has said to me are good, holy, and profitable; but what use will they be to me if I don’t remember one of them? To be sure that about not letting my nails grow, and marrying again if I have the chance, will not slip out of my head; but all that other hash, muddle, and jumble—I don’t and can’t recollect any more of it than of last year’s clouds; so it must be given me in writing; for though I can’t either read or write, I’ll give it to my confessor, to drive it into me and remind me of it whenever it is necessary.”

“Ah, sinner that I am!” said Don Quixote, “how bad it looks in governors not to know how to read or write; for let me tell thee, Sancho, when a man knows not how to read, or is left-handed, it argues one of two things; either that he was the son of exceedingly mean and lowly parents, or that he himself was so incorrigible and ill-conditioned that neither good company nor good teaching could make any impression on him. It is a great defect that thou labourest under, and therefore I would have thee learn at any rate to sign thy name.” “I can sign my name well enough,” said Sancho, “for when I was steward of the brotherhood in my village I learned to make certain letters, like the marks on bales of goods, which they told me made out my name. Besides I can pretend my right hand is disabled and make some one else sign for me, for ‘there’s a remedy for everything except death;’ and as I shall be in command and hold the staff, I can do as I like; moreover, ‘he who has the alcalde for his father-,’ and I’ll be governor, and that’s higher than alcalde. Only come and see! Let them make light of me and abuse me; ‘they’ll come for wool and go back shorn;’ ‘whom God loves, his house is known to Him;’ ‘the silly sayings of the rich pass for saws in the world;’ and as I’ll be rich, being a governor, and at the same time generous, as I mean to be, no fault will be seen in me. ‘Only make yourself honey and the flies will suck you;’ ‘as much as thou hast so much art thou worth,’ as my grandmother used to say; and ‘thou canst have no revenge of a man of substance.’”

“Oh, God’s curse upon thee, Sancho!” here exclaimed Don Quixote; “sixty thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! For the last hour thou hast been stringing them together and inflicting the pangs of torture on me with every one of them. Those proverbs will bring thee to the gallows one day, I promise thee; thy subjects will take the government from thee, or there will be revolts among them. Tell me, where dost thou pick them up, thou booby? How dost thou apply them, thou blockhead? For with me, to utter one and make it apply properly, I have to sweat and labour as if I were digging.”

“By God, master mine,” said Sancho, “your worship is making a fuss about very little. Why the devil should you be vexed if I make use of what is my own? And I have got nothing else, nor any other stock in trade except proverbs and more proverbs; and here are three just this instant come into my head, pat to the purpose and like pears in a basket; but I won’t repeat them, for ‘sage silence is called Sancho.’”

“That, Sancho, thou art not,” said Don Quixote; “for not only art thou not sage silence, but thou art pestilent prate and perversity; still I would like to know what three proverbs have just now come into thy memory, for I have been turning over mine own—and it is a good one—and none occurs to me.”

“What can be better,” said Sancho, “than ‘never put thy thumbs between two back teeth;’ and ‘to “get out of my house” and “what do you want with my wife?” there is no answer;’ and ‘whether the pitcher hits the stove, or the stove the pitcher, it’s a bad business for the pitcher;’ all which fit to a hair? For no one should quarrel with his governor, or him in authority over him, because he will come off the worst, as he does who puts his finger between two back and if they are not back teeth it makes no difference, so long as they are teeth; and to whatever the governor may say there’s no answer, any more than to ‘get out of my house’ and ‘what do you want with my wife?’ and then, as for that about the stone and the pitcher, a blind man could see that. So that he ‘who sees the mote in another’s eye had need to see the beam in his own,’ that it be not said of himself, ‘the dead woman was frightened at the one with her throat cut;’ and your worship knows well that ‘the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in another’s.’”

“Nay, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the fool knows nothing, either in his own house or in anybody else’s, for no wise structure of any sort can stand on a foundation of folly; but let us say no more about it, Sancho, for if thou governest badly, thine will be the fault and mine the shame; but I comfort myself with having done my duty in advising thee as earnestly and as wisely as I could; and thus I am released from my obligations and my promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the misgiving I have that thou wilt turn the

whole island upside down, a thing I might easily prevent by explaining to the duke what thou art and telling him that all that fat little person of thine is nothing else but a sack full of proverbs and sauciness.”

“Senor,” said Sancho, “if your worship thinks I’m not fit for this government, I give it up on the spot; for the mere black of the nail of my soul is dearer to me than my whole body; and I can live just as well, simple Sancho, on bread and onions, as governor, on partridges and capons; and what’s more, while we’re asleep we’re all equal, great and small, rich and poor. But if your worship looks into it, you will see it was your worship alone that put me on to this business of governing; for I know no more about the government of islands than a buzzard; and if there’s any reason to think that because of my being a governor the devil will get hold of me, I’d rather go Sancho to heaven than governor to hell.”

“By God, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for those last words thou hast uttered alone, I consider thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast good natural instincts, without which no knowledge is worth anything; commend thyself to God, and try not to swerve in the pursuit of thy main object; I mean, always make it thy aim and fixed purpose to do right in all matters that come before thee, for heaven always helps good intentions; and now let us go to dinner, for I think my lord and lady are waiting for us.”

### Chapter XLIV

*How Sancho Panza was conducted to his government, and of the strange adventure that befell Don Quixote in the castle*

It is stated, they say, in the true original of this history, that when Cide Hamete came to write this chapter, his interpreter did not translate it as he wrote it—that is, as a kind of complaint the Moor made against himself for having taken in hand a story so dry and of so little variety as this of Don Quixote, for he found himself forced to speak perpetually of him and Sancho, without venturing to indulge in digressions and episodes more serious and more interesting. He said, too, that to go on, mind, hand, pen always restricted to writing upon one single subject, and speaking through the mouths of a few characters, was intolerable drudgery, the result of which was never equal to the author’s labour, and that to avoid this he had in the First Part availed himself of the device of novels, like “The Ill-advised Curiosity,” and “The Captive Captain,” which stand, as it were, apart from the story; the others are given there being incidents which occurred to Don Quixote himself and could not be omitted. He also thought, he says, that many, engrossed by the interest attaching to the exploits of Don Quixote, would take none in the novels, and pass them over hastily or impatiently without noticing the elegance and art of their composition, which would be very manifest were they published by themselves and not as mere adjuncts to the crazes of Don Quixote or the simplicities of Sancho. Therefore in this Second Part he thought it best not to insert novels, either separate or interwoven, but only episodes, something like them, arising out of the circumstances the facts present; and even these sparingly, and with no more words than suffice to make them plain; and as he confines and restricts himself to the narrow limits of the narrative, though he has ability; capacity, and brains enough to deal with the whole universe, he requests that his labours may not be despised, and that credit be given him, not alone for what he writes, but for what he has refrained from writing.

And so he goes on with his story, saying that the day Don Quixote gave the counsels to Sancho, the same afternoon after dinner he handed them to him in writing so that he might get some one to read them to him. They had scarcely, however, been given to him when he let them drop, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who showed them to the duchess and they were both amazed afresh at the madness and wit of Don Quixote. To carry on the joke, then, the same evening they despatched Sancho with a large following to the village that was to serve him for an island. It happened that the person who had him in charge was a majordomo of the duke’s, a man of great discretion and humour—and there can be no humour without discretion—and the same who played the part of the Countess Trifaldi in the comical way that has been already described; and thus qualified, and instructed by his master and mistress as to how to deal with Sancho, he carried out their scheme admirably. Now it came to pass that as soon as Sancho saw this majordomo he seemed in his features to recognise those of the Trifaldi, and turning to his master, he said to him, “Senor, either the devil will carry me off, here on this spot, righteous and believing, or your worship will own to me that the face of this majordomo of the duke’s here is the very face of the Distressed One.”

Don Quixote regarded the majordomo attentively, and having done so, said to Sancho, “There is no reason why the devil should carry thee off, Sancho, either righteous or believing—and what thou meanest by that I know not; the face of the Distressed One is that of the majordomo, but for all that the majordomo is not the Distressed One; for his being so would involve a mighty contradiction; but this is not the time for going into questions of the sort, which would be involving ourselves in an inextricable labyrinth. Believe me, my friend, we must pray earnestly to our Lord that he deliver us both from wicked wizards and enchanters.”

“It is no joke, senor,” said Sancho, “for before this I heard him speak, and it seemed exactly as if the voice of the Trifaldi was sounding in my ears. Well, I’ll hold my peace; but I’ll take care to be on the look-out henceforth for any sign that may be seen to confirm or do away with this suspicion.”



“Thou wilt do well, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and thou wilt let me know all thou discoverest, and all that befalls thee in thy government.”

Sancho at last set out attended by a great number of people. He was dressed in the garb of a lawyer, with a gaban of tawny watered camlet over all and a montera cap of the same material, and mounted a la gineta upon a mule. Behind him, in accordance with the duke’s orders, followed Dapple with brand new ass-trappings and ornaments of silk, and from time to time Sancho turned round to look at his ass, so well pleased to have him with him that he would not have changed places with the emperor of Germany. On taking leave he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess and got his master’s blessing, which Don Quixote gave him with tears, and he received blubbering.

Let worthy Sancho go in peace, and good luck to him, Gentle Reader; and look out for two bushels of laughter, which the account of how he behaved himself in office will give thee. In the meantime turn thy attention to what happened his master the same night, and if thou dost not laugh thereat, at any rate thou wilt stretch thy mouth with a grin; for Don Quixote’s adventures must be honoured either with wonder or with laughter.

It is recorded, then, that as soon as Sancho had gone, Don Quixote felt his loneliness, and had it been possible for him to revoke the mandate and take away the government from him he would have done so. The duchess observed his dejection and asked him why he was melancholy; because, she said, if it was for the loss of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and damsels in her house who would wait upon him to his full satisfaction.

“The truth is, senora,” replied Don Quixote, “that I do feel the loss of Sancho; but that is not the main cause of my looking sad; and of all the offers your excellence makes me, I accept only the good-will with which they are made, and as to the remainder I entreat of your excellence to permit and allow me alone to wait upon myself in my chamber.”

“Indeed, Senor Don Quixote,” said the duchess, “that must not be; four of my damsels, as beautiful as flowers, shall wait upon you.”

“To me,” said Don Quixote, “they will not be flowers, but thorns to pierce my heart. They, or anything like them, shall as soon enter my chamber as fly. If your highness wishes to gratify me still further, though I deserve it not, permit me to please myself, and wait upon myself in my own room; for I place a barrier between my inclinations and my virtue, and I do not wish to break this rule through the generosity your highness is disposed to display towards me; and, in short, I will sleep in my clothes, sooner than allow anyone to undress me.”

“Say no more, Senor Don Quixote, say no more,” said the duchess; “I assure you I will give orders that not even a fly, not to say a damsel, shall enter your room. I am not the one to undermine the propriety of Senor Don Quixote, for it strikes me that among his many virtues the one that is pre-eminent is that of modesty. Your worship may undress and dress in private and in your own way, as you please and when you please, for there will be no one to hinder you; and in your chamber you will find all the utensils requisite to supply the wants of one who sleeps with his door locked, to the end that no natural needs compel you to open it. May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand years, and may her fame extend all over the surface of the globe, for she deserves to be loved by a knight so valiant and so virtuous; and may kind heaven infuse zeal into the heart of our governor Sancho Panza to finish off his discipline speedily, so that the world may once more enjoy the beauty of so grand a lady.”

To which Don Quixote replied, “Your highness has spoken like what you are; from the mouth of a noble lady nothing bad can come; and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and better known to the world by the praise of your highness than by all the eulogies the greatest orators on earth could bestow upon her.”

“Well, well, Senor Don Quixote,” said the duchess, it is nearly supper-time, and the duke is probably waiting; come let us go to supper, and retire to rest early, for the journey you made yesterday from Kandy was not such a short one but that it must have caused you some fatigue.”

“I feel none, senora,” said Don Quixote, “for I would go so far as to swear to your excellence that in all my life I never mounted a quieter beast, or a pleasanter paced one, than Clavileno; and I don’t know what could have induced Malambruno to discard a steed so swift and so gentle, and burn it so recklessly as he did.”

“Probably,” said the duchess, “repenting of the evil he had done to the Trifaldi and company, and others, and the crimes he must have committed as a wizard and enchanter, he resolved to make away with all the instruments of his craft; and so burned Clavileno as the chief one, and that which mainly kept him restless, wandering from land to land; and by its ashes and the trophy of the placard the valour of the great Don Quixote of La Mancha is established for ever.”

Don Quixote renewed his thanks to the duchess; and having supped, retired to his chamber alone, refusing to allow anyone to enter with him to wait on him, such was his fear of encountering temptations that might lead or drive him to forget his chaste fidelity to his lady Dulcinea; for he had always present to his mind the virtue of Amadis, that flower and mirror of knights-errant. He locked the door behind him, and by the light of two wax candles undressed himself, but as he was taking off his stockings—O disaster unworthy of such a personage!—there came a burst, not of sighs, or anything belying his delicacy or good breeding, but of some two dozen stitches in one of his stockings, that made it look like a window-lattice. The worthy gentleman was beyond measure distressed, and

at that moment he would have given an ounce of silver to have had half a drachm of green silk there; I say green silk, because the stockings were green.

Here Cide Hamete exclaimed as he was writing, "O poverty, poverty! I know not what could have possessed the great Cordovan poet to call thee 'holy gift ungratefully received.' Although a Moor, I know well enough from the intercourse I have had with Christians that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty; but for all that, I say he must have a great deal of godliness who can find any satisfaction in being poor; unless, indeed, it be the kind of poverty one of their greatest saints refers to, saying, 'possess all things as though ye possessed them not;' which is what they call poverty in spirit. But thou, that other poverty—for it is of thee I am speaking now—why dost thou love to fall out with gentlemen and men of good birth more than with other people? Why dost thou compel them to smear the cracks in their shoes, and to have the buttons of their coats, one silk, another hair, and another glass? Why must their ruffs be always crinkled like endive leaves, and not crimped with a crimping iron?" (From this we may perceive the antiquity of starch and crimped ruffs.) Then he goes on: "Poor gentleman of good family! always cockering up his honour, dining miserably and in secret, and making a hypocrite of the toothpick with which he sallies out into the street after eating nothing to oblige him to use it! Poor fellow, I say, with his nervous honour, fancying they perceive a league off the patch on his shoe, the sweat-stains on his hat, the shabbiness of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach!"

All this was brought home to Don Quixote by the bursting of his stitches; however, he comforted himself on perceiving that Sancho had left behind a pair of travelling boots, which he resolved to wear the next day. At last he went to bed, out of spirits and heavy at heart, as much because he missed Sancho as because of the irreparable disaster to his stockings, the stitches of which he would have even taken up with silk of another colour, which is one of the greatest signs of poverty a gentleman can show in the course of his never-failing embarrassments. He put out the candles; but the night was warm and he could not sleep; he rose from his bed and opened slightly a grated window that looked out on a beautiful garden, and as he did so he perceived and heard people walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen attentively, and those below raised their voices so that he could hear these words:

"Urge me not to sing, Emerencia, for thou knowest that ever since this stranger entered the castle and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing but only weep; besides my lady is a light rather than a heavy sleeper, and I would not for all the wealth of the world that she found us here; and even if she were asleep and did not waken, my singing would be in vain, if this strange Aeneas, who has come into my neighbourhood to flout me, sleeps on and wakens not to hear it."

"Heed not that, dear Altisidora," replied a voice; "the duchess is no doubt asleep, and everybody in the house save the lord of thy heart and disturber of thy soul; for just now I perceived him open the grated window of his chamber, so he must be awake; sing, my poor sufferer, in a low sweet tone to the accompaniment of thy harp; and even if the duchess hears us we can lay the blame on the heat of the night."

"That is not the point, Emerencia," replied Altisidora, "it is that I would not that my singing should lay bare my heart, and that I should be thought a light and wanton maiden by those who know not the mighty power of love; but come what may; better a blush on the cheeks than a sore in the heart;" and here a harp softly touched made itself heard. As he listened to all this Don Quixote was in a state of breathless amazement, for immediately the countless adventures like this, with windows, gratings, gardens, serenades, lovemakings, and languishings, that he had read of in his trashy books of chivalry, came to his mind. He at once concluded that some damsel of the duchess's was in love with him, and that her modesty forced her to keep her passion secret. He trembled lest he should fall, and made an inward resolution not to yield; and commending himself with all his might and soul to his lady Dulcinea he made up his mind to listen to the music; and to let them know he was there he gave a pretended sneeze, at which the damsels were not a little delighted, for all they wanted was that Don Quixote should hear them. So having tuned the harp, Altisidora, running her hand across the strings, began this ballad:

O thou that art above in bed,  
Between the holland sheets,  
A-lying there from night till morn,  
With outstretched legs asleep;

O thou, most valiant knight of all  
The famed Manchegan breed,  
Of purity and virtue more  
Than gold of Araby;

Give ear unto a suffering maid,  
 Well-grown but evil-starr'd,  
 For those two suns of thine have lit  
 A fire within her heart.

Adventures seeking thou dost rove,  
 To others bringing woe;  
 Thou scatterest wounds, but, ah, the balm  
 To heal them dost withhold!

Say, valiant youth, and so may God  
 Thy enterprises speed,  
 Didst thou the light mid Libya's sands  
 Or Jaca's rocks first see?

Did scaly serpents give thee suck?  
 Who nursed thee when a babe?  
 Wert cradled in the forest rude,  
 Or gloomy mountain cave?

O Dulcinea may be proud,  
 That plump and lusty maid;  
 For she alone hath had the power  
 A tiger fierce to tame.

And she for this shall famous be  
 From Tagus to Jarama,  
 From Manzanares to Genil,  
 From Duero to Arlanza.

Fain would I change with her, and give  
 A petticoat to boot,  
 The best and bravest that I have,  
 All trimmed with gold galloon.

O for to be the happy fair  
 Thy mighty arms enfold,  
 Or even sit beside thy bed  
 And scratch thy dusty poll!

I rave,—to favours such as these  
 Unworthy to aspire;  
 Thy feet to tickle were enough  
 For one so mean as I.

What caps, what slippers silver-laced,  
 Would I on thee bestow!  
 What damask breeches make for thee;  
 What fine long holland cloaks!

And I would give thee pearls that should  
 As big as oak-galls show;  
 So matchless big that each might well  
 Be called the great «Alone.»

Manchegan Nero, look not down  
 From thy Tarpeian Rock  
 Upon this burning heart, nor add  
 The fuel of thy wrath.

A virgin soft and young am I,  
 Not yet fifteen years old;  
 (I'm only three months past fourteen,  
 I swear upon my soul).

I hobble not nor do I limp,  
 All blemish I'm without,  
 And as I walk my lily locks  
 Are trailing on the ground.

And though my nose be rather flat,  
 And though my mouth be wide,  
 My teeth like topazes exalt  
 My beauty to the sky.

Thou knowest that my voice is sweet,  
 That is if thou dost hear;  
 And I am moulded in a form  
 Somewhat below the mean.

These charms, and many more, are thine,  
 Spoils to thy spear and bow all;  
 A damsel of this house am I,  
 By name Altisidora.

Here the lay of the heart-stricken Altisidora came to an end, while the warmly wooed Don Quixote began to feel alarm; and with a deep sigh he said to himself, "O that I should be such an unlucky knight that no damsel can set eyes on me but falls in love with me! O that the peerless Dulcinea should be so unfortunate that they cannot let her enjoy my incomparable constancy in peace! What would ye with her, ye queens? Why do ye persecute her, ye empresses? Why ye pursue her, ye virgins of from fourteen to fifteen? Leave the unhappy being to triumph, rejoice and glory in the lot love has been pleased to bestow upon her in surrendering my heart and yielding up my soul to her. Ye love-smitten host, know that to Dulcinea only I am dough and sugar-paste, flint to all others; for her I am honey, for you aloes. For me Dulcinea alone is beautiful, wise, virtuous, graceful, and high-bred, and all others are ill-favoured, foolish, light, and low-born. Nature sent me into the world to be hers and no other's; Altisidora may weep or sing, the lady for whose sake they belaboured me in the castle of the enchanted Moor may give way to despair, but I must be Dulcinea's, boiled or roast, pure, courteous, and chaste, in spite of all the magic-working powers on earth." And with that he shut the window with a bang, and, as much out of temper and out of sorts as if some great misfortune had befallen him, stretched himself on his bed, where we will leave him for the present, as the great Sancho Panza, who is about to set up his famous government, now demands our attention.

### Chapter XLV

*Of how the great Sancho Panza took possession of his island, and of how he made a beginning in governing*

O perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of heaven, sweet stimulator of the water-coolers! Thimbraeus here, Phoebus there, now archer, now physician, father of poetry, inventor of music; thou that always risest and, notwithstanding appearances, never settest! To thee, O Sun, by whose aid man begetteth man, to thee I appeal to help me and lighten the darkness of my wit that I may be able to proceed with scrupulous exactitude in giving an account of the great Sancho Panza's government; for without thee I feel myself weak, feeble, and uncertain.

To come to the point, then—Sancho with all his attendants arrived at a village of some thousand inhabitants, and one of the largest the duke possessed. They informed him that it was called the island of Barataria, either because the name of the village was Baratario, or because of the joke by way of which the government had been

conferred upon him. On reaching the gates of the town, which was a walled one, the municipality came forth to meet him, the bells rang out a peal, and the inhabitants showed every sign of general satisfaction; and with great pomp they conducted him to the principal church to give thanks to God, and then with burlesque ceremonies they presented him with the keys of the town, and acknowledged him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The costume, the beard, and the fat squat figure of the new governor astonished all those who were not in on the secret, and even all who were, and they were not a few. Finally, leading him out of the church they carried him to the judgment seat and seated him on it, and the duke's majordomo said to him, "It is an ancient custom in this island, senior governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is bound to answer a question which shall be put to him, and which must be a somewhat knotty and difficult one; and by his answer the people take the measure of their new governor's wit, and hail with joy or deplore his arrival accordingly."

While the majordomo was making this speech Sancho was gazing at several large letters inscribed on the wall opposite his seat, and as he could not read he asked what that was that was painted on the wall. The answer was, "Senior, there is written and recorded the day on which your lordship took possession of this island, and the inscription says, 'This day, the so-and-so of such-and-such a month and year, Senior Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island; many years may he enjoy it.'"

"And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" asked Sancho.

"Your lordship," replied the majordomo; "for no other Panza but the one who is now seated in that chair has ever entered this island."

"Well then, let me tell you, brother," said Sancho, "I haven't got the 'Don,' nor has any one of my family ever had it; my name is plain Sancho Panza, and Sancho was my father's name, and Sancho was my grandfather's and they were all Panzas, without any Dons or Donas tacked on; I suspect that in this island there are more Dons than stones; but never mind; God knows what I mean, and maybe if my government lasts four days I'll weed out these Dons that no doubt are as great a nuisance as the midges, they're so plenty. Let the majordomo go on with his question, and I'll give the best answer I can, whether the people deplore or not."

At this instant there came into court two old men, one carrying a cane by way of a walking-stick, and the one who had no stick said, "Senior, some time ago I lent this good man ten gold-crowns in gold to gratify him and do him a service, on the condition that he was to return them to me whenever I should ask for them. A long time passed before I asked for them, for I would not put him to any greater straits to return them than he was in when I lent them to him; but thinking he was growing careless about payment I asked for them once and several times; and not only will he not give them back, but he denies that he owes them, and says I never lent him any such crowns; or if I did, that he repaid them; and I have no witnesses either of the loan, or the payment, for he never paid me; I want your worship to put him to his oath, and if he swears he returned them to me I forgive him the debt here and before God."

"What say you to this, good old man, you with the stick?" said Sancho.

To which the old man replied, "I admit, senior, that he lent them to me; but let your worship lower your staff, and as he leaves it to my oath, I'll swear that I gave them back, and paid him really and truly."

The governor lowered the staff, and as he did so the old man who had the stick handed it to the other old man to hold for him while he swore, as if he found it in his way; and then laid his hand on the cross of the staff, saying that it was true the ten crowns that were demanded of him had been lent him; but that he had with his own hand given them back into the hand of the other, and that he, not recollecting it, was always asking for them.

Seeing this the great governor asked the creditor what answer he had to make to what his opponent said. He said that no doubt his debtor had told the truth, for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian, and he himself must have forgotten when and how he had given him back the crowns; and that from that time forth he would make no further demand upon him.

The debtor took his stick again, and bowing his head left the court. Observing this, and how, without another word, he made off, and observing too the resignation of the plaintiff, Sancho buried his head in his bosom and remained for a short space in deep thought, with the forefinger of his right hand on his brow and nose; then he raised his head and bade them call back the old man with the stick, for he had already taken his departure. They brought him back, and as soon as Sancho saw him he said, "Honest man, give me that stick, for I want it."

"Willingly," said the old man; "here it is senior," and he put it into his hand.

Sancho took it and, handing it to the other old man, said to him, "Go, and God be with you; for now you are paid."

"I, senior!" returned the old man; "why, is this cane worth ten gold-crowns?"

"Yes," said the governor, "or if not I am the greatest dolt in the world; now you will see whether I have got the headpiece to govern a whole kingdom;" and he ordered the cane to be broken in two, there, in the presence of all. It was done, and in the middle of it they found ten gold-crowns. All were filled with amazement, and looked upon their governor as another Solomon. They asked him how he had come to the conclusion that the ten crowns were in

the cane; he replied, that observing how the old man who swore gave the stick to his opponent while he was taking the oath, and swore that he had really and truly given him the crowns, and how as soon as he had done swearing he asked for the stick again, it came into his head that the sum demanded must be inside it; and from this he said it might be seen that God sometimes guides those who govern in their judgments, even though they may be fools; besides he had himself heard the curate of his village mention just such another case, and he had so good a memory, that if it was not that he forgot everything he wished to remember, there would not be such a memory in all the island. To conclude, the old men went off, one crestfallen, and the other in high contentment, all who were present were astonished, and he who was recording the words, deeds, and movements of Sancho could not make up his mind whether he was to look upon him and set him down as a fool or as a man of sense.

As soon as this case was disposed of, there came into court a woman holding on with a tight grip to a man dressed like a well-to-do cattle dealer, and she came forward making a great outcry and exclaiming, "Justice, senor governor, justice! and if I don't get it on earth I'll go look for it in heaven. Senor governor of my soul, this wicked man caught me in the middle of the fields here and used my body as if it was an ill-washed rag, and, woe is me! got from me what I had kept these three-and-twenty years and more, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and strangers; and I always as hard as an oak, and keeping myself as pure as a salamander in the fire, or wool among the brambles, for this good fellow to come now with clean hands to handle me!"

"It remains to be proved whether this gallant has clean hands or not," said Sancho; and turning to the man he asked him what he had to say in answer to the woman's charge.

He all in confusion made answer, "Sirs, I am a poor pig dealer, and this morning I left the village to sell (saving your presence) four pigs, and between dues and cribbings they got out of me little less than the worth of them. As I was returning to my village I fell in on the road with this good dame, and the devil who makes a coil and a mess out of everything, yoked us together. I paid her fairly, but she not contented laid hold of me and never let go until she brought me here; she says I forced her, but she lies by the oath I swear or am ready to swear; and this is the whole truth and every particle of it."

The governor on this asked him if he had any money in silver about him; he said he had about twenty ducats in a leather purse in his bosom. The governor bade him take it out and hand it to the complainant; he obeyed trembling; the woman took it, and making a thousand salaams to all and praying to God for the long life and health of the senor governor who had such regard for distressed orphans and virgins, she hurried out of court with the purse grasped in both her hands, first looking, however, to see if the money it contained was silver.

As soon as she was gone Sancho said to the cattle dealer, whose tears were already starting and whose eyes and heart were following his purse, "Good fellow, go after that woman and take the purse from her, by force even, and come back with it here;" and he did not say it to one who was a fool or deaf, for the man was off like a flash of lightning, and ran to do as he was bid.

All the bystanders waited anxiously to see the end of the case, and presently both man and woman came back at even closer grips than before, she with her petticoat up and the purse in the lap of it, and he struggling hard to take it from her, but all to no purpose, so stout was the woman's defence, she all the while crying out, "Justice from God and the world! see here, senor governor, the shamelessness and boldness of this villain, who in the middle of the town, in the middle of the street, wanted to take from me the purse your worship bade him give me."

"And did he take it?" asked the governor.

"Take it!" said the woman; "I'd let my life be taken from me sooner than the purse. A pretty child I'd be! It's another sort of cat they must throw in my face, and not that poor scurvy knave. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chisels would not get it out of my grip; no, nor lions' claws; the soul from out of my body first!"

"She is right," said the man; "I own myself beaten and powerless; I confess I haven't the strength to take it from her;" and he let go his hold of her.

Upon this the governor said to the woman, "Let me see that purse, my worthy and sturdy friend." She handed it to him at once, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the unforced mistress of force, "Sister, if you had shown as much, or only half as much, spirit and vigour in defending your body as you have shown in defending that purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Be off, and God speed you, and bad luck to you, and don't show your face in all this island, or within six leagues of it on any side, under pain of two hundred lashes; be off at once, I say, you shameless, cheating shrew."

The woman was cowed and went off disconsolately, hanging her head; and the governor said to the man, "Honest man, go home with your money, and God speed you; and for the future, if you don't want to lose it, see that you don't take it into your head to yoke with anybody." The man thanked him as clumsily as he could and went his way, and the bystanders were again filled with admiration at their new governor's judgments and sentences.

Next, two men, one apparently a farm labourer, and the other a tailor, for he had a pair of shears in his hand, presented themselves before him, and the tailor said, "Senor governor, this labourer and I come before your worship by reason of this honest man coming to my shop yesterday (for saving everybody's presence I'm a passed tailor, God

be thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands and asking me, 'Senor, will there be enough in this cloth to make me a cap?' Measuring the cloth I said there would. He probably suspected—as I supposed, and I supposed right—that I wanted to steal some of the cloth, led to think so by his own roguery and the bad opinion people have of tailors; and he told me to see if there would be enough for two. I guessed what he would be at, and I said 'yes.' He, still following up his original unworthy notion, went on adding cap after cap, and I 'yes' after 'yes,' until we got as far as five. He has just this moment come for them; I gave them to him, but he won't pay me for the making; on the contrary, he calls upon me to pay him, or else return his cloth."

"Is all this true, brother?" said Sancho.

"Yes," replied the man; "but will your worship make him show the five caps he has made me?"

"With all my heart," said the tailor; and drawing his hand from under his cloak he showed five caps stuck upon the five fingers of it, and said, "there are the caps this good man asks for; and by God and upon my conscience I haven't a scrap of cloth left, and I'll let the work be examined by the inspectors of the trade."

All present laughed at the number of caps and the novelty of the suit; Sancho set himself to think for a moment, and then said, "It seems to me that in this case it is not necessary to deliver long-winded arguments, but only to give off-hand the judgment of an honest man; and so my decision is that the tailor lose the making and the labourer the cloth, and that the caps go to the prisoners in the gaol, and let there be no more about it."

If the previous decision about the cattle dealer's purse excited the admiration of the bystanders, this provoked their laughter; however, the governor's orders were after all executed. All this, having been taken down by his chronicler, was at once despatched to the duke, who was looking out for it with great eagerness; and here let us leave the good Sancho; for his master, sorely troubled in mind by Altisidora's music, has pressing claims upon us now.

## Chapter XLVI

### *Of the terrible bell and cat fright that Don Quixote got in the course of the enamoured Altisidora's wooing*

We left Don Quixote wrapped up in the reflections which the music of the enamoured maid Altisidora had given rise to. He went to bed with them, and just like fleas they would not let him sleep or get a moment's rest, and the broken stitches of his stockings helped them. But as Time is fleet and no obstacle can stay his course, he came riding on the hours, and morning very soon arrived. Seeing which Don Quixote quitted the soft down, and, nowise slothful, dressed himself in his chamois suit and put on his travelling boots to hide the disaster to his stockings. He threw over him his scarlet mantle, put on his head a montera of green velvet trimmed with silver edging, flung across his shoulder the baldric with his good trenchant sword, took up a large rosary that he always carried with him, and with great solemnity and precision of gait proceeded to the antechamber where the duke and duchess were already dressed and waiting for him. But as he passed through a gallery, Altisidora and the other damsel, her friend, were lying in wait for him, and the instant Altisidora saw him she pretended to faint, while her friend caught her in her lap, and began hastily unlacing the bosom of her dress.

Don Quixote observed it, and approaching them said, "I know very well what this seizure arises from."

"I know not from what," replied the friend, "for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in all this house, and I have never heard her complain all the time I have known her. A plague on all the knights-errant in the world, if they be all ungrateful! Go away, Senor Don Quixote; for this poor child will not come to herself again so long as you are here."

To which Don Quixote returned, "Do me the favour, senora, to let a lute be placed in my chamber to-night; and I will comfort this poor maiden to the best of my power; for in the early stages of love a prompt disillusion is an approved remedy;" and with this he retired, so as not to be remarked by any who might see him there.

He had scarcely withdrawn when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion, "The lute must be left, for no doubt Don Quixote intends to give us some music; and being his it will not be bad."

They went at once to inform the duchess of what was going on, and of the lute Don Quixote asked for, and she, delighted beyond measure, plotted with the duke and her two damsels to play him a trick that should be amusing but harmless; and in high glee they waited for night, which came quickly as the day had come; and as for the day, the duke and duchess spent it in charming conversation with Don Quixote.

When eleven o'clock came, Don Quixote found a guitar in his chamber; he tried it, opened the window, and perceived that some persons were walking in the garden; and having passed his fingers over the frets of the guitar and tuned it as well as he could, he spat and cleared his chest, and then with a voice a little hoarse but full-toned, he sang the following ballad, which he had himself that day composed:

Mighty Love the hearts of maidens  
Doth unsettle and perplex,  
And the instrument he uses  
Most of all is idleness.

Sewing, stitching, any labour,  
 Having always work to do,  
 To the poison Love instilleth  
 Is the antidote most sure.

And to proper-minded maidens  
 Who desire the matron's name  
 Modesty's a marriage portion,  
 Modesty their highest praise.

Men of prudence and discretion,  
 Courtiers gay and gallant knights,  
 With the wanton damsels dally,  
 But the modest take to wife.

There are passions, transient, fleeting,  
 Loves in hostelries declar'd,  
 Sunrise loves, with sunset ended,  
 When the guest hath gone his way.

Love that springs up swift and sudden,  
 Here to-day, to-morrow flown,  
 Passes, leaves no trace behind it,  
 Leaves no image on the soul.

Painting that is laid on painting  
 Maketh no display or show;  
 Where one beauty's in possession  
 There no other can take hold.

Dulcinea del Toboso  
 Painted on my heart I wear;  
 Never from its tablets, never,  
 Can her image be eras'd.

The quality of all in lovers  
 Most esteemed is constancy;  
 'T is by this that love works wonders,  
 This exalts them to the skies.

Don Quixote had got so far with his song, to which the duke, the duchess, Altisidora, and nearly the whole household of the castle were listening, when all of a sudden from a gallery above that was exactly over his window they let down a cord with more than a hundred bells attached to it, and immediately after that discharged a great sack full of cats, which also had bells of smaller size tied to their tails. Such was the din of the bells and the squalling of the cats, that though the duke and duchess were the contrivers of the joke they were startled by it, while Don Quixote stood paralysed with fear; and as luck would have it, two or three of the cats made their way in through the grating of his chamber, and flying from one side to the other, made it seem as if there was a legion of devils at large in it. They extinguished the candles that were burning in the room, and rushed about seeking some way of escape; the cord with the large bells never ceased rising and falling; and most of the people of the castle, not knowing what was really the matter, were at their wits' end with astonishment. Don Quixote sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword, began making passes at the grating, shouting out, "Avaunt, malignant enchanter! avaunt, ye witchcraft-working rabble! I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, against whom your evil machinations avail not nor have any power." And turning upon the cats that were running about the room, he made several cuts at them. They dashed at the grating and escaped by it, save one that, finding itself hard pressed by the slashes of Don Quixote's sword, flew at his face and held on to his nose tooth and nail, with the pain of which he began to shout his loudest. The duke and duchess hearing this, and guessing what it was, ran with all haste to his room, and as the poor gentleman was striving with all his might to detach the cat from his face, they opened the door with a master-key and went in with



lights and witnessed the unequal combat. The duke ran forward to part the combatants, but Don Quixote cried out aloud, "Let no one take him from me; leave me hand to hand with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter; I will teach him, I myself, who Don Quixote of La Mancha is." The cat, however, never minding these threats, snarled and held on; but at last the duke pulled it off and flung it out of the window. Don Quixote was left with a face as full of holes as a sieve and a nose not in very good condition, and greatly vexed that they did not let him finish the battle he had been so stoutly fighting with that villain of an enchanter. They sent for some oil of John's wort, and Altisidora herself with her own fair hands bandaged all the wounded parts; and as she did so she said to him in a low voice. "All these mishaps have befallen thee, hardhearted knight, for the sin of thy insensibility and obstinacy; and God grant thy squire Sancho may forget to whip himself, so that that dearly beloved Dulcinea of thine may never be released from her enchantment, that thou mayest never come to her bed, at least while I who adore thee am alive."

To all this Don Quixote made no answer except to heave deep sighs, and then stretched himself on his bed, thanking the duke and duchess for their kindness, not because he stood in any fear of that bell-ringing rabble of enchanters in cat shape, but because he recognised their good intentions in coming to his rescue. The duke and duchess left him to repose and withdrew greatly grieved at the unfortunate result of the joke; as they never thought the adventure would have fallen so heavy on Don Quixote or cost him so dear, for it cost him five days of confinement to his bed, during which he had another adventure, pleasanter than the late one, which his chronicler will not relate just now in order that he may turn his attention to Sancho Panza, who was proceeding with great diligence and drollery in his government.

### Chapter XLVII

*Wherein is continued the account of how Sancho Panza conducted himself in his government*

The history says that from the justice court they carried Sancho to a sumptuous palace, where in a spacious chamber there was a table laid out with royal magnificence. The clarions sounded as Sancho entered the room, and four pages came forward to present him with water for his hands, which Sancho received with great dignity. The music ceased, and Sancho seated himself at the head of the table, for there was only that seat placed, and no more than one cover laid. A personage, who it appeared afterwards was a physician, placed himself standing by his side with a whalebone wand in his hand. They then lifted up a fine white cloth covering fruit and a great variety of dishes of different sorts; one who looked like a student said grace, and a page put a laced bib on Sancho, while another who played the part of head carver placed a dish of fruit before him. But hardly had he tasted a morsel when the man with the wand touched the plate with it, and they took it away from before him with the utmost celerity. The carver, however, brought him another dish, and Sancho proceeded to try it; but before he could get at it, not to say taste it, already the wand had touched it and a page had carried it off with the same promptitude as the fruit. Sancho seeing this was puzzled, and looking from one to another asked if this dinner was to be eaten after the fashion of a jugglery trick.

To this he with the wand replied, "It is not to be eaten, senor governor, except as is usual and customary in other islands where there are governors. I, senor, am a physician, and I am paid a salary in this island to serve its governors as such, and I have a much greater regard for their health than for my own, studying day and night and making myself acquainted with the governor's constitution, in order to be able to cure him when he falls sick. The chief thing I have to do is to attend at his dinners and suppers and allow him to eat what appears to me to be fit for him, and keep from him what I think will do him harm and be injurious to his stomach; and therefore I ordered that plate of fruit to be removed as being too moist, and that other dish I ordered to be removed as being too hot and containing many spices that stimulate thirst; for he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical moisture wherein life consists."

"Well then," said Sancho, "that dish of roast partridges there that seems so savoury will not do me any harm."

To this the physician replied, "Of those my lord the governor shall not eat so long as I live."

"Why so?" said Sancho.

"Because," replied the doctor, "our master Hippocrates, the polestar and beacon of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms *omnis saturatio mala, perdisis autem pessima*, which means 'all repletion is bad, but that of partridge is the worst of all.'"

"In that case," said Sancho, "let senor doctor see among the dishes that are on the table what will do me most good and least harm, and let me eat it, without tapping it with his stick; for by the life of the governor, and so may God suffer me to enjoy it, but I'm dying of hunger; and in spite of the doctor and all he may say, to deny me food is the way to take my life instead of prolonging it."

"Your worship is right, senor governor," said the physician; "and therefore your worship, I consider, should not eat of those stewed rabbits there, because it is a furry kind of food; if that veal were not roasted and served with pickles, you might try it; but it is out of the question."

“That big dish that is smoking farther off,” said Sancho, “seems to me to be an olla podrida, and out of the diversity of things in such ollas, I can’t fail to light upon something tasty and good for me.”

“Absit,” said the doctor; “far from us be any such base thought! There is nothing in the world less nourishing than an olla podrida; to canons, or rectors of colleges, or peasants’ weddings with your ollas podridas, but let us have none of them on the tables of governors, where everything that is present should be delicate and refined; and the reason is, that always, everywhere and by everybody, simple medicines are more esteemed than compound ones, for we cannot go wrong in those that are simple, while in the compound we may, by merely altering the quantity of the things composing them. But what I am of opinion the governor should eat now in order to preserve and fortify his health is a hundred or so of wafer cakes and a few thin slices of conserve of quinces, which will settle his stomach and help his digestion.”

Sancho on hearing this threw himself back in his chair and surveyed the doctor steadily, and in a solemn tone asked him what his name was and where he had studied.

He replied, “My name, senor governor, is Doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera which lies between Caracuel and Almodovar del Campo, on the right-hand side, and I have the degree of doctor from the university of Osuna.”

To which Sancho, glowing all over with rage, returned, “Then let Doctor Pedro Recio de Malaguero, native of Tirteafuera, a place that’s on the right-hand side as we go from Caracuel to Almodovar del Campo, graduate of Osuna, get out of my presence at once; or I swear by the sun I’ll take a cudgel, and by dint of blows, beginning with him, I’ll not leave a doctor in the whole island; at least of those I know to be ignorant; for as to learned, wise, sensible physicians, them I will reverence and honour as divine persons. Once more I say let Pedro Recio get out of this or I’ll take this chair I am sitting on and break it over his head. And if they call me to account for it, I’ll clear myself by saying I served God in killing a bad doctor—a general executioner. And now give me something to eat, or else take your government; for a trade that does not feed its master is not worth two beans.”

The doctor was dismayed when he saw the governor in such a passion, and he would have made a Tirteafuera out of the room but that the same instant a post-horn sounded in the street; and the carver putting his head out of the window turned round and said, “It’s a courier from my lord the duke, no doubt with some despatch of importance.”

The courier came in all sweating and flurried, and taking a paper from his bosom, placed it in the governor’s hands. Sancho handed it to the majordomo and bade him read the superscription, which ran thus: To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, into his own hands or those of his secretary. Sancho when he heard this said, “Which of you is my secretary?” “I am, senor,” said one of those present, “for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan.” “With that addition,” said Sancho, “you might be secretary to the emperor himself; open this paper and see what it says.” The new-born secretary obeyed, and having read the contents said the matter was one to be discussed in private. Sancho ordered the chamber to be cleared, the majordomo and the carver only remaining; so the doctor and the others withdrew, and then the secretary read the letter, which was as follows:

It has come to my knowledge, Senor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island are about to make a furious attack upon it some night, I know not when. It behoves you to be on the alert and keep watch, that they surprise you not. I also know by trustworthy spies that four persons have entered the town in disguise in order to take your life, because they stand in dread of your great capacity; keep your eyes open and take heed who approaches you to address you, and eat nothing that is presented to you. I will take care to send you aid if you find yourself in difficulty, but in all things you will act as may be expected of your judgment. From this place, the Sixteenth of August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,  
THE DUKE.

Sancho was astonished, and those who stood by made believe to be so too, and turning to the majordomo he said to him, “What we have got to do first, and it must be done at once, is to put Doctor Recio in the lock-up; for if anyone wants to kill me it is he, and by a slow death and the worst of all, which is hunger.”

“Likewise,” said the carver, “it is my opinion your worship should not eat anything that is on this table, for the whole was a present from some nuns; and as they say, ‘behind the cross there’s the devil.’”

“I don’t deny it,” said Sancho; “so for the present give me a piece of bread and four pounds or so of grapes; no poison can come in them; for the fact is I can’t go on without eating; and if we are to be prepared for these battles that are threatening us we must be well provisioned; for it is the tripe that carry the heart and not the heart the tripe. And you, secretary, answer my lord the duke and tell him that all his commands shall be obeyed to the letter, as he directs; and say from me to my lady the duchess that I kiss her hands, and that I beg of her not to forget to

send my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza by a messenger; and I will take it as a great favour and will not fail to serve her in all that may lie within my power; and as you are about it you may enclose a kiss of the hand to my master Don Quixote that he may see I am grateful bread; and as a good secretary and a good Biscayan you may add whatever you like and whatever will come in best; and now take away this cloth and give me something to eat, and I'll be ready to meet all the spies and assassins and enchanters that may come against me or my island."

At this instant a page entered saying, "Here is a farmer on business, who wants to speak to your lordship on a matter of great importance, he says."

"It's very odd," said Sancho, "the ways of these men on business; is it possible they can be such fools as not to see that an hour like this is no hour for coming on business? We who govern and we who are judges—are we not men of flesh and blood, and are we not to be allowed the time required for taking rest, unless they'd have us made of marble? By God and on my conscience, if the government remains in my hands (which I have a notion it won't), I'll bring more than one man on business to order. However, tell this good man to come in; but take care first of all that he is not some spy or one of my assassins."

"No, my lord," said the page, "for he looks like a simple fellow, and either I know very little or he is as good as good bread."

"There is nothing to be afraid of," said the majordomo, "for we are all here."

"Would it be possible, carver," said Sancho, "now that Doctor Pedro Recio is not here, to let me eat something solid and substantial, if it were even a piece of bread and an onion?"

"To-night at supper," said the carver, "the shortcomings of the dinner shall be made good, and your lordship shall be fully contented."

"God grant it," said Sancho.

The farmer now came in, a well-favoured man that one might see a thousand leagues off was an honest fellow and a good soul. The first thing he said was, "Which is the lord governor here?"

"Which should it be," said the secretary, "but he who is seated in the chair?"

"Then I humble myself before him," said the farmer; and going on his knees he asked for his hand, to kiss it. Sancho refused it, and bade him stand up and say what he wanted. The farmer obeyed, and then said, "I am a farmer, senor, a native of Miguelturra, a village two leagues from Ciudad Real."

"Another Tirteafuera!" said Sancho; "say on, brother; I know Miguelturra very well I can tell you, for it's not very far from my own town."

"The case is this, senor," continued the farmer, "that by God's mercy I am married with the leave and licence of the holy Roman Catholic Church; I have two sons, students, and the younger is studying to become bachelor, and the elder to be licentiate; I am a widower, for my wife died, or more properly speaking, a bad doctor killed her on my hands, giving her a purge when she was with child; and if it had pleased God that the child had been born, and was a boy, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his brothers the bachelor and the licentiate."

"So that if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you would not now be a widower," said Sancho.

"No, senor, certainly not," said the farmer.

"We've got that much settled," said Sancho; "get on, brother, for it's more bed-time than business-time."

"Well then," said the farmer, "this son of mine who is going to be a bachelor, fell in love in the said town with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer; and this name of Perlerines does not come to them by ancestry or descent, but because all the family are paralytics, and for a better name they call them Perlerines; though to tell the truth the damsel is as fair as an Oriental pearl, and like a flower of the field, if you look at her on the right side; on the left not so much, for on that side she wants an eye that she lost by small-pox; and though her face is thickly and deeply pitted, those who love her say they are not pits that are there, but the graves where the hearts of her lovers are buried. She is so cleanly that not to soil her face she carries her nose turned up, as they say, so that one would fancy it was running away from her mouth; and with all this she looks extremely well, for she has a wide mouth; and but for wanting ten or a dozen teeth and grinders she might compare and compete with the comeliest. Of her lips I say nothing, for they are so fine and thin that, if lips might be reeled, one might make a skein of them; but being of a different colour from ordinary lips they are wonderful, for they are mottled, blue, green, and purple—let my lord the governor pardon me for painting so minutely the charms of her who some time or other will be my daughter; for I love her, and I don't find her amiss."

"Paint what you will," said Sancho; "I enjoy your painting, and if I had dined there could be no dessert more to my taste than your portrait."

"That I have still to furnish," said the farmer; "but a time will come when we may be able if we are not now; and I can tell you, senor, if I could paint her gracefulness and her tall figure, it would astonish you; but that is impossible because she is bent double with her knees up to her mouth; but for all that it is easy to see that if she could stand up she'd knock her head against the ceiling; and she would have given her hand to my bachelor ere this, only that she

can't stretch it out, for it's contracted; but still one can see its elegance and fine make by its long furrowed nails."

"That will do, brother," said Sancho; "consider you have painted her from head to foot; what is it you want now? Come to the point without all this beating about the bush, and all these scraps and additions."

"I want your worship, senor," said the farmer, "to do me the favour of giving me a letter of recommendation to the girl's father, begging him to be so good as to let this marriage take place, as we are not ill-matched either in the gifts of fortune or of nature; for to tell the truth, senor governor, my son is possessed of a devil, and there is not a day but the evil spirits torment him three or four times; and from having once fallen into the fire, he has his face puckered up like a piece of parchment, and his eyes watery and always running; but he has the disposition of an angel, and if it was not for belabouring and pummelling himself he'd be a saint."

"Is there anything else you want, good man?" said Sancho.

"There's another thing I'd like," said the farmer, "but I'm afraid to mention it; however, out it must; for after all I can't let it be rotting in my breast, come what may. I mean, senor, that I'd like your worship to give me three hundred or six hundred ducats as a help to my bachelor's portion, to help him in setting up house; for they must, in short, live by themselves, without being subject to the interferences of their fathers-in-law."

"Just see if there's anything else you'd like," said Sancho, "and don't hold back from mentioning it out of bashfulness or modesty."

"No, indeed there is not," said the farmer.

The moment he said this the governor started to his feet, and seizing the chair he had been sitting on exclaimed, "By all that's good, you ill-bred, boorish Don Bumpkin, if you don't get out of this at once and hide yourself from my sight, I'll lay your head open with this chair. You whoreson rascal, you devil's own painter, and is it at this hour you come to ask me for six hundred ducats! How should I have them, you stinking brute? And why should I give them to you if I had them, you knave and blockhead? What have I to do with Miguelturra or the whole family of the Perlerines? Get out I say, or by the life of my lord the duke I'll do as I said. You're not from Miguelturra, but some knave sent here from hell to tempt me. Why, you villain, I have not yet had the government half a day, and you want me to have six hundred ducats already!"

The carver made signs to the farmer to leave the room, which he did with his head down, and to all appearance in terror lest the governor should carry his threats into effect, for the rogue knew very well how to play his part.

But let us leave Sancho in his wrath, and peace be with them all; and let us return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged and doctored after the cat wounds, of which he was not cured for eight days; and on one of these there befell him what Cide Hamete promises to relate with that exactitude and truth with which he is wont to set forth everything connected with this great history, however minute it may be.

### Chapter XLVIII

*Of what befell Don Quixote with Dona Rodriguez, the Duchess's Duenna, together with other occurrences worthy of record and eternal remembrance*

Exceedingly moody and dejected was the sorely wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the claws of a cat, mishaps incidental to knight-errantry.

Six days he remained without appearing in public, and one night as he lay awake thinking of his misfortunes and of Altisidora's pursuit of him, he perceived that some one was opening the door of his room with a key, and he at once made up his mind that the enamoured damsel was coming to make an assault upon his chastity and put him in danger of failing in the fidelity he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. "No," said he, firmly persuaded of the truth of his idea (and he said it loud enough to be heard), "the greatest beauty upon earth shall not avail to make me renounce my adoration of her whom I bear stamped and graven in the core of my heart and the secret depths of my bowels; be thou, lady mine, transformed into a clumsy country wench, or into a nymph of golden Tagus weaving a web of silk and gold, let Merlin or Montesinos hold thee captive where they will; where'er thou art, thou art mine, and where'er I am, must be thine." The very instant he had uttered these words, the door opened. He stood up on the bed wrapped from head to foot in a yellow satin coverlet, with a cap on his head, and his face and his moustaches tied up, his face because of the scratches, and his moustaches to keep them from drooping and falling down, in which trim he looked the most extraordinary scarecrow that could be conceived. He kept his eyes fixed on the door, and just as he was expecting to see the love-smitten and unhappy Altisidora make her appearance, he saw coming in a most venerable duenna, in a long white-bordered veil that covered and enveloped her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand she held a short lighted candle, while with her right she shaded it to keep the light from her eyes, which were covered by spectacles of great size, and she advanced with noiseless steps, treading very softly.

Don Quixote kept an eye upon her from his watchtower, and observing her costume and noting her silence, he concluded that it must be some witch or sorceress that was coming in such a guise to work him some mischief,

and he began crossing himself at a great rate. The spectre still advanced, and on reaching the middle of the room, looked up and saw the energy with which Don Quixote was crossing himself; and if he was scared by seeing such a figure as hers, she was terrified at the sight of his; for the moment she saw his tall yellow form with the coverlet and the bandages that disfigured him, she gave a loud scream, and exclaiming, "Jesus! what's this I see?" let fall the candle in her fright, and then finding herself in the dark, turned about to make off, but stumbling on her skirts in her consternation, she measured her length with a mighty fall.

Don Quixote in his trepidation began saying, "I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art, tell me what thou art and what thou wouldst with me. If thou art a soul in torment, say so, and all that my powers can do I will do for thee; for I am a Catholic Christian and love to do good to all the world, and to this end I have embraced the order of knight-errantry to which I belong, the province of which extends to doing good even to souls in purgatory."

The unfortunate duenna hearing herself thus conjured, by her own fear guessed Don Quixote's and in a low plaintive voice answered, "Senor Don Quixote—if so be you are indeed Don Quixote—I am no phantom or spectre or soul in purgatory, as you seem to think, but Dona Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my lady the duchess, and I come to you with one of those grievances your worship is wont to redress."

"Tell me, Senora Dona Rodriguez," said Don Quixote, "do you perchance come to transact any go-between business? Because I must tell you I am not available for anybody's purpose, thanks to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. In short, Senora Dona Rodriguez, if you will leave out and put aside all love messages, you may go and light your candle and come back, and we will discuss all the commands you have for me and whatever you wish, saving only, as I said, all seductive communications."

"I carry nobody's messages, senor," said the duenna; "little you know me. Nay, I'm not far enough advanced in years to take to any such childish tricks. God be praised I have a soul in my body still, and all my teeth and grinders in my mouth, except one or two that the colds, so common in this Aragon country, have robbed me of. But wait a little, while I go and light my candle, and I will return immediately and lay my sorrows before you as before one who relieves those of all the world;" and without staying for an answer she quitted the room and left Don Quixote tranquilly meditating while he waited for her. A thousand thoughts at once suggested themselves to him on the subject of this new adventure, and it struck him as being ill done and worse advised in him to expose himself to the danger of breaking his plighted faith to his lady; and said he to himself, "Who knows but that the devil, being wily and cunning, may be trying now to entrap me with a duenna, having failed with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, and countesses? Many a time have I heard it said by many a man of sense that he will sooner offer you a flat-nosed wench than a roman-nosed one; and who knows but this privacy, this opportunity, this silence, may awaken my sleeping desires, and lead me in these my latter years to fall where I have never tripped? In cases of this sort it is better to flee than to await the battle. But I must be out of my senses to think and utter such nonsense; for it is impossible that a long, white-hooded spectacled duenna could stir up or excite a wanton thought in the most graceless bosom in the world. Is there a duenna on earth that has fair flesh? Is there a duenna in the world that escapes being ill-tempered, wrinkled, and prudish? Avaunt, then, ye duenna crew, undelightful to all mankind. Oh, but that lady did well who, they say, had at the end of her reception room a couple of figures of duennas with spectacles and lace-cushions, as if at work, and those statues served quite as well to give an air of propriety to the room as if they had been real duennas."

So saying he leaped off the bed, intending to close the door and not allow Senora Rodriguez to enter; but as he went to shut it Senora Rodriguez returned with a wax candle lighted, and having a closer view of Don Quixote, with the coverlet round him, and his bandages and night-cap, she was alarmed afresh, and retreating a couple of paces, exclaimed, "Am I safe, sir knight? for I don't look upon it as a sign of very great virtue that your worship should have got up out of bed."

"I may well ask the same, senora," said Don Quixote; "and I do ask whether I shall be safe from being assailed and forced?"

"Of whom and against whom do you demand that security, sir knight?" said the duenna.

"Of you and against you I ask it," said Don Quixote; "for I am not marble, nor are you brass, nor is it now ten o'clock in the morning, but midnight, or a trifle past it I fancy, and we are in a room more secluded and retired than the cave could have been where the treacherous and daring Aeneas enjoyed the fair soft-hearted Dido. But give me your hand, senora; I require no better protection than my own continence, and my own sense of propriety; as well as that which is inspired by that venerable head-dress;" and so saying he kissed her right hand and took it in his own, she yielding it to him with equal ceremoniousness. And here Cide Hamete inserts a parenthesis in which he says that to have seen the pair marching from the door to the bed, linked hand in hand in this way, he would have given the best of the two tunics he had.

Don Quixote finally got into bed, and Dona Rodriguez took her seat on a chair at some little distance from his couch, without taking off her spectacles or putting aside the candle. Don Quixote wrapped the bedclothes round him and covered himself up completely, leaving nothing but his face visible, and as soon as they had both regained

their composure he broke silence, saying, "Now, Senora Dona Rodriguez, you may unbosom yourself and out with everything you have in your sorrowful heart and afflicted bowels; and by me you shall be listened to with chaste ears, and aided by compassionate exertions."

"I believe it," replied the duenna; "from your worship's gentle and winning presence only such a Christian answer could be expected. The fact is, then, Senor Don Quixote, that though you see me seated in this chair, here in the middle of the kingdom of Aragon, and in the attire of a despised outcast duenna, I am from the Asturias of Oviedo, and of a family with which many of the best of the province are connected by blood; but my untoward fate and the improvidence of my parents, who, I know not how, were unseasonably reduced to poverty, brought me to the court of Madrid, where as a provision and to avoid greater misfortunes, my parents placed me as seamstress in the service of a lady of quality, and I would have you know that for hemming and sewing I have never been surpassed by any all my life. My parents left me in service and returned to their own country, and a few years later went, no doubt, to heaven, for they were excellent good Catholic Christians. I was left an orphan with nothing but the miserable wages and trifling presents that are given to servants of my sort in palaces; but about this time, without any encouragement on my part, one of the esquires of the household fell in love with me, a man somewhat advanced in years, full-bearded and personable, and above all as good a gentleman as the king himself, for he came of a mountain stock. We did not carry on our loves with such secrecy but that they came to the knowledge of my lady, and she, not to have any fuss about it, had us married with the full sanction of the holy mother Roman Catholic Church, of which marriage a daughter was born to put an end to my good fortune, if I had any; not that I died in childbirth, for I passed through it safely and in due season, but because shortly afterwards my husband died of a certain shock he received, and had I time to tell you of it I know your worship would be surprised;" and here she began to weep bitterly and said, "Pardon me, Senor Don Quixote, if I am unable to control myself, for every time I think of my unfortunate husband my eyes fill up with tears. God bless me, with what an air of dignity he used to carry my lady behind him on a stout mule as black as jet! for in those days they did not use coaches or chairs, as they say they do now, and ladies rode behind their squires. This much at least I cannot help telling you, that you may observe the good breeding and punctiliousness of my worthy husband. As he was turning into the Calle de Santiago in Madrid, which is rather narrow, one of the alcaldes of the Court, with two alguacils before him, was coming out of it, and as soon as my good squire saw him he wheeled his mule about and made as if he would turn and accompany him. My lady, who was riding behind him, said to him in a low voice, 'What are you about, you sneak, don't you see that I am here?' The alcalde like a polite man pulled up his horse and said to him, 'Proceed, senor, for it is I, rather, who ought to accompany my lady Dona Casilda'—for that was my mistress's name. Still my husband, cap in hand, persisted in trying to accompany the alcalde, and seeing this my lady, filled with rage and vexation, pulled out a big pin, or, I rather think, a bodkin, out of her needle-case and drove it into his back with such force that my husband gave a loud yell, and writhing fell to the ground with his lady. Her two lacqueys ran to rise her up, and the alcalde and the alguacils did the same; the Guadalajara gate was all in commotion—I mean the idlers congregated there; my mistress came back on foot, and my husband hurried away to a barber's shop protesting that he was run right through the guts. The courtesy of my husband was noised abroad to such an extent, that the boys gave him no peace in the street; and on this account, and because he was somewhat shortsighted, my lady dismissed him; and it was chagrin at this I am convinced beyond a doubt that brought on his death. I was left a helpless widow, with a daughter on my hands growing up in beauty like the sea-foam; at length, however, as I had the character of being an excellent needlewoman, my lady the duchess, then lately married to my lord the duke, offered to take me with her to this kingdom of Aragon, and my daughter also, and here as time went by my daughter grew up and with her all the graces in the world; she sings like a lark, dances quick as thought, foots it like a gipsy, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and does sums like a miser; of her neatness I say nothing, for the running water is not purer, and her age is now, if my memory serves me, sixteen years five months and three days, one more or less. To come to the point, the son of a very rich farmer, living in a village of my lord the duke's not very far from here, fell in love with this girl of mine; and in short, how I know not, they came together, and under the promise of marrying her he made a fool of my daughter, and will not keep his word. And though my lord the duke is aware of it (for I have complained to him, not once but many and many a time, and entreated him to order the farmer to marry my daughter), he turns a deaf ear and will scarcely listen to me; the reason being that as the deceiver's father is so rich, and lends him money, and is constantly going security for his debts, he does not like to offend or annoy him in any way. Now, senor, I want your worship to take it upon yourself to redress this wrong either by entreaty or by arms; for by what all the world says you came into it to redress grievances and right wrongs and help the unfortunate. Let your worship put before you the unprotected condition of my daughter, her youth, and all the perfections I have said she possesses; and before God and on my conscience, out of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe, and the one they call Altisidora, and look upon as the boldest and gayest of them, put in comparison with my daughter, does not come within two leagues of her. For I would have you know, senor, all is not gold that glitters, and that same little Altisidora has more forwardness than good looks,

and more impudence than modesty; besides being not very sound, for she has such a disagreeable breath that one cannot bear to be near her for a moment; and even my lady the duchess—but I'll hold my tongue, for they say that walls have ears."

"For heaven's sake, Dona Rodriguez, what ails my lady the duchess?" asked

Don Quixote.

"Adjured in that way," replied the duenna, "I cannot help answering the question and telling the whole truth. Senor Don Quixote, have you observed the comeliness of my lady the duchess, that smooth complexion of hers like a burnished polished sword, those two cheeks of milk and carmine, that gay lively step with which she treads or rather seems to spurn the earth, so that one would fancy she went radiating health wherever she passed? Well then, let me tell you she may thank, first of all God, for this, and next, two issues that she has, one in each leg, by which all the evil humours, of which the doctors say she is full, are discharged."

"Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "and is it possible that my lady the duchess has drains of that sort? I would not have believed it if the barefoot friars had told it me; but as the lady Dona Rodriguez says so, it must be so. But surely such issues, and in such places, do not discharge humours, but liquid amber. Verily, I do believe now that this practice of opening issues is a very important matter for the health."

Don Quixote had hardly said this, when the chamber door flew open with a loud bang, and with the start the noise gave her Dona Rodriguez let the candle fall from her hand, and the room was left as dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is. Suddenly the poor duenna felt two hands seize her by the throat, so tightly that she could not croak, while some one else, without uttering a word, very briskly hoisted up her petticoats, and with what seemed to be a slipper began to lay on so heartily that anyone would have felt pity for her; but although Don Quixote felt it he never stirred from his bed, but lay quiet and silent, nay apprehensive that his turn for a drubbing might be coming. Nor was the apprehension an idle one; for leaving the duenna (who did not dare to cry out) well basted, the silent executioners fell upon Don Quixote, and stripping him of the sheet and the coverlet, they pinched him so fast and so hard that he was driven to defend himself with his fists, and all this in marvellous silence. The battle lasted nearly half an hour, and then the phantoms fled; Dona Rodriguez gathered up her skirts, and bemoaning her fate went out without saying a word to Don Quixote, and he, sorely pinched, puzzled, and dejected, remained alone, and there we will leave him, wondering who could have been the perverse enchanter who had reduced him to such a state; but that shall be told in due season, for Sancho claims our attention, and the methodical arrangement of the story demands it.

## Chapter XLIX

### *Of what happened Sancho in making the round of his island*

We left the great governor angered and irritated by that portrait-painting rogue of a farmer who, instructed the majordomo, as the majordomo was by the duke, tried to practise upon him; he however, fool, boor, and clown as he was, held his own against them all, saying to those round him and to Doctor Pedro Recio, who as soon as the private business of the duke's letter was disposed of had returned to the room, "Now I see plainly enough that judges and governors ought to be and must be made of brass not to feel the importunities of the applicants that at all times and all seasons insist on being heard, and having their business despatched, and their own affairs and no others attended to, come what may; and if the poor judge does not hear them and settle the matter—either because he cannot or because that is not the time set apart for hearing them—forthwith they abuse him, and run him down, and gnaw at his bones, and even pick holes in his pedigree. You silly, stupid applicant, don't be in a hurry; wait for the proper time and season for doing business; don't come at dinner-hour, or at bed-time; for judges are only flesh and blood, and must give to Nature what she naturally demands of them; all except myself, for in my case I give her nothing to eat, thanks to Senor Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera here, who would have me die of hunger, and declares that death to be life; and the same sort of life may God give him and all his kind—I mean the bad doctors; for the good ones deserve palms and laurels."

All who knew Sancho Panza were astonished to hear him speak so elegantly, and did not know what to attribute it to unless it were that office and grave responsibility either smarten or stupefy men's wits. At last Doctor Pedro Recio Agilers of Tirteafuera promised to let him have supper that night though it might be in contravention of all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was satisfied and looked forward to the approach of night and supper-time with great anxiety; and though time, to his mind, stood still and made no progress, nevertheless the hour he so longed for came, and they gave him a beef salad with onions and some boiled calves' feet rather far gone. At this he fell to with greater relish than if they had given him francolins from Milan, pheasants from Rome, veal from Sorrento, partridges from Moron, or geese from Lavajos, and turning to the doctor at supper he said to him, "Look here, senor doctor, for the future don't trouble yourself about giving me dainty things or choice dishes to eat, for it will be only taking my stomach off its hinges; it is accustomed to goat, cow, bacon, hung beef, turnips

and onions; and if by any chance it is given these palace dishes, it receives them squeamishly, and sometimes with loathing. What the head-carver had best do is to serve me with what they call ollas podridas (and the rottener they are the better they smell); and he can put whatever he likes into them, so long as it is good to eat, and I'll be obliged to him, and will requite him some day. But let nobody play pranks on me, for either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in peace and good-fellowship, for when God sends the dawn, he sends it for all. I mean to govern this island without giving up a right or taking a bribe; let everyone keep his eye open, and look out for the arrow; for I can tell them 'the devil's in Cantillana,' and if they drive me to it they'll see something that will astonish them. Nay! make yourself honey and the flies eat you."

"Of a truth, senor governor," said the carver, "your worship is in the right of it in everything you have said; and I promise you in the name of all the inhabitants of this island that they will serve your worship with all zeal, affection, and good-will, for the mild kind of government you have given a sample of to begin with, leaves them no ground for doing or thinking anything to your worship's disadvantage."

"That I believe," said Sancho; "and they would be great fools if they did or thought otherwise; once more I say, see to my feeding and my Dapple's for that is the great point and what is most to the purpose; and when the hour comes let us go the rounds, for it is my intention to purge this island of all manner of uncleanness and of all idle good-for-nothing vagabonds; for I would have you know that lazy idlers are the same thing in a State as the drones in a hive, that eat up the honey the industrious bees make. I mean to protect the husbandman, to preserve to the gentleman his privileges, to reward the virtuous, and above all to respect religion and honour its ministers. What say you to that, my friends? Is there anything in what I say, or am I talking to no purpose?"

"There is so much in what your worship says, senor governor," said the majordomo, "that I am filled with wonder when I see a man like your worship, entirely without learning (for I believe you have none at all), say such things, and so full of sound maxims and sage remarks, very different from what was expected of your worship's intelligence by those who sent us or by us who came here. Every day we see something new in this world; jokes become realities, and the jokers find the tables turned upon them."

Night came, and with the permission of Doctor Pedro Recio, the governor had supper. They then got ready to go the rounds, and he started with the majordomo, the secretary, the head-carver, the chronicler charged with recording his deeds, and alguacils and notaries enough to form a fair-sized squadron. In the midst marched Sancho with his staff, as fine a sight as one could wish to see, and but a few streets of the town had been traversed when they heard a noise as of a clashing of swords. They hastened to the spot, and found that the combatants were but two, who seeing the authorities approaching stood still, and one of them exclaimed, "Help, in the name of God and the king! Are men to be allowed to rob in the middle of this town, and rush out and attack people in the very streets?"

"Be calm, my good man," said Sancho, "and tell me what the cause of this quarrel is; for I am the governor."

Said the other combatant, "Senor governor, I will tell you in a very few words. Your worship must know that this gentleman has just now won more than a thousand reals in that gambling house opposite, and God knows how. I was there, and gave more than one doubtful point in his favour, very much against what my conscience told me. He made off with his winnings, and when I made sure he was going to give me a crown or so at least by way of a present, as it is usual and customary to give men of quality of my sort who stand by to see fair or foul play, and back up swindles, and prevent quarrels, he pocketed his money and left the house. Indignant at this I followed him, and speaking him fairly and civilly asked him to give me if it were only eight reals, for he knows I am an honest man and that I have neither profession nor property, for my parents never brought me up to any or left me any; but the rogue, who is a greater thief than Cacus and a greater sharper than Andradilla, would not give me more than four reals; so your worship may see how little shame and conscience he has. But by my faith if you had not come up I'd have made him disgorge his winnings, and he'd have learned what the range of the steel-yard was."

"What say you to this?" asked Sancho. The other replied that all his antagonist said was true, and that he did not choose to give him more than four reals because he very often gave him money; and that those who expected presents ought to be civil and take what is given them with a cheerful countenance, and not make any claim against winners unless they know them for certain to be sharpeners and their winnings to be unfairly won; and that there could be no better proof that he himself was an honest man than his having refused to give anything; for sharpeners always pay tribute to lookers-on who know them.

"That is true," said the majordomo; "let your worship consider what is to be done with these men."

"What is to be done," said Sancho, "is this; you, the winner, be you good, bad, or indifferent, give this assailant of yours a hundred reals at once, and you must disburse thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you who have neither profession nor property, and hang about the island in idleness, take these hundred reals now, and some time of the day to-morrow quit the island under sentence of banishment for ten years, and under pain of completing it in another life if you violate the sentence, for I'll hang you on a gibbet, or at least the hangman will by my orders; not a word from either of you, or I'll make him feel my hand."



The one paid down the money and the other took it, and the latter quitted the island, while the other went home; and then the governor said, "Either I am not good for much, or I'll get rid of these gambling houses, for it strikes me they are very mischievous."

"This one at least," said one of the notaries, "your worship will not be able to get rid of, for a great man owns it, and what he loses every year is beyond all comparison more than what he makes by the cards. On the minor gambling houses your worship may exercise your power, and it is they that do most harm and shelter the most barefaced practices; for in the houses of lords and gentlemen of quality the notorious sharpers dare not attempt to play their tricks; and as the vice of gambling has become common, it is better that men should play in houses of repute than in some tradesman's, where they catch an unlucky fellow in the small hours of the morning and skin him alive."

"I know already, notary, that there is a good deal to be said on that point," said Sancho.

And now a tipstaff came up with a young man in his grasp, and said, "Senor governor, this youth was coming towards us, and as soon as he saw the officers of justice he turned about and ran like a deer, a sure proof that he must be some evil-doer; I ran after him, and had it not been that he stumbled and fell, I should never have caught him."

"What did you run for, fellow?" said Sancho.

To which the young man replied, "Senor, it was to avoid answering all the questions officers of justice put."

"What are you by trade?"

"A weaver."

"And what do you weave?"

"Lance heads, with your worship's good leave."

"You're facetious with me! You plume yourself on being a wag? Very good; and where were you going just now?"

"To take the air, senor."

"And where does one take the air in this island?"

"Where it blows."

"Good! your answers are very much to the point; you are a smart youth; but take notice that I am the air, and that I blow upon you a-stern, and send you to gaol. Ho there! lay hold of him and take him off; I'll make him sleep there to-night without air."

"By God," said the young man, "your worship will make me sleep in gaol just as soon as make me king."

"Why shan't I make thee sleep in gaol?" said Sancho. "Have I not the power to arrest thee and release thee whenever I like?"

"All the power your worship has," said the young man, "won't be able to make me sleep in gaol."

"How? not able!" said Sancho; "take him away at once where he'll see his mistake with his own eyes, even if the gaoler is willing to exert his interested generosity on his behalf; for I'll lay a penalty of two thousand ducats on him if he allows him to stir a step from the prison."

"That's ridiculous," said the young man; "the fact is, all the men on earth will not make me sleep in prison."

"Tell me, you devil," said Sancho, "have you got any angel that will deliver you, and take off the irons I am going to order them to put upon you?"

"Now, senor governor," said the young man in a sprightly manner, "let us be reasonable and come to the point. Granted your worship may order me to be taken to prison, and to have irons and chains put on me, and to be shut up in a cell, and may lay heavy penalties on the gaoler if he lets me out, and that he obeys your orders; still, if I don't choose to sleep, and choose to remain awake all night without closing an eye, will your worship with all your power be able to make me sleep if I don't choose?"

"No, truly," said the secretary, "and the fellow has made his point."

"So then," said Sancho, "it would be entirely of your own choice you would keep from sleeping; not in opposition to my will?"

"No, senor," said the youth, "certainly not."

"Well then, go, and God be with you," said Sancho; "be off home to sleep, and God give you sound sleep, for I don't want to rob you of it; but for the future, let me advise you don't joke with the authorities, because you may come across some one who will bring down the joke on your own skull."

The young man went his way, and the governor continued his round, and shortly afterwards two tipstuffs came up with a man in custody, and said, "Senor governor, this person, who seems to be a man, is not so, but a woman, and not an ill-favoured one, in man's clothes." They raised two or three lanterns to her face, and by their light they distinguished the features of a woman to all appearance of the age of sixteen or a little more, with her hair gathered into a gold and green silk net, and fair as a thousand pearls. They scanned her from head to foot, and observed that she had on red silk stockings with garters of white taffety bordered with gold and pearl; her breeches were of

green and gold stuff, and under an open jacket or jerkin of the same she wore a doublet of the finest white and gold cloth; her shoes were white and such as men wear; she carried no sword at her belt, but only a richly ornamented dagger, and on her fingers she had several handsome rings. In short, the girl seemed fair to look at in the eyes of all, and none of those who beheld her knew her, the people of the town said they could not imagine who she was, and those who were in on the secret of the jokes that were to be practised upon Sancho were the ones who were most surprised, for this incident or discovery had not been arranged by them; and they watched anxiously to see how the affair would end.

Sancho was fascinated by the girl's beauty, and he asked her who she was, where she was going, and what had induced her to dress herself in that garb. She with her eyes fixed on the ground answered in modest confusion, "I cannot tell you, senor, before so many people what it is of such consequence to me to have kept secret; one thing I wish to be known, that I am no thief or evildoer, but only an unhappy maiden whom the power of jealousy has led to break through the respect that is due to modesty."

Hearing this the majordomo said to Sancho, "Make the people stand back, senor governor, that this lady may say what she wishes with less embarrassment."

Sancho gave the order, and all except the majordomo, the head-carver, and the secretary fell back. Finding herself then in the presence of no more, the damsel went on to say, "I am the daughter, sirs, of Pedro Perez Mazorca, the wool-farmer of this town, who is in the habit of coming very often to my father's house."

"That won't do, senora," said the majordomo; "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and I know he has no child at all, either son or daughter; and besides, though you say he is your father, you add then that he comes very often to your father's house."

"I had already noticed that," said Sancho.

"I am confused just now, sirs," said the damsel, "and I don't know what I am saying; but the truth is that I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom you must all know."

"Ay, that will do," said the majordomo; "for I know Diego de la Llana, and know that he is a gentleman of position and a rich man, and that he has a son and a daughter, and that since he was left a widower nobody in all this town can speak of having seen his daughter's face; for he keeps her so closely shut up that he does not give even the sun a chance of seeing her; and for all that report says she is extremely beautiful."

"It is true," said the damsel, "and I am that daughter; whether report lies or not as to my beauty, you, sirs, will have decided by this time, as you have seen me;" and with this she began to weep bitterly.

On seeing this the secretary leant over to the head-carver's ear, and said to him in a low voice, "Something serious has no doubt happened this poor maiden, that she goes wandering from home in such a dress and at such an hour, and one of her rank too." "There can be no doubt about it," returned the carver, "and moreover her tears confirm your suspicion." Sancho gave her the best comfort he could, and entreated her to tell them without any fear what had happened her, as they would all earnestly and by every means in their power endeavour to relieve her.

"The fact is, sirs," said she, "that my father has kept me shut up these ten years, for so long is it since the earth received my mother. Mass is said at home in a sumptuous chapel, and all this time I have seen but the sun in the heaven by day, and the moon and the stars by night; nor do I know what streets are like, or plazas, or churches, or even men, except my father and a brother I have, and Pedro Perez the wool-farmer; whom, because he came frequently to our house, I took it into my head to call my father, to avoid naming my own. This seclusion and the restrictions laid upon my going out, were it only to church, have been keeping me unhappy for many a day and month past; I longed to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, and it did not seem to me that this wish was inconsistent with the respect maidens of good quality should have for themselves. When I heard them talking of bull-fights taking place, and of javelin games, and of acting plays, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what sort of things these were, and many more that I had never seen; he explained them to me as well as he could, but the only effect was to kindle in me a still stronger desire to see them. At last, to cut short the story of my ruin, I begged and entreated my brother—O that I had never made such an entreaty—" And once more she gave way to a burst of weeping.

"Proceed, senora," said the majordomo, "and finish your story of what has happened to you, for your words and tears are keeping us all in suspense."

"I have but little more to say, though many a tear to shed," said the damsel; "for ill-placed desires can only be paid for in some such way."

The maiden's beauty had made a deep impression on the head-carver's heart, and he again raised his lantern for another look at her, and thought they were not tears she was shedding, but seed-pearl or dew of the meadow, nay, he exalted them still higher, and made Oriental pearls of them, and fervently hoped her misfortune might not be so great a one as her tears and sobs seemed to indicate. The governor was losing patience at the length of time the girl was taking to tell her story, and told her not to keep them waiting any longer; for it was late, and there still remained a good deal of the town to be gone over.

She, with broken sobs and half-suppressed sighs, went on to say, "My misfortune, my misadventure, is simply this, that I entreated my brother to dress me up as a man in a suit of his clothes, and take me some night, when our father was asleep, to see the whole town; he, overcome by my entreaties, consented, and dressing me in this suit and himself in clothes of mine that fitted him as if made for him (for he has not a hair on his chin, and might pass for a very beautiful young girl), to-night, about an hour ago, more or less, we left the house, and guided by our youthful and foolish impulse we made the circuit of the whole town, and then, as we were about to return home, we saw a great troop of people coming, and my brother said to me, 'Sister, this must be the round, stir your feet and put wings to them, and follow me as fast as you can, lest they recognise us, for that would be a bad business for us;' and so saying he turned about and began, I cannot say to run but to fly; in less than six paces I fell from fright, and then the officer of justice came up and carried me before your worships, where I find myself put to shame before all these people as whimsical and vicious."

"So then, senora," said Sancho, "no other mishap has befallen you, nor was it jealousy that made you leave home, as you said at the beginning of your story?"

"Nothing has happened me," said she, "nor was it jealousy that brought me out, but merely a longing to see the world, which did not go beyond seeing the streets of this town."

The appearance of the tipstiffs with her brother in custody, whom one of them had overtaken as he ran away from his sister, now fully confirmed the truth of what the damsel said. He had nothing on but a rich petticoat and a short blue damask cloak with fine gold lace, and his head was uncovered and adorned only with its own hair, which looked like rings of gold, so bright and curly was it. The governor, the majordomo, and the carver went aside with him, and, unheard by his sister, asked him how he came to be in that dress, and he with no less shame and embarrassment told exactly the same story as his sister, to the great delight of the enamoured carver; the governor, however, said to them, "In truth, young lady and gentleman, this has been a very childish affair, and to explain your folly and rashness there was no necessity for all this delay and all these tears and sighs; for if you had said we are so-and-so, and we escaped from our father's house in this way in order to ramble about, out of mere curiosity and with no other object, there would have been an end of the matter, and none of these little sobs and tears and all the rest of it."

"That is true," said the damsel, "but you see the confusion I was in was so great it did not let me behave as I ought."

"No harm has been done," said Sancho; "come, we will leave you at your father's house; perhaps they will not have missed you; and another time don't be so childish or eager to see the world; for a respectable damsel should have a broken leg and keep at home; and the woman and the hen by gadding about are soon lost; and she who is eager to see is also eager to be seen; I say no more."

The youth thanked the governor for his kind offer to take them home, and they directed their steps towards the house, which was not far off. On reaching it the youth threw a pebble up at a grating, and immediately a woman-servant who was waiting for them came down and opened the door to them, and they went in, leaving the party marvelling as much at their grace and beauty as at the fancy they had for seeing the world by night and without quitting the village; which, however, they set down to their youth.

The head-carver was left with a heart pierced through and through, and he made up his mind on the spot to demand the damsel in marriage of her father on the morrow, making sure she would not be refused him as he was a servant of the duke's; and even to Sancho ideas and schemes of marrying the youth to his daughter Sanchica suggested themselves, and he resolved to open the negotiation at the proper season, persuading himself that no husband could be refused to a governor's daughter. And so the night's round came to an end, and a couple of days later the government, whereby all his plans were overthrown and swept away, as will be seen farther on.

## Chapter L

*Wherein is set forth who the enchanters and executioners were who flogged the Duenna and pinched Don Quixote, and also what befell the page who carried the letter to Teresa Panza, Sancho Panza's wife*

Cide Hamete, the painstaking investigator of the minute points of this veracious history, says that when Dona Rodriguez left her own room to go to Don Quixote's, another duenna who slept with her observed her, and as all duennas are fond of prying, listening, and sniffing, she followed her so silently that the good Rodriguez never perceived it; and as soon as the duenna saw her enter Don Quixote's room, not to fail in a duenna's invariable practice of tattling, she hurried off that instant to report to the duchess how Dona Rodriguez was closeted with Don Quixote. The duchess told the duke, and asked him to let her and Altisidora go and see what the said duenna wanted with Don Quixote. The duke gave them leave, and the pair cautiously and quietly crept to the door of the room and posted themselves so close to it that they could hear all that was said inside. But when the duchess heard how the Rodriguez had made public the Aranjuez of her issues she could not restrain herself, nor Altisidora either; and so,

filled with rage and thirsting for vengeance, they burst into the room and tormented Don Quixote and flogged the duenna in the manner already described; for indignities offered to their charms and self-esteem mightily provoke the anger of women and make them eager for revenge. The duchess told the duke what had happened, and he was much amused by it; and she, in pursuance of her design of making merry and diverting herself with Don Quixote, despatched the page who had played the part of Dulcinea in the negotiations for her disenchantment (which Sancho Panza in the cares of government had forgotten all about) to Teresa Panza his wife with her husband's letter and another from herself, and also a great string of fine coral beads as a present.

Now the history says this page was very sharp and quick-witted; and eager to serve his lord and lady he set off very willingly for Sancho's village. Before he entered it he observed a number of women washing in a brook, and asked them if they could tell him whether there lived there a woman of the name of Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote of La Mancha. At the question a young girl who was washing stood up and said, "Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho is my father, and that knight is our master."

"Well then, miss," said the page, "come and show me where your mother is, for I bring her a letter and a present from your father."

"That I will with all my heart, senor," said the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen, more or less; and leaving the clothes she was washing to one of her companions, and without putting anything on her head or feet, for she was bare-legged and had her hair hanging about her, away she skipped in front of the page's horse, saying, "Come, your worship, our house is at the entrance of the town, and my mother is there, sorrowful enough at not having had any news of my father this ever so long."

"Well," said the page, "I am bringing her such good news that she will have reason to thank God."

And then, skipping, running, and capering, the girl reached the town, but before going into the house she called out at the door, "Come out, mother Teresa, come out, come out; here's a gentleman with letters and other things from my good father." At these words her mother Teresa Panza came out spinning a bundle of flax, in a grey petticoat (so short was it one would have fancied "they to her shame had cut it short"), a grey bodice of the same stuff, and a smock. She was not very old, though plainly past forty, strong, healthy, vigorous, and sun-dried; and seeing her daughter and the page on horseback, she exclaimed, "What's this, child? What gentleman is this?"

"A servant of my lady, Dona Teresa Panza," replied the page; and suiting the action to the word he flung himself off his horse, and with great humility advanced to kneel before the lady Teresa, saying, "Let me kiss your hand, Senora Dona Teresa, as the lawful and only wife of Senor Don Sancho Panza, rightful governor of the island of Barataria."

"Ah, senor, get up, do that," said Teresa; "for I'm not a bit of a court lady, but only a poor country woman, the daughter of a clodcrusher, and the wife of a squire-errant and not of any governor at all."

"You are," said the page, "the most worthy wife of a most arch-worthy governor; and as a proof of what I say accept this letter and this present;" and at the same time he took out of his pocket a string of coral beads with gold clasps, and placed it on her neck, and said, "This letter is from his lordship the governor, and the other as well as these coral beads from my lady the duchess, who sends me to your worship."

Teresa stood lost in astonishment, and her daughter just as much, and the girl said, "May I die but our master Don Quixote's at the bottom of this; he must have given father the government or county he so often promised him."

"That is the truth," said the page; "for it is through Senor Don Quixote that Senor Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as will be seen by this letter."

"Will your worship read it to me, noble sir?" said Teresa; "for though I can spin I can't read, not a scrap."

"Nor I either," said Sanchica; "but wait a bit, and I'll go and fetch some one who can read it, either the curate himself or the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and they'll come gladly to hear any news of my father."

"There is no need to fetch anybody," said the page; "for though I can't spin I can read, and I'll read it;" and so he read it through, but as it has been already given it is not inserted here; and then he took out the other one from the duchess, which ran as follows:

Friend Teresa,—Your husband Sancho's good qualities, of heart as well as of head, induced and compelled me to request my husband the duke to give him the government of one of his many islands. I am told he governs like a gerfalcon, of which I am very glad, and my lord the duke, of course, also; and I am very thankful to heaven that I have not made a mistake in choosing him for that same government; for I would have Senora Teresa know that a good governor is hard to find in this world and may God make me as good as Sancho's way of governing. Herewith I send you, my dear, a string of coral beads with gold clasps; I wish they were Oriental pearls; but "he who gives thee a bone does not wish to see thee dead;" a time will come when we shall become acquainted and meet one another, but God knows the future. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me to hold herself in readiness, for I mean to make a high match for her when she least expects it. They tell me there are big acorns in

your village; send me a couple of dozen or so, and I shall value them greatly as coming from your hand; and write to me at length to assure me of your health and well-being; and if there be anything you stand in need of, it is but to open your mouth, and that shall be the measure; and so God keep you.

From this place.  
Your loving friend,  
THE DUCHESS.

“Ah, what a good, plain, lowly lady!” said Teresa when she heard the letter; “that I may be buried with ladies of that sort, and not the gentlewomen we have in this town, that fancy because they are gentlewomen the wind must not touch them, and go to church with as much airs as if they were queens, no less, and seem to think they are disgraced if they look at a farmer’s wife! And see here how this good lady, for all she’s a duchess, calls me ‘friend,’ and treats me as if I was her equal—and equal may I see her with the tallest church-tower in La Mancha! And as for the acorns, señor, I’ll send her ladyship a peck and such big ones that one might come to see them as a show and a wonder. And now, Sanchica, see that the gentleman is comfortable; put up his horse, and get some eggs out of the stable, and cut plenty of bacon, and let’s give him his dinner like a prince; for the good news he has brought, and his own bonny face deserve it all; and meanwhile I’ll run out and give the neighbours the news of our good luck, and father curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, who are and always have been such friends of thy father’s.”

“That I will, mother,” said Sanchica; “but mind, you must give me half of that string; for I don’t think my lady the duchess could have been so stupid as to send it all to you.”

“It is all for thee, my child,” said Teresa; “but let me wear it round my neck for a few days; for verily it seems to make my heart glad.”

“You will be glad too,” said the page, “when you see the bundle there is in this portmanteau, for it is a suit of the finest cloth, that the governor only wore one day out hunting and now sends, all for Senora Sanchica.”

“May he live a thousand years,” said Sanchica, “and the bearer as many, nay two thousand, if needful.”

With this Teresa hurried out of the house with the letters, and with the string of beads round her neck, and went along thrumming the letters as if they were a tambourine, and by chance coming across the curate and Samson Carrasco she began capering and saying, “None of us poor now, faith! We’ve got a little government! Ay, let the finest fine lady tackle me, and I’ll give her a setting down!”

“What’s all this, Teresa Panza,” said they; “what madness is this, and what papers are those?”

“The madness is only this,” said she, “that these are the letters of duchesses and governors, and these I have on my neck are fine coral beads, with ave-marias and paternosters of beaten gold, and I am a governess.”

“God help us,” said the curate, “we don’t understand you, Teresa, or know what you are talking about.”

“There, you may see it yourselves,” said Teresa, and she handed them the letters.

The curate read them out for Samson Carrasco to hear, and Samson and he regarded one another with looks of astonishment at what they had read, and the bachelor asked who had brought the letters. Teresa in reply bade them come with her to her house and they would see the messenger, a most elegant youth, who had brought another present which was worth as much more. The curate took the coral beads from her neck and examined them again and again, and having satisfied himself as to their fineness he fell to wondering afresh, and said, “By the gown I wear I don’t know what to say or think of these letters and presents; on the one hand I can see and feel the fineness of these coral beads, and on the other I read how a duchess sends to beg for a couple of dozen of acorns.”

“Square that if you can,” said Carrasco; “well, let’s go and see the messenger, and from him we’ll learn something about this mystery that has turned up.”

They did so, and Teresa returned with them. They found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher of bacon to be paved with eggs for his dinner. His looks and his handsome apparel pleased them both greatly; and after they had saluted him courteously, and he them, Samson begged him to give them his news, as well of Don Quixote as of Sancho Panza, for, he said, though they had read the letters from Sancho and her ladyship the duchess, they were still puzzled and could not make out what was meant by Sancho’s government, and above all of an island, when all or most of those in the Mediterranean belonged to his Majesty.

To this the page replied, “As to Senor Sancho Panza’s being a governor there is no doubt whatever; but whether it is an island or not that he governs, with that I have nothing to do; suffice it that it is a town of more than a thousand inhabitants; with regard to the acorns I may tell you my lady the duchess is so unpretending and unassuming that, not to speak of sending to beg for acorns from a peasant woman, she has been known to send to ask for the loan of a comb from one of her neighbours; for I would have your worships know that the ladies of Aragon, though they are just as illustrious, are not so punctilious and haughty as the Castilian ladies; they treat people with greater familiarity.”

In the middle of this conversation Sanchica came in with her skirt full of eggs, and said she to the page, “Tell me, señor, does my father wear trunk-hose since he has been governor?”

"I have not noticed," said the page; "but no doubt he wears them."

"Ah! my God!" said Sanchica, "what a sight it must be to see my father in tights! Isn't it odd that ever since I was born I have had a longing to see my father in trunk-hose?"

"As things go you will see that if you live," said the page; "by God he is in the way to take the road with a sunshade if the government only lasts him two months more."

The curate and the bachelor could see plainly enough that the page spoke in a waggish vein; but the fineness of the coral beads, and the hunting suit that Sancho sent (for Teresa had already shown it to them) did away with the impression; and they could not help laughing at Sanchica's wish, and still more when Teresa said, "Senor curate, look about if there's anybody here going to Madrid or Toledo, to buy me a hooped petticoat, a proper fashionable one of the best quality; for indeed and indeed I must do honour to my husband's government as well as I can; nay, if I am put to it and have to, I'll go to Court and set a coach like all the world; for she who has a governor for her husband may very well have one and keep one."

"And why not, mother!" said Sanchica; "would to God it were to-day instead of to-morrow, even though they were to say when they saw me seated in the coach with my mother, 'See that rubbish, that garlic-stuffed fellow's daughter, how she goes stretched at her ease in a coach as if she was a she-pope!' But let them tramp through the mud, and let me go in my coach with my feet off the ground. Bad luck to backbiters all over the world; 'let me go warm and the people may laugh.' Do I say right, mother?"

"To be sure you do, my child," said Teresa; "and all this good luck, and even more, my good Sancho foretold me; and thou wilt see, my daughter, he won't stop till he has made me a countess; for to make a beginning is everything in luck; and as I have heard thy good father say many a time (for besides being thy father he's the father of proverbs too), 'When they offer thee a heifer, run with a halter; when they offer thee a government, take it; when they would give thee a county, seize it; when they say, "Here, here!" to thee with something good, swallow it.' Oh no! go to sleep, and don't answer the strokes of good fortune and the lucky chances that are knocking at the door of your house!"

"And what do I care," added Sanchica, "whether anybody says when he sees me holding my head up, 'The dog saw himself in hempen breeches,' and the rest of it?"

Hearing this the curate said, "I do believe that all this family of the Panzas are born with a sackful of proverbs in their insides, every one of them; I never saw one of them that does not pour them out at all times and on all occasions."

"That is true," said the page, "for Senor Governor Sancho utters them at every turn; and though a great many of them are not to the purpose, still they amuse one, and my lady the duchess and the duke praise them highly."

"Then you still maintain that all this about Sancho's government is true, senor," said the bachelor, "and that there actually is a duchess who sends him presents and writes to him? Because we, although we have handled the present and read the letters, don't believe it and suspect it to be something in the line of our fellow-townsmen Don Quixote, who fancies that everything is done by enchantment; and for this reason I am almost ready to say that I'd like to touch and feel your worship to see whether you are a mere ambassador of the imagination or a man of flesh and blood."

"All I know, sirs," replied the page, "is that I am a real ambassador, and that Senor Sancho Panza is governor as a matter of fact, and that my lord and lady the duke and duchess can give, and have given him this same government, and that I have heard it said Sancho Panza bears himself very stoutly therein; whether there be any enchantment in all this or not, it is for your worships to settle between you; for that's all I know by the oath I swear, and that is by the life of my parents whom I have still alive, and love dearly."

"It may be so," said the bachelor; "but dubitat Augustinus."

"Doubt who will," said the page; "what I have told you is the truth, and that will always rise above falsehood as oil above water; if not operibus credite, et non verbis. Let one of you come with me, and he will see with his eyes what he does not believe with his ears."

"It's for me to make that trip," said Sanchica; "take me with you, senor, behind you on your horse; for I'll go with all my heart to see my father."

"Governors' daughters," said the page, "must not travel along the roads alone, but accompanied by coaches and litters and a great number of attendants."

"By God," said Sanchica, "I can go just as well mounted on a she-ass as in a coach; what a dainty lass you must take me for!"

"Hush, girl," said Teresa; "you don't know what you're talking about; the gentleman is quite right, for 'as the time so the behaviour;' when it was Sancho it was 'Sancha;' when it is governor it's 'senora;' I don't know if I'm right."

"Senora Teresa says more than she is aware of," said the page; "and now give me something to eat and let me go at once, for I mean to return this evening."

"Come and do penance with me," said the curate at this; "for Senora Teresa has more will than means to serve so worthy a guest."

The page refused, but had to consent at last for his own sake; and the curate took him home with him very

gladly, in order to have an opportunity of questioning him at leisure about Don Quixote and his doings. The bachelor offered to write the letters in reply for Teresa; but she did not care to let him mix himself up in her affairs, for she thought him somewhat given to joking; and so she gave a cake and a couple of eggs to a young acolyte who was a penman, and he wrote for her two letters, one for her husband and the other for the duchess, dictated out of her own head, which are not the worst inserted in this great history, as will be seen farther on.

## Chapter LI

### *Of the progress of Sancho's government, and other such entertaining matters*

Day came after the night of the governor's round; a night which the head-carver passed without sleeping, so were his thoughts of the face and air and beauty of the disguised damsel, while the majordomo spent what was left of it in writing an account to his lord and lady of all Sancho said and did, being as much amazed at his sayings as at his doings, for there was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in all his words and deeds. The senior governor got up, and by Doctor Pedro Recio's directions they made him break his fast on a little conserve and four sups of cold water, which Sancho would have readily exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes; but seeing there was no help for it, he submitted with no little sorrow of heart and discomfort of stomach; Pedro Recio having persuaded him that light and delicate diet enlivened the wits, and that was what was most essential for persons placed in command and in responsible situations, where they have to employ not only the bodily powers but those of the mind also.

By means of this sophistry Sancho was made to endure hunger, and hunger so keen that in his heart he cursed the government, and even him who had given it to him; however, with his hunger and his conserve he undertook to deliver judgments that day, and the first thing that came before him was a question that was submitted to him by a stranger, in the presence of the majordomo and the other attendants, and it was in these words: "Senior, a large river separated two districts of one and the same lordship—will your worship please to pay attention, for the case is an important and a rather knotty one? Well then, on this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a sort of tribunal, where four judges commonly sat to administer the law which the lord of river, bridge and the lordship had enacted, and which was to this effect, 'If anyone crosses by this bridge from one side to the other he shall declare on oath where he is going to and with what object; and if he swears truly, he shall be allowed to pass, but if falsely, he shall be put to death for it by hanging on the gallows erected there, without any remission.' Though the law and its severe penalty were known, many persons crossed, but in their declarations it was easy to see at once they were telling the truth, and the judges let them pass free. It happened, however, that one man, when they came to take his declaration, swore and said that by the oath he took he was going to die upon that gallows that stood there, and nothing else. The judges held a consultation over the oath, and they said, 'If we let this man pass free he has sworn falsely, and by the law he ought to die; but if we hang him, as he swore he was going to die on that gallows, and therefore swore the truth, by the same law he ought to go free.' It is asked of your worship, senior governor, what are the judges to do with this man? For they are still in doubt and perplexity; and having heard of your worship's acute and exalted intellect, they have sent me to entreat your worship on their behalf to give your opinion on this very intricate and puzzling case."

To this Sancho made answer, "Indeed those gentlemen the judges that send you to me might have spared themselves the trouble, for I have more of the obtuse than the acute in me; but repeat the case over again, so that I may understand it, and then perhaps I may be able to hit the point."

The querist repeated again and again what he had said before, and then Sancho said, "It seems to me I can set the matter right in a moment, and in this way; the man swears that he is going to die upon the gallows; but if he dies upon it, he has sworn the truth, and by the law enacted deserves to go free and pass over the bridge; but if they don't hang him, then he has sworn falsely, and by the same law deserves to be hanged."

"It is as the senior governor says," said the messenger; "and as regards a complete comprehension of the case, there is nothing left to desire or hesitate about."

"Well then I say," said Sancho, "that of this man they should let pass the part that has sworn truly, and hang the part that has lied; and in this way the conditions of the passage will be fully complied with."

"But then, senior governor," replied the querist, "the man will have to be divided into two parts; and if he is divided of course he will die; and so none of the requirements of the law will be carried out, and it is absolutely necessary to comply with it."

"Look here, my good sir," said Sancho; "either I'm a numskull or else there is the same reason for this passenger dying as for his living and passing over the bridge; for if the truth saves him the falsehood equally condemns him; and that being the case it is my opinion you should say to the gentlemen who sent you to me that as the arguments for condemning him and for absolving him are exactly balanced, they should let him pass freely, as it is always more praiseworthy to do good than to do evil; this I would give signed with my name if I knew how to sign; and what I

have said in this case is not out of my own head, but one of the many precepts my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I left to become governor of this island, that came into my mind, and it was this, that when there was any doubt about the justice of a case I should lean to mercy; and it is God's will that I should recollect it now, for it fits this case as if it was made for it."

"That is true," said the majordomo; "and I maintain that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have pronounced a better decision than the great Panza has given; let the morning's audience close with this, and I will see that the senor governor has dinner entirely to his liking."

"That's all I ask for—fair play," said Sancho; "give me my dinner, and then let it rain cases and questions on me, and I'll despatch them in a twinkling."

The majordomo kept his word, for he felt it against his conscience to kill so wise a governor by hunger; particularly as he intended to have done with him that same night, playing off the last joke he was commissioned to practise upon him.

It came to pass, then, that after he had dined that day, in opposition to the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, as they were taking away the cloth there came a courier with a letter from Don Quixote for the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and if there was nothing in it that demanded secrecy to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and after he had skimmed the contents he said, "It may well be read aloud, for what Senor Don Quixote writes to your worship deserves to be printed or written in letters of gold, and it is as follows."

*Don Quixote of La Mancha's letter to Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria.*

When I was expecting to hear of thy stupidities and blunders, friend Sancho, I have received intelligence of thy displays of good sense, for which I give special thanks to heaven that can raise the poor from the dunghill and of fools to make wise men. They tell me thou dost govern as if thou wert a man, and art a man as if thou wert a beast, so great is the humility wherewith thou dost comport thyself. But I would have thee bear in mind, Sancho, that very often it is fitting and necessary for the authority of office to resist the humility of the heart; for the seemly array of one who is invested with grave duties should be such as they require and not measured by what his own humble tastes may lead him to prefer. Dress well; a stick dressed up does not look like a stick; I do not say thou shouldst wear trinkets or fine raiment, or that being a judge thou shouldst dress like a soldier, but that thou shouldst array thyself in the apparel thy office requires, and that at the same time it be neat and handsome. To win the good-will of the people thou governest there are two things, among others, that thou must do; one is to be civil to all (this, however, I told thee before), and the other to take care that food be abundant, for there is nothing that vexes the heart of the poor more than hunger and high prices. Make not many proclamations; but those thou makest take care that they be good ones, and above all that they be observed and carried out; for proclamations that are not observed are the same as if they did not exist; nay, they encourage the idea that the prince who had the wisdom and authority to make them had not the power to enforce them; and laws that threaten and are not enforced come to be like the log, the king of the frogs, that frightened them at first, but that in time they despised and mounted upon. Be a father to virtue and a stepfather to vice. Be not always strict, nor yet always lenient, but observe a mean between these two extremes, for in that is the aim of wisdom. Visit the gaols, the slaughter-houses, and the market-places; for the presence of the governor is of great importance in such places; it comforts the prisoners who are in hopes of a speedy release, it is the bugbear of the butchers who have then to give just weight, and it is the terror of the market-women for the same reason. Let it not be seen that thou art (even if perchance thou art, which I do not believe) covetous, a follower of women, or a glutton; for when the people and those that have dealings with thee become aware of thy special weakness they will bring their batteries to bear upon thee in that quarter, till they have brought thee down to the depths of perdition. Consider and reconsider, con and con over again the advices and the instructions I gave thee before thy departure hence to thy government, and thou wilt see that in them, if thou dost follow them, thou hast a help at hand that will lighten for thee the troubles and difficulties that beset governors at every step. Write to thy lord and lady and show thyself grateful to them, for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins we know of; and he who is grateful to those who have been good to him shows that he will be so to God also who has bestowed and still bestows so many blessings upon him.

My lady the duchess sent off a messenger with thy suit and another present to thy wife Teresa Panza; we expect the answer every moment. I have been a little indisposed through a certain scratching I came in for, not very much to the benefit of my nose; but it was nothing; for if there are enchanters who maltreat me, there are also some who defend me. Let me know if the majordomo who is with thee had any share in the Trifaldi performance, as thou didst suspect; and keep me informed of everything that happens thee, as the distance is so short; all the more as I am thinking of giving over very shortly this idle life I am now leading, for I was not born for it. A thing has occurred to me which I am inclined to think will put me out of favour with the duke and duchess; but though I am sorry for it I do not care, for after all I must obey my calling rather than their pleasure, in accordance with the common saying, *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I quote this Latin to thee because I conclude that since thou hast



been a governor thou wilt have learned it. Adieu; God keep thee from being an object of pity to anyone.

Thy friend,

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

Sancho listened to the letter with great attention, and it was praised and considered wise by all who heard it; he then rose up from table, and calling his secretary shut himself in with him in his own room, and without putting it off any longer set about answering his master Don Quixote at once; and he bade the secretary write down what he told him without adding or suppressing anything, which he did, and the answer was to the following effect.

*Sancho Panza's letter to Don Quixote of La Mancha.*

The pressure of business is so great upon me that I have no time to scratch my head or even to cut my nails; and I have them so long—God send a remedy for it. I say this, master of my soul, that you may not be surprised if I have not until now sent you word of how I fare, well or ill, in this government, in which I am suffering more hunger than when we two were wandering through the woods and wastes.

My lord the duke wrote to me the other day to warn me that certain spies had got into this island to kill me; but up to the present I have not found out any except a certain doctor who receives a salary in this town for killing all the governors that come here; he is called Doctor Pedro Recio, and is from Tirteafuera; so you see what a name he has to make me dread dying under his hands. This doctor says of himself that he does not cure diseases when there are any, but prevents them coming, and the medicines he uses are diet and more diet until he brings one down to bare bones; as if leanness was not worse than fever.

In short he is killing me with hunger, and I am dying myself of vexation; for when I thought I was coming to this government to get my meat hot and my drink cool, and take my ease between holland sheets on feather beds, I find I have come to do penance as if I was a hermit; and as I don't do it willingly I suspect that in the end the devil will carry me off.

So far I have not handled any dues or taken any bribes, and I don't know what to think of it; for here they tell me that the governors that come to this island, before entering it have plenty of money either given to them or lent to them by the people of the town, and that this is the usual custom not only here but with all who enter upon governments.

Last night going the rounds I came upon a fair damsel in man's clothes, and a brother of hers dressed as a woman; my head-carver has fallen in love with the girl, and has in his own mind chosen her for a wife, so he says, and I have chosen the youth for a son-in-law; to-day we are going to explain our intentions to the father of the pair, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian as much as you please.

I have visited the market-places, as your worship advises me, and yesterday I found a stall-keeper selling new hazel nuts and proved her to have mixed a bushel of old empty rotten nuts with a bushel of new; I confiscated the whole for the children of the charity-school, who will know how to distinguish them well enough, and I sentenced her not to come into the market-place for a fortnight; they told me I did bravely. I can tell your worship it is commonly said in this town that there are no people worse than the market-women, for they are all barefaced, unconscionable, and impudent, and I can well believe it from what I have seen of them in other towns.

I am very glad my lady the duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza and sent her the present your worship speaks of; and I will strive to show myself grateful when the time comes; kiss her hands for me, and tell her I say she has not thrown it into a sack with a hole in it, as she will see in the end. I should not like your worship to have any difference with my lord and lady; for if you fall out with them it is plain it must do me harm; and as you give me advice to be grateful it will not do for your worship not to be so yourself to those who have shown you such kindness, and by whom you have been treated so hospitably in their castle.

That about the scratching I don't understand; but I suppose it must be one of the ill-turns the wicked enchanters are always doing your worship; when we meet I shall know all about it. I wish I could send your worship something; but I don't know what to send, unless it be some very curious clyster pipes, to work with bladders, that they make in this island; but if the office remains with me I'll find out something to send, one way or another. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, pay the postage and send me the letter, for I have a very great desire to hear how my house and wife and children are going on. And so, may God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me well and peacefully out of this government, which I doubt, for I expect to take leave of it and my life together, from the way Doctor Pedro Recio treats me.

Your worship's servant,

SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.

The secretary sealed the letter, and immediately dismissed the courier; and those who were carrying on the joke against Sancho putting their heads together arranged how he was to be dismissed from the government.

Sancho spent the afternoon in drawing up certain ordinances relating to the good government of what he fancied the island; and he ordained that there were to be no provision hucksters in the State, and that men might import wine into it from any place they pleased, provided they declared the quarter it came from, so that a price might be put upon it according to its quality, reputation, and the estimation it was held in; and he that watered his wine, or changed the name, was to forfeit his life for it. He reduced the prices of all manner of shoes, boots, and stockings, but of shoes in particular, as they seemed to him to run extravagantly high. He established a fixed rate for servants' wages, which were becoming recklessly exorbitant. He laid extremely heavy penalties upon those who sang lewd or loose songs either by day or night. He decreed that no blind man should sing of any miracle in verse, unless he could produce authentic evidence that it was true, for it was his opinion that most of those the blind men sing are trumped up, to the detriment of the true ones. He established and created an alguacil of the poor, not to harass them, but to examine them and see whether they really were so; for many a sturdy thief or drunkard goes about under cover of a make-believe crippled limb or a sham sore. In a word, he made so many good rules that to this day they are preserved there, and are called The constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza.

### Chapter LII

*Wherein is related the adventure of the second distressed or afflicted Duenna, otherwise called Dona Rodriguez*

Cide Hamete relates that Don Quixote being now cured of his scratches felt that the life he was leading in the castle was entirely inconsistent with the order of chivalry he professed, so he determined to ask the duke and duchess to permit him to take his departure for Saragossa, as the time of the festival was now drawing near, and he hoped to win there the suit of armour which is the prize at festivals of the sort. But one day at table with the duke and duchess, just as he was about to carry his resolution into effect and ask for their permission, lo and behold suddenly there came in through the door of the great hall two women, as they afterwards proved to be, draped in mourning from head to foot, one of whom approaching Don Quixote flung herself at full length at his feet, pressing her lips to them, and uttering moans so sad, so deep, and so doleful that she put all who heard and saw her into a state of perplexity; and though the duke and duchess supposed it must be some joke their servants were playing off upon Don Quixote, still the earnest way the woman sighed and moaned and wept puzzled them and made them feel uncertain, until Don Quixote, touched with compassion, raised her up and made her unveil herself and remove the mantle from her tearful face. She complied and disclosed what no one could have ever anticipated, for she disclosed the countenance of Dona Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; the other female in mourning being her daughter, who had been made a fool of by the rich farmer's son. All who knew her were filled with astonishment, and the duke and duchess more than any; for though they thought her a simpleton and a weak creature, they did not think her capable of crazy pranks. Dona Rodriguez, at length, turning to her master and mistress said to them, "Will your excellences be pleased to permit me to speak to this gentleman for a moment, for it is requisite I should do so in order to get successfully out of the business in which the boldness of an evil-minded clown has involved me?"

The duke said that for his part he gave her leave, and that she might speak with Senor Don Quixote as much as she liked.

She then, turning to Don Quixote and addressing herself to him said, "Some days since, valiant knight, I gave you an account of the injustice and treachery of a wicked farmer to my dearly beloved daughter, the unhappy damsel here before you, and you promised me to take her part and right the wrong that has been done her; but now it has come to my hearing that you are about to depart from this castle in quest of such fair adventures as God may vouchsafe to you; therefore, before you take the road, I would that you challenge this froward rustic, and compel him to marry my daughter in fulfillment of the promise he gave her to become her husband before he seduced her; for to expect that my lord the duke will do me justice is to ask pears from the elm tree, for the reason I stated privately to your worship; and so may our Lord grant you good health and forsake us not."

To these words Don Quixote replied very gravely and solemnly, "Worthy duenna, check your tears, or rather dry them, and spare your sighs, for I take it upon myself to obtain redress for your daughter, for whom it would have been better not to have been so ready to believe lovers' promises, which are for the most part quickly made and very slowly performed; and so, with my lord the duke's leave, I will at once go in quest of this inhuman youth, and will find him out and challenge him and slay him, if so be he refuses to keep his promised word; for the chief object of my profession is to spare the humble and chastise the proud; I mean, to help the distressed and destroy the oppressors."

"There is no necessity," said the duke, "for your worship to take the trouble of seeking out the rustic of whom this worthy duenna complains, nor is there any necessity, either, for asking my leave to challenge him; for I admit him duly challenged, and will take care that he is informed of the challenge, and accepts it, and comes to answer it in person to this castle of mine, where I shall afford to both a fair field, observing all the conditions which are usual-

ly and properly observed in such trials, and observing too justice to both sides, as all princes who offer a free field to combatants within the limits of their lordships are bound to do.”

“Then with that assurance and your highness’s good leave,” said Don Quixote, “I hereby for this once waive my privilege of gentle blood, and come down and put myself on a level with the lowly birth of the wrong-doer, making myself equal with him and enabling him to enter into combat with me; and so, I challenge and defy him, though absent, on the plea of his malfeasance in breaking faith with this poor damsel, who was a maiden and now by his misdeed is none; and say that he shall fulfill the promise he gave her to become her lawful husband, or else stake his life upon the question.”

And then plucking off a glove he threw it down in the middle of the hall, and the duke picked it up, saying, as he had said before, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal, and fixed six days thence as the time, the courtyard of the castle as the place, and for arms the customary ones of knights, lance and shield and full armour, with all the other accessories, without trickery, guile, or charms of any sort, and examined and passed by the judges of the field. “But first of all,” he said, “it is requisite that this worthy duenna and unworthy damsel should place their claim for justice in the hands of Don Quixote; for otherwise nothing can be done, nor can the said challenge be brought to a lawful issue.”

“I do so place it,” replied the duenna.

“And I too,” added her daughter, all in tears and covered with shame and confusion.

This declaration having been made, and the duke having settled in his own mind what he would do in the matter, the ladies in black withdrew, and the duchess gave orders that for the future they were not to be treated as servants of hers, but as lady adventurers who came to her house to demand justice; so they gave them a room to themselves and waited on them as they would on strangers, to the consternation of the other women-servants, who did not know where the folly and imprudence of Dona Rodriguez and her unlucky daughter would stop.

And now, to complete the enjoyment of the feast and bring the dinner to a satisfactory end, lo and behold the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of the governor Sancho, entered the hall; and the duke and duchess were very well pleased to see him, being anxious to know the result of his journey; but when they asked him the page said in reply that he could not give it before so many people or in a few words, and begged their excellences to be pleased to let it wait for a private opportunity, and in the meantime amuse themselves with these letters; and taking out the letters he placed them in the duchess’s hand. One bore by way of address, Letter for my lady the Duchess So-and-so, of I don’t know where; and the other To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, whom God prosper longer than me. The duchess’s bread would not bake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter; and having looked over it herself and seen that it might be read aloud for the duke and all present to hear, she read out as follows.

*Teresa Panza’s letter to the Duchess.*

The letter your highness wrote me, my lady, gave me great pleasure, for indeed I found it very welcome. The string of coral beads is very fine, and my husband’s hunting suit does not fall short of it. All this village is very much pleased that your ladyship has made a governor of my good man Sancho; though nobody will believe it, particularly the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco; but I don’t care for that, for so long as it is true, as it is, they may all say what they like; though, to tell the truth, if the coral beads and the suit had not come I would not have believed it either; for in this village everybody thinks my husband a numskull, and except for governing a flock of goats, they cannot fancy what sort of government he can be fit for. God grant it, and direct him according as he sees his children stand in need of it. I am resolved with your worship’s leave, lady of my soul, to make the most of this fair day, and go to Court to stretch myself at ease in a coach, and make all those I have envying me already burst their eyes out; so I beg your excellence to order my husband to send me a small trifle of money, and to let it be something to speak of, because one’s expenses are heavy at the Court; for a loaf costs a real, and meat thirty maravedis a pound, which is beyond everything; and if he does not want me to go let him tell me in time, for my feet are on the fidgets to be off; and my friends and neighbours tell me that if my daughter and I make a figure and a brave show at Court, my husband will come to be known far more by me than I by him, for of course plenty of people will ask, “Who are those ladies in that coach?” and some servant of mine will answer, “The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria;” and in this way Sancho will become known, and I’ll be thought well of, and “to Rome for everything.” I am as vexed as vexed can be that they have gathered no acorns this year in our village; for all that I send your highness about half a peck that I went to the wood to gather and pick out one by one myself, and I could find no bigger ones; I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

Let not your high mightiness forget to write to me; and I will take care to answer, and let you know how I am, and whatever news there may be in this place, where I remain, praying our Lord to have your highness in his keeping and not to forget me.

Sancha my daughter, and my son, kiss your worship's hands.  
 She who would rather see your ladyship than write to you,  
 Your servant,  
 TERESA PANZA.

All were greatly amused by Teresa Panza's letter, but particularly the duke and duchess; and the duchess asked Don Quixote's opinion whether they might open the letter that had come for the governor, which she suspected must be very good. Don Quixote said that to gratify them he would open it, and did so, and found that it ran as follows.

*Teresa Panza's letter to her husband Sancho Panza.*

I got thy letter, Sancho of my soul, and I promise thee and swear as a Catholic Christian that I was within two fingers' breadth of going mad I was so happy. I can tell thee, brother, when I came to hear that thou wert a governor I thought I should have dropped dead with pure joy; and thou knowest they say sudden joy kills as well as great sorrow; and as for Sanchica thy daughter, she leaked from sheer happiness. I had before me the suit thou didst send me, and the coral beads my lady the duchess sent me round my neck, and the letters in my hands, and there was the bearer of them standing by, and in spite of all this I verily believed and thought that what I saw and handled was all a dream; for who could have thought that a goatherd would come to be a governor of islands? Thou knowest, my friend, what my mother used to say, that one must live long to see much; I say it because I expect to see more if I live longer; for I don't expect to stop until I see thee a farmer of taxes or a collector of revenue, which are offices where, though the devil carries off those who make a bad use of them, still they make and handle money. My lady the duchess will tell thee the desire I have to go to the Court; consider the matter and let me know thy pleasure; I will try to do honour to thee by going in a coach.

Neither the curate, nor the barber, nor the bachelor, nor even the sacristan, can believe that thou art a governor, and they say the whole thing is a delusion or an enchantment affair, like everything belonging to thy master Don Quixote; and Samson says he must go in search of thee and drive the government out of thy head and the madness out of Don Quixote's skull; I only laugh, and look at my string of beads, and plan out the dress I am going to make for our daughter out of thy suit. I sent some acorns to my lady the duchess; I wish they had been gold. Send me some strings of pearls if they are in fashion in that island. Here is the news of the village; La Berrueca has married her daughter to a good-for-nothing painter, who came here to paint anything that might turn up. The council gave him an order to paint his Majesty's arms over the door of the town-hall; he asked two ducats, which they paid him in advance; he worked for eight days, and at the end of them had nothing painted, and then said he had no turn for painting such trifling things; he returned the money, and for all that has married on the pretence of being a good workman; to be sure he has now laid aside his paint-brush and taken a spade in hand, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro Lobo's son has received the first orders and tonsure, with the intention of becoming a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's granddaughter, found it out, and has gone to law with him on the score of having given her promise of marriage. Evil tongues say she is with child by him, but he denies it stoutly. There are no olives this year, and there is not a drop of vinegar to be had in the whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here; when they left they took away with them three of the girls of the village; I will not tell thee who they are; perhaps they will come back, and they will be sure to find those who will take them for wives with all their blemishes, good or bad. Sanchica is making bonelace; she earns eight maravedis a day clear, which she puts into a moneybox as a help towards house furnishing; but now that she is a governor's daughter thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The fountain in the plaza has run dry. A flash of lightning struck the gibbet, and I wish they all lit there. I look for an answer to this, and to know thy mind about my going to the Court; and so, God keep thee longer than me, or as long, for I would not leave thee in this world without me.

Thy wife,  
 TERESA PANZA.

The letters were applauded, laughed over, relished, and admired; and then, as if to put the seal to the business, the courier arrived, bringing the one Sancho sent to Don Quixote, and this, too, was read out, and it raised some doubts as to the governor's simplicity. The duchess withdrew to hear from the page about his adventures in Sancho's village, which he narrated at full length without leaving a single circumstance unmentioned. He gave her the acorns, and also a cheese which Teresa had given him as being particularly good and superior to those of Tronchon. The duchess received it with greatest delight, in which we will leave her, to describe the end of the government of the great Sancho Panza, flower and mirror of all governors of islands.

## Chapter LIII

*Of the troublous end and termination Sancho Panza's government came to*

To fancy that in this life anything belonging to it will remain for ever in the same state is an idle fancy; on the contrary, in it everything seems to go in a circle, I mean round and round. The spring succeeds the summer, the summer the fall, the fall the autumn, the autumn the winter, and the winter the spring, and so time rolls with never-ceasing wheel. Man's life alone, swifter than time, speeds onward to its end without any hope of renewal, save it be in that other life which is endless and boundless. Thus saith Cide Hamete the Mahometan philosopher; for there are many that by the light of nature alone, without the light of faith, have a comprehension of the fleeting nature and instability of this present life and the endless duration of that eternal life we hope for; but our author is here speaking of the rapidity with which Sancho's government came to an end, melted away, disappeared, vanished as it were in smoke and shadow. For as he lay in bed on the night of the seventh day of his government, sated, not with bread and wine, but with delivering judgments and giving opinions and making laws and proclamations, just as sleep, in spite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bell-ringing and shouting that one would have fancied the whole island was going to the bottom. He sat up in bed and remained listening intently to try if he could make out what could be the cause of so great an uproar; not only, however, was he unable to discover what it was, but as countless drums and trumpets now helped to swell the din of the bells and shouts, he was more puzzled than ever, and filled with fear and terror; and getting up he put on a pair of slippers because of the dampness of the floor, and without throwing a dressing gown or anything of the kind over him he rushed out of the door of his room, just in time to see approaching along a corridor a band of more than twenty persons with lighted torches and naked swords in their hands, all shouting out, "To arms, to arms, senor governor, to arms! The enemy is in the island in countless numbers, and we are lost unless your skill and valour come to our support."

Keeping up this noise, tumult, and uproar, they came to where Sancho stood dazed and bewildered by what he saw and heard, and as they approached one of them called out to him, "Arm at once, your lordship, if you would not have yourself destroyed and the whole island lost."

"What have I to do with arming?" said Sancho. "What do I know about arms or supports? Better leave all that to my master Don Quixote, who will settle it and make all safe in a trice; for I, sinner that I am, God help me, don't understand these scuffles."

"Ah, senor governor," said another, "what slackness of mettle this is! Arm yourself; here are arms for you, offensive and defensive; come out to the plaza and be our leader and captain; it falls upon you by right, for you are our governor."

"Arm me then, in God's name," said Sancho, and they at once produced two large shields they had come provided with, and placed them upon him over his shirt, without letting him put on anything else, one shield in front and the other behind, and passing his arms through openings they had made, they bound him tight with ropes, so that there he was walled and boarded up as straight as a spindle and unable to bend his knees or stir a single step. In his hand they placed a lance, on which he leant to keep himself from falling, and as soon as they had him thus fixed they bade him march forward and lead them on and give them all courage; for with him for their guide and lamp and morning star, they were sure to bring their business to a successful issue.

"How am I to march, unlucky being that I am?" said Sancho, "when I can't stir my knee-caps, for these boards I have bound so tight to my body won't let me. What you must do is carry me in your arms, and lay me across or set me upright in some postern, and I'll hold it either with this lance or with my body."

"On, senor governor!" cried another, "it is fear more than the boards that keeps you from moving; make haste, stir yourself, for there is no time to lose; the enemy is increasing in numbers, the shouts grow louder, and the danger is pressing."

Urged by these exhortations and reproaches the poor governor made an attempt to advance, but fell to the ground with such a crash that he fancied he had broken himself all to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise enclosed in its shell, or a side of bacon between two kneading-troughs, or a boat bottom up on the beach; nor did the gang of jokers feel any compassion for him when they saw him down; so far from that, extinguishing their torches they began to shout afresh and to renew the calls to arms with such energy, trampling on poor Sancho, and slashing at him over the shield with their swords in such a way that, if he had not gathered himself together and made himself small and drawn in his head between the shields, it would have fared badly with the poor governor, as, squeezed into that narrow compass, he lay, sweating and sweating again, and commending himself with all his heart to God to deliver him from his present peril. Some stumbled over him, others fell upon him, and one there was who took up a position on top of him for some time, and from thence as if from a watchtower issued orders to the troops, shouting out, "Here, our side! Here the enemy is thickest! Hold the breach there! Shut that gate! Barricade those ladders! Here with your stink-pots of pitch and resin, and kettles of boiling oil! Block the streets with feather beds!" In short, in his ardour he mentioned every little thing, and every implement and engine of war by means of which

an assault upon a city is warded off, while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard and suffered all, was saying to himself, "O if it would only please the Lord to let the island be lost at once, and I could see myself either dead or out of this torture!" Heaven heard his prayer, and when he least expected it he heard voices exclaiming, "Victory, victory! The enemy retreats beaten! Come, senor governor, get up, and come and enjoy the victory, and divide the spoils that have been won from the foe by the might of that invincible arm."

"Lift me up," said the wretched Sancho in a woebegone voice. They helped him to rise, and as soon as he was on his feet said, "The enemy I have beaten you may nail to my forehead; I don't want to divide the spoils of the foe, I only beg and entreat some friend, if I have one, to give me a sup of wine, for I'm parched with thirst, and wipe me dry, for I'm turning to water."

They rubbed him down, fetched him wine and unbound the shields, and he seated himself upon his bed, and with fear, agitation, and fatigue he fainted away. Those who had been concerned in the joke were now sorry they had pushed it so far; however, the anxiety his fainting away had caused them was relieved by his returning to himself. He asked what o'clock it was; they told him it was just daybreak. He said no more, and in silence began to dress himself, while all watched him, waiting to see what the haste with which he was putting on his clothes meant.

He got himself dressed at last, and then, slowly, for he was sorely bruised and could not go fast, he proceeded to the stable, followed by all who were present, and going up to Dapple embraced him and gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and said to him, not without tears in his eyes, "Come along, comrade and friend and partner of my toils and sorrows; when I was with you and had no cares to trouble me except mending your harness and feeding your little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years; but since I left you, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand troubles, and four thousand anxieties have entered into my soul;" and all the while he was speaking in this strain he was fixing the pack-saddle on the ass, without a word from anyone. Then having Dapple saddled, he, with great pain and difficulty, got up on him, and addressing himself to the majordomo, the secretary, the head-carver, and Pedro Recio the doctor and several others who stood by, he said, "Make way, gentlemen, and let me go back to my old freedom; let me go look for my past life, and raise myself up from this present death. I was not born to be a governor or protect islands or cities from the enemies that choose to attack them. Ploughing and digging, vinedressing and pruning, are more in my way than defending provinces or kingdoms. 'Saint Peter is very well at Rome; I mean each of us is best following the trade he was born to. A reaping-hook fits my hand better than a governor's sceptre; I'd rather have my fill of gazpacho' than be subject to the misery of a meddling doctor who tortures me with hunger, and I'd rather lie in summer under the shade of an oak, and in winter wrap myself in a double sheepskin jacket in freedom, than go to bed between holland sheets and dress in sables under the restraint of a government. God be with your worships, and tell my lord the duke that 'naked I was born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor gain;' I mean that without a farthing I came into this government, and without a farthing I go out of it, very different from the way governors commonly leave other islands. Stand aside and let me go; I have to plaster myself, for I believe every one of my ribs is crushed, thanks to the enemies that have been trampling over me to-night."

"That is unnecessary, senor governor," said Doctor Recio, "for I will give your worship a draught against falls and bruises that will soon make you as sound and strong as ever; and as for your diet I promise your worship to behave better, and let you eat plentifully of whatever you like."

"You spoke late," said Sancho. "I'd as soon turn Turk as stay any longer. Those jokes won't pass a second time. By God I'd as soon remain in this government, or take another, even if it was offered me between two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I am of the breed of the Panzas, and they are every one of them obstinate, and if they once say 'odds,' odds it must be, no matter if it is evens, in spite of all the world. Here in this stable I leave the ant's wings that lifted me up into the air for the swifts and other birds to eat me, and let's take to level ground and our feet once more; and if they're not shod in pinked shoes of cordovan, they won't want for rough sandals of hemp; 'every ewe to her like,' 'and let no one stretch his leg beyond the length of the sheet;' and now let me pass, for it's growing late with me."

To this the majordomo said, "Senor governor, we would let your worship go with all our hearts, though it sorely grieves us to lose you, for your wit and Christian conduct naturally make us regret you; but it is well known that every governor, before he leaves the place where he has been governing, is bound first of all to render an account. Let your worship do so for the ten days you have held the government, and then you may go and the peace of God go with you."

"No one can demand it of me," said Sancho, "but he whom my lord the duke shall appoint; I am going to meet him, and to him I will render an exact one; besides, when I go forth naked as I do, there is no other proof needed to show that I have governed like an angel."

"By God the great Sancho is right," said Doctor Recio, "and we should let him go, for the duke will be beyond measure glad to see him."

They all agreed to this, and allowed him to go, first offering to bear him company and furnish him with all he

wanted for his own comfort or for the journey. Sancho said he did not want anything more than a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; for the distance being so short there was no occasion for any better or bulkier provant. They all embraced him, and he with tears embraced all of them, and left them filled with admiration not only at his remarks but at his firm and sensible resolution.

### Chapter LVII

*Which treats of how Don Quixote took leave of the Duke, and of what followed with the witty and impudent Altisidora, one of the Duchess's damsels*

Don Quixote now felt it right to quit a life of such idleness as he was leading in the castle; for he fancied that he was making himself sorely missed by suffering himself to remain shut up and inactive amid the countless luxuries and enjoyments his hosts lavished upon him as a knight, and he felt too that he would have to render a strict account to heaven of that indolence and seclusion; and so one day he asked the duke and duchess to grant him permission to take his departure. They gave it, showing at the same time that they were very sorry he was leaving them.

The duchess gave his wife's letters to Sancho Panza, who shed tears over them, saying, "Who would have thought that such grand hopes as the news of my government bred in my wife Teresa Panza's breast would end in my going back now to the vagabond adventures of my master Don Quixote of La Mancha? Still I'm glad to see my Teresa behaved as she ought in sending the acorns, for if she had not sent them I'd have been sorry, and she'd have shown herself ungrateful. It is a comfort to me that they can't call that present a bribe; for I had got the government already when she sent them, and it's but reasonable that those who have had a good turn done them should show their gratitude, if it's only with a trifle. After all I went into the government naked, and I come out of it naked; so I can say with a safe conscience—and that's no small matter—'naked I was born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor gain.'"

Thus did Sancho soliloquise on the day of their departure, as Don Quixote, who had the night before taken leave of the duke and duchess, coming out made his appearance at an early hour in full armour in the courtyard of the castle. The whole household of the castle were watching him from the corridors, and the duke and duchess, too, came out to see him. Sancho was mounted on his Dapple, with his alforjas, valise, and proven, supremely happy because the duke's majordomo, the same that had acted the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little purse with two hundred gold crowns to meet the necessary expenses of the road, but of this Don Quixote knew nothing as yet. While all were, as has been said, observing him, suddenly from among the duennas and handmaidens the impudent and witty Altisidora lifted up her voice and said in pathetic tones:

Give ear, cruel knight;  
 Draw rein; where's the need  
 Of spurring the flanks  
 Of that ill-broken steed?  
 From what art thou flying?  
 No dragon I am,  
 Not even a sheep,  
 But a tender young lamb.  
 Thou hast jilted a maiden  
 As fair to behold  
 As nymph of Diana  
 Or Venus of old.

Bireno, AEneas, what worse shall I call thee?

Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

In thy claws, ruthless robber,  
 Thou bearest away  
 The heart of a meek  
 Loving maid for thy prey,  
 Three kerchiefs thou stealest,  
 And garters a pair,  
 From legs than the whitest  
 Of marble more fair;

And the sighs that pursue thee  
    Would burn to the ground  
Two thousand Troy Towns,  
    If so many were found.

Bireno, AEneas, what worse shall I call thee?

Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

May no bowels of mercy  
    To Sancho be granted,  
And thy Dulcinea  
    Be left still enchanted,  
May thy falsehood to me  
    Find its punishment in her,  
For in my land the just  
    Often pays for the sinner.  
May thy grandest adventures  
    Discomfitures prove,  
May thy joys be all dreams,  
    And forgotten thy love.

Bireno, AEneas, what worse shall I call thee?

Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

May thy name be abhorred  
    For thy conduct to ladies,  
From London to England,  
    From Seville to Cadiz;  
May thy cards be unlucky,  
    Thy hands contain ne'er a  
King, seven, or ace  
    When thou playest primera;  
When thy corns are cut  
    May it be to the quick;  
When thy grinders are drawn  
    May the roots of them stick.

Bireno, AEneas, what worse shall I call thee?

Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

All the while the unhappy Altisidora was bewailing herself in the above strain Don Quixote stood staring at her; and without uttering a word in reply to her he turned round to Sancho and said, "Sancho my friend, I conjure thee by the life of thy forefathers tell me the truth; say, hast thou by any chance taken the three kerchiefs and the garters this love-sick maid speaks of?"

To this Sancho made answer, "The three kerchiefs I have; but the garters, as much as 'over the hills of Ubeda.'"

The duchess was amazed at Altisidora's assurance; she knew that she was bold, lively, and impudent, but not so much so as to venture to make free in this fashion; and not being prepared for the joke, her astonishment was all the greater. The duke had a mind to keep up the sport, so he said, "It does not seem to me well done in you, sir knight, that after having received the hospitality that has been offered you in this very castle, you should have ventured to carry off even three kerchiefs, not to say my handmaid's garters. It shows a bad heart and does not tally with your reputation. Restore her garters, or else I defy you to mortal combat, for I am not afraid of rascally enchanters changing or altering my features as they changed his who encountered you into those of my lacquey, Tosilos."

"God forbid," said Don Quixote, "that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person from which I have received such great favours. The kerchiefs I will restore, as Sancho says he has them; as to the garters that is



impossible, for I have not got them, neither has he; and if your handmaiden here will look in her hiding-places, depend upon it she will find them. I have never been a thief, my lord duke, nor do I mean to be so long as I live, if God cease not to have me in his keeping. This damsel by her own confession speaks as one in love, for which I am not to blame, and therefore need not ask pardon, either of her or of your excellence, whom I entreat to have a better opinion of me, and once more to give me leave to pursue my journey."

"And may God so prosper it, Senor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "that we may always hear good news of your exploits; God speed you; for the longer you stay, the more you inflame the hearts of the damsels who behold you; and as for this one of mine, I will so chastise her that she will not transgress again, either with her eyes or with her words."

"One word and no more, O valiant Don Quixote, I ask you to hear," said Altisidora, "and that is that I beg your pardon about the theft of the garters; for by God and upon my soul I have got them on, and I have fallen into the same blunder as he did who went looking for his ass being all the while mounted on it."

"Didn't I say so?" said Sancho. "I'm a likely one to hide thefts! Why if I wanted to deal in them, opportunities came ready enough to me in my government."

Don Quixote bowed his head, and saluted the duke and duchess and all the bystanders, and wheeling Rocinante round, Sancho following him on Dapple, he rode out of the castle, shaping his course for Saragossa.

### Chapter LXIV

*Treating of the adventure which gave Don Quixote more unhappiness than all that had hitherto befallen him*

The wife of Don Antonio Moreno, so the history says, was extremely happy to see Ana Felix in her house. She welcomed her with great kindness, charmed as well by her beauty as by her intelligence; for in both respects the fair Morisco was richly endowed, and all the people of the city flocked to see her as though they had been summoned by the ringing of the bells.

Don Quixote told Don Antonio that the plan adopted for releasing Don Gregorio was not a good one, for its risks were greater than its advantages, and that it would be better to land himself with his arms and horse in Barbary; for he would carry him off in spite of the whole Moorish host, as Don Gaiferos carried off his wife Melisendra.

"Remember, your worship," observed Sancho on hearing him say so, "Senor

Don Gaiferos carried off his wife from the mainland, and took her to

France by land; but in this case, if by chance we carry off Don Gregorio,

we have no way of bringing him to Spain, for there's the sea between."

"There's a remedy for everything except death," said Don Quixote; "if they bring the vessel close to the shore we shall be able to get on board though all the world strive to prevent us."

"Your worship hits it off mighty well and mighty easy," said Sancho; "but 'it's a long step from saying to doing;' and I hold to the renegade, for he seems to me an honest good-hearted fellow."

Don Antonio then said that if the renegade did not prove successful, the expedient of the great Don Quixote's expedition to Barbary should be adopted. Two days afterwards the renegade put to sea in a light vessel of six oars a-side manned by a stout crew, and two days later the galleys made sail eastward, the general having begged the viceroy to let him know all about the release of Don Gregorio and about Ana Felix, and the viceroy promised to do as he requested.

One morning as Don Quixote went out for a stroll along the beach, arrayed in full armour (for, as he often said, that was "his only gear, his only rest the fray," and he never was without it for a moment), he saw coming towards him a knight, also in full armour, with a shining moon painted on his shield, who, on approaching sufficiently near to be heard, said in a loud voice, addressing himself to Don Quixote, "Illustrious knight, and never sufficiently extolled Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of achievements will perhaps have recalled him to thy memory. I come to do battle with thee and prove the might of thy arm, to the end that I make thee acknowledge and confess that my lady, let her be who she may, is incomparably fairer than thy Dulcinea del Toboso. If thou dost acknowledge this fairly and openly, thou shalt escape death and save me the trouble of inflicting it upon thee; if thou fightest and I vanquish thee, I demand no other satisfaction than that, laying aside arms and abstaining from going in quest of adventures, thou withdraw and betake thyself to thine own village for the space of a year, and live there without putting hand to sword, in peace and quiet and beneficial repose, the same being needful for the increase of thy substance and the salvation of thy soul; and if thou dost vanquish me, my head shall be at thy disposal, my arms and horse thy spoils, and the renown of my deeds transferred and added to thine. Consider which will be thy best course, and give me thy answer speedily, for this day is all the time I have for the despatch of this business."

Don Quixote was amazed and astonished, as well at the Knight of the White Moon's arrogance, as at his reason for delivering the defiance, and with calm dignity he answered him, "Knight of the White Moon, of whose achievements I have never heard until now, I will venture to swear you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for had

you seen her I know you would have taken care not to venture yourself upon this issue, because the sight would have removed all doubt from your mind that there ever has been or can be a beauty to be compared with hers; and so, not saying you lie, but merely that you are not correct in what you state, I accept your challenge, with the conditions you have proposed, and at once, that the day you have fixed may not expire; and from your conditions I except only that of the renown of your achievements being transferred to me, for I know not of what sort they are nor what they may amount to; I am satisfied with my own, such as they be. Take, therefore, the side of the field you choose, and I will do the same; and to whom God shall give it may Saint Peter add his blessing.”

The Knight of the White Moon had been seen from the city, and it was told the viceroy how he was in conversation with Don Quixote. The viceroy, fancying it must be some fresh adventure got up by Don Antonio Moreno or some other gentleman of the city, hurried out at once to the beach accompanied by Don Antonio and several other gentlemen, just as Don Quixote was wheeling Rocinante round in order to take up the necessary distance. The viceroy upon this, seeing that the pair of them were evidently preparing to come to the charge, put himself between them, asking them what it was that led them to engage in combat all of a sudden in this way. The Knight of the White Moon replied that it was a question of precedence of beauty; and briefly told him what he had said to Don Quixote, and how the conditions of the defiance agreed upon on both sides had been accepted. The viceroy went over to Don Antonio, and asked in a low voice did he know who the Knight of the White Moon was, or was it some joke they were playing on Don Quixote. Don Antonio replied that he neither knew who he was nor whether the defiance was in joke or in earnest. This answer left the viceroy in a state of perplexity, not knowing whether he ought to let the combat go on or not; but unable to persuade himself that it was anything but a joke he fell back, saying, “If there be no other way out of it, gallant knights, except to confess or die, and Don Quixote is inflexible, and your worship of the White Moon still more so, in God’s hand be it, and fall on.”

He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy in courteous and well-chosen words for the permission he gave them, and so did Don Quixote, who then, commending himself with all his heart to heaven and to his Dulcinea, as was his custom on the eve of any combat that awaited him, proceeded to take a little more distance, as he saw his antagonist was doing the same; then, without blast of trumpet or other warlike instrument to give them the signal to charge, both at the same instant wheeled their horses; and he of the White Moon, being the swifter, met Don Quixote after having traversed two-thirds of the course, and there encountered him with such violence that, without touching him with his lance (for he held it high, to all appearance purposely), he hurled Don Quixote and Rocinante to the earth, a perilous fall. He sprang upon him at once, and placing the lance over his visor said to him, “You are vanquished, sir knight, nay dead unless you admit the conditions of our defiance.”

Don Quixote, bruised and stupefied, without raising his visor said in a weak feeble voice as if he were speaking out of a tomb, “Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth; it is not fitting that this truth should suffer by my feebleness; drive your lance home, sir knight, and take my life, since you have taken away my honour.”

“That will I not, in sooth,” said he of the White Moon; “live the fame of the lady Dulcinea’s beauty undimmed as ever; all I require is that the great Don Quixote retire to his own home for a year, or for so long a time as shall by me be enjoined upon him, as we agreed before engaging in this combat.”

The viceroy, Don Antonio, and several others who were present heard all this, and heard too how Don Quixote replied that so long as nothing in prejudice of Dulcinea was demanded of him, he would observe all the rest like a true and loyal knight. The engagement given, he of the White Moon wheeled about, and making obeisance to the viceroy with a movement of the head, rode away into the city at a half gallop. The viceroy bade Don Antonio hasten after him, and by some means or other find out who he was. They raised Don Quixote up and uncovered his face, and found him pale and bathed with sweat.

Rocinante from the mere hard measure he had received lay unable to stir for the present. Sancho, wholly dejected and woebegone, knew not what to say or do. He fancied that all was a dream, that the whole business was a piece of enchantment. Here was his master defeated, and bound not to take up arms for a year. He saw the light of the glory of his achievements obscured; the hopes of the promises lately made him swept away like smoke before the wind; Rocinante, he feared, was crippled for life, and his master’s bones out of joint; for if he were only shaken out of his madness it would be no small luck. In the end they carried him into the city in a hand-chair which the viceroy sent for, and thither the viceroy himself returned, eager to ascertain who this Knight of the White Moon was who had left Don Quixote in such a sad plight.

### Chapter LXV

*Wherein is made known who the knight of the white moon was; likewise Don Gregorio’s release, and other events*

Don Antonia Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, and a number of boys followed him too, nay pursued him, until they had him fairly housed in a hostel in the heart of the city. Don Antonio, eager to make his

acquaintance, entered also; a squire came out to meet him and remove his armour, and he shut himself into a lower room, still attended by Don Antonio, whose bread would not bake until he had found out who he was. He of the White Moon, seeing then that the gentleman would not leave him, said, "I know very well, senor, what you have come for; it is to find out who I am; and as there is no reason why I should conceal it from you, while my servant here is taking off my armour I will tell you the true state of the case, without leaving out anything. You must know, senor, that I am called the bachelor Samson Carrasco. I am of the same village as Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose craze and folly make all of us who know him feel pity for him, and I am one of those who have felt it most; and persuaded that his chance of recovery lay in quiet and keeping at home and in his own house, I hit upon a device for keeping him there. Three months ago, therefore, I went out to meet him as a knight-errant, under the assumed name of the Knight of the Mirrors, intending to engage him in combat and overcome him without hurting him, making it the condition of our combat that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the victor. What I meant to demand of him (for I regarded him as vanquished already) was that he should return to his own village, and not leave it for a whole year, by which time he might be cured. But fate ordered it otherwise, for he vanquished me and unhorsed me, and so my plan failed. He went his way, and I came back conquered, covered with shame, and sorely bruised by my fall, which was a particularly dangerous one. But this did not quench my desire to meet him again and overcome him, as you have seen to-day. And as he is so scrupulous in his observance of the laws of knight-errantry, he will, no doubt, in order to keep his word, obey the injunction I have laid upon him. This, senor, is how the matter stands, and I have nothing more to tell you. I implore of you not to betray me, or tell Don Quixote who I am; so that my honest endeavours may be successful, and that a man of excellent wits—were he only rid of the fooleries of chivalry—may get them back again."

"O senor," said Don Antonio, "may God forgive you the wrong you have done the whole world in trying to bring the most amusing madman in it back to his senses. Do you not see, senor, that the gain by Don Quixote's sanity can never equal the enjoyment his crazes give? But my belief is that all the senor bachelor's pains will be of no avail to bring a man so hopelessly cracked to his senses again; and if it were not uncharitable, I would say may Don Quixote never be cured, for by his recovery we lose not only his own drolleries, but his squire Sancho Panza's too, any one of which is enough to turn melancholy itself into merriment. However, I'll hold my peace and say nothing to him, and we'll see whether I am right in my suspicion that Senor Carrasco's efforts will be fruitless."

The bachelor replied that at all events the affair promised well, and he hoped for a happy result from it; and putting his services at Don Antonio's commands he took his leave of him; and having had his armour packed at once upon a mule, he rode away from the city the same day on the horse he rode to battle, and returned to his own country without meeting any adventure calling for record in this veracious history.

Don Antonio reported to the viceroy what Carrasco told him, and the viceroy was not very well pleased to hear it, for with Don Quixote's retirement there was an end to the amusement of all who knew anything of his mad doings.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, dejected, melancholy, moody and out of sorts, brooding over the unhappy event of his defeat. Sancho strove to comfort him, and among other things he said to him, "Hold up your head, senor, and be of good cheer if you can, and give thanks to heaven that if you have had a tumble to the ground you have not come off with a broken rib; and, as you know that 'where they give they take,' and that 'there are not always fletches where there are pegs,' a fig for the doctor, for there's no need of him to cure this ailment. Let us go home, and give over going about in search of adventures in strange lands and places; rightly looked at, it is I that am the greater loser, though it is your worship that has had the worse usage. With the government I gave up all wish to be a governor again, but I did not give up all longing to be a count; and that will never come to pass if your worship gives up becoming a king by renouncing the calling of chivalry; and so my hopes are going to turn into smoke."

"Peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "thou seest my suspension and retirement is not to exceed a year; I shall soon return to my honoured calling, and I shall not be at a loss for a kingdom to win and a county to bestow on thee."

"May God hear it and sin be deaf," said Sancho; "I have always heard say that 'a good hope is better than a bad holding.'"

As they were talking Don Antonio came in looking extremely pleased and exclaiming, "Reward me for my good news, Senor Don Quixote! Don Gregorio and the renegade who went for him have come ashore—ashore do I say? They are by this time in the viceroy's house, and will be here immediately."

Don Quixote cheered up a little and said, "Of a truth I am almost ready to say I should have been glad had it turned out just the other way, for it would have obliged me to cross over to Barbary, where by the might of my arm I should have restored to liberty, not only Don Gregorio, but all the Christian captives there are in Barbary. But what am I saying, miserable being that I am? Am I not he that has been conquered? Am I not he that has been overthrown? Am I not he who must not take up arms for a year? Then what am I making professions for; what am I bragging about; when it is fitter for me to handle the distaff than the sword?"

“No more of that, señor,” said Sancho; “let the hen live, even though it be with her pip; ‘today for thee and to-morrow for me;’ in these affairs of encounters and whacks one must not mind them, for he that falls to-day may get up to-morrow; unless indeed he chooses to lie in bed, I mean gives way to weakness and does not pluck up fresh spirit for fresh battles; let your worship get up now to receive Don Gregorio; for the household seems to be in a bustle, and no doubt he has come by this time;” and so it proved, for as soon as Don Gregorio and the renegade had given the viceroy an account of the voyage out and home, Don Gregorio, eager to see Ana Felix, came with the renegade to Don Antonio’s house. When they carried him away from Algiers he was in woman’s dress; on board the vessel, however, he exchanged it for that of a captive who escaped with him; but in whatever dress he might be he looked like one to be loved and served and esteemed, for he was surpassingly well-favoured, and to judge by appearances some seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter came out to welcome him, the father with tears, the daughter with bashfulness. They did not embrace each other, for where there is deep love there will never be overmuch boldness. Seen side by side, the comeliness of Don Gregorio and the beauty of Ana Felix were the admiration of all who were present. It was silence that spoke for the lovers at that moment, and their eyes were the tongues that declared their pure and happy feelings. The renegade explained the measures and means he had adopted to rescue Don Gregorio, and Don Gregorio at no great length, but in a few words, in which he showed that his intelligence was in advance of his years, described the peril and embarrassment he found himself in among the women with whom he had sojourned. To conclude, Ricote liberally recompensed and rewarded as well the renegade as the men who had rowed; and the renegade effected his readmission into the body of the Church and was reconciled with it, and from a rotten limb became by penance and repentance a clean and sound one.

Two days later the viceroy discussed with Don Antonio the steps they should take to enable Ana Felix and her father to stay in Spain, for it seemed to them there could be no objection to a daughter who was so good a Christian and a father to all appearance so well disposed remaining there. Don Antonio offered to arrange the matter at the capital, whither he was compelled to go on some other business, hinting that many a difficult affair was settled there with the help of favour and bribes.

“Nay,” said Ricote, who was present during the conversation, “it will not do to rely upon favour or bribes, because with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, Conde de Salazar, to whom his Majesty has entrusted our expulsion, neither entreaties nor promises, bribes nor appeals to compassion, are of any use; for though it is true he mingles mercy with justice, still, seeing that the whole body of our nation is tainted and corrupt, he applies to it the cautery that burns rather than the salve that soothes; and thus, by prudence, sagacity, care and the fear he inspires, he has borne on his mighty shoulders the weight of this great policy and carried it into effect, all our schemes and plots, importunities and wiles, being ineffectual to blind his Argus eyes, ever on the watch lest one of us should remain behind in concealment, and like a hidden root come in course of time to sprout and bear poisonous fruit in Spain, now cleansed, and relieved of the fear in which our vast numbers kept it. Heroic resolve of the great Philip the Third, and unparalleled wisdom to have entrusted it to the said Don Bernardino de Velasco!”

“At any rate,” said Don Antonio, “when I am there I will make all possible efforts, and let heaven do as pleases it best; Don Gregorio will come with me to relieve the anxiety which his parents must be suffering on account of his absence; Ana Felix will remain in my house with my wife, or in a monastery; and I know the viceroy will be glad that the worthy Ricote should stay with him until we see what terms I can make.”

The viceroy agreed to all that was proposed; but Don Gregorio on learning what had passed declared he could not and would not on any account leave Ana Felix; however, as it was his purpose to go and see his parents and devise some way of returning for her, he fell in with the proposed arrangement. Ana Felix remained with Don Antonio’s wife, and Ricote in the viceroy’s house.

The day for Don Antonio’s departure came; and two days later that for Don Quixote’s and Sancho’s, for Don Quixote’s fall did not suffer him to take the road sooner. There were tears and sighs, swoonings and sobs, at the parting between Don Gregorio and Ana Felix. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand crowns if he would have them, but he would not take any save five which Don Antonio lent him and he promised to repay at the capital. So the two of them took their departure, and Don Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as has been already said, Don Quixote without his armour and in travelling gear, and Sancho on foot, Dapple being loaded with the armour.

### Chapter LXIX

*Of the strangest and most extraordinary adventure that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this great history*

The horsemen dismounted, and, together with the men on foot, without a moment’s delay taking up Sancho and Don Quixote bodily, they carried them into the court, all round which near a hundred torches fixed in sockets were burning, besides above five hundred lamps in the corridors, so that in spite of the night, which was somewhat dark, the want of daylight could not be perceived. In the middle of the court was a catafalque, raised about two yards above the ground and covered completely by an immense canopy of black velvet, and on the

steps all round it white wax tapers burned in more than a hundred silver candlesticks. Upon the catafalque was seen the dead body of a damsel so lovely that by her beauty she made death itself look beautiful. She lay with her head resting upon a cushion of brocade and crowned with a garland of sweet-smelling flowers of divers sorts, her hands crossed upon her bosom, and between them a branch of yellow palm of victory. On one side of the court was erected a stage, where upon two chairs were seated two persons who from having crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands appeared to be kings of some sort, whether real or mock ones. By the side of this stage, which was reached by steps, were two other chairs on which the men carrying the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all in silence, and by signs giving them to understand that they too were to be silent; which, however, they would have been without any signs, for their amazement at all they saw held them tongue-tied. And now two persons of distinction, who were at once recognised by Don Quixote as his hosts the duke and duchess, ascended the stage attended by a numerous suite, and seated themselves on two gorgeous chairs close to the two kings, as they seemed to be. Who would not have been amazed at this? Nor was this all, for Don Quixote had perceived that the dead body on the catafalque was that of the fair Altisidora. As the duke and duchess mounted the stage Don Quixote and Sancho rose and made them a profound obeisance, which they returned by bowing their heads slightly. At this moment an official crossed over, and approaching Sancho threw over him a robe of black buckram painted all over with flames of fire, and taking off his cap put upon his head a mitre such as those undergoing the sentence of the Holy Office wear; and whispered in his ear that he must not open his lips, or they would put a gag upon him, or take his life. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot and saw himself all ablaze with flames; but as they did not burn him, he did not care two farthings for them. He took off the mitre, and seeing it painted with devils he put it on again, saying to himself, "Well, so far those don't burn me nor do these carry me off." Don Quixote surveyed him too, and though fear had got the better of his faculties, he could not help smiling to see the figure Sancho presented. And now from underneath the catafalque, so it seemed, there rose a low sweet sound of flutes, which, coming unbroken by human voice (for there silence itself kept silence), had a soft and languishing effect. Then, beside the pillow of what seemed to be the dead body, suddenly appeared a fair youth in a Roman habit, who, to the accompaniment of a harp which he himself played, sang in a sweet and clear voice these two stanzas:

While fair Altisidora, who the sport  
Of cold Don Quixote's cruelty hath been,  
Returns to life, and in this magic court  
The dames in sables come to grace the scene,  
And while her matrons all in seemly sort  
My lady robes in baize and bombazine,  
Her beauty and her sorrows will I sing  
With defter quill than touched the Thracian string.

But not in life alone, methinks, to me  
Belongs the office; Lady, when my tongue  
Is cold in death, believe me, unto thee  
My voice shall raise its tributary song.  
My soul, from this strait prison-house set free,  
As o'er the Stygian lake it floats along,  
Thy praises singing still shall hold its way,  
And make the waters of oblivion stay.

At this point one of the two that looked like kings exclaimed, "Enough, enough, divine singer! It would be an endless task to put before us now the death and the charms of the peerless Altisidora, not dead as the ignorant world imagines, but living in the voice of fame and in the penance which Sancho Panza, here present, has to undergo to restore her to the long-lost light. Do thou, therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who sittest in judgment with me in the murky caverns of Dis, as thou knowest all that the inscrutable fates have decreed touching the resuscitation of this damsel, announce and declare it at once, that the happiness we look forward to from her restoration be no longer deferred."

No sooner had Minos the fellow judge of Rhadamanthus said this, than Rhadamanthus rising up said:

"Ho, officials of this house, high and low, great and small, make haste hither one and all, and print on Sancho's face four-and-twenty smacks, and give him twelve pinches and six pin thrusts in the back and arms; for upon this ceremony depends the restoration of Altisidora."

On hearing this Sancho broke silence and cried out, "By all that's good, I'll as soon let my face be smacked or handled as turn Moor. Body o' me! What has handling my face got to do with the resurrection of this damsel? 'The old woman took kindly to the blits; they enchant Dulcinea, and whip me in order to disenchant her; Altisidora dies of ailments God was pleased to send her, and to bring her to life again they must give me four-and-twenty smacks, and prick holes in my body with pins, and raise weals on my arms with pinches! Try those jokes on a brother-in-law; 'I'm an old dog, and "tus, tus" is no use with me.'"

"Thou shalt die," said Rhadamanthus in a loud voice; "relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent, for no impossibilities are asked of thee; it is not for thee to inquire into the difficulties in this matter; smacked thou must be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and with pinches thou must be made to howl. Ho, I say, officials, obey my orders; or by the word of an honest man, ye shall see what ye were born for."

At this some six duennas, advancing across the court, made their appearance in procession, one after the other, four of them with spectacles, and all with their right hands uplifted, showing four fingers of wrist to make their hands look longer, as is the fashion now-a-days. No sooner had Sancho caught sight of them than, bellowing like a bull, he exclaimed, "I might let myself be handled by all the world; but allow duennas to touch me—not a bit of it! Scratch my face, as my master was served in this very castle; run me through the body with burnished daggers; pinch my arms with red-hot pincers; I'll bear all in patience to serve these gentlefolk; but I won't let duennas touch me, though the devil should carry me off!"

Here Don Quixote, too, broke silence, saying to Sancho, "Have patience, my son, and gratify these noble persons, and give all thanks to heaven that it has infused such virtue into thy person, that by its sufferings thou canst disenchant the enchanted and restore to life the dead."

The duennas were now close to Sancho, and he, having become more tractable and reasonable, settling himself well in his chair presented his face and beard to the first, who delivered him a smack very stoutly laid on, and then made him a low curtsy.

"Less politeness and less paint, senora duenna," said Sancho; "by God your hands smell of vinegar-wash."

In fine, all the duennas smacked him and several others of the household pinched him; but what he could not stand was being pricked by the pins; and so, apparently out of patience, he started up out of his chair, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him fell upon the duennas and the whole set of his tormentors, exclaiming, "Begone, ye ministers of hell; I'm not made of brass not to feel such out-of-the-way tortures."

At this instant Altisidora, who probably was tired of having been so long lying on her back, turned on her side; seeing which the bystanders cried out almost with one voice, "Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!"

Rhadamanthus bade Sancho put away his wrath, as the object they had in view was now attained. When Don Quixote saw Altisidora move, he went on his knees to Sancho saying to him, "Now is the time, son of my bowels, not to call thee my squire, for thee to give thyself some of those lashes thou art bound to lay on for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Now, I say, is the time when the virtue that is in thee is ripe, and endowed with efficacy to work the good that is looked for from thee."

To which Sancho made answer, "That's trick upon trick, I think, and not honey upon pancakes; a nice thing it would be for a whipping to come now, on the top of pinches, smacks, and pin-proddings! You had better take a big stone and tie it round my neck, and pitch me into a well; I should not mind it much, if I'm to be always made the cow of the wedding for the cure of other people's ailments. Leave me alone; or else by God I'll fling the whole thing to the dogs, let come what may."

Altisidora had by this time sat up on the catafalque, and as she did so the clarions sounded, accompanied by the flutes, and the voices of all present exclaiming, "Long life to Altisidora! long life to Altisidora!" The duke and duchess and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus stood up, and all, together with Don Quixote and Sancho, advanced to receive her and take her down from the catafalque; and she, making as though she were recovering from a swoon, bowed her head to the duke and duchess and to the kings, and looking sideways at Don Quixote, said to him, "God forgive thee, insensible knight, for through thy cruelty I have been, to me it seems, more than a thousand years in the other world; and to thee, the most compassionate upon earth, I render thanks for the life I am now in possession of. From this day forth, friend Sancho, count as thine six smocks of mine which I bestow upon thee, to make as many shirts for thyself, and if they are not all quite whole, at any rate they are all clean."

Sancho kissed her hands in gratitude, kneeling, and with the mitre in his hand. The duke bade them take it from him, and give him back his cap and doublet and remove the flaming robe. Sancho begged the duke to let them leave him the robe and mitre; as he wanted to take them home for a token and memento of that unexampled adventure. The duchess said they must leave them with him; for he knew already what a great friend of his she was. The duke then gave orders that the court should be cleared, and that all should retire to their chambers, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old quarters.

## Chapter LXX

*Which follows sixty-nine and deals with matters indispensable for the clear comprehension of this history*

Sancho slept that night in a cot in the same chamber with Don Quixote, a thing he would have gladly excused if he could for he knew very well that with questions and answers his master would not let him sleep, and he was in no humour for talking much, as he still felt the pain of his late martyrdom, which interfered with his freedom of speech; and it would have been more to his taste to sleep in a hovel alone, than in that luxurious chamber in company. And so well founded did his apprehension prove, and so correct was his anticipation, that scarcely had his master got into bed when he said, "What dost thou think of tonight's adventure, Sancho? Great and mighty is the power of cold-hearted scorn, for thou with thine own eyes hast seen Altisidora slain, not by arrows, nor by the sword, nor by any warlike weapon, nor by deadly poisons, but by the thought of the sternness and scorn with which I have always treated her."

"She might have died and welcome," said Sancho, "when she pleased and how she pleased; and she might have left me alone, for I never made her fall in love or scorned her. I don't know nor can I imagine how the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more fanciful than wise, can have, as I have said before, anything to do with the sufferings of Sancho Panza. Now I begin to see plainly and clearly that there are enchanters and enchanted people in the world; and may God deliver me from them, since I can't deliver myself; and so I beg of your worship to let me sleep and not ask me any more questions, unless you want me to throw myself out of the window."

"Sleep, Sancho my friend," said Don Quixote, "if the pinprodding and pinches thou hast received and the smacks administered to thee will let thee."

"No pain came up to the insult of the smacks," said Sancho, "for the simple reason that it was duennas, con-found them, that gave them to me; but once more I entreat your worship to let me sleep, for sleep is relief from misery to those who are miserable when awake."

"Be it so, and God be with thee," said Don Quixote.

They fell asleep, both of them, and Cide Hamete, the author of this great history, took this opportunity to record and relate what it was that induced the duke and duchess to get up the elaborate plot that has been described. The bachelor Samson Carrasco, he says, not forgetting how he as the Knight of the Mirrors had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow upset all his plans, resolved to try his hand again, hoping for better luck than he had before; and so, having learned where Don Quixote was from the page who brought the letter and present to Sancho's wife, Teresa Panza, he got himself new armour and another horse, and put a white moon upon his shield, and to carry his arms he had a mule led by a peasant, not by Tom Cecial his former squire for fear he should be recognised by Sancho or Don Quixote. He came to the duke's castle, and the duke informed him of the road and route Don Quixote had taken with the intention of being present at the jousts at Saragossa. He told him, too, of the jokes he had practised upon him, and of the device for the disenchantment of Dulcinea at the expense of Sancho's backside; and finally he gave him an account of the trick Sancho had played upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and turned into a country wench; and of how the duchess, his wife, had persuaded Sancho that it was he himself who was deceived, inasmuch as Dulcinea was really enchanted; at which the bachelor laughed not a little, and marvelled as well at the sharpness and simplicity of Sancho as at the length to which Don Quixote's madness went. The duke begged of him if he found him (whether he overcame him or not) to return that way and let him know the result. This the bachelor did; he set out in quest of Don Quixote, and not finding him at Saragossa, he went on, and how he fared has been already told. He returned to the duke's castle and told him all, what the conditions of the combat were, and how Don Quixote was now, like a loyal knight-errant, returning to keep his promise of retiring to his village for a year, by which time, said the bachelor, he might perhaps be cured of his madness; for that was the object that had led him to adopt these disguises, as it was a sad thing for a gentleman of such good parts as Don Quixote to be a madman. And so he took his leave of the duke, and went home to his village to wait there for Don Quixote, who was coming after him. Thereupon the duke seized the opportunity of practising this mystification upon him; so much did he enjoy everything connected with Sancho and Don Quixote. He had the roads about the castle far and near, everywhere he thought Don Quixote was likely to pass on his return, occupied by large numbers of his servants on foot and on horseback, who were to bring him to the castle, by fair means or foul, if they met him. They did meet him, and sent word to the duke, who, having already settled what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, ordered the torches and lamps in the court to be lit and Altisidora to be placed on the catafalque with all the pomp and ceremony that has been described, the whole affair being so well arranged and acted that it differed but little from reality. And Cide Hamete says, moreover, that for his part he considers the concocters of the joke as crazy as the victims of it, and that the duke and duchess were not two fingers' breadth removed from being something like fools themselves when they took such pains to make game of a pair of fools.

As for the latter, one was sleeping soundly and the other lying awake occupied with his desultory thoughts, when daylight came to them bringing with it the desire to rise; for the lazy down was never a delight to Don Quixote, victor or vanquished. Altisidora, come back from death to life as Don Quixote fancied, following up the freak of her lord and lady, entered the chamber, crowned with the garland she had worn on the catafalque and in a robe of white taffeta embroidered with gold flowers, her hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and leaning upon a staff of fine black ebony. Don Quixote, disconcerted and in confusion at her appearance, huddled himself up and well-nigh covered himself altogether with the sheets and counterpane of the bed, tongue-tied, and unable to offer her any civility. Altisidora seated herself on a chair at the head of the bed, and, after a deep sigh, said to him in a feeble, soft voice, "When women of rank and modest maidens trample honour under foot, and give a loose to the tongue that breaks through every impediment, publishing abroad the inmost secrets of their hearts, they are reduced to sore extremities. Such a one am I, Senor Don Quixote of La Mancha, crushed, conquered, love-smitten, but yet patient under suffering and virtuous, and so much so that my heart broke with grief and I lost my life. For the last two days I have been dead, slain by the thought of the cruelty with which thou hast treated me, obdurate knight,

O harder thou than marble to my plaint;

or at least believed to be dead by all who saw me; and had it not been that Love, taking pity on me, let my recovery rest upon the sufferings of this good squire, there I should have remained in the other world."

"Love might very well have let it rest upon the sufferings of my ass, and I should have been obliged to him," said Sancho. "But tell me, senora—and may heaven send you a tenderer lover than my master—what did you see in the other world? What goes on in hell? For of course that's where one who dies in despair is bound for."

"To tell you the truth," said Altisidora, "I cannot have died outright, for I did not go into hell; had I gone in, it is very certain I should never have come out again, do what I might. The truth is, I came to the gate, where some dozen or so of devils were playing tennis, all in breeches and doublets, with falling collars trimmed with Flemish bonelace, and ruffles of the same that served them for wristbands, with four fingers' breadth of the arms exposed to make their hands look longer; in their hands they held rackets of fire; but what amazed me still more was that books, apparently full of wind and rubbish, served them for tennis balls, a strange and marvellous thing; this, however, did not astonish me so much as to observe that, although with players it is usual for the winners to be glad and the losers sorry, there in that game all were growling, all were snarling, and all were cursing one another." "That's no wonder," said Sancho; "for devils, whether playing or not, can never be content, win or lose."

"Very likely," said Altisidora; "but there is another thing that surprises me too, I mean surprised me then, and that was that no ball outlasted the first throw or was of any use a second time; and it was wonderful the constant succession there was of books, new and old. To one of them, a brand-new, well-bound one, they gave such a stroke that they knocked the guts out of it and scattered the leaves about. 'Look what book that is,' said one devil to another, and the other replied, 'It is the "Second Part of the History of Don Quixote of La Mancha," not by Cide Hamete, the original author, but by an Aragonese who by his own account is of Tordesillas.' 'Out of this with it,' said the first, 'and into the depths of hell with it out of my sight.' 'Is it so bad?' said the other. 'So bad is it,' said the first, 'that if I had set myself deliberately to make a worse, I could not have done it.' They then went on with their game, knocking other books about; and I, having heard them mention the name of Don Quixote whom I love and adore so, took care to retain this vision in my memory."

"A vision it must have been, no doubt," said Don Quixote, "for there is no other I in the world; this history has been going about here for some time from hand to hand, but it does not stay long in any, for everybody gives it a taste of his foot. I am not disturbed by hearing that I am wandering in a fantastic shape in the darkness of the pit or in the daylight above, for I am not the one that history treats of. If it should be good, faithful, and true, it will have ages of life; but if it should be bad, from its birth to its burial will not be a very long journey."

Altisidora was about to proceed with her complaint against Don Quixote, when he said to her, "I have several times told you, senora that it grieves me you should have set your affections upon me, as from mine they can only receive gratitude, but no return. I was born to belong to Dulcinea del Toboso, and the fates, if there are any, dedicated me to her; and to suppose that any other beauty can take the place she occupies in my heart is to suppose an impossibility. This frank declaration should suffice to make you retire within the bounds of your modesty, for no one can bind himself to do impossibilities."

Hearing this, Altisidora, with a show of anger and agitation, exclaimed, "God's life! Don Stockfish, soul of a mortar, stone of a date, more obstinate and obdurate than a clown asked a favour when he has his mind made up, if I fall upon you I'll tear your eyes out! Do you fancy, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgelled, that I died for your sake? All that you have seen to-night has been make-believe; I'm not the woman to let the black of my nail suffer for such a camel, much less die!"

"That I can well believe," said Sancho; "for all that about lovers pining to death is absurd; they may talk of it, but as for doing it—Judas may believe that!"

While they were talking, the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two stanzas given above came in, and making a profound obeisance to Don Quixote said, "Will your worship, sir knight, reckon and retain me in the



number of your most faithful servants, for I have long been a great admirer of yours, as well because of your fame as because of your achievements?" "Will your worship tell me who you are," replied Don Quixote, "so that my courtesy may be answerable to your deserts?" The young man replied that he was the musician and songster of the night before. "Of a truth," said Don Quixote, "your worship has a most excellent voice; but what you sang did not seem to me very much to the purpose; for what have Garcilasso's stanzas to do with the death of this lady?"

"Don't be surprised at that," returned the musician; "for with the callow poets of our day the way is for every one to write as he pleases and pilfer where he chooses, whether it be germane to the matter or not, and now-a-days there is no piece of silliness they can sing or write that is not set down to poetic licence."

Don Quixote was about to reply, but was prevented by the duke and duchess, who came in to see him, and with them there followed a long and delightful conversation, in the course of which Sancho said so many droll and saucy things that he left the duke and duchess wondering not only at his simplicity but at his sharpness. Don Quixote begged their permission to take his departure that same day, inasmuch as for a vanquished knight like himself it was fitter he should live in a pig-sty than in a royal palace. They gave it very readily, and the duchess asked him if Altisidora was in his good graces.

He replied, "Senora, let me tell your ladyship that this damsel's ailment comes entirely of idleness, and the cure for it is honest and constant employment. She herself has told me that lace is worn in hell; and as she must know how to make it, let it never be out of her hands; for when she is occupied in shifting the bobbins to and fro, the image or images of what she loves will not shift to and fro in her thoughts; this is the truth, this is my opinion, and this is my advice."

"And mine," added Sancho; "for I never in all my life saw a lace-maker that died for love; when damsels are at work their minds are more set on finishing their tasks than on thinking of their loves. I speak from my own experience; for when I'm digging I never think of my old woman; I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my own eyelids." "You say well, Sancho," said the duchess, "and I will take care that my Altisidora employs herself henceforward in needlework of some sort; for she is extremely expert at it." "There is no occasion to have recourse to that remedy, senora," said Altisidora; "for the mere thought of the cruelty with which this vagabond villain has treated me will suffice to blot him out of my memory without any other device; with your highness's leave I will retire, not to have before my eyes, I won't say his rueful countenance, but his abominable, ugly looks." "That reminds me of the common saying, that 'he that rails is ready to forgive,'" said the duke.

Altisidora then, pretending to wipe away her tears with a handkerchief, made an obeisance to her master and mistress and quitted the room.

"Ill luck betide thee, poor damsel," said Sancho, "ill luck betide thee! Thou hast fallen in with a soul as dry as a rush and a heart as hard as oak; had it been me, i'faith 'another cock would have crowed to thee.'"

So the conversation came to an end, and Don Quixote dressed himself and dined with the duke and duchess, and set out the same evening.

### Chapter LXXIII

*Of the omens Don Quixote had as he entered his own village, and other incidents that embellish and give a colour to this great history*

At the entrance of the village, so says Cide Hamete, Don Quixote saw two boys quarrelling on the village threshing-floor one of whom said to the other, "Take it easy, Periquillo; thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest."

Don Quixote heard this, and said he to Sancho, "Dost thou not mark, friend, what that boy said, 'Thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest'?"

"Well," said Sancho, "what does it matter if the boy said so?"

"What!" said Don Quixote, "dost thou not see that, applied to the object of my desires, the words mean that I am never to see Dulcinea more?"

Sancho was about to answer, when his attention was diverted by seeing a hare come flying across the plain pursued by several greyhounds and sportsmen. In its terror it ran to take shelter and hide itself under Dapple. Sancho caught it alive and presented it to Don Quixote, who was saying, "Malum signum, malum signum! a hare flies, greyhounds chase it, Dulcinea appears not."

"Your worship's a strange man," said Sancho; "let's take it for granted that this hare is Dulcinea, and these greyhounds chasing it the malignant enchanters who turned her into a country wench; she flies, and I catch her and put her into your worship's hands, and you hold her in your arms and cherish her; what bad sign is that, or what ill omen is there to be found here?"

The two boys who had been quarrelling came over to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them what their quarrel was about. He was answered by the one who had said, "Thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, and did not mean to give it back to him as long as he lived. Sancho took out four quartos from his pocket and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he placed in Don

Quixote's hands, saying, "There, señor! there are the omens broken and destroyed, and they have no more to do with our affairs, to my thinking, fool as I am, than with last year's clouds; and if I remember rightly I have heard the curate of our village say that it does not become Christians or sensible people to give any heed to these silly things; and even you yourself said the same to me some time ago, telling me that all Christians who minded omens were fools; but there's no need of making words about it; let us push on and go into our village."

The sportsmen came up and asked for their hare, which Don Quixote gave them. They then went on, and upon the green at the entrance of the town they came upon the curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco busy with their breviaries. It should be mentioned that Sancho had thrown, by way of a sumpter-cloth, over Dapple and over the bundle of armour, the buckram robe painted with flames which they had put upon him at the duke's castle the night Altisidora came back to life. He had also fixed the mitre on Dapple's head, the oddest transformation and decoration that ever ass in the world underwent. They were at once recognised by both the curate and the bachelor, who came towards them with open arms. Don Quixote dismounted and received them with a close embrace; and the boys, who are lynxes that nothing escapes, spied out the ass's mitre and came running to see it, calling out to one another, "Come here, boys, and see Sancho Panza's ass figged out finer than Mingo, and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever."

So at length, with the boys capering round them, and accompanied by the curate and the bachelor, they made their entrance into the town, and proceeded to Don Quixote's house, at the door of which they found his house-keeper and niece, whom the news of his arrival had already reached. It had been brought to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, as well, and she with her hair all loose and half naked, dragging Sanchica her daughter by the hand, ran out to meet her husband; but seeing him coming in by no means as good case as she thought a governor ought to be, she said to him, "How is it you come this way, husband? It seems to me you come tramping and footsore, and looking more like a disorderly vagabond than a governor."

"Hold your tongue, Teresa," said Sancho; "often 'where there are pegs there are no flitches;' let's go into the house and there you'll hear strange things. I bring money, and that's the main thing, got by my own industry without wronging anybody."

"You bring the money, my good husband," said Teresa, "and no matter whether it was got this way or that; for, however you may have got it, you'll not have brought any new practice into the world."

Sanchica embraced her father and asked him if he brought her anything, for she had been looking out for him as for the showers of May; and she taking hold of him by the girdle on one side, and his wife by the hand, while the daughter led Dapple, they made for their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the hands of his niece and house-keeper, and in the company of the curate and the bachelor.

Don Quixote at once, without any regard to time or season, withdrew in private with the bachelor and the curate, and in a few words told them of his defeat, and of the engagement he was under not to quit his village for a year, which he meant to keep to the letter without departing a hair's breadth from it, as became a knight-errant bound by scrupulous good faith and the laws of knight-errantry; and of how he thought of turning shepherd for that year, and taking his diversion in the solitude of the fields, where he could with perfect freedom give range to his thoughts of love while he followed the virtuous pastoral calling; and he besought them, if they had not a great deal to do and were not prevented by more important business, to consent to be his companions, for he would buy sheep enough to qualify them for shepherds; and the most important point of the whole affair, he could tell them, was settled, for he had given them names that would fit them to a T. The curate asked what they were. Don Quixote replied that he himself was to be called the shepherd Quixote and the bachelor the shepherd Carrasco, and the curate the shepherd Curambro, and Sancho Panza the shepherd Pancino.

Both were astounded at Don Quixote's new craze; however, lest he should once more make off out of the village from them in pursuit of his chivalry, they trusting that in the course of the year he might be cured, fell in with his new project, applauded his crazy idea as a bright one, and offered to share the life with him. "And what's more," said Samson Carrasco, "I am, as all the world knows, a very famous poet, and I'll be always making verses, pastoral, or courtly, or as it may come into my head, to pass away our time in those secluded regions where we shall be roaming. But what is most needful, sirs, is that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess he means to glorify in his verses, and that we should not leave a tree, be it ever so hard, without writing up and carving her name on it, as is the habit and custom of love-smitten shepherds."

"That's the very thing," said Don Quixote; "though I am relieved from looking for the name of an imaginary shepherdess, for there's the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these brooksides, the ornament of these meadows, the mainstay of beauty, the cream of all the graces, and, in a word, the being to whom all praise is appropriate, be it ever so hyperbolic."

"Very true," said the curate; "but we the others must look about for accommodating shepherdesses that will answer our purpose one way or another."

"And," added Samson Carrasco, "if they fail us, we can call them by the names of the ones in print that the world is filled with, Filidas, Amarilises, Dianas, Fleridas, Galateas, Belisardas; for as they sell them in the mar-

ket-places we may fairly buy them and make them our own. If my lady, or I should say my shepherdess, happens to be called Ana, I'll sing her praises under the name of Anarda, and if Francisca, I'll call her Francenia, and if Lucia, Lucinda, for it all comes to the same thing; and Sancho Panza, if he joins this fraternity, may glorify his wife Teresa Panza as Teresaina."

Don Quixote laughed at the adaptation of the name, and the curate bestowed vast praise upon the worthy and honourable resolution he had made, and again offered to bear him company all the time that he could spare from his imperative duties. And so they took their leave of him, recommending and beseeching him to take care of his health and treat himself to a suitable diet.

It so happened his niece and the housekeeper overheard all the three of them said; and as soon as they were gone they both of them came in to Don Quixote, and said the niece, "What's this, uncle? Now that we were thinking you had come back to stay at home and lead a quiet respectable life there, are you going to get into fresh entanglements, and turn 'young shepherd, thou that comest here, young shepherd going there?' Nay! indeed 'the straw is too hard now to make pipes of.'"

"And," added the housekeeper, "will your worship be able to bear, out in the fields, the heats of summer, and the chills of winter, and the howling of the wolves? Not you; for that's a life and a business for hardy men, bred and seasoned to such work almost from the time they were in swaddling-clothes. Why, to make choice of evils, it's better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd! Look here, senor; take my advice—and I'm not giving it to you full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years upon my head—stay at home, look after your affairs, go often to confession, be good to the poor, and upon my soul be it if any evil comes to you."

"Hold your peace, my daughters," said Don Quixote; "I know very well what my duty is; help me to bed, for I don't feel very well; and rest assured that, knight-errant now or wandering shepherd to be, I shall never fail to have a care for your interests, as you will see in the end." And the good wenches (for that they undoubtedly were), the housekeeper and niece, helped him to bed, where they gave him something to eat and made him as comfortable as possible.

#### Chapter LXXIV

##### *Of how Don Quixote fell sick, and of the will he made, and how he died*

As nothing that is man's can last for ever, but all tends ever downwards from its beginning to its end, and above all man's life, and as Don Quixote's enjoyed no special dispensation from heaven to stay its course, its end and close came when he least looked for it. For whether it was of the dejection the thought of his defeat produced, or of heaven's will that so ordered it—a fever settled upon him and kept him in his bed for six days, during which he was often visited by his friends the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, while his good squire Sancho Panza never quitted his bedside. They, persuaded that it was grief at finding himself vanquished, and the object of his heart, the liberation and disenchantment of Dulcinea, unattained, that kept him in this state, strove by all the means in their power to cheer him up; the bachelor bidding him take heart and get up to begin his pastoral life, for which he himself, he said, had already composed an eclogue that would take the shine out of all Sannazaro had ever written, and had bought with his own money two famous dogs to guard the flock, one called Barcino and the other Butron, which a herdsman of Quintanar had sold him.

But for all this Don Quixote could not shake off his sadness. His friends called in the doctor, who felt his pulse and was not very well satisfied with it, and said that in any case it would be well for him to attend to the health of his soul, as that of his body was in a bad way. Don Quixote heard this calmly; but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who fell weeping bitterly, as if they had him lying dead before them. The doctor's opinion was that melancholy and depression were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote begged them to leave him to himself, as he had a wish to sleep a little. They obeyed, and he slept at one stretch, as the saying is, more than six hours, so that the housekeeper and niece thought he was going to sleep for ever. But at the end of that time he woke up, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Blessed be Almighty God, who has shown me such goodness. In truth his mercies are boundless, and the sins of men can neither limit them nor keep them back!"

The niece listened with attention to her uncle's words, and they struck her as more coherent than what usually fell from him, at least during his illness, so she asked, "What are you saying, senor? Has anything strange occurred? What mercies or what sins of men are you talking of?"

"The mercies, niece," said Don Quixote, "are those that God has this moment shown me, and with him, as I said, my sins are no impediment to them. My reason is now free and clear, rid of the dark shadows of ignorance that my unhappy constant study of those detestable books of chivalry cast over it. Now I see through their absurdities and deceptions, and it only grieves me that this destruction of my illusions has come so late that it leaves me no time to make some amends by reading other books that might be a light to my soul. Niece, I feel myself at the point of death, and I would fain meet it in such a way as to show that my life has not been so ill that I should leave behind me the name of a madman; for though I have been one, I would not that the fact should be made plainer at my

death. Call in to me, my dear, my good friends the curate, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will." But his niece was saved the trouble by the entrance of the three. The instant Don Quixote saw them he exclaimed, "Good news for you, good sirs, that I am no longer Don Quixote of La Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, whose way of life won for him the name of Good. Now am I the enemy of Amadis of Gaul and of the whole countless troop of his descendants; odious to me now are all the profane stories of knight-errantry; now I perceive my folly, and the peril into which reading them brought me; now, by God's mercy schooled into my right senses, I loathe them."

When the three heard him speak in this way, they had no doubt whatever that some new craze had taken possession of him; and said Samson, "What? Senor Don Quixote! Now that we have intelligence of the lady Dulcinea being disenchanted, are you taking this line; now, just as we are on the point of becoming shepherds, to pass our lives singing, like princes, are you thinking of turning hermit? Hush, for heaven's sake, be rational and let's have no more nonsense."

"All that nonsense," said Don Quixote, "that until now has been a reality to my hurt, my death will, with heaven's help, turn to my good. I feel, sirs, that I am rapidly drawing near death; a truce to jesting; let me have a confessor to confess me, and a notary to make my will; for in extremities like this, man must not trifle with his soul; and while the curate is confessing me let some one, I beg, go for the notary."

They looked at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's words; but, though uncertain, they were inclined to believe him, and one of the signs by which they came to the conclusion he was dying was this so sudden and complete return to his senses after having been mad; for to the words already quoted he added much more, so well expressed, so devout, and so rational, as to banish all doubt and convince them that he was sound of mind. The curate turned them all out, and left alone with him confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary and returned shortly afterwards with him and with Sancho, who, having already learned from the bachelor the condition his master was in, and finding the housekeeper and niece weeping, began to blubber and shed tears.

The confession over, the curate came out saying, "Alonso Quixano the Good is indeed dying, and is indeed in his right mind; we may now go in to him while he makes his will."

This news gave a tremendous impulse to the brimming eyes of the housekeeper, niece, and Sancho Panza his good squire, making the tears burst from their eyes and a host of sighs from their hearts; for of a truth, as has been said more than once, whether as plain Alonso Quixano the Good, or as Don Quixote of La Mancha, Don Quixote was always of a gentle disposition and kindly in all his ways, and hence he was beloved, not only by those of his own house, but by all who knew him.

The notary came in with the rest, and as soon as the preamble of the will had been set out and Don Quixote had commended his soul to God with all the devout formalities that are usual, coming to the bequests, he said, "Item, it is my will that, touching certain moneys in the hands of Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire), inasmuch as between him and me there have been certain accounts and debits and credits, no claim be made against him, nor any account demanded of him in respect of them; but that if anything remain over and above, after he has paid himself what I owe him, the balance, which will be but little, shall be his, and much good may it do him; and if, as when I was mad I had a share in giving him the government of an island, so, now that I am in my senses, I could give him that of a kingdom, it should be his, for the simplicity of his character and the fidelity of his conduct deserve it." And then, turning to Sancho, he said, "Forgive me, my friend, that I led thee to seem as mad as myself, making thee fall into the same error I myself fell into, that there were and still are knights-errant in the world."

"Ah!" said Sancho weeping, "don't die, master, but take my advice and live many years; for the foolishlest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without rhyme or reason, without anybody killing him, or any hands but melancholy's making an end of him. Come, don't be lazy, but get up from your bed and let us take to the fields in shepherd's trim as we agreed. Perhaps behind some bush we shall find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine as fine can be. If it be that you are dying of vexation at having been vanquished, lay the blame on me, and say you were overthrown because I had girthed Rocinante badly; besides you must have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for knights to upset one another, and for him who is conquered to-day to be conqueror tomorrow."

"Very true," said Samson, "and good Sancho Panza's view of these cases is quite right."

"Sirs, not so fast," said Don Quixote, "'in last year's nests there are no birds this year.' I was mad, now I am in my senses; I was Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am now, as I said, Alonso Quixano the Good; and may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you used to have for me; and now let Master Notary proceed."

"Item, I leave all my property absolutely to Antonia Quixana my niece, here present, after all has been deducted from the most available portion of it that may be required to satisfy the bequests I have made. And the first disbursement I desire to be made is the payment of the wages I owe for the time my housekeeper has served me, with twenty ducats, over and above, for a gown. The curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco, now present, I appoint my executors."

"Item, it is my wish that if Antonia Quixana, my niece, desires to marry, she shall marry a man of whom it shall be first of all ascertained by information taken that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and if it should be proved that he does, and if, in spite of this, my niece insists upon marrying him, and does marry him, then that she

shall forfeit the whole of what I have left her, which my executors shall devote to works of charity as they please.

“Item, I entreat the aforesaid gentlemen my executors, that, if any happy chance should lead them to discover the author who is said to have written a history now going about under the title of ‘Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote of La Mancha,’ they beg of him on my behalf as earnestly as they can to forgive me for having been, without intending it, the cause of his writing so many and such monstrous absurdities as he has written in it; for I am leaving the world with a feeling of compunction at having provoked him to write them.”

With this he closed his will, and a faintness coming over him he stretched himself out at full length on the bed. All were in a flutter and made haste to relieve him, and during the three days he lived after that on which he made his will he fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion; but still the niece ate and the housekeeper drank and Sancho Panza enjoyed himself; for inheriting property wipes out or softens down in the heir the feeling of grief the dead man might be expected to leave behind him.

At last Don Quixote’s end came, after he had received all the sacraments, and had in full and forcible terms expressed his detestation of books of chivalry. The notary was there at the time, and he said that in no book of chivalry had he ever read of any knight-errant dying in his bed so calmly and so like a Christian as Don Quixote, who amid the tears and lamentations of all present yielded up his spirit, that is to say died. On perceiving it the curate begged the notary to bear witness that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote of La Mancha, had passed away from this present life, and died naturally; and said he desired this testimony in order to remove the possibility of any other author save Cide Hamete Benengeli bringing him to life again falsely and making interminable stories out of his achievements.

Such was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, whose village Cide Hamete would not indicate precisely, in order to leave all the towns and villages of La Mancha to contend among themselves for the right to adopt him and claim him as a son, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. The lamentations of Sancho and the niece and housekeeper are omitted here, as well as the new epitaphs upon his tomb; Samson Carrasco, however, put the following lines:

A doughty gentleman lies here;  
A stranger all his life to fear;  
Nor in his death could Death prevail,  
In that last hour, to make him quail.  
He for the world but little cared;  
And at his feats the world was scared;  
A crazy man his life he passed,  
But in his senses died at last.

And said most sage Cide Hamete to his pen, “Rest here, hung up by this brass wire, upon this shelf, O my pen, whether of skilful make or clumsy cut I know not; here shalt thou remain long ages hence, unless presumptuous or malignant story-tellers take thee down to profane thee. But ere they touch thee warn them, and, as best thou canst, say to them:

Hold off! ye weaklings; hold your hands!  
Adventure it let none,  
For this emprise, my lord the king,  
Was meant for me alone.



**IMAGE 11.6: A DECEASED DON QUIXOTE** | A deceased Don Quixote lays in bed with a crucifix laid upon his chest

**Author:** Gustave Doré  
**Source:** Project Gutenberg  
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For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him; it was his to act, mine to write; we two together make but one, notwithstanding and in spite of that pretended Tordesillesque writer who has ventured or would venture with his great, coarse, ill-trimmed ostrich quill to write the achievements of my valiant knight;—no burden for his shoulders, nor subject for his frozen wit: whom, if perchance thou shouldst come to know him, thou shalt warn to leave at rest where they lie the weary mouldering bones of Don Quixote, and not to attempt to carry him off, in opposition to all the privileges of death, to Old Castile, making him rise from the grave where in reality and truth he lies stretched at full length, powerless to make any third expedition or new sally; for the two that he has already made, so much to the enjoyment and approval of everybody to whom they have become known, in this as well as in foreign countries, are quite sufficient for the purpose of turning into ridicule the whole of those made by the whole set of the knights-errant; and so doing shalt thou discharge thy Christian calling, giving good counsel to one that bears ill-will to thee. And I shall remain satisfied, and proud to have been the first who has ever enjoyed the fruit of his writings as fully as he could desire; for my desire has been no other than to deliver over to the detestation of mankind the false and foolish tales of the books of chivalry, which, thanks to that of my true Don Quixote, are even now tottering, and doubtless doomed to fall for ever. Farewell.”

## GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL

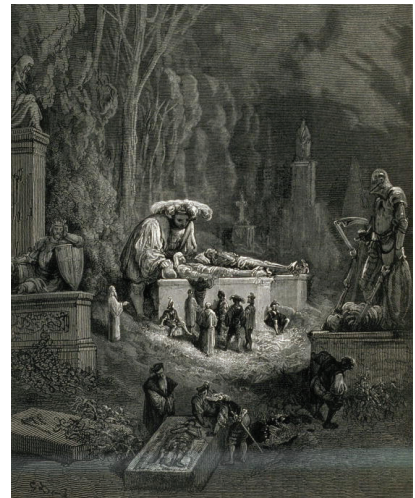
Francois Rabelais (ca. 1494 C.E.-ca. 1553 C.E.)

Published in five books from ca. 1532 C.E. to ca.1564 C.E.

France

Francois Rabelais embraced the full potential of the Renaissance, celebrating the idea of a “Renaissance man” in his works. Rabelais took folktales about a giant named Gargantua, gave him a son named Pantagruel, and made the giants metaphors: Gargantua is a symbol of Rabelais’s view of medieval education (comically portrayed as making the student less educated), while his son Pantagruel is a product of Renaissance thinking, learning anything and everything about all fields of study. Rabelais’s comedy is all about excess, with lofty ideas mixing with slapstick humor; the term “Rabelaisian” now means bawdy humor and extreme caricature. Rabelais himself lived a life of extremes; he left his life as a monk (because he thought it was too strict), became a physician, and used his impressive education to write works that challenged the established order—especially those secular and religious authorities who banned the study of Greek texts and tried to limit educational opportunities. All five books of Gargantua and Pantagruel were banned, ostensibly for obscenity, but equally for the challenge to the status quo that they presented (the fifth book, published after his death, may have been assembled from his notes). They were also wildly popular, making a mark on both audiences and writers of comedy alike.

*Written by Laura J. Getty*



**IMAGE 11.7: PANTAGRUEL** | The giant Pantagruel looks down at small humans, with a gloomy background and statues surrounding them.

**Author:** Gustave Doré  
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### SELECTIONS FROM FIVE BOOKS OF THE LIVES, HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF GARGANTUA AND HIS SON PANTAGRUEL [GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL]

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François Rabelais, Translated by Sir Thomas Urganhart of Cromarty and Peter Antony Motteux

#### Chapter 1: XIV

#### *How Gargantua was taught Latin by a Sophister*

The good man Grangousier having heard this discourse, was ravished with admiration, considering the high reach and marvellous understanding of his son Gargantua, and said to his governesses, Philip, king of Macedon, knew the great wit of his son Alexander by his skilful managing of a horse; for his horse Bucephalus was so fierce and unruly that none durst adventure to ride him, after that he had given to his riders such devilish falls, breaking

the neck of this man, the other man's leg, braining one, and putting another out of his jawbone. This by Alexander being considered, one day in the hippodrome (which was a place appointed for the breaking and managing of great horses), he perceived that the fury of the horse proceeded merely from the fear he had of his own shadow, whereupon getting on his back, he run him against the sun, so that the shadow fell behind, and by that means tamed the horse and brought him to his hand. Whereby his father, knowing the divine judgment that was in him, caused him most carefully to be instructed by Aristotle, who at that time was highly renowned above all the philosophers of Greece. After the same manner I tell you, that by this only discourse, which now I have here had before you with my son Gargantua, I know that his understanding doth participate of some divinity, and that, if he be well taught, and have that education which is fitting, he will attain to a supreme degree of wisdom. Therefore will I commit him to some learned man, to have him indoctrinated according to his capacity, and will spare no cost. Presently they appointed him a great sophister-doctor, called Master Tubal Holofernes, who taught him his ABC so well, that he could say it by heart backwards; and about this he was five years and three months. Then read he to him Donat, Le Facet, Theodolet, and Alanus in parabolis. About this he was thirteen years, six months, and two weeks. But you must remark that in the mean time he did learn to write in Gothic characters, and that he wrote all his books—for the art of printing was not then in use—and did ordinarily carry a great pen and inkhorn, weighing about seven thousand quintals (that is, 700,000 pound weight), the penner whereof was as big and as long as the great pillars of Enay, and the horn was hanging to it in great iron chains, it being of the wideness of a tun of merchant ware. After that he read unto him the book de modis significandi, with the commentaries of Hurtbise, of Fasquin, of Tropdieux, of Gualhaut, of John Calf, of Billonio, of Berlinguandus, and a rabble of others; and herein he spent more than eighteen years and eleven months, and was so well versed in it that, to try masteries in school disputes with his con-disciples, he would recite it by heart backwards, and did sometimes prove on his finger-ends to his mother, quod de modis significandi non erat scientia. Then did he read to him the compost for knowing the age of the moon, the seasons of the year, and tides of the sea, on which he spent sixteen years and two months, and that justly at the time that his said preceptor died of the French pox, which was in the year one thousand four hundred and twenty. Afterwards he got an old coughing fellow to teach him, named Master Jobelin Bride, or muzzled dolt, who read unto him Hugutio, Hebrard(s) Grecism, the Doctrinal, the Parts, the Quid est, the Supplementum, Marmotretus, De moribus in mensa servandis, Seneca de quatuor virtutibus cardinalibus, Passavantus cum commento, and Dormi secure for the holidays, and some other of such like mealy stuff, by reading whereof he became as wise as any we ever since baked in an oven.

### Chapter 1: XV

#### *How Gargantua was put under other schoolmasters*

At the last his father perceived that indeed he studied hard, and that, although he spent all his time in it, he did nevertheless profit nothing, but which is worse, grew thereby foolish, simple, doted, and blockish, whereof making a heavy regret to Don Philip of Marays, Viceroy or Depute King of Papeligosse, he found that it were better for him to learn nothing at all, than to be taught such-like books, under such schoolmasters; because their knowledge was nothing but brutishness, and their wisdom but blunt foppish toys, serving only to bastardize good and noble spirits, and to corrupt all the flower of youth. That it is so, take, said he, any young boy of this time who hath only studied two years,—if he have not a better judgment, a better discourse, and that expressed in better terms than your son, with a completer carriage and civility to all manner of persons, account me for ever hereafter a very clouch and bacon-slicer of Brene. This pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that it should be done. At night at supper, the said Des Marays brought in a young page of his, of Ville-gouges, called Eudemon, so neat, so trim, so handsome in his apparel, so spruce, with his hair in so good order, and so sweet and comely in his behaviour, that he had the resemblance of a little angel more than of a human creature. Then he said to Grangousier, Do you see this young boy? He is not as yet full twelve years old. Let us try, if it please you, what difference there is betwixt the knowledge of the doting Mateologians of old time and the young lads that are now. The trial pleased Grangousier, and he commanded the page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of the vice-king his master so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, beautiful and ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks fixed upon Gargantua with a youthful modesty, standing up straight on his feet, began very gracefully to commend him; first, for his virtue and good manners; secondly, for his knowledge, thirdly, for his nobility; fourthly, for his bodily accomplishments; and, in the fifth place, most sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all due observancy, who was so careful to have him well brought up. In the end he prayed him, that he would vouchsafe to admit of him amongst the least of his servants; for other favour at that time desired he none of heaven, but that he might do him some grateful and acceptable service. All this was by him delivered with such proper gestures, such distinct pronunciation, so pleasant a delivery, in such exquisite fine terms, and so good Latin, that he seemed rather a Gracchus, a Cicero, an Aemilius of the time past, than a youth of this age. But all the countenance that Gargantua kept was,

that he fell to crying like a cow, and cast down his face, hiding it with his cap, nor could they possibly draw one word from him, no more than a fart from a dead ass. Whereat his father was so grievously vexed that he would have killed Master Jobelin, but the said Des Marays withheld him from it by fair persuasions, so that at length he pacified his wrath. Then Grangousier commanded he should be paid his wages, that they should whittle him up soundly, like a sophister, with good drink, and then give him leave to go to all the devils in hell. At least, said he, today shall it not cost his host much if by chance he should die as drunk as a Switzer. Master Jobelin being gone out of the house, Grangousier consulted with the Viceroy what schoolmaster they should choose for him, and it was betwixt them resolved that Ponocrates, the tutor of Eudemon, should have the charge, and that they should go altogether to Paris, to know what was the study of the young men of France at that time.

### Chapter 1: XXIII

*How Gargantua was instructed by Ponocrates, and in such sort disciplined, that he lost not one hour of the day*

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature cannot endure a sudden change, without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua into a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyrian hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all the alteration and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors, as Timotheus did to his disciples, who had been instructed under other musicians. To do this the better, they brought him into the company of learned men, which were there, in whose imitation he had a great desire and affection to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a road and way of studying, that he lost not any one hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awaked, then, about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronounciation fit for the matter, and hereunto was appointed a young page born in Basche, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God, whose Word did show his majesty and marvellous judgment. Then went he unto the secret places to make excretion of his natural digestions. There his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. In returning, they considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was apparelled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them would ground some practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours he had a lecture read unto him. This done they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the lecture, either unto a field near the university called the Brack, or unto the meadows, where they played at the ball, the long-tennis, and at the piletrigone (which is a play wherein we throw a triangular piece of iron at a ring, to pass it), most gallantly exercising their bodies, as formerly they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat over all their body, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well wiped and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and, walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal there was read some pleasant history of the warlike actions of former times, until he had taken a glass of wine. Then, if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at the table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of fleshes, fishes, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof he learned in a little time all the passages competent for this that were to be found in Pliny, Athenaeus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyry, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodore, Aristotle, Aelian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be the more certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table, and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning, and, ending their repast with some conserve or marmalade of quinces, he picked his teeth with mastic tooth-pickers, washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine cantiques, made in praise of the divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice; so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practical part thereof, that Tunstall the Englishman, who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed



that verily in comparison of him he had no skill at all. And not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music, &c. For in waiting on the concoction and attending the digestion of his food, they made a thousand pretty instruments and geometrical figures, and did in some measure practise the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme or ground at random, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the Almain flute with nine holes, the viol, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, and digestion finished, he did purge his body of natural excrements, then betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures as to proceed in the book wherein he was, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he rode a Naples courser, a Dutch roussin, a Spanish jennet, a barded or trapped steed, then a light fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred carieres, made him go the high saults, bounding in the air, free the ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pale, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolery in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praise-worthy action with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore, with a sharp, stiff, strong, and well-steeled lance would he usually force up a door, pierce a harness, beat down a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a cuirassier saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. As for the prancing flourishes and smacking popisms for the better cherishing of the horse, commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The cavallerize of Ferrara was but as an ape compared to him. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called desultories. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-axe, which he so dexterously wielded, both in the nimble, strong, and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all the feats practicable by it, that he passed knight of arms in the field, and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the backsword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the balloon, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped—not at three steps and a leap, called the hops, nor at clochepied, called the hare's leap, nor yet at the Almain; for, said Gymnast, these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use—but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, ramp and grapple after this fashion up against a window of the full height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his belly, on his back, sideways, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river of Seine without wetting it, and dragged along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Caesar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in his course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the edge of the decks, set the compass in order, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up at trees like a cat, and leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches like another Milo; then with two sharp well-steeled daggers and two tried bodkins would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly came down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practise the javelin, the boar-spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest crossbows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, and shot well, traversed and planted the cannon, shot at butt-marks, at the paggay from below upwards, or to a height from above downwards, or to a descent; then before him, sideways, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable-rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then upon the same track came down so sturdily and firm that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees. There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the foresaid rope with so great swiftness that hardly could one overtake him with running; and then, to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils in hell. I heard him once call Eudemone from St. Victor's gate to Montmartre. Stentor had never such a voice at the siege of Troy. Then for the strengthening of his nerves

or sinews they made him two great sows of lead, each of them weighing eight thousand and seven hundred quintals, which they called alteres. Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour and more, which was an inimitable force. He fought at barriers with the stoutest and most vigorous champions; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old. In whose imitation, likewise, he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, wiped, and refreshed with other clothes, he returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrast, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rizotomos had charge; together with little mattocks, pickaxes, grubbing-hooks, cabbies, pruning-knives, and other instruments requisite for herborizing. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which hath been read, and sat down to table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach, but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him; which, indeed, is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of loggerheaded physicians, nuzzled in the brabbling shop of sophisters, counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good; the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, he set himself to sing vocally, and play upon harmonious instruments, or otherwise passed his time at some pretty sports, made with cards or dice, or in practising the feats of legerdemain with cups and balls. There they stayed some nights in frolicking thus, and making themselves merry till it was time to go to bed; and on other nights they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travellers in strange and remote countries. When it was full night before they retired themselves, they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions, and conjunctions of both the fixed stars and planets.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, in falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty; and, giving thanks unto him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to his divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they went to bed, and betook themselves to their repose and rest.

## Chapter 1: XXIV

### *How Gargantua spent his time in rainy weather*

If it happened that the weather were anything cloudy, foul, and rainy, all the forenoon was employed, as before specified, according to custom, with this difference only, that they had a good clear fire lighted to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and, by way of apotherapy (that is, a making the body healthful by exercise), did recreate themselves in bottling up of hay, in cleaving and sawing of wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought into use the antique play of tables, as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. In playing they examined the passages of ancient authors wherein the said play is mentioned or any metaphor drawn from it. They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance; how the lapidaries did work; as also the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones. Nor did they omit to visit the alchemists, money-coiners, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watchmakers, looking-glass framers, printers, organists, and other such kind of artificers, and, everywhere giving them somewhat to drink, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades. They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn commencements, the repetitions, the acclamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers. He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters themselves at all weapons, and showed them by experience that he knew as much in it as, yea, more than, they. And, instead of herborizing, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, the grease and ointments of some foreign parts, as also how they did adulterate them. He went to see the jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quacksalvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their somersaults and smooth tongue, especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave givers of fibs, in matter of green apes.

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more desiccative and extenuating; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinitive, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise. Thus was Gargantua governed, and kept on in this course of education, from day to day profiting, as you

may understand such a young man of his age may, of a pregnant judgment, with good discipline well continued. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intension of the spirits, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly, or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charanton bridge, or to Vanves, or St. Clou, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs. But although that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they usually repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's agriculture, of Hesiod and of Politian's husbandry, would set a-broach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into roundelays and songs for dancing in the French language. In their feasting they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed, as Cato teacheth, *De re rustica*, and Pliny with an ivy cup would wash the wine in a basinful of water, then take it out again with a funnel as pure as ever. They made the water go from one glass to another, and contrived a thousand little automatory engines, that is to say, moving of themselves.

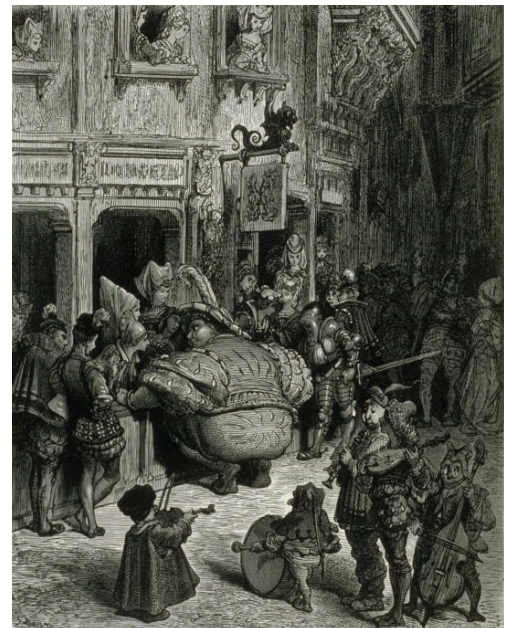
## Chapter 1: LII

### *How Gargantua caused to be built for the Monk the Abbey of Theleme*

There was left only the monk to provide for, whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seville, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was better, or both, if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. For how shall I be able, said he, to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy. The motion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the country of Theleme by the river of Loire till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huault. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others. First, then, said Gargantua, you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about. See, said the monk, and not without cause (seeing wall and mur signify but one and the same thing); where there is mur before and mur behind, there is store of murmur, envy, and mutual conspiracy. Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world whereof the custom is, if any woman come in, I mean chaste and honest women, they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained, that if any man or woman entered into religious orders should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed. And because in all other monasteries and nunneries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities and incident occasions all their hours should be disposed of; for, said Gargantua, the greatest loss of time that I know is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion.

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries but such as were either purblind, blinkards, lame, crooked, ill-favoured, misshapen, fools, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor enclloistered any men but those that were either sickly, subject to defluxions, ill-bred louts, simple sots, or peevish trouble-houses. But to the purpose, said the monk. A woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she? To make a nun of, said Gargantua. Yea, said the monk, and to make shirts and smocks. Therefore was it ordained that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and well conditioned.

Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth, it was therefore enacted that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.



**IMAGE 11.8: GARGANTUA** | The giant Gargantua walks through a crowd.

**Author:** Gustave Doré

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Item, Because both men and women that are received into religious orders after the expiring of their noviciate or probation year were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life, it was therefore ordered that all whatever, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, for that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows, to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience, it was therefore constituted and appointed that in this convent they might be honourably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty. In regard of the legitimate time of the persons to be initiated, and years under and above which they were not capable of reception, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen.

### Chapter 1: LIII

#### *How the abbey of the Thelemites was built and endowed*

For the fabric and furniture of the abbey Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money seven-and-twenty hundred thousand, eight hundred and one-and-thirty of those golden rams of Berry which have a sheep stamped on the one side and a flowered cross on the other; and for every year, until the whole work were completed, he allotted threescore nine thousand crowns of the sun, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the custom. For the foundation and maintenance thereof for ever, he settled a perpetual fee-farm-rent of three-and-twenty hundred, three score and nine thousand, five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, exempted from all homage, fealty, service, or burden whatsoever, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and of this by letters patent passed a very good grant. The architecture was in a figure hexagonal, and in such a fashion that in every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower of threescore foot in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran along the river of Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the east, there was another called Calae,—the next following Anatole,—the next Mesembrine,—the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Every tower was distant from other the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was everywhere six storeys high, reckoning the cellars underground for one. The second was arched after the fashion of a basket-handle; the rest were ceiled with pure wainscot, flourished with Flanders fretwork, in the form of the foot of a lamp, and covered above with fine slates, with an endorsement of lead, carrying the antique figures of little puppets and animals of all sorts, notably well suited to one another, and gilt, together with the gutters, which, jutting without the walls from betwixt the crossbars in a diagonal figure, painted with gold and azure, reached to the very ground, where they ended into great conduit-pipes, which carried all away unto the river from under the house.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonnivet, Cham-bourg, or Chantilly; for there were in it nine thousand, three hundred and two-and-thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing-room, a handsome closet, a wardrobe, an oratory, and neat passage, leading into a great and spacious hall. Between every tower in the midst of the said body of building there was a pair of winding, such as we now call lantern stairs, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark red marble spotted with white, part of Numidian stone, which is a kind of yellowishly-streaked marble upon various colours, and part of serpentine marble, with light spots on a dark green ground, each of those steps being two-and-twenty foot in length and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every rest, or, as we now term it, landing-place. In every resting-place were two fair antique arches where the light came in: and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with and of the breadth of the said winding, and the reascending above the roofs of the house ended conically in a pavilion. By that vise or winding they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere were the fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed in their several cantons, according to the diversity of these languages. In the midst there was a wonderful scalier or winding-stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in a vault or arch six fathom broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness that six men-at-arms with their lances in their rests might together in a breast ride all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair spacious galleries, all coloured over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories, and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate as we said there was on the river-side. Upon that gate was written in great antique letters that which followeth.

### Chapter 1: LIV

#### *The inscription set upon the great gate of Theleme*

Here enter not vile bigots, hypocrites,  
Externally devoted apes, base snites,  
Puffed-up, wry-necked beasts, worse than the Huns,

Or Ostrogoths, forerunners of baboons:  
 Cursed snakes, dissembled varlets, seeming sancts,  
 Slipshod caffards, beggars pretending wants,  
 Fat chuffcats, smell-feast knockers, doltish gulls,  
 Out-strouting cluster-fists, contentious bulls,  
 Fomenters of divisions and debates,  
 Elsewhere, not here, make sale of your deceits.

Your filthy trumperies  
 Stuffed with pernicious lies  
     (Not worth a bubble),  
     Would do but trouble  
 Our earthly paradise,  
 Your filthy trumperies.

Here enter not attorneys, barristers,  
 Nor bridle-champing law-practitioners:  
 Clerks, commissaries, scribes, nor pharisees,  
 Wilful disturbers of the people's ease:  
 Judges, destroyers, with an unjust breath,  
 Of honest men, like dogs, even unto death.  
 Your salary is at the gibbet-foot:  
 Go drink there! for we do not here fly out  
 On those excessive courses, which may draw  
 A waiting on your courts by suits in law.

Lawsuits, debates, and wrangling  
 Hence are exiled, and jangling.  
     Here we are very  
     Frolic and merry,  
 And free from all entangling,  
 Lawsuits, debates, and wrangling.

Here enter not base pinching usurers,  
 Pelf-lickers, everlasting gatherers,  
 Gold-graspers, coin-grippers, gulpers of mists,  
 Niggish deformed sots, who, though your chests  
 Vast sums of money should to you afford,  
 Would ne'ertheless add more unto that hoard,  
 And yet not be content,—you clunchfist dastards,  
 Insatiable fiends, and Pluto's bastards,  
 Greedy devourers, chichy sneakbill rogues,  
 Hell-mastiffs gnaw your bones, you ravenous dogs.

You beastly-looking fellows,  
 Reason doth plainly tell us  
     That we should not  
     To you allot  
 Room here, but at the gallows,  
 You beastly-looking fellows.

Here enter not fond makers of demurs  
 In love adventures, peevish, jealous curs,  
 Sad pensive dotards, raisers of garboils,  
 Hags, goblins, ghosts, firebrands of household broils,  
 Nor drunkards, liars, cowards, cheaters, clowns,  
 Thieves, cannibals, faces o'ercast with frowns,

Nor lazy slugs, envious, covetous,  
Nor blockish, cruel, nor too credulous,—  
Here mangy, pocky folks shall have no place,  
No ugly lusk, nor persons of disgrace.

Grace, honour, praise, delight,  
Here sojourn day and night.  
    Sound bodies lined  
    With a good mind,  
Do here pursue with might  
Grace, honour, praise, delight.

Here enter you, and welcome from our hearts,  
All noble sparks, endowed with gallant parts.  
This is the glorious place, which bravely shall  
Afford wherewith to entertain you all.  
Were you a thousand, here you shall not want  
For anything; for what you'll ask we'll grant.  
Stay here, you lively, jovial, handsome, brisk,  
Gay, witty, frolic, cheerful, merry, frisk,  
Spruce, jocund, courteous, furtherers of trades,  
And, in a word, all worthy gentle blades.

Blades of heroic breasts  
Shall taste here of the feasts,  
    Both privily  
    And civilly  
Of the celestial guests,  
Blades of heroic breasts.

Here enter you, pure, honest, faithful, true  
Expounders of the Scriptures old and new.  
Whose glosses do not blind our reason, but  
Make it to see the clearer, and who shut  
Its passages from hatred, avarice,  
Pride, factions, covenants, and all sort of vice.  
Come, settle here a charitable faith,  
Which neighbourly affection nourisheth.  
And whose light chaseth all corrupters hence,  
Of the blest word, from the aforesaid sense.

The holy sacred Word,  
May it always afford  
    T' us all in common,  
    Both man and woman,  
A spiritual shield and sword,  
The holy sacred Word.

Here enter you all ladies of high birth,  
Delicious, stately, charming, full of mirth,  
Ingenious, lovely, miniard, proper, fair,  
Magnetic, graceful, splendid, pleasant, rare,  
Obliging, sprightly, virtuous, young, solacious,  
Kind, neat, quick, feat, bright, compt, ripe, choice, dear, precious.  
Alluring, courtly, comely, fine, complete,  
Wise, personable, ravishing, and sweet,  
Come joys enjoy. The Lord celestial

Hath given enough wherewith to please us all.

Gold give us, God forgive us,  
 And from all woes relieve us;  
     That we the treasure  
     May reap of pleasure,  
 And shun whate'er is grievous,  
 Gold give us, God forgive us.

### Chapter 1: LV

#### *What manner of dwelling the Thelemites had*

In the middle of the lower court there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with their cornucopias, or horns of abundance, and did jet out the water at their breasts, mouth, ears, eyes, and other open passages of the body. The inside of the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of chalcedony stone and porphyry marble made archways after a goodly antique fashion. Within those were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures, the horns of bucks and unicorns: with rhinoceroses, water-horses called hippopotames, the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the ladies, for so we may call those gallant women, took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine. The men possessed the rest. Before the said lodging of the ladies, that they might have their recreation, between the two first towers, on the outside, were placed the tiltyard, the barriers or lists for tournaments, the hippodrome or riding-court, the theatre or public playhouse, and natatory or place to swim in, with most admirable baths in three stages, situated above one another, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the river-side was the fair garden of pleasure, and in the midst of that the glorious labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the courts for the tennis and the balloon. Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit-trees, set and ranged in a quincuncial order. At the end of that was the great park, abounding with all sort of venison. Betwixt the third couple of towers were the butts and marks for shooting with a snapwork gun, an ordinary bow for common archery, or with a crossbow. The office-houses were without the tower Hesperia, of one storey high. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry, managed by ostrich-keepers and falconers very expert in the art, and it was yearly supplied and furnished by the Candians, Venetians, Sarmates, now called Muscoviters, with all sorts of most excellent hawks, eagles, gersfalcons, goshawks, sacres, lanners, falcons, sparrowhawks, marlins, and other kinds of them, so gentle and perfectly well manned, that, flying of themselves sometimes from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The venery, where the beagles and hounds were kept, was a little farther off, drawing towards the park.

All the halls, chambers, and closets or cabinets were richly hung with tapestry and hangings of divers sorts, according to the variety of the seasons of the year. All the pavements and floors were covered with green cloth. The beds were all embroidered. In every back-chamber or withdrawing-room there was a looking-glass of pure crystal set in a frame of fine gold, garnished all about with pearls, and was of such greatness that it would represent to the full the whole lineaments and proportion of the person that stood before it. At the going out of the halls which belong to the ladies' lodgings were the perfumers and trimmers through whose hands the gallants passed when they were to visit the ladies. Those sweet artificers did every morning furnish the ladies' chambers with the spirit of roses, orange-flower-water, and angelica; and to each of them gave a little precious casket vapouring forth the most odoriferous exhalations of the choicest aromatical scents.

### Chapter 1: LVI

#### *How the men and women of the religious order of Theleme were apparelled*

The ladies at the foundation of this order were apparelled after their own pleasure and liking; but, since that of their own accord and free will they have reformed themselves, their accoutrement is in manner as followeth. They wore stockings of scarlet crimson, or ingrained purple dye, which reached just three inches above the knee, having a list beautified with exquisite embroideries and rare incisions of the cutter's art. Their garters were of the colour of their bracelets, and circled the knee a little both over and under. Their shoes, pumps, and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson-velvet, pinked and jagged like lobster waddles.

Next to their smock they put on the pretty kirtle or vasquin of pure silk camlet: above that went the taffety or tabby farthingale, of white, red, tawny, grey, or of any other colour. Above this taffety petticoat they had another of cloth of tissue or brocade, embroidered with fine gold and interlaced with needlework, or as they thought good, and according to the temperature and disposition of the weather had their upper coats of satin, damask, or velvet,

and those either orange, tawny, green, ash-coloured, blue, yellow, bright red, crimson, or white, and so forth; or had them of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choice stuff, enriched with purl, or embroidered according to the dignity of the festival days and times wherein they wore them.

Their gowns, being still correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold frizzled with a silver-raised work; of red satin, covered with gold purl; of tabby, or taffety, white, blue, black, tawny, &c., of silk serge, silk camlet, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, gold wire, figured velvet, or figured satin tinselled and overcast with golden threads, in divers variously purfled draughts.

In the summer some days instead of gowns they wore light handsome mantles, made either of the stuff of the aforesaid attire, or like Moresco rugs, of violet velvet frizzled, with a raised work of gold upon silver purl, or with a knotted cord-work of gold embroidery, everywhere garnished with little Indian pearls. They always carried a fair panache, or plume of feathers, of the colour of their muff, bravely adorned and tricked out with glistering spangles of gold. In the winter time they had their taffety gowns of all colours, as above-named, and those lined with the rich furrings of hind-wolves, or speckled lynxes, black-spotted weasels, martlet skins of Calabria, sables, and other costly furs of an inestimable value. Their beads, rings, bracelets, collars, carcanets, and neck-chains were all of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, baleus, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, agates, beryls, and excellent margarites. Their head-dressing also varied with the season of the year, according to which they decked themselves. In winter it was of the French fashion; in the spring, of the Spanish; in summer, of the fashion of Tuscany, except only upon the holy days and Sundays, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honourable and better befitting the garb of a matronal pudicity.

The men were apparelled after their fashion. Their stockings were of tamine or of cloth serge, of white, black, scarlet, or some other ingrained colour. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same colour with their stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, of cloth of silver, of velvet, satin, damask, taffeties, &c., of the same colours, cut, embroidered, and suitably trimmed up in perfection. The points were of silk of the same colours; the tags were of gold well enamelled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold, tissue or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silks, of the colour of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the colour of his breeches, with a chape of gold, and pure goldsmith's work. The dagger was of the same. Their caps or bonnets were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling in a more sparkling resplendency fair rubies, emeralds, diamonds, &c., but there was such a sympathy betwixt the gallants and the ladies, that every day they were apparelled in the same livery. And that they might not miss, there were certain gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what vestments the ladies would on that day wear: for all was done according to the pleasure of the ladies. In these so handsome clothes, and habiliments so rich, think not that either one or other of either sex did waste any time at all; for the masters of the wardrobes had all their raiments and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber-ladies so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed and completely in their clothes from head to foot. And to have those accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Theleme a row of houses of the extent of half a league, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the goldsmiths, lapidaries, jewellers, embroiderers, tailors, gold-drawers, velvet-weavers, tapestry-makers and upholsterers, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid jolly friars and nuns of the new stamp. They were furnished with matter and stuff from the hands of the Lord Nausiclete, who every year brought them seven ships from the Perlas and Cannibal Islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearls and precious stones. And if any margarites, called unions, began to grow old and lose somewhat of their natural whiteness and lustre, those with their art they did renew by tendering them to eat to some pretty cocks, as they use to give casting unto hawks.

### Chapter 1: LVII

#### *How the Thelemites were governed, and of their manner of living*

All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a mind to it and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule and strictest tie of their order there was but this one clause to be observed,

Do What Thou Wilt; because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break that



bond of servitude wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden and to desire what is denied us.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, Let us drink, they would all drink. If any one of them said, Let us play, they all played. If one said, Let us go a-walking into the fields they went all. If it were to go a-hawking or a-hunting, the ladies mounted upon dainty well-paced nags, seated in a stately palfrey saddle, carried on their lovely fists, miniardly begloved every one of them, either a sparrowhawk or a laneret or a marlin, and the young gallants carried the other kinds of hawks. So nobly were they taught, that there was neither he nor she amongst them but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen so valiant knights, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skilful both on foot and a-horse-back, more brisk and lively, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty, less froward, or more ready with their hand and with their needle in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there. For this reason, when the time came that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, namely, her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress, and (they) were married together. And if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony; and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigour and fervency than at the very day of their wedding. Here must not I forget to set down unto you a riddle which was found under the ground as they were laying the foundation of the abbey, engraven in a copper plate, and it was thus as followeth.

### Chapter 1: LVIII

#### *A prophetic riddle*

Poor mortals, who wait for a happy day,  
 Cheer up your hearts, and hear what I shall say:  
 If it be lawful firmly to believe  
 That the celestial bodies can us give  
 Wisdom to judge of things that are not yet;  
 Or if from heaven such wisdom we may get  
 As may with confidence make us discourse  
 Of years to come, their destiny and course;  
 I to my hearers give to understand  
 That this next winter, though it be at hand,  
 Yea and before, there shall appear a race  
 Of men who, loth to sit still in one place,  
 Shall boldly go before all people's eyes,  
 Suborning men of divers qualities  
 To draw them unto covenants and sides,  
 In such a manner that, whatever betides,  
 They'll move you, if you give them ear, no doubt,  
 With both your friends and kindred to fall out.  
 They'll make a vassal to gain-stand his lord,  
 And children their own parents; in a word,  
 All reverence shall then be banished,  
 No true respect to other shall be had.  
 They'll say that every man should have his turn,  
 Both in his going forth and his return;  
 And hereupon there shall arise such woes,  
 Such jarrings, and confused to's and fro's,  
 That never were in history such coils  
 Set down as yet, such tumults and garboils.  
 Then shall you many gallant men see by  
 Valour stirr'd up, and youthful fervency,  
 Who, trusting too much in their hopeful time,  
 Live but a while, and perish in their prime.  
 Neither shall any, who this course shall run,

Leave off the race which he hath once begun,  
 Till they the heavens with noise by their contention  
 Have fill'd, and with their steps the earth's dimension.  
 Then those shall have no less authority,  
 That have no faith, than those that will not lie;  
 For all shall be governed by a rude,  
 Base, ignorant, and foolish multitude;  
 The veriest lout of all shall be their judge,  
 O horrible and dangerous deluge!  
 Deluge I call it, and that for good reason,  
 For this shall be omitted in no season;  
 Nor shall the earth of this foul stir be free,  
 Till suddenly you in great store shall see  
 The waters issue out, with whose streams the  
 Most moderate of all shall moistened be,  
 And justly too; because they did not spare  
 The flocks of beasts that innocentest are,  
 But did their sinews and their bowels take,  
 Not to the gods a sacrifice to make,  
 But usually to serve themselves for sport:  
 And now consider, I do you exhort,  
 In such commotions so continual,  
 What rest can take the globe terrestrial?  
 Most happy then are they, that can it hold,  
 And use it carefully as precious gold,  
 By keeping it in gaol, whence it shall have  
 No help but him who being to it gave.  
 And to increase his mournful accident,  
 The sun, before it set in th' occident,  
 Shall cease to dart upon it any light,  
 More than in an eclipse, or in the night,—  
 So that at once its favour shall be gone,  
 And liberty with it be left alone.  
 And yet, before it come to ruin thus,  
 Its quaking shall be as impetuous  
 As Aetna's was when Titan's sons lay under,  
 And yield, when lost, a fearful sound like thunder.  
 Inarime did not more quickly move,  
 When Typhoeus did the vast huge hills remove,  
 And for despite into the sea them threw.

Thus shall it then be lost by ways not few,  
 And changed suddenly, when those that have it  
 To other men that after come shall leave it.  
 Then shall it be high time to cease from this  
 So long, so great, so tedious exercise;  
 For the great waters told you now by me,  
 Will make each think where his retreat shall be;  
 And yet, before that they be clean disperst,  
 You may behold in th' air, where nought was erst,  
 The burning heat of a great flame to rise,  
 Lick up the water, and the enterprise.

It resteth after those things to declare,  
 That those shall sit content who chosen are,  
 With all good things, and with celestial man (ne.)  
 And richly recompensed every man:  
 The others at the last all stripp'd shall be,  
 That after this great work all men may see,

How each shall have his due. This is their lot;  
O he is worthy praise that shrinketh not!

No sooner was this enigmatical monument read over, but Gargantua, fetching a very deep sigh, said unto those that stood by, It is not now only, I perceive, that people called to the faith of the gospel, and convinced with the certainty of evangelical truths, are persecuted. But happy is that man that shall not be scandalized, but shall always continue to the end in aiming at that mark which God by his dear Son hath set before us, without being distracted or diverted by his carnal affections and depraved nature.

The monk then said, What do you think in your conscience is meant and signified by this riddle? What? said Gargantua,—the progress and carrying on of the divine truth. By St. Goderan, said the monk, that is not my exposition. It is the style of the prophet Merlin. Make upon it as many grave allegories and glosses as you will, and dote upon it you and the rest of the world as long as you please; for my part, I can conceive no other meaning in it but a description of a set at tennis in dark and obscure terms. The suborners of men are the makers of matches, which are commonly friends. After the two chases are made, he that was in the upper end of the tennis-court goeth out, and the other cometh in. They believe the first that saith the ball was over or under the line. The waters are the heats that the players take till they sweat again. The cords of the rackets are made of the guts of sheep or goats. The globe terrestrial is the tennis-ball. After playing, when the game is done, they refresh themselves before a clear fire, and change their shirts; and very willingly they make all good cheer, but most merrily those that have gained. And so, farewell!

## Chapter 2: II

### *Of the nativity of the most dread and redoubted Pantagruel*

Gargantua at the age of four hundred fourscore forty and four years begat his son Pantagruel, upon his wife named Badebec, daughter to the king of the Amaurots in Utopia, who died in childbirth; for he was so wonderfully great and lumpish that he could not possibly come forth into the light of the world without thus suffocating his mother. But that we may fully understand the cause and reason of the name of Pantagruel which at his baptism was given him, you are to remark that in that year there was so great drought over all the country of Africa that there passed thirty and six months, three weeks, four days, thirteen hours and a little more without rain, but with a heat so vehement that the whole earth was parched and withered by it. Neither was it more scorched and dried up with heat in the days of Elijah than it was at that time; for there was not a tree to be seen that had either leaf or bloom upon it. The grass was without verdure or greenness, the rivers were drained, the fountains dried up, the poor fishes, abandoned and forsaken by their proper element, wandering and crying upon the ground most horribly. The birds did fall down from the air for want of moisture and dew wherewith to refresh them. The wolves, foxes, harts, wild boars, fallow deer, hares, coneys, weasels, brocks, badgers, and other such beasts, were found dead in the fields with their mouths open. In respect of men, there was the pity, you should have seen them lay out their tongues like hares that have been run six hours. Many did throw themselves into the wells. Others entered within a cow's belly to be in the shade; those Homer calls Alibants. All the country was idle, and could do no virtue. It was a most lamentable case to have seen the labour of mortals in defending themselves from the vehemency of this horrific drought; for they had work enough to do to save the holy water in the churches from being wasted; but there was such order taken by the counsel of my lords the cardinals and of our holy Father, that none did dare to take above one lick. Yet when anyone came into the church, you should have seen above twenty poor thirsty fellows hang upon him that was the distributor of the water, and that with a wide open throat, gaping for some little drop, like the rich glutton in Luke, that might fall by, lest anything should be lost. O how happy was he in that year who had a cool cellar under ground, well plenished with fresh wine!

The philosopher reports, in moving the question, Wherefore it is that the sea-water is salt, that at the time when Phoebus gave the government of his resplendent chariot to his son Phaeton, the said Phaeton, unskilful in the art, and not knowing how to keep the ecliptic line betwixt the two tropics of the latitude of the sun's course, strayed out of his way, and came so near the earth that he dried up all the countries that were under it, burning a great part of the heavens which the philosophers call *Via lactea*, and the huffsuffs *St. James's way*; although the most coped, lofty, and high-crested poets affirm that to be the place where Juno's milk fell when she gave suck to Hercules. The earth at that time was so excessively heated that it fell into an enormous sweat, yea, such a one as made it sweat out the sea, which is therefore salt, because all sweat is salt; and this you cannot but confess to be true if you will taste of your own, or of those that have the pox, when they are put into sweating, it is all one to me.

Just such another case fell out this same year: for on a certain Friday, when the whole people were bent upon their devotions, and had made goodly processions, with store of litanies, and fair preachings, and beseechings of God Almighty to look down with his eye of mercy upon their miserable and disconsolate condition, there was

even then visibly seen issue out of the ground great drops of water, such as fall from a puff-bagged man in a top sweat, and the poor hoidens began to rejoice as if it had been a thing very profitable unto them; for some said that there was not one drop of moisture in the air whence they might have any rain, and that the earth did supply the default of that. Other learned men said that it was a shower of the antipodes, as Seneca saith in his fourth book *Quaestionum naturalium*, speaking of the source and spring of Nilus. But they were deceived, for, the procession being ended, when everyone went about to gather of this dew, and to drink of it with full bowls, they found that it was nothing but pickle and the very brine of salt, more brackish in taste than the saltiest water of the sea. And because in that very day Pantagrue was born, his father gave him that name; for *Panta* in Greek is as much to say as all, and *Gruel* in the Hagarene language doth signify thirsty, inferring hereby that at his birth the whole world was a-dry and thirsty, as likewise foreseeing that he would be some day supreme lord and sovereign of the thirsty *Ethrappels*, which was shown to him at that very same hour by a more evident sign. For when his mother *Badebec* was in the bringing of him forth, and that the midwives did wait to receive him, there came first out of her belly three score and eight *trege-neers*, that is, salt-sellers, every one of them leading in a halter a mule heavy laden with salt; after whom issued forth nine *dromedaries*, with great loads of gammons of bacon and dried neat's tongues on their backs. Then followed seven camels loaded with links and chitterlings, hogs' puddings, and sausages. After them came out five great wains, full of leeks, garlic, onions, and chibots, drawn with five-and-thirty strong cart-horses, which was six for every one, besides the thiller. At the sight hereof the said midwives were much amazed, yet some of them said, Lo, here is good provision, and indeed we need it; for we drink but lazily, as if our tongues walked on crutches, and not lustily like *Lansman Dutches*. Truly this is a good sign; there is nothing here but what is fit for us; these are the spurs of wine, that set it a-going. As they were tattling thus together after their own manner of chat, behold! out comes *Pantagrue* all hairy like a bear, whereupon one of them, inspired with a prophetic spirit, said, This will be a terrible fellow; he is born with all his hair; he is undoubtedly to do wonderful things, and if he live he shall have age.

## Chapter 2: VIII

### *How Pantagrue, being at Paris, received letters from his father Gargantua, and the copy of them*

*Pantagrue* studied very hard, as you may well conceive, and profited accordingly; for he had an excellent understanding and notable wit, together with a capacity in memory equal to the measure of twelve oil budgets or butts of olives. And, as he was there abiding one day, he received a letter from his father in manner as followeth.

Most dear Son,—Amongst the gifts, graces, and prerogatives, with which the sovereign plasmator God Almighty hath endowed and adorned human nature at the beginning, that seems to me most singular and excellent by which we may in a mortal state attain to a kind of immortality, and in the course of this transitory life perpetuate our name and seed, which is done by a progeny issued from us in the lawful bonds of matrimony. Whereby that in some measure is restored unto us which was taken from us by the sin of our first parents, to whom it was said that, because they had not obeyed the commandment of God their Creator, they should die, and by death should be brought to nought that so stately frame and plasmature wherein the man at first had been created.

But by this means of seminal propagation there (“Which continueth” in the old copy.) continueth in the children what was lost in the parents, and in the grandchildren that which perished in their fathers, and so successively until the day of the last judgment, when Jesus Christ shall have rendered up to God the Father his kingdom in a peaceable condition, out of all danger and contamination of sin; for then shall cease all generations and corruptions, and the elements leave off their continual transmutations, seeing the so much desired peace shall be attained unto and enjoyed, and that all things shall be brought to their end and period. And, therefore, not without just and reasonable cause do I give thanks to God my Saviour and Preserver, for that he hath enabled me to see my bald old age reflourish in thy youth; for when, at his good pleasure, who rules and governs all things, my soul shall leave this mortal habitation, I shall not account myself wholly to die, but to pass from one place unto another, considering that, in and by that, I continue in my visible image living in the world, visiting and conversing with people of honour, and other my good friends, as I was wont to do. Which conversation of mine, although it was not without sin, because we are all of us trespassers, and therefore ought continually to beseech his divine majesty to blot our transgressions out of his memory, yet was it, by the help and grace of God, without all manner of reproach before men.

Wherefore, if those qualities of the mind but shine in thee wherewith I am endowed, as in thee remaineth the perfect image of my body, thou wilt be esteemed by all men to be the perfect guardian and treasure of the immortality of our name. But, if otherwise, I shall truly take but small pleasure to see it, considering that the lesser part of me, which is the body, would abide in thee, and the best, to wit, that which is the soul, and by which our name continues blessed amongst men, would be degenerate and abastardized. This I do not speak out of any distrust that I have of thy virtue, which I have heretofore already tried, but to encourage thee yet more earnestly to proceed from good to better. And that which I now write unto thee is not so much that thou shouldst live in this virtuous course,

as that thou shouldst rejoice in so living and having lived, and cheer up thyself with the like resolution in time to come; to the prosecution and accomplishment of which enterprise and generous undertaking thou mayst easily remember how that I have spared nothing, but have so helped thee, as if I had had no other treasure in this world but to see thee once in my life completely well-bred and accomplished, as well in virtue, honesty, and valour, as in all liberal knowledge and civility, and so to leave thee after my death as a mirror representing the person of me thy father, and if not so excellent, and such in deed as I do wish thee, yet such in my desire.

But although my deceased father of happy memory, Grangousier, had bent his best endeavours to make me profit in all perfection and political knowledge, and that my labour and study was fully correspondent to, yea, went beyond his desire, nevertheless, as thou mayest well understand, the time then was not so proper and fit for learning as it is at present, neither had I plenty of such good masters as thou hast had. For that time was darksome, obscured with clouds of ignorance, and savouring a little of the infelicity and calamity of the Goths, who had, wherever they set footing, destroyed all good literature, which in my age hath by the divine goodness been restored unto its former light and dignity, and that with such amendment and increase of the knowledge, that now hardly should I be admitted unto the first form of the little grammar-schoolboys—I say, I, who in my youthful days was, and that justly, reputed the most learned of that age. Which I do not speak in vain boasting, although I might lawfully do it in writing unto thee—in verification whereof thou hast the authority of Marcus Tullius in his book of old age, and the sentence of Plutarch in the book entitled How a man may praise himself without envy—but to give thee an emulous encouragement to strive yet further.

Now is it that the minds of men are qualified with all manner of discipline, and the old sciences revived which for many ages were extinct. Now it is that the learned languages are to their pristine purity restored, viz., Greek, without which a man may be ashamed to account himself a scholar, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaean, and Latin. Printing likewise is now in use, so elegant and so correct that better cannot be imagined, although it was found out but in my time by divine inspiration, as by a diabolical suggestion on the other side was the invention of ordnance. All the world is full of knowing men, of most learned schoolmasters, and vast libraries; and it appears to me as a truth, that neither in Plato's time, nor Cicero's, nor Papinian's, there was ever such conveniency for studying as we see at this day there is. Nor must any adventure henceforward to come in public, or present himself in company, that hath not been pretty well polished in the shop of Minerva. I see robbers, hangmen, freebooters, tapsters, ostlers, and such like, of the very rubbish of the people, more learned now than the doctors and preachers were in my time.

What shall I say? The very women and children have aspired to this praise and celestial manner of good learning. Yet so it is that, in the age I am now of, I have been constrained to learn the Greek tongue—which I contemned not like Cato, but had not the leisure in my younger years to attend the study of it—and take much delight in the reading of Plutarch's *Morals*, the pleasant *Dialogues* of Plato, the *Monuments* of Pausanias, and the *Antiquities* of Athenaeus, in waiting on the hour wherein God my Creator shall call me and command me to depart from this earth and transitory pilgrimage. Wherefore, my son, I admonish thee to employ thy youth to profit as well as thou canst, both in thy studies and in virtue. Thou art at Paris, where the laudable examples of many brave men may stir up thy mind to gallant actions, and hast likewise for thy tutor and pedagogue the learned Epistemon, who by his lively and vocal documents may instruct thee in the arts and sciences.

I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn the languages perfectly; first of all the Greek, as Quintilian will have it; secondly, the Latin; and then the Hebrew, for the Holy Scripture sake; and then the Chaldee and Arabic likewise, and that thou frame thy style in Greek in imitation of Plato, and for the Latin after Cicero. Let there be no history which thou shalt not have ready in thy memory; unto the prosecuting of which design, books of cosmography will be very conducible and help thee much. Of the liberal arts of geometry, arithmetic, and music, I gave thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six years old. Proceed further in them, and learn the remainder if thou canst. As for astronomy, study all the rules thereof. Let pass, nevertheless, the divining and judicial astrology, and the art of Lullius, as being nothing else but plain abuses and vanities. As for the civil law, of that I would have thee to know the texts by heart, and then to confer them with philosophy.

Now, in matter of the knowledge of the works of nature, I would have thee to study that exactly, and that so there be no sea, river, nor fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and trees, whether in forests or orchards; all the sorts of herbs and flowers that grow upon the ground; all the various metals that are hid within the bowels of the earth; together with all the diversity of precious stones that are to be seen in the orient and south parts of the world. Let nothing of all these be hidden from thee. Then fail not most carefully to peruse the books of the Greek, Arabian, and Latin physicians, not despising the Talmudists and Cabalists; and by frequent anatomies get thee the perfect knowledge of the other world, called the microcosm, which is man. And at some hours of the day apply thy mind to the study of the Holy Scriptures; first in Greek, the New Testament, with the Epistles of the Apostles; and then the Old Testament in Hebrew. In brief, let me see thee an abyss and bottomless pit of knowledge; for from henceforward, as thou growest great and becomest a man, thou must part from this tranquillity and rest of study, thou must learn chivalry, warfare, and the exercises of

the field, the better thereby to defend my house and our friends, and to succour and protect them at all their needs against the invasion and assaults of evildoers.

Furthermore, I will that very shortly thou try how much thou hast profited, which thou canst not better do than by maintaining publicly theses and conclusions in all arts against all persons whatsoever, and by haunting the company of learned men, both at Paris and elsewhere. But because, as the wise man Solomon saith, Wisdom entereth not into a malicious mind, and that knowledge without conscience is but the ruin of the soul, it behoveth thee to serve, to love, to fear God, and on him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and by faith formed in charity to cleave unto him, so that thou mayst never be separated from him by thy sins. Suspect the abuses of the world. Set not thy heart upon vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. Be serviceable to all thy neighbours, and love them as thyself. Reverence thy preceptors: shun the conversation of those whom thou desirest not to resemble, and receive not in vain the graces which God hath bestowed upon thee. And, when thou shalt see that thou hast attained to all the knowledge that is to be acquired in that part, return unto me, that I may see thee and give thee my blessing before I die. My son, the peace and grace of our Lord be with thee. Amen.

Thy father Gargantua.

From Utopia the 17th day of the month of March.

These letters being received and read, Pantagruel plucked up his heart, took a fresh courage to him, and was inflamed with a desire to profit in his studies more than ever, so that if you had seen him, how he took pains, and how he advanced in learning, you would have said that the vivacity of his spirit amidst the books was like a great fire amongst dry wood, so active it was, vigorous and indefatigable.

## Chapter 2: XXXII

### *How Pantagruel with his tongue covered a whole army, and what the author saw in his mouth*

Thus, as Pantagruel with all his army had entered into the country of the Dipsodes, everyone was glad of it, and incontinently rendered themselves unto him, bringing him out of their own good wills the keys of all the cities where he went, the Almirods only excepted, who, being resolved to hold out against him, made answer to his heralds that they would not yield but upon very honourable and good conditions.

What! said Pantagruel, do they ask any better terms than the hand at the pot and the glass in their fist? Come, let us go sack them, and put them all to the sword. Then did they put themselves in good order, as being fully determined to give an assault, but by the way, passing through a large field, they were overtaken with a great shower of rain, whereat they began to shiver and tremble, to crowd, press, and thrust close to one another. When Pantagruel saw that, he made their captains tell them that it was nothing, and that he saw well above the clouds that it would be nothing but a little dew; but, howsoever, that they should put themselves in order, and he would cover them. Then did they put themselves in a close order, and stood as near to (each) other as they could, and Pantagruel drew out his tongue only half-way and covered them all, as a hen doth her chickens. In the meantime, I, who relate to you these so veritable stories, hid myself under a burdock-leaf, which was not much less in largeness than the arch of the bridge of Montrible, but when I saw them thus covered, I went towards them to shelter myself likewise; which I could not do, for that they were so, as the saying is, At the yard's end there is no cloth left. Then, as well as I could, I got upon it, and went along full two leagues upon his tongue, and so long marched that at last I came into his mouth. But, O gods and goddesses! what did I see there? Jupiter confound me with his trisulc lightning if I lie! I walked there as they do in Sophia (at) Constantinople, and saw there great rocks, like the mountains in Denmark—I believe that those were his teeth. I saw also fair meadows, large forests, great and strong cities not a jot less than Lyons or Poitiers. The first man I met with there was a good honest fellow planting coleworts, whereat being very much amazed, I asked him, My friend, what dost thou make here? I plant coleworts, said he. But how, and wherewith? said I. Ha, sir, said he, everyone cannot have his ballocks as heavy as a mortar, neither can we be all rich. Thus do I get my poor living, and carry them to the market to sell in the city which is here behind. Jesus! said I, is there here a new world? Sure, said he, it is never a jot new, but it is commonly reported that, without this, there is an earth, whereof the inhabitants enjoy the light of a sun and a moon, and that it is full of and replenished with very good commodities; but yet this is more ancient than that. Yea but, said I, my friend, what is the name of that city whither thou carriest thy coleworts to sell? It is called Aspharage, said he, and all the indwellers are Christians, very honest men, and will make you good cheer. To be brief, I resolved to go thither. Now, in my way, I met with a fellow that was lying in wait to catch pigeons, of whom I asked, My friend, from whence come these pigeons? Sir, said he, they come from the other world. Then I thought that, when Pantagruel yawned, the pigeons went into his mouth in whole flocks, thinking that it had been a pigeon-house.

Then I went into the city, which I found fair, very strong, and seated in a good air; but at my entry the guard demanded of me my pass or ticket. Whereat I was much astonished, and asked them, My masters, is there any danger of the plague here? O Lord! said they, they die hard by here so fast that the cart runs about the streets. Good God! said I, and where? Whereunto they answered that it was in Larynx and Pharynx, which are two great cities such as Rouen and Nantes, rich and of great trading. And the cause of the plague was by a stinking and infectious exhalation which lately vapoured out of the abysms, whereof there have died above two and twenty hundred and threescore thousand and sixteen persons within this sevendnight. Then I considered, calculated, and found that it was a rank and unsavoury breathing which came out of Pantagruel's stomach when he did eat so much garlic, as we have aforesaid.

Parting from thence, I passed amongst the rocks, which were his teeth, and never left walking till I got up on one of them; and there I found the pleasantest places in the world, great large tennis-courts, fair galleries, sweet meadows, store of vines, and an infinite number of banqueting summer outhouses in the fields, after the Italian fashion, full of pleasure and delight, where I stayed full four months, and never made better cheer in my life as then. After that I went down by the hinder teeth to come to the chaps. But in the way I was robbed by thieves in a great forest that is in the territory towards the ears. Then, after a little further travelling, I fell upon a pretty petty village—truly I have forgot the name of it—where I was yet merrier than ever, and got some certain money to live by. Can you tell how? By sleeping. For there they hire men by the day to sleep, and they get by it sixpence a day, but they that can snort hard get at least ninepence. How I had been robbed in the valley I informed the senators, who told me that, in very truth, the people of that side were bad livers and naturally thievish, whereby I perceived well that, as we have with us the countries Cisalpine and Transalpine, that is, behither and beyond the mountains, so have they there the countries Cidentine and Tradentine, that is, behither and beyond the teeth. But it is far better living on this side, and the air is purer. Then I began to think that it is very true which is commonly said, that the one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth; seeing none before myself had ever written of that country, wherein are above five-and-twenty kingdoms inhabited, besides deserts, and a great arm of the sea. Concerning which purpose I have composed a great book, entitled, The History of the Throttias, because they dwell in the throat of my master Pantagruel.

At last I was willing to return, and, passing by his beard, I cast myself upon his shoulders, and from thence slid down to the ground, and fell before him. As soon as I was perceived by him, he asked me, Whence comest thou, Alcofribas? I answered him, Out of your mouth, my lord. And how long hast thou been there? said he. Since the time, said I, that you went against the Almirods. That is about six months ago, said he. And wherewith didst thou live? What didst thou drink? I answered, My lord, of the same that you did, and of the daintiest morsels that passed through your throat I took toll. Yea but, said he, where didst thou shite? In your throat, my lord, said I. Ha, ha! thou art a merry fellow, said he. We have with the help of God conquered all the land of the Dipsodes; I will give thee the Chastelleine, or Lairdship of Salmigondin. Gramercy, my lord, said I, you gratify me beyond all that I have deserved of you.

## HAMLET

William Shakespeare (ca. 1564 C.E.-1616 C.E.)

First performed ca. 1600 C.E.-1601 C.E.

England

We know relatively little about Shakespeare's life, and what we do know does not necessarily add to our understanding of his plays. The impact of those plays, however, is beyond question. Shakespeare is credited with introducing about 1700 words to the English language (by invention, by turning nouns into verbs, by pulling words from other languages, etc.). When we talk about a *gust* of wind, or someone *swaggering* into a room, or *bumping* into someone, we are using Shakespeare's words. Many phrases introduced by Shakespeare are also in common usage: such as if someone *catches a cold* after *too much of a good thing* and is now *a sorry sight* who has *seen better days*. It is Shakespeare's use of language that has kept him so popular; the basic plot of *Hamlet* was based on historical events recounted by Saxo Grammaticus and written about by previous authors, but like Homer's version of the story of the Trojan War, Shakespeare's presentation of the material surpasses all others. Hamlet's grief about his father's death—and his mother's subsequent marriage to his uncle—could have led to a straightforward Elizabethan revenge tragedy. In Shakespeare's hands, the play instead explores the philosophical, psychological, and physical ramifications of revenge. Shakespeare's plays are well known around the world, and they have influenced countless authors. *Hamlet* is a particularly good example of this phenomenon; Goethe's *Faust* (a masterpiece in its own right) includes quotations from *Hamlet* and rewrites the Hamlet/Ophelia relationship in the context of Romanticism,

while Fyodor Dostoevsky rewrites the relationship in the context of Realism in his *Notes from Underground*. Shakespeare's plays have been adapted successfully in many countries, which is an argument for their timeless appeal. For example, Japanese filmmaker Akira Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood* (1957) takes *Macbeth* and sets it in feudal Japan, with the title character as a samurai. Of all of the plays, *Hamlet* is both the most well-known and the most frequently adapted, both on the stage and in film.

Written by Laura J. Getty

## HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

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William Shakespeare

### PERSONS REPRESENTED:

Claudius, King of Denmark  
 Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King  
 Polonius, Lord Chamberlain  
 Horatio, Friend to Hamlet  
 Laertes, Son to Polonius  
 Voltimand, Courtier  
 Cornelius, Courtier  
 Rosencrantz, Courtier  
 Guildenstern, Courtier  
 Osric, Courtier  
 A Gentleman, Courtier  
 A Priest  
 Marcellus, Officer  
 Bernardo, Officer  
 Francisco, a Soldier  
 Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius  
 Players  
 Two Clowns, Grave-diggers  
 Fortinbras, Prince of Norway  
 A Captain  
 English Ambassadors  
 Ghost of Hamlet's Father  
 Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet  
 Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius  
 Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants

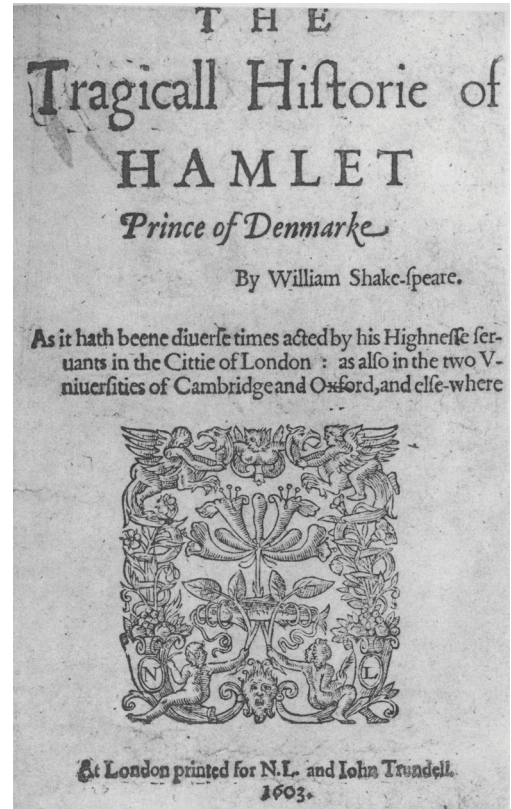


IMAGE 11.9: HAMLET TITLE PAGE | The frontispiece of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, with title and introduction.

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### ACT I

#### Scene I—Elsinore—A platform before the Castle

[*Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.*]

Who's there?	BER.	1
Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.	FRAN.	
Long live the king!	BER.	
Bernardo?	FRAN.	
He.	BER.	5



	FRAN.	
You come most carefully upon your hour.		
	BER.	
‘Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.		
	FRAN.	
For this relief much thanks: ‘tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.		
	BER.	
Have you had quiet guard?		10
	FRAN.	
Not a mouse stirring.		
	BER.	
Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.		
	FRAN.	
I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there? [ <i>Enter Horatio and Marcellus.</i> ]		15
	HOR.	
Friends to this ground.		
	MAR.	
And liegemen to the Dane.		
	FRAN.	
Give you good-night.		
	MAR.	
O, farewell, honest soldier; Who hath reliev’d you?		20
	FRAN.	
Bernardo has my place. Give you good-night. [ <i>Exit.</i> ]		
	MAR.	
Holla! Bernardo!		
	BER.	
Say. What, is Horatio there?		25
	HOR.	
A piece of him.		
	BER.	
Welcome, Horatio:—Welcome, good Marcellus.		
	MAR.	
What, has this thing appear’d again to-night?		
	BER.	
I have seen nothing.		
	MAR.	

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us: Therefore I have entreated him along With us to watch the minutes of this night; That, if again this apparition come He may approve our eyes and speak to it.	30       35
HOR.	
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.	
BER.	
Sit down awhile, And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we two nights have seen.	40
HOR.	
Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.	
BER.	
Last night of all, When yond same star that's westward from the pole Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, The bell then beating one,—	45
MAR.	
Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again! [ <i>Enter Ghost, armed.</i> ]	
BER.	
In the same figure, like the king that's dead.	50
MAR.	
Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.	
BER.	
Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.	
HOR.	
Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.	
BER.	
It would be spoke to.	
MAR.	
Question it, Horatio.	55
HOR.	
What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night, Together with that fair and warlike form In which the majesty of buried Denmark Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!	
MAR.	
It is offended.	60

Hamlet

BER.

See, it stalks away!

HOR.

Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee speak!  
[Exit Ghost]

MAR.

'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BER.

How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale:  
Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on't?

65

HOR.

Before my God, I might not this believe  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

MAR.

Is it not like the King?

70

HOR.

As thou art to thyself:  
Such was the very armour he had on  
When he the ambitious Norway combated;  
So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

75

MAR.

Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HOR.

In what particular thought to work I know not;  
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

80

MAR.

Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land;  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:  
Who is't that can inform me?

85

90

HOR.

That can I;  
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

95

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet,—  
 For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,—  
 Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,  
 Well ratified by law and heraldry, 100  
 Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,  
 Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:  
 Against the which, a moiety competent  
 Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras, 105  
 Had he been vanquisher; as by the same cov'nant,  
 And carriage of the article design'd,  
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, 110  
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,  
 For food and diet, to some enterprise  
 That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,—  
 As it doth well appear unto our state,—  
 But to recover of us, by strong hand, 115  
 And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands  
 So by his father lost: and this, I take it,  
 Is the main motive of our preparations,  
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land. 120

BER.

I think it be no other but e'en so:  
 Well may it sort, that this portentous figure  
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the king  
 That was and is the question of these wars.

HOR.

A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye. 125  
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;  
 As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood, 130  
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,  
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:  
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,—  
 As harbingers preceding still the fates, 135  
 And prologue to the omen coming on,—  
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
 Unto our climature and countrymen.—  
 But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!  
 [*Re-enter Ghost*]

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion! 140  
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
 Speak to me:  
 If there be any good thing to be done,  
 That may to thee do ease, and, race to me,  
 Speak to me: 145  
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!  
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, 150  
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,  
 [*The cock crows.*]

Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus!

MAR.

Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

HOR.

Do, if it will not stand.

BER.

‘Tis here! 155

HOR.

‘Tis here!

MAR.

‘Tis gone!  
 [*Exit Ghost*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
 To offer it the show of violence;  
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable, 160  
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BER.

It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HOR.

And then it started, like a guilty thing  
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard  
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 165  
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
 Awake the god of day; and at his warning,  
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
 To his confine: and of the truth herein 170  
 This present object made probation.

MAR.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
 Some say that ever ‘gainst that season comes  
 Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,  
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long; 175  
 And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;  
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;  
 So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.

HOR.

So have I heard, and do in part believe it. 180  
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
 Walks o’er the dew of yon high eastward hill:

Break we our watch up: and by my advice,  
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 185  
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:  
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MAR.

Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know  
 Where we shall find him most conveniently. 190  
 [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene II—Elsinore—A room of state in the Castle*

[*Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendant.*]

KING

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
 The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;  
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature 195  
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
 Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,  
 Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,— 200  
 With an auspicious and one dropping eye,  
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,  
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—  
 Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd  
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone 205  
 With this affair along:—or all, our thanks.  
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death  
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 210  
 Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,  
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
 Importing the surrender of those lands  
 Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,  
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him,— 215  
 Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:  
 Thus much the business is:—we have here writ  
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 220  
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
 The lists, and full proportions are all made  
 Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch  
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway; 225  
 Giving to you no further personal power  
 To business with the king, more than the scope  
 Of these dilated articles allow.  
 Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

	COR. AND VOLT.	
In that and all things will we show our duty.		230
	KING	
We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. [ <i>Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.</i> ]		
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,		235
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes?		240
	LAER.	
Dread my lord, Your leave and favour to return to France; From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, To show my duty in your coronation; Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France, And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.		245
	KING	
Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?		
	POL.	
He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave By laboursome petition; and at last Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: I do beseech you, give him leave to go.		250
	KING	
Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine, And thy best graces spend it at thy will!— But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—		255
	HAM.	
[ <i>Aside.</i> ] A little more than kin, and less than kind!		
	KING	
How is it that the clouds still hang on you?		
	HAM.	
Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.		
	QUEEN	
Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. Do not for ever with thy veiled lids Seek for thy noble father in the dust: Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that lives must die, Passing through nature to eternity.		260

	HAM.	
Ay, madam, it is common.		265
	QUEEN	
If it be, Why seems it so particular with thee?		
	HAM.	
Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, Nor customary suits of solemn black, Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath, No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage, Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief, That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem; For they are actions that a man might play; But I have that within which passeth show; These but the trappings and the suits of woe.		270 275
	KING	
'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, To give these mourning duties to your father; But, you must know, your father lost a father; That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound, In filial obligation, for some term To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere In obstinate condolement is a course Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief; It shows a will most incorrect to heaven; A heart unfortified, a mind impatient; An understanding simple and unschoold; For what we know must be, and is as common As any the most vulgar thing to sense, Why should we, in our peevish opposition, Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven, A fault against the dead, a fault to nature, To reason most absurd; whose common theme Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried, From the first corse till he that died to-day, 'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth This unprevailing woe; and think of us As of a father: for let the world take note You are the most immediate to our throne; And with no less nobility of love Than that which dearest father bears his son Do I impart toward you. For your intent In going back to school in Wittenberg, It is most retrograde to our desire: And we beseech you bend you to remain Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye, Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.		280 285 290 295 300 305
	QUEEN	
Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: I pray thee stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.		310



HAM.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:  
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;  
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet 315  
 Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,  
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;  
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,  
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. 320  
 [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

HAM.

O that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable 325  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two: 330  
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not betem the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him 335  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—  
 Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—  
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old  
 With which she followed my poor father's body 340  
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—  
 O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason,  
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,  
 My father's brother; but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules: within a month; 345  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
 She married:— O, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good; 350  
 But break my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!  
 [*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*]

HOR.

Hail to your lordship!

HAM.

I am glad to see you well:  
 Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

HOR.

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever. 355

	HAM.	
Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you: And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?— Marcellus?		
	MAR.	
My good lord,—		
	HAM.	360
I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.— But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?		
	HOR.	
A truant disposition, good my Lord		
	HAM.	365
I would not hear your enemy say so; Nor shall you do my ear that violence, To make it truster of your own report Against yourself: I know you are no truant. But what is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.		
	HOR.	
My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.		
	HAM.	370
I prithee do not mock me, fellow-student. I think it was to see my mother's wedding.		
	HOR.	
Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.		
	HAM.	375
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!— My father,—methinks I see my father.		
	HOR.	
Where, my lord?		
	HAM.	
In my mind's eye, Horatio.		
	HOR.	380
I saw him once; he was a goodly king		
	HAM.	
He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.		

	HOR.	
My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.		
	HAM.	
Saw who?		
	HOR.	
My lord, the king your father.		385
	HAM.	
The King my father!		
	HOR.	
Season your admiration for awhile With an attent ear, till I may deliver, Upon the witness of these gentlemen, This marvel to you.		390
	HAM.	
For God's love let me hear.		
	HOR.	
Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch In the dead vast and middle of the night, Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, Appears before them and with solemn march Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd Almost to jelly with the act of fear, Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me In dreadful secrecy impart they did; And I with them the third night kept the watch: Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, Form of the thing, each word made true and good, The apparition comes: I knew your father; These hands are not more like.		395 400 405
	HAM.	
But where was this?		
	MAR.	
My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.		410
	HAM.	
Did you not speak to it?		
	HOR.	
My lord, I did; But answer made it none: yet once methought It lifted up it head, and did address Itself to motion, like as it would speak: But even then the morning cock crew loud, And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, And vanish'd from our sight.		415

'Tis very strange.	HAM.	
As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true; And we did think it writ down in our duty To let you know of it.	HOR.	420
Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me. Hold you the watch to-night?	HAM.	
We do, my Lord	MAR. AND BER.	425
Arm'd, say you?	HAM.	
Arm'd, my Lord	BOTH.	
From top to toe?	HAM.	
My lord, from head to foot.	BOTH.	
Then saw you not his face?	HAM.	430
O, yes, my lord: he wore his beaver up.	HOR.	
What, look'd he frowningly?	HAM.	
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.	HOR.	
Pale or red?	HAM.	
Nay, very pale.	HOR.	435
And fix'd his eyes upon you?	HAM.	
Most constantly.	HOR.	
I would I had been there.	HAM.	
It would have much amaz'd you.	HOR.	

Hamlet

HAM. 440  
Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

HOR.  
While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MAR. AND BER.  
Longer, longer.

HOR.  
Not when I saw't.

HAM.  
His beard was grizzled,—no?

HOR. 445  
It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.

HAM.  
I will watch to-night;  
Perchance 'twill walk again.

HOR.  
I warr'nt it will.

HAM. 450  
If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, 455  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:  
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

ALL 460  
Our duty to your honour.

HAM.  
Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.  
[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*]

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!  
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. 465  
[*Exit.*]

*Scene III—A room in Polonius's house*

[*Enter Laertes and Ophelia.*]

LAER.  
My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit  
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
 But let me hear from you.

OPH.

Do you doubt that?

470

LAER.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,  
 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood:  
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting;  
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
 No more.

475

OPH.

No more but so?

LAER.

Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
 In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,  
 The inward service of the mind and soul  
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;

480

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch  
 The virtue of his will: but you must fear,  
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;  
 For he himself is subject to his birth:

485

He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,  
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
 The safety and health of this whole state;  
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,

490

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it  
 As he in his particular act and place  
 May give his saying deed; which is no further  
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

495

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain  
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,  
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open  
 To his unmaster'd importunity.

500

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;  
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:  
 Virtue itself scopes not calumnious strokes:  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd:

505

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
 Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:  
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

510

OPH.

I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, 515  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads  
And recks not his own read.

LAER.

O, fear me not. 520  
I stay too long:—but here my father comes.  
[*Enter Polonius.*]

A double blessing is a double grace;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POL.

Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, 525  
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with thee!  
[*Laying his hand on Laertes's head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 530  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware 535  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 540  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are most select and generous chief in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend; 545  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all,—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee! 550

LAER.

Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord

POL.

The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

LAER.

Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well  
What I have said to you.

	OPH.	
'Tis in my memory lock'd, And you yourself shall keep the key of it.		555
	LAER.	
Farewell. [Exit.]		
	POL.	
What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?		
	OPH.	
So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.		
	POL.	
Marry, well bethought: 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late Given private time to you; and you yourself Have of your audience been most free and bounteous; If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me, And that in way of caution,—I must tell you You do not understand yourself so clearly As it behooves my daughter and your honour. What is between you? give me up the truth.	560	
		565
	OPH.	
He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders Of his affection to me.		570
	POL.	
Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl, Unsifted in such perilous circumstance. Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?		
	OPH.	
I do not know, my lord, what I should think.		
	POL.	
Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby; That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Wronging it thus,—you'll tender me a fool.	575	
	OPH.	
My lord, he hath importun'd me with love In honourable fashion.		580
	POL.	
Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.		
	OPH.	
And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven.		
	POL.	
Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,		585



When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
 Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,  
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,  
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—  
 You must not take for fire. From this time 590  
 Be something scanter of your maiden presence;  
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
 Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,  
 Believe so much in him, that he is young;  
 And with a larger tether may he walk 595  
 Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,  
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,—  
 Not of that dye which their investments show,  
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 600  
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth  
 Have you so slander any moment leisure  
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.  
 Look to't, I charge you; come your ways. 605

OPH.

I shall obey, my Lord  
 [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene IV—The platform*

[*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*]

HAM.

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HOR.

It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAM.

What hour now?

HOR.

I think it lacks of twelve.

610

MAR.

No, it is struck.

HOR.

Indeed? I heard it not: then draws near the season  
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.  
 [*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

HAM.

The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,  
 Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;  
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
 The triumph of his pledge. 615

Is it a custom?	HOR.	620
Ay, marry, is't; But to my mind,—though I am native here, And to the manner born,—it is a custom More honour'd in the breach than the observance. This heavy-headed revel east and west Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations: They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes From our achievements, though perform'd at height, The pith and marrow of our attribute. So oft it chanceth in particular men That, for some vicious mole of nature in them, As in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty, Since nature cannot choose his origin,— By the oërgrowth of some complexion, Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason; Or by some habit, that too much oër-leavens The form of plausible manners;—that these men,— Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,— Their virtues else,—be they as pure as grace, As infinite as man may undergo,— Shall in the general censure take corruption From that particular fault: the dram of eale Doth all the noble substance often doubt To his own scandal.	HAM.	625 630 635 640 645
Look, my lord, it comes! [ <i>Enter Ghost</i> ]	HOR.	
Angels and ministers of grace defend us!— Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell, Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou com'st in such a questionable shape That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet, King, father, royal Dane; O, answer me! Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death, Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre, Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd, Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws To cast thee up again! What may this mean, That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel, Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon, Making night hideous, and we fools of nature So horridly to shake our disposition With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do? [ <i>Ghost beckons Hamlet.</i> ]	HAM.	650 655 660 665

It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

HOR.

Look with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a more removed ground:  
 But do not go with it!

MAR. 670

No, by no means.

HOR.

It will not speak; then will I follow it.

HAM.

Do not, my Lord

HOR. 675

Why, what should be the fear?  
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
 Being a thing immortal as itself?  
 It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

HAM.

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
 And there assume some other horrible form  
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,  
 And draw you into madness? think of it:  
 The very place puts toys of desperation,  
 Without more motive, into every brain  
 That looks so many fadoms to the sea  
 And hears it roar beneath.

HOR. 685

It waves me still.—  
 Go on; I'll follow thee.

HAM.

You shall not go, my Lord

MAR.

Hold off your hands.

HAM.

Be rul'd; you shall not go.

HOR. 695

My fate cries out,  
 And makes each petty artery in this body  
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—  
 [*Ghost beckons.*]

HAM.

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—  
[*Breaking free from them.*]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!—  
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.  
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

700

HOR.

He waxes desperate with imagination.

MAR.

Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HOR.

Have after.—To what issue will this come?

MAR.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

705

HOR.

Heaven will direct it.

MAR.

Nay, let's follow him.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene V—A more remote part of the Castle*

[*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*]

HAM.

Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further.

GHOST

Mark me.

HAM.

I will.

710

GHOST

My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulph'urous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

HAM.

Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

715

HAM.

Speak; I am bound to hear.

GHOST

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.



With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,— O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen: O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!	760
From me, whose love was of that dignity That it went hand in hand even with the vow I made to her in marriage; and to decline Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor To those of mine!	765
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd, Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven; So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, Will sate itself in a celestial bed And prey on garbage.	770
But soft! methinks I scent the morning air; Brief let me be.—Sleeping within my orchard, My custom always of the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,	775
And in the porches of my ears did pour The leperous distilment; whose effect Holds such an enmity with blood of man That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through The natural gates and alleys of the body;	780
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset And curd, like eager droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine; And a most instant tetter bark'd about, Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust All my smooth body.	785
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand, Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd: Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, Unhous'led, disappointed, unanel'd;	790
No reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head: O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; Let not the royal bed of Denmark be	795
A couch for luxury and damned incest. But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act, Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven, And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,	800
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once! The glowworm shows the matin to be near, And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire: Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [Exit.]	
HAM.	
O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? And shall I couple hell? O, fie!—Hold, my heart; And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee! Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat In this distracted globe. Remember thee!	805 810

Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live 815  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—  
 O most pernicious woman!  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down, 820  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:  
 [*Writing.*]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
 It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'  
 I have sworn't. 825

[*Within.*] My lord, my lord,— 830  
 HOR.  
 [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—  
 MAR.  
 [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!  
 HOR.  
 So be it!  
 HAM.  
 [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!  
 MAR. 830  
 HAM.  
 Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.  
 [*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*]

How is't, my noble lord?  
 MAR.  
 What news, my lord?  
 HOR.  
 O, wonderful!  
 HAM.  
 Good my lord, tell it. 835  
 HOR.  
 No; you'll reveal it.  
 HAM.  
 Not I, my lord, by heaven.  
 HOR.  
 Nor I, my Lord  
 MAR.

	HAM.	
How say you then; would heart of man once think it?— But you'll be secret?		840
	HOR. AND MAR.	
Ay, by heaven, my Lord		
	HAM.	
There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark But he's an arrant knave.		
	HOR.	
There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave To tell us this.		845
	HAM.	
Why, right; you are i' the right; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part: You, as your business and desires shall point you,— For every man hath business and desire, Such as it is;—and for my own poor part, Look you, I'll go pray.		850
	HOR.	
These are but wild and whirling words, my Lord		
	HAM.	
I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, faith, heartily.		855
	HOR.	
There's no offence, my Lord		
	HAM.	
Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, And much offence too. Touching this vision here,— It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you: For your desire to know what is between us, O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends, As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, Give me one poor request.		860
	HOR.	
What is't, my lord? we will.		
	HAM.	
Never make known what you have seen to-night.		865
	HOR. AND MAR.	
My lord, we will not.		
	HAM.	
Nay, but swear't.		
	HOR.	
In faith, My lord, not I.		



Hamlet

MAR. 870  
 Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAM.  
 Upon my sword.

MAR.  
 We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAM.  
 Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST  
 [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. 875  
 Ha, ha boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?—  
 Come on!—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—  
 Consent to swear.

HOR.  
 Propose the oath, my Lord

HAM. 880  
 Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
 Swear by my sword.

GHOST  
 [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. 885  
 Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground.—  
 Come hither, gentlemen,  
 And lay your hands again upon my sword:  
 Never to speak of this that you have heard,  
 Swear by my sword.

GHOST  
 [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM.  
 Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?  
 A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good friends.

HOR. 890  
 O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAM. 895  
 And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.  
 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
 But come;—  
 Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,  
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—  
 As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet  
 To put an antic disposition on,—  
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,  
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake, 900

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
 As 'Well, well, we know'; or 'We could, an if we would';—  
 Or 'If we list to speak'; or 'There be, an if they might';—  
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
 That you know aught of me:—this is not to do, 905  
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you,  
 Swear.

GHOST

[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,  
 With all my love I do commend me to you: 910  
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,  
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;  
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.  
 The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite, 915  
 That ever I was born to set it right!—  
 Nay, come, let's go together.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

**Act II***Scene I—A room in Polonius's house*

[*Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.*]

POL.

Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

REY.

I will, my Lord

POL.

You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo, 920  
 Before You visit him, to make inquiry  
 Of his behaviour.

REY.

My lord, I did intend it.

POL.

Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,  
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; 925  
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,  
 What company, at what expense; and finding,  
 By this encompassment and drift of question,  
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
 Than your particular demands will touch it: 930  
 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;  
 As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,  
 And in part him;—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REY.

Ay, very well, my Lord

	POL.	
'And in part him;—but,' you may say, 'not well: But if't be he I mean, he's very wild; Addicted so and so;' and there put on him What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank As may dishonour him; take heed of that; But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.		935       940
	REY.	
As gaming, my Lord		
	POL.	
Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbing:—you may go so far.		945
	REY.	
My lord, that would dishonour him.		
	POL.	
Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency; That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly That they may seem the taints of liberty; The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind; A savageness in unreclaimed blood, Of general assault.		950
	REY.	
But, my good lord,—		955
	POL.	
Wherefore should you do this?		
	REY.	
Ay, my lord, I would know that.		
	POL.	
Marry, sir, here's my drift; And I believe it is a fetch of warrant: You laying these slight sullies on my son As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working, Mark you, Your party in converse, him you would sound, Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd He closes with you in this consequence; 'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'gentleman'— According to the phrase or the addition Of man and country.		960       965       970
	REY.	
Very good, my Lord		

	POL.	
And then, sir, does he this,—he does—What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was about to say something:—Where did I leave? Rey. At ‘closes in the consequence,’ at ‘friend or so,’ and gentleman.		975
	POL.	
At—closes in the consequence’—ay, marry! He closes with you thus:—’I know the gentleman; I saw him yesterday, or t’other day, Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say, There was he gaming; there o’ertook in’s rouse; There falling out at tennis’: or perchance, ‘I saw him enter such a house of sale,’— Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth.— See you now; Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth: And thus do we of wisdom and of reach, With windlaces, and with assays of bias, By indirections find directions out: So, by my former lecture and advice, Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?	980 985 990	
	REY.	
My lord, I have.		
	POL.	
God b’ wi’ you, fare you well.		
	REY.	
Good my lord!		
	POL.	
Observe his inclination in yourself.		
	REY.	
I shall, my Lord		995
	POL.	
And let him ply his music.		
	REY.	
Well, my Lord		
	POL.	
Farewell! [Exit Reynaldo.] [Enter Ophelia.] How now, Ophelia! what’s the matter?		
	OPH.	
Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!		1000
	POL.	
With what, i’ the name of God?		
	OPH.	
My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,		

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;  
 No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,  
 Ungart' red, and down-gyved to his ankle; 1005  
 Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;  
 And with a look so piteous in purport  
 As if he had been loosed out of hell  
 To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

POL. 1010  
 Mad for thy love?

OPH.  
 My lord, I do not know;  
 But truly I do fear it.

POL.  
 What said he?

OPH. 1015  
 He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
 And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
 He falls to such perusal of my face  
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,— 1020  
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound  
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk  
 And end his being: that done, he lets me go:  
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd  
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes; 1025  
 For out o' doors he went without their help,  
 And to the last bended their light on me.

POL.  
 Come, go with me: I will go seek the king  
 This is the very ecstasy of love;  
 Whose violent property fordoes itself, 1030  
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
 As oft as any passion under heaven  
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—  
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPH. 1035  
 No, my good lord; but, as you did command,  
 I did repel his letters and denied  
 His access to me.

POL.  
 That hath made him mad.  
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment  
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle, 1040  
 And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!  
 It seems it as proper to our age  
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions  
 As it is common for the younger sort  
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king; 1045  
 This must be known; which, being kept close, might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love.  
 [Exeunt.]

*Scene II—A room in the Castle*

[Enter King, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.]

KING

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!  
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
 The need we have to use you did provoke 1050  
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
 Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,  
 Since nor the exterior nor the inward man  
 Resembles that it was. What it should be,  
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him 1055  
 So much from the understanding of himself,  
 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both  
 That, being of so young days brought up with him,  
 And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,  
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court 1060  
 Some little time: so by your companies  
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,  
 So much as from occasion you may glean,  
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy. 1065

QUEEN

Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,  
 And sure I am two men there are not living  
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
 To show us so much gentry and good-will  
 As to expend your time with us awhile, 1070  
 For the supply and profit of our hope,  
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
 As fits a king's remembrance.

ROS.

Both your majesties  
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us, 1075  
 Put your dread pleasures more into command  
 Than to entreaty.

GUIL.

We both obey,  
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,  
 To lay our service freely at your feet, 1080  
 To be commanded.

KING

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:  
 And I beseech you instantly to visit  
 My too-much-changed son.—Go, some of you, 1085  
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Hamlet

GUIL.

Heavens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN

Ay, amen!  
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants*]  
[*Enter Polonius*]

POL.

Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

1090

KING

Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POL.

Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,  
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God and to my gracious king:  
And I do think,—or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath us'd to do,—that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

1095

KING

O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

1100

POL.

Give first admittance to the ambassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

KING

Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.  
[*Exit Polonius*]

He tells me, my sweet queen, he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

1105

QUEEN

I doubt it is no other but the main,—  
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

KING

Well, we shall sift him.  
[*Enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

Welcome, my good friends!  
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

1110

VOLT.

Most fair return of greetings and desires.  
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;  
But, better look'd into, he truly found

1115

It was against your highness; whereat griev'd,—  
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence  
 Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests  
 On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;  
 Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine, 1120  
 Makes vow before his uncle never more  
 To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.  
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;  
 And his commission to employ those soldiers, 1125  
 So levied as before, against the Polack:  
 With an entreaty, herein further shown,  
 [*Gives a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
 Through your dominions for this enterprise,  
 On such regards of safety and allowance 1130  
 As therein are set down.

KING

It likes us well;  
 And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
 Answer, and think upon this business.  
 Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour: 1135  
 Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:  
 Most welcome home!  
 [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

POL.

This business is well ended.—  
 My liege, and madam,—to expostulate  
 What majesty should be, what duty is, 1140  
 Why day is day, night is night, and time is time.  
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.  
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
 I will be brief:—your noble son is mad: 1145  
 Mad call I it; for to define true madness,  
 What is't but to be nothing else but mad?  
 But let that go.

QUEEN

More matter, with less art.

POL.

Madam, I swear I use no art at all 1150  
 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;  
 And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;  
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
 Mad let us grant him then: and now remains  
 That we find out the cause of this effect; 1155  
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
 For this effect defective comes by cause:  
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
 Perpend.  
 I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,— 1160  
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,



Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[*Reads.*]

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified  
Ophelia,'—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile  
phrase: but you shall hear. Thus:

1165

[*Reads.*]

'In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.'

QUEEN

Came this from Hamlet to her?

POL.

Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[*Reads.*]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;

1170

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to  
reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe  
it. Adieu.

1175

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,  
HAMLET.'

This, in obedience, hath my daughter show'd me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,

1180

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

KING

But how hath she

Receiv'd his love?

POL.

What do you think of me?

1185

KING

As of a man faithful and honourable.

POL.

I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me,— what might you,

1190

Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;—

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

1195

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy sphere;

This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

1200

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;

Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;  
 Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,  
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
 And all we wail for. 1205

KING

Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN

It may be, very likely.

POL.

Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain know that—  
 That I have positively said "'Tis so,'  
 When it prov'd otherwise? 1210

KING

Not that I know.

POL.

Take this from this, if this be otherwise:  
*[Points to his head and shoulder.]*  
 If circumstances lead me, I will find  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
 Within the centre. 1215

KING

How may we try it further?

POL.

You know sometimes he walks for hours together  
 Here in the lobby. 1220

QUEEN

So he does indeed.

POL.

At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:  
 Be you and I behind an arras then;  
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not,  
 And he not from his reason fall'n thereon  
 Let me be no assistant for a state,  
 But keep a farm and carters. 1225

KING

We will try it.

QUEEN

But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POL.

Away, I do beseech you, both away  
 I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.  
*[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.]*  
*[Enter Hamlet, reading.]*  
 How does my good Lord Hamlet? 1230

	HAM.	
Well, God-a-mercy.		
	POL.	
Do you know me, my lord?		
	HAM.	
Excellent well; you're a fishmonger.		1235
	POL.	
Not I, my Lord		
	HAM.	
Then I would you were so honest a man.		
	POL.	
Honest, my lord!		
	HAM.	
Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.		1240
	POL.	
That's very true, my Lord		
	HAM.	
For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god-kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?		
	POL.	
I have, my Lord		
	HAM.	
Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to't.		1245
	POL.	
How say you by that?— [ <i>Aside.</i> ]		
Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?		1250
	HAM.	
Words, words, words.		
	POL.	
What is the matter, my lord?		
	HAM.	
Between who?		1255
	POL.	
I mean, the matter that you read, my Lord		

- HAM.
- Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here that old men  
have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes  
purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have  
a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, 1260  
sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold  
it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir,  
should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.
- POL.
- [*Aside.*]  
Though this be madness, yet there is a method in't.—  
Will you walk out of the air, my lord? 1265
- HAM.
- Into my grave?
- POL.
- Indeed, that is out o' the air.  
[*Aside.*]  
How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness  
that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity  
could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave 1270  
him and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between  
him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most  
humbly take my leave of you.
- HAM.
- You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more  
willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my  
life. 1275
- POL.
- Fare you well, my Lord
- HAM.
- These tedious old fools!  
[*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]
- POL.
- You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.
- ROS.
- [*To Polonius.*]  
God save you, sir!  
[*Exit Polonius.*] 1280
- GUIL.
- My honoured lord!
- ROS.
- My most dear lord!
- HAM.
- My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah,  
Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Hamlet

As the indifferent children of the earth. 1285

ROS.

Happy in that we are not over-happy;  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

GUIL.

Nor the soles of her shoe?

HAM.

Neither, my Lord

ROS.

Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours? 1290

HAM.

Faith, her privates we.

GUIL.

In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet.  
What's the news?

HAM.

None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

ROS.

Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me  
question more in particular: what have you, my good friends,  
deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither? 1295

HAM.

Prison, my lord!

GUIL.

Denmark's a prison.

HAM.

Then is the world one. 1300

ROS.

A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards,  
and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

HAM.

We think not so, my Lord

ROS.

Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either  
good or bad but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison. 1305

HAM.

Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow  
for your mind.

ROS.

- HAM.
- O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself  
a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.
- GUIL.
- Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance  
of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. 1310
- HAM.
- A dream itself is but a shadow.
- ROS.
- Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality  
that it is but a shadow's shadow.
- HAM.
- Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and  
outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the  
court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. 1315
- ROS. AND GUIL.
- We'll wait upon you.
- HAM.
- No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my  
servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am  
most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of  
friendship, what make you at Elsinore? 1320
- ROS.
- To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.
- HAM.
- Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank  
you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.  
Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free  
visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak. 1325
- GUIL.
- What should we say, my lord?
- HAM.
- Why, anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for;  
and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your  
modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good  
king and queen have sent for you. 1330
- ROS.
- To what end, my lord?
- HAM.
- That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the  
rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth,  
by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what  
more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be  
even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no. 1335

Hamlet

ROS.

[*To Guildenstern.*]  
What say you?

HAM.

[*Aside.*]  
Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off. 1340

GUIL.

My lord, we were sent for.

HAM.

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent  
your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and  
queen moult no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore  
I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of 1345  
exercises; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my

disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me  
a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air,  
look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical  
roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other 1350  
thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!  
how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express  
and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension,  
how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! 1355  
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?

Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling  
you seem to say so.

ROS.

My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAM.

Why did you laugh then, when I said ‘Man delights not me’? 1360

ROS.

To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten  
entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted  
them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAM.

He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty  
shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use 1365  
his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous  
man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those  
laugh whose lungs are tickle o’ the sere; and the lady shall  
say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t.

What players are they? 1370

ROS.

Even those you were wont to take such delight in,—  
the tragedians of the city.

HAM.

How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation  
and profit, was better both ways.

- ROS.  
I think their inhibition comes by the means of the  
late innovation. 1375
- HAM.  
Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was  
in the city? Are they so followed?
- ROS.  
No, indeed, are they not.
- HAM.  
How comes it? do they grow rusty? 1380
- ROS.  
Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is,  
sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top  
of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these  
are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages,  
—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid  
of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither. 1385
- HAM.  
What, are they children? who maintains 'em? How are  
they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer  
than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they  
should grow themselves to common players,—as it is  
most like, if their means are no better,—their writers  
do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own  
succession? 1390
- ROS.  
Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the  
nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there  
was, for awhile, no money bid for argument unless the  
poet and the player went to cuffs in the question. 1395
- HAM.  
Is't possible?
- GUIL.  
O, there has been much throwing about of brains.
- HAM.  
Do the boys carry it away? 1400
- ROS.  
Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.
- HAM.  
It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark,  
and those that would make mouths at him while my father  
lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece for  
his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more  
than natural, if philosophy could find it out. 1405  
[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]



GUIL.

There are the players.

HAM.

Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which I tell you must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

1410

GUIL.

In what, my dear lord?

HAM.

I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.  
[*Enter Polonius.*]

1415

POL.

Well be with you, gentlemen!

HAM.

Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

1420

ROS.

Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAM.

I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

POL.

My lord, I have news to tell you.

1425

HAM.

My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

POL.

The actors are come hither, my Lord

HAM.

Buzz, buzz!

POL.

Upon my honour,—

1430

HAM.

Then came each actor on his ass,—

POL.

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,

tragic-historical, tragic-comical-historical-pastoral,  
 scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too  
 heavy nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty,  
 these are the only men. 1435

HAM.

O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

POL.

What treasure had he, my lord?

HAM.

Why— 1440  
 'One fair daughter, and no more,  
 The which he loved passing well.'

POL.

[*Aside.*]  
 Still on my daughter.

HAM.

Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

POL.

If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter 1445  
 that I love passing well.

HAM.

Nay, that follows not.

POL.

What follows, then, my lord?

HAM.

Why— 'As by lot, God wot,' and then, you know, 1450  
 'It came to pass, as most like it was—' The first row of the  
 pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgment  
 comes.

[*Enter four or five Players.*]

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see 1455  
 thee well.—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy  
 face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me  
 in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady,

your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last,  
 by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a  
 piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters,  
 you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at 1460

anything we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a  
 taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

I PLAY.

What speech, my lord?

HAM.

I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted;  
 or if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased 1465  
 not the million, 'twas caviare to the general; but it was,—as I

received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters  
cried in the top of mine,—an excellent play, well digested in  
the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning.  
I remember, one said there were no sallies in the lines to  
make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase  
that might indite the author of affectation; but called it an  
honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much  
more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved:  
'twas AENEAS' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially  
where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory,  
begin at this line;—let me see, let me see:—  
The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,—  
it is not so:— it begins with Pyrrhus:—  
'The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd  
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,  
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light  
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus oërsized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

POL.

'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent  
and good discretion.

I PLAY.

Anon he finds him,  
Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,  
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for lo! his sword,  
Which was declining on the milky head  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:  
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.  
But as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

- Now falls on Priam.— 1520  
 Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,  
 In general synod, take away her power;  
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
 As low as to the fiends! 1525
- POL.  
 This is too long.
- HAM.  
 It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee say on.—  
 He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come  
 to Hecuba.
- I PLAY.  
 But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen,— 1530
- HAM.  
 'The mobled queen'?
- POL.  
 That's good! 'Mobled queen' is good.
- I PLAY.  
 Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames  
 With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head  
 Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,  
 About her lank and all o'erteemed loins, 1535  
 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—  
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:  
 But if the gods themselves did see her then, 1540  
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
 The instant burst of clamour that she made,—  
 Unless things mortal move them not at all,—  
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
 And passion in the gods. 1545
- POL.  
 Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has  
 tears in's eyes.—Pray you, no more!  
 Ham. 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest  
 of this soon.— Good my lord, will you see the players  
 well bestowed? Do you hear? Let them be well used; 1550  
 for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time;  
 after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than  
 their ill report while you live.
- POL.  
 My lord, I will use them according to their desert. 1555
- HAM.  
 Odd's bodikin, man, better: use every man after his  
 desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them

after your own honour and dignity: the less they  
deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POL.

Come, sirs.

1560

HAM.

Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.  
[*Exeunt Polonius with all the Players but the First.*]  
Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play 'The Murder of  
Gonzago'?

I PLAY.

Ay, my Lord

HAM.

We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study  
a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would  
set down and insert in't? could you not?

1565

I PLAY.

Ay, my Lord

HAM.

Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.  
[*Exit First Player.*]  
—My good friends [*to Ros. and Guild.*], I'll leave you till  
night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

1570

ROS.

Good my lord!  
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

HAM.

Ay, so, God b' wi' ye!  
Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit  
That from her working all his visage wand;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!  
For Hecuba?

1575

1580

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

1585

1590

Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king 1595  
 Upon whose property and most dear life  
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
 Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?  
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat 1600  
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?  
 'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be  
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
 To make oppression bitter; or ere this  
 I should have fatted all the region kites 1605  
 With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!  
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!  
 O, vengeance!  
 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, 1610  
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words  
 And fall a-cursing like a very drab,  
 A scullion!  
 Fie upon't! foh!—About, my brain! I have heard 1615  
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
 Have by the very cunning of the scene  
 Been struck so to the soul that presently  
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak 1620  
 With most miraculous organ, I'll have these players  
 Play something like the murder of my father  
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
 I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,  
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen 1625  
 May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,—  
 As he is very potent with such spirits,—  
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds 1630  
 More relative than this.—the play's the thing  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king  
 [Exit.]

### ACT III

#### *Scene I—A room in the Castle*

[Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.]

KING

And can you, by no drift of circumstance,  
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet 1635  
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROS.

He does confess he feels himself distracted,  
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Hamlet

GUIL.

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

1640

QUEEN

Did he receive you well?

ROS.

Most like a gentleman.

GUIL.

But with much forcing of his disposition.

1645

ROS.

Niggard of question; but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply.

QUEEN

Did you assay him  
To any pastime?

ROS.

Madam, it so fell out that certain players  
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: they are about the court,  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

1650

1655

POL.

'Tis most true;  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

KING

With all my heart; and it doth much content me  
To hear him so inclin'd.—  
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

1660

ROS.

We shall, my Lord  
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

KING

Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
Affront Ophelia:  
Her father and myself,—lawful espials,—  
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If't be the affliction of his love or no  
That thus he suffers for.

1665

1670

## QUEEN

I shall obey you:—  
 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish 1675  
 That your good beauties be the happy cause  
 Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues  
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
 To both your honours.

## OPH.

Madam, I wish it may. 1680  
 [*Exit Queen*]

## POL.

Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,  
 We will bestow ourselves.—[*To Ophelia.*] Read on this book;  
 That show of such an exercise may colour  
 Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—  
 'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage 1685  
 And pious action we do sugar o'er  
 The Devil himself.

## KING

[*Aside.*]  
 O, 'tis too true!  
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!  
 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, 1690  
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
 Than is my deed to my most painted word:  
 O heavy burden!

## POL.

I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my Lord  
 [*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]  
 [*Enter Hamlet.*]

## HAM.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:— 1695  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—  
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end 1700  
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—  
 To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, 1705  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause: there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, 1710  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make



With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death,— The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn No traveller returns,—puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; And enterprises of great pith and moment, With this regard, their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action.—Soft you now! The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons Be all my sins remember'd.	1715
	1720
	1725
	1730
Good my lord, How does your honour for this many a day?	1730
	1735
I humbly thank you; well, well, well.	1740
	1745
My lord, I have remembrances of yours That I have longed long to re-deliver. I pray you, now receive them.	1735
	1740
No, not I; I never gave you aught.	1745
	1750
My honour'd lord, you know right well you did; And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd As made the things more rich; their perfume lost, Take these again; for to the noble mind Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. There, my Lord	1740
	1745
Ha, ha! Are you honest?	1750
	1755
My lord?	1745
	1750
Are you fair?	1755
	1760
What means your lordship?	1765
	1770
That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.	1775

OPH.  
 Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with  
 honesty? 1750

HAM.  
 Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform  
 honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty  
 can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a  
 paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once. 1755

OPH.  
 Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM.  
 You should not have believ'd me; for virtue cannot so  
 inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPH.  
 I was the more deceived.

HAM.  
 Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of  
 sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could  
 accuse me of such things that it were better my mother  
 had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious;  
 with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put  
 them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them  
 in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between  
 earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none  
 of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father? 1760  
 1765

OPH.  
 At home, my Lord

HAM.  
 Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the  
 fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell. 1770

OPH.  
 O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAM.  
 If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—  
 be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape  
 calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt  
 needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough  
 what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and  
 quickly too. Farewell. 1775

OPH.  
 O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAM.  
 I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath  
 given you one face, and you make yourselves another:  
 you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's  
 creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. 1780

Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say,  
 we will have no more marriages: those that are married  
 already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are.  
 To a nunnery, go.  
 [*Exit.*]

OPH.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
 The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword,  
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
 The observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!  
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched  
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth  
 Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,  
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!  
 [*Re-enter King and Polonius.*]

KING

Love! His affections do not that way tend;  
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul  
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
 And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose  
 Will be some danger: which for to prevent,  
 I have in quick determination  
 Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England  
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
 Haply the seas, and countries different,  
 With variable objects, shall expel  
 This something-settled matter in his heart;  
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus  
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

POL.

It shall do well: but yet do I believe  
 The origin and commencement of his grief  
 Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!  
 You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;  
 We heard it all—My lord, do as you please;  
 But if you hold it fit, after the play,  
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
 To show his grief: let her be round with him;  
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,  
 To England send him; or confine him where  
 Your wisdom best shall think.

KING

It shall be so:  
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene II—A hall in the Castle*

[Enter Hamlet and certain Players.]

HAM.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,  
trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many  
of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke 1830  
my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand,  
thus, but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest,  
and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must  
acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.  
O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious 1835  
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags,  
to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part,  
are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and  
noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing  
Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it. 1840

I PLAYER.

I warrant your honour.

HAM.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be  
your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action;  
with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the  
modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from 1845  
the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first  
and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror  
up to nature; to show virtue her own image, scorn  
her own image, and the very age and body of the time  
his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come 1850  
tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but  
make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which  
one must in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre  
of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and  
heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, 1855  
that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of  
Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed  
that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men,  
and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

I PLAYER.

I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir. 1860

HAM.

O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns  
speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them  
that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren  
spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary  
question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous 1865  
and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.  
Go make you ready.

[Exeunt Players.]

[Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.]

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Hamlet

POL.

And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM.

Bid the players make haste.

1870

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROS. AND GUIL.

We will, my Lord

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

HAM.

What, ho, Horatio!

[*Enter Horatio.*]

HOR.

Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM.

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

1875

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

HOR.

O, my dear lord,—

HAM.

Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

1880

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

1885

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards

1890

Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and ble's'd are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

1895

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king;

One scene of it comes near the circumstance,

Which I have told thee, of my father's death:

1900

I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,

Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen;

1905

And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;

And, after, we will both our judgments join  
In censure of his seeming.

HOR.

1910

Well, my lord:  
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

HAM.

They are coming to the play. I must be idle:  
Get you a place.  
[*Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia,  
Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.*]

KING

1915

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAM.

Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air,  
promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

KING

I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

HAM.

1920

No, nor mine now. My lord, you play'd once i' the university,  
you say?  
[*To Polonius.*]

POL.

That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

HAM.

What did you enact?

POL.

I did enact Julius Caesar; I was kill'd i' the Capitol;  
Brutus killed me.

HAM.

1925

It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.  
—Be the players ready?

ROS.

Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

QUEEN

Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAM.

No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

POL.

1930

O, ho! do you mark that?  
[*To the King*]

Hamlet

HAM.

Lady, shall I lie in your lap?  
[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.]

OPH.

No, my Lord

HAM.

I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPH.

Ay, my Lord

HAM.

Do you think I meant country matters?

1935

OPH.

I think nothing, my Lord

HAM.

That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPH.

What is, my lord?

HAM.

Nothing.

OPH.

You are merry, my Lord

1940

HAM.

Who, I?

OPH.

Ay, my Lord

HAM.

O, your only jig-maker! What should a man do but be merry?  
For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father  
died within 's two hours.

1945

OPH.

Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord

HAM.

So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll  
have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago,  
and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's  
memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady,  
he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not  
thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is  
'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot!'

1950

[Trumpets sound. The dumb show enters.]

[Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the king's ears,

*and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner with some three or four Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.]*  
 [Exeunt.]

	OPH.	
What means this, my lord?		
	HAM.	
Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.		1955
	OPH.	
Belike this show imports the argument of the play. [Enter Prologue.]		
	HAM.	
We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all		
	OPH.	
Will he tell us what this show meant?		
	HAM.	
Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.		1960
	OPH.	
You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.		
	PRO.	
For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your clemency, We beg your hearing patiently.		1965
	HAM.	
Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?		
	OPH.	
'Tis brief, my Lord		
	HAM.	
As woman's love. [Enter a King and a Queen]		
	P. KING	
Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground, And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen About the world have times twelve thirties been, Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands, Unite commutual in most sacred bands.		1970
	P. QUEEN	
So many journeys may the sun and moon Make us again count o'er ere love be done! But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, So far from cheer and from your former state.		1975



That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must: 1980  
For women's fear and love holds quantity;  
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; 1985  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. KING

Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;  
My operant powers their functions leave to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind 1990  
For husband shalt thou,—

P. QUEEN

O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be accurst!  
None wed the second but who kill'd the first. 1995

HAM.

[*Aside.*]  
Wormwood, wormwood!

P. QUEEN

The instances that second marriage move  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.  
A second time I kill my husband dead  
When second husband kisses me in bed. 2000

P. KING

I do believe you think what now you speak;  
But what we do determine oft we break.  
Purpose is but the slave to memory;  
Of violent birth, but poor validity: 2005  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;  
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:  
What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. 2010

The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident. 2015

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;  
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,  
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies; 2020  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—  
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
 That our devices still are overthrown;  
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:  
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed;  
 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

2025

2030

P. QUEEN

Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!  
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night!  
 To desperation turn my trust and hope!  
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy  
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!  
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

2035

HAM.

If she should break it now!  
 [*To Ophelia.*]

P. KING

'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;  
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
 The tedious day with sleep.  
 [*Sleeps.*]

2040

P. QUEEN

Sleep rock thy brain,  
 And never come mischance between us twain!  
 [*Exit.*]

HAM.

Madam, how like you this play?

2045

QUEEN

The lady protests too much, methinks.

HAM.

O, but she'll keep her word.

KING

Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

HAM.

No, no! They do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'  
 the world.

2050

KING

What do you call the play?

HAM.

The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play  
 is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is  
 the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon;  
 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty,  
 and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the

2055

gall'd jade wince; our withers are unwrung.

[*Enter Lucianus.*]

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King

OPH.

You are a good chorus, my Lord

HAM.

I could interpret between you and your love, if I  
could see the puppets dallying.

2060

OPH.

You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAM.

It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

OPH.

Still better, and worse.

HAM.

So you must take your husbands.—Begin, murderer;  
pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:  
—'The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.'

2065

LUC.

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;  
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.  
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*]

2070

HAM.

He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago:  
The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian; you  
shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

2075

OPH.

The King rises.

HAM.

What, frighted with false fire!

QUEEN

How fares my lord?

POL.

Give o'er the play.

2080

KING

Give me some light:—away!

ALL

Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*]

	HAM.	
Why, let the stricken deer go weep, The hart ungalled play; For some must watch, while some must sleep: So runs the world away.— Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?		2085
	HOR.	
Half a share.		2090
	HAM.	
A whole one, I. For thou dost know, O Damon dear, This realm dismantled was Of Jove himself; and now reigns here A very, very—pajock.		2095
	HOR.	
You might have rhymed.		
	HAM.	
O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound! Didst perceive?		
	HOR.	
Very well, my Lord		
	HAM.	
Upon the talk of the poisoning?—		2100
	HOR.	
I did very well note him.		
	HAM.	
Ah, ha!—Come, some music! Come, the recorders!— For if the king like not the comedy, Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy. Come, some music! [Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]		2105
	GUIL.	
Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.		
	HAM.	
Sir, a whole history.		
	GUIL.	
The king, sir—		
	HAM.	
Ay, sir, what of him?		
	GUIL.	
Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.		2110

Hamlet

HAM.

With drink, sir?

GUIL.

No, my lord; rather with choler.

HAM.

Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify  
this to the doctor; for me to put him to his purgation  
would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

2115

GUIL.

Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame,  
and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAM.

I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

GUIL.

The queen, your mother, in most great affliction  
of spirit, hath sent me to you.

2120

HAM.

You are welcome.

GUIL.

Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed.  
If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer,  
I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your  
pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

2125

HAM.

Sir, I cannot.

GUIL.

What, my lord?

HAM.

Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased:  
but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command;  
or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more,  
but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

2130

ROS.

Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her  
into amazement and admiration.

HAM.

O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother!  
—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's  
admiration?

2135

ROS.

She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

	HAM.	
We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?		
	ROS.	2140
My lord, you once did love me.		
	HAM.	
And so I do still, by these pickers and stealers.		
	ROS.	
Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.		
	HAM.	2145
Sir, I lack advancement.		
	ROS.	
How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?		
	HAM.	
Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows'—the proverb is something musty. [ <i>Re-enter the Players, with recorders.</i> ] O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you: —why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?		2150
	GUIL.	
O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.		
	HAM.	
I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?		
	GUIL.	2155
My lord, I cannot.		
	HAM.	
I pray you.		
	GUIL.	
Believe me, I cannot.		
	HAM.	
I do beseech you.		
	GUIL.	
I know, no touch of it, my Lord		
	HAM.	2160
'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.		

GUIL.

But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony;  
I have not the skill. 2165

HAM.

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you  
make of me! You would play upon me; you would  
seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the  
heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my  
lowest note to the top of my compass; and there 2170  
is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ,  
yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think  
I am easier to be played on than a pipe?

Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me,  
you cannot play upon me. 2175  
[Enter Polonius.]  
God bless you, sir!

POL.

My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAM.

Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

POL.

By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

HAM.

Methinks it is like a weasel. 2180

POL.

It is backed like a weasel.

HAM.

Or like a whale.

POL.

Very like a whale.

HAM.

Then will I come to my mother by and by.  
—They fool me to the top of my bent. 2185  
—I will come by and by.

POL.

I will say so.  
[Exit.]

HAM.

By-and-by is easily said.  
[Exit Polonius.]  
—Leave me, friends.  
[Exeunt Ros, Guil., Hor., and Players.]  
'Tis now the very witching time of night, 2190  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—  
 O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever 2195  
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural;  
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—  
 How in my words somever she be shent, 2200  
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent!  
 [*Exit.*]

*Scene III—A room in the Castle*

[*Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*]

KING

I like him not; nor stands it safe with us  
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;  
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,  
 And he to England shall along with you: 2205  
 The terms of our estate may not endure  
 Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow  
 Out of his lunacies.

GUIL.

We will ourselves provide:  
 Most holy and religious fear it is 2210  
 To keep those many many bodies safe  
 That live and feed upon your majesty.

ROS.

The single and peculiar life is bound,  
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
 To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more 2215  
 That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest  
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
 Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw  
 What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,  
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, 2220  
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan. 2225

KING

Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
 Which now goes too free-footed.

ROS AND GUIL.

We will haste us.  
 [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]  
 [*Enter Polonius.*]

POL.

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:  
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself  
 To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home: 2230



And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear 2235  
 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:  
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
 And tell you what I know.

KING

Thanks, dear my Lord  
 [*Exit Polonius.*]  
 O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; 2240  
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—  
 A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,  
 Though inclination be as sharp as will:  
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
 And, like a man to double business bound, 2245  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—  
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens 2250  
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy  
 But to confront the visage of offence?  
 And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—  
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;  
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer 2255  
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—  
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,—  
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen 2260  
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;  
 There is no shuffling;—there the action lies 2265  
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent? 2270  
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
 O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay:  
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! 2275  
 All may be well.  
 [*Retires and kneels.*]  
 [*Enter Hamlet.*]

HAM.

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;  
 And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven;  
 And so am I reveng'd.—that would be scann'd:  
 A villain kills my father; and for that,  
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send 2280  
 To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;  
 And how his audit stands, who knows save heaven? 2285  
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
 'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,  
 To take him in the purging of his soul,  
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
 No. 2290  
 Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:  
 When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage;  
 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;  
 At gaming, swearing; or about some act  
 That has no relish of salvation in't;— 2295  
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;  
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:  
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.  
 [Exit.]  
 [The King rises and advances.]

KING

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below: 2300  
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go.  
 [Exit.]

*Scene IV—Another room in the castle*

[Enter Queen and Polonius.]

POL.

He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:  
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,  
 And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between  
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here. 2305  
 Pray you, be round with him.

HAM.

[Within.]  
 Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN

I'll warrant you:  
 Fear me not:—withdraw; I hear him coming.  
 [Polonius goes behind the arras.]  
 [Enter Hamlet.]

HAM.

Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. 2310

HAM.

Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

HAM.

Why, how now, Hamlet!

QUEEN

What's the matter now? 2315

HAM.

Have you forgot me?

QUEEN

No, by the rood, not so:  
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,  
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

HAM.

Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak. 2320

HAM.

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;  
You go not till I set you up a glass  
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN

What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—  
Help, help, ho! 2325

POL.

[*Behind.*]  
What, ho! help, help, help!

HAM.

How now? A rat?  
[*Draws.*]  
Dead for a ducat, dead!  
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

POL.

[*Behind.*]  
O, I am slain!  
[*Falls and dies.*]

QUEEN

O me, what hast thou done? 2330

HAM.

Nay, I know not: is it the king?  
[*Draws forth Polonius.*]

QUEEN

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAM.

A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king and marry with his brother.

As kill a king!	QUEEN	2335
Ay, lady, 'twas my word.— Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! [ <i>To Polonius.</i> ] I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune; Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.— Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down, And let me wring your heart: for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff; If damned custom have not braz'd it so That it is proof and bulwark against sense.	HAM.	2340
What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?	QUEEN	2345
Such an act That blurs the grace and blush of modesty; Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love, And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed As from the body of contraction plucks The very soul, and sweet religion makes A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow; Yea, this solidity and compound mass, With tristful visage, as against the doom, Is thought-sick at the act.	HAM.	2350 2355
Ah me, what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?	QUEEN	2360
Look here upon this picture, and on this,— The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself; An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A station like the herald Mercury New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill: A combination and a form, indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man; This was your husband.—Look you now what follows: Here is your husband, like a milldew'd ear Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes? You cannot call it love; for at your age The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have, Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense	HAM.	2365 2370 2375 2380

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err;  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice  
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't  
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind? 2385  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope.  
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, 2390  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame  
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn, 2395  
 And reason panders will.

QUEEN

O Hamlet, speak no more:  
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
 And there I see such black and grained spots  
 As will not leave their tinct. 2400

HAM.

Nay, but to live  
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,  
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love  
 Over the nasty sty,—

QUEEN

O, speak to me no more;  
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears;  
 No more, sweet Hamlet. 2405

HAM.

A murderer and a villain;  
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
 Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings; 2410  
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole  
 And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN

No more.

HAM.

A king of shreds and patches!— 2415  
 [*Enter Ghost*]  
 Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,  
 You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN

Alas, he's mad!

HAM.

Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by 2420

The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say!

GHOST

Do not forget. This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

2425

HAM.

How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN

Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,  
Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?

2430

2435

HAM.

On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;  
Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects: then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

2440

QUEEN

To whom do you speak this?

2445

HAM.

Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN

Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAM.

Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN

No, nothing but ourselves.

HAM.

Why, look you there! look how it steals away!  
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!  
Look, where he goes, even now out at the portal!  
[Exit Ghost]

2450

QUEEN

This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in. 2455

HAM.

Ecstasy!  
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness 2460  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within, 2465  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
For in the fatness of these pursy times 2470  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAM.

O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half. 2475  
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,—

That to the use of actions fair and good 2480  
He likewise gives a frock or livery  
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature, 2485  
And either curb the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night:  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord  
[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so, 2490  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So again, good-night.—  
I must be cruel, only to be kind: 2495  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN

What shall I do?

HAM.

Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed; 2500  
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
 That I essentially am not in madness, 2505  
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;  
 For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy, 2510  
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep  
 And break your own neck down.

QUEEN

2515

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
 What thou hast said to me.

HAM.

I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN

Alack,  
 I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on. 2520

HAM.

There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—  
 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—  
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way  
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
 For 'tis the sport to have the enginer 2525  
 Hoist with his own petard: and 't shall go hard  
 But I will delve one yard below their mines  
 And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,  
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.—

This man shall set me packing: 2530  
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—  
 Mother, good-night.—Indeed, this counsellor  
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
 Who was in life a foolish peating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:— 2535  
 Good night, mother.  
 [*Exeunt severally; Hamlet, dragging out Polonius.*]

ACT IV*Scene I—A room in the Castle*

[*Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

KING

There's matter in these sighs. These profound heaves  
 You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.  
 Where is your son?



Hamlet

QUEEN

Bestow this place on us a little while. 2540  
[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.*]  
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

KING

What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN

Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend 2545  
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'  
And in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

KING

O heavy deed! 2550  
It had been so with us, had we been there:  
His liberty is full of threats to all;  
To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?  
It will be laid to us, whose providence 2555  
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt  
This mad young man. But so much was our love  
We would not understand what was most fit;  
But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed 2560  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN

To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:  
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore  
Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

KING

O Gertrude, come away! 2565  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch  
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed  
We must with all our majesty and skill  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!  
[*Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]  
Friends both, go join you with some further aid: 2570  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:  
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.  
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]  
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends; 2575  
And let them know both what we mean to do  
And what's untimely done: so haply slander,—  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name, 2580  
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay.  
 [Exeunt.]

*Scene II—Another room in the Castle*

[Enter Hamlet.]

HAM.  
 Safely stowed.

ROS. AND GUIL.  
 [Within.]  
 Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

HAM.  
 What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come. 2585  
 [Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

ROS.  
 What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAM.  
 Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROS.  
 Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,  
 And bear it to the chapel.

HAM.  
 Do not believe it. 2590

ROS.  
 Believe what?

HAM.  
 That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.  
 Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what  
 replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROS.  
 Take you me for a sponge, my lord? 2595

HAM.  
 Ay, sir; that soaks up the King's countenance,  
 his rewards, his authorities. But such officers  
 do the king best service in the end: he keeps them,  
 like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed,  
 to be last swallowed: when he needs what you  
 have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge,  
 you shall be dry again. 2600

ROS.  
 I understand you not, my Lord

HAM.  
 I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Hamlet

ROS. 2605  
My lord, you must tell us where the body is  
and go with us to the king

HAM.  
The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.  
The king is a thing,—

GUIL.  
A thing, my lord!

HAM. 2610  
Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene III—Another room in the Castle*

[*Enter King, attended.*]

KING 2615  
I have sent to seek him and to find the body.  
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!  
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:  
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;  
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,  
This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown 2620  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,  
Or not at all  
[*Enter Rosencrantz.*]  
How now! what hath befall'n?

ROS.  
Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
We cannot get from him.

KING 2625  
But where is he?

ROS.  
Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING  
Bring him before us.

ROS.  
Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my Lord  
[*Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.*]

KING  
Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAM. 2630  
At supper.

At supper! Where?	KING	
Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, —two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.	HAM.	2635
Alas, alas!	KING	
A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.	HAM.	2640
What dost thou mean by this?	KING	
Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.	HAM.	
Where is Polonius?	KING	2645
In heaven: send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.	HAM.	2650
Go seek him there. [ <i>To some Attendants.</i> ]	KING	
He will stay till you come. [ <i>Exeunt Attendants.</i> ]	HAM.	
Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,— Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, The associates tend, and everything is bent For England.	KING	2655
For England!	HAM.	2660

Hamlet

KING

Ay, Hamlet.

HAM.

Good.

KING

So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM.

I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—  
Farewell, dear mother.

2665

KING

Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAM.

My mother: father and mother is man and wife;  
man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England!  
[*Exit.*]

KING

Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;  
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:  
Away! for everything is seal'd and done  
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.  
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

2670

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—  
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,  
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set  
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,  
By letters conjuring to that effect,  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;  
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,  
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.  
[*Exit.*]

2675

2680

*Scene IV—A plain in Denmark*

[*Enter Fortinbras, and Forces marching.*]

FOR.

Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king:  
Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras  
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye;  
And let him know so.

2685

2690

CAPT.

I will do't, my Lord

Go softly on. [ <i>Exeunt all For. and Forces.</i> ] [ <i>Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &amp;c.</i> ]	FOR.	
Good sir, whose powers are these?	HAM.	
They are of Norway, sir.	CAPT.	
How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?	HAM.	2695
Against some part of Poland.	CAPT.	
Who commands them, sir?	HAM.	
The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.	CAPT.	
Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?	HAM.	2700
Truly to speak, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.	CAPT.	2705
Why, then the Polack never will defend it.	HAM.	
Yes, it is already garrison'd.	CAPT.	
Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats Will not debate the question of this straw: This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace, That inward breaks, and shows no cause without Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.	HAM.	2710
God b' wi' you, sir. [ <i>Exit.</i> ]	CAPT.	
Will't please you go, my lord?	ROS.	2715
I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.	HAM.	

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

How all occasions do inform against me  
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
 If his chief good and market of his time  
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. 2720  
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
 Looking before and after, gave us not  
 That capability and godlike reason  
 To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be  
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 2725  
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
 A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom  
 And ever three parts coward,—I do not know  
 Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do,'  
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means 2730  
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:  
 Witness this army, of such mass and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender prince;  
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event; 2735  
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great  
 Is not to stir without great argument,  
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw 2740  
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,  
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men 2745  
 That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,  
 Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
 Which is not tomb enough and continent  
 To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth, 2750  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!  
 [*Exit.*]

*Scene V—Elsinore—A room in the Castle*

[*Enter Queen and Horatio.*]

	QUEEN	
I will not speak with her.		
	GENT.	
She is importunate; indeed distract: Her mood will needs be pitied.		
	QUEEN	
What would she have?		2755
	GENT.	
She speaks much of her father; says she hears There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats her heart; Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,		

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,  
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move 2760  
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,  
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;  
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,  
 Indeed would make one think there might be thought,  
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily. 2765  
 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew  
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

QUEEN

Let her come in.  
 [*Exit Horatio.*]  
 To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
 Each toy seems Prologue to some great amiss: 2770  
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.  
 [*Re-enter Horatio with Ophelia.*]

OPH.

Where is the beautiful majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN

How now, Ophelia?

OPH.

[*Sings.*]  
 How should I your true love know 2775  
 From another one?  
 By his cockle bat and' staff  
 And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPH.

Say you? nay, pray you, mark. 2780  
 [*Sings.*]  
 He is dead and gone, lady,  
 He is dead and gone;  
 At his head a grass green turf,  
 At his heels a stone.

QUEEN

Nay, but Ophelia— 2785

OPH.

Pray you, mark.  
 [*Sings.*]  
 White his shroud as the mountain snow,

[*Enter King*]

QUEEN

Alas, look here, my lord!



Hamlet

OPH.

[Sings.]

Larded all with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers.

2790

KING

How do you, pretty lady?

OPH.

Well, God dild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter.  
Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at  
your table!

2795

KING

Conceit upon her father.

OPH.

Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what  
it means, say you this:

[Sings.]

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day  
All in the morning bedtime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.  
Then up he rose and donnd his clothes,  
And duppd the chamber door,  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

2800

2805

KING

Pretty Ophelia!

OPH.

Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings.]

By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't if they come to't;  
By cock, they are to blame.  
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promis'd me to wed.  
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

2810

2815

KING

How long hath she been thus?

OPH.

I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but  
I cannot choose but weep, to think they would lay him  
i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so  
I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!  
—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night,  
good night.

2820

[Exit.]

KING

Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs 2825

All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions! First, her father slain:

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author

Of his own just remove: the people muddied, 2830

Thick and and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,

Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts: 2835

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France;

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's death; 2840

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering piece, in many places

Give, me superfluous death. 2845

[*A noise within.*]

QUEEN

Alack, what noise is this?

KING

Where are my Switzers? let them guard the door.

[*Enter a Gentleman.*]

What is the matter?

GENT.

Save yourself, my lord:

The ocean, overpeering of his list, 2850

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'rbears your offices. The rabble call him lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known, 2855

The ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry 'Choose we! Laertes shall be king!'

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

'Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!'

QUEEN

How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! 2860

[*A noise within.*]

KING

The doors are broke.

[*Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.*]

Hamlet

LAER.

Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

DANES.

No, let's come in.

LAER.

I pray you, give me leave.

2865

DANES.

We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

LAER.

I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,  
Give me my father!

QUEEN

Calmly, good Laertes.

LAER.

That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;  
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow  
Of my true mother.

2870

KING

What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—  
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude:—  
Speak, man.

2875

2880

LAER.

Where is my father?

KING

Dead.

QUEEN

But not by him.

KING

Let him demand his fill.

2885

LAER.

How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:  
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation:—to this point I stand,—  
That both the worlds, I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd  
Most throughly for my father.

2890

	KING	
Who shall stay you?		
	LAER.	
My will, not all the world: And for my means, I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.		2895
	KING	
Good Laertes, If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?		2900
	LAER.	
None but his enemies.		
	KING	
Will you know them then?		
	LAER.	
To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms; And, like the kind life-rendering pelican, Repast them with my blood.		2905
	KING	
Why, now you speak Like a good child and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensibly in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment pierce As day does to your eye.		2910
	DANES.	
[ <i>Within</i> ] Let her come in.		
	LAER.	
How now! What noise is that? [ <i>Re-enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.</i> ] O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt, Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!— By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight, Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May! Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!— O heavens! Is't possible a young maid's wits Should be as mortal as an old man's life? Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine, It sends some precious instance of itself After the thing it loves.	2915	
		2920
	OPH.	
[ <i>Sings.</i> ] They bore him barefac'd on the bier Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny And on his grave rain'd many a tear.— Fare you well, my dove!		2925

LAER.  
Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,  
It could not move thus. 2930

OPH.  
You must sing 'Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.  
' O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that  
stole his master's daughter.

LAER.  
This nothing's more than matter.

OPH.  
There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, 2935  
remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

LAER.  
A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPH.  
There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's  
rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call  
it herb of grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear 2940  
your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:  
—I would give you some violets, but they  
wither'd all when my father died:—they say  
he made a good end,—

[Sings.]  
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— 2945

LAER.  
Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPH.  
[Sings.]  
And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead, 2950  
Go to thy death-bed,  
He never will come again.  
His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll:  
He is gone, he is gone, 2955  
And we cast away moan:  
God ha' mercy on his soul!  
And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God b' wi' ye.  
[Exit.]

LAER.  
Do you see this, O God?

KING  
Laertes, I must commune with your grief, 2960  
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,  
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.  
If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give, 2965  
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
 To you in satisfaction; but if not,  
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul  
 To give it due content. 2970

LAER.

Let this be so;  
 His means of death, his obscure burial,—  
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,  
 No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—  
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth, 2975  
 That I must call't in question.

KING

So you shall;  
 And where the offence is let the great axe fall  
 I pray you go with me.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene VI—Another room in the Castle*

[*Enter Horatio and a Servant.*]

HOR.

What are they that would speak with me? 2980

SERVANT.

Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

HOR.

Let them come in.  
 [*Exit Servant.*]  
 I do not know from what part of the world  
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.  
 [*Enter Sailors.*]

I SAILOR.

God bless you, sir. 2985

HOR.

Let him bless thee too.

SAILOR.

He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you,  
 sir,—it comes from the ambassador that was bound  
 for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HOR.

[*Reads.*]  
 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, 2990  
 give these fellows some means to the king: they  
 have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at  
 sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us  
 chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on  
 a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: 2995

on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone  
 became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like  
 thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am  
 to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the  
 letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as  
 3000  
 much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words  
 to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are  
 they much too light for the bore of the matter. These  
 good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz  
 and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of  
 3005  
 them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou  
 knowest thine, HAMLET.  
 Come, I will give you way for these your letters;  
 And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
 To him from whom you brought them. 3010  
 [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene VII—Another room in the Castle*

[*Enter King and Laertes.*]

KING  
 Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,  
 And you must put me in your heart for friend,  
 Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
 That he which hath your noble father slain  
 Pursu'd my life. 3015

LAER.  
 It well appears:—but tell me  
 Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
 So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
 As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,  
 You mainly were stirr'd up. 3020

KING  
 O, for two special reasons;  
 Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,  
 But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother  
 Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—  
 My virtue or my plague, be it either which,— 3025  
 She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
 I could not but by her. The other motive,  
 Why to a public count I might not go,  
 Is the great love the general gender bear him; 3030  
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
 Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
 Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,  
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
 Would have reverted to my bow again, 3035  
 And not where I had aim'd them.

LAER.  
 And so have I a noble father lost;  
 A sister driven into desperate terms,—  
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,

Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come. 3040

KING

Break not your sleeps for that:—you must not think  
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more: 3045  
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—  
[Enter a Messenger.]  
How now! What news?

MESS.

Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
This to your majesty; this to the queen 3050

KING

From Hamlet! Who brought them?

MESS.

Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:  
They were given me by Claudio:—he receiv'd them  
Of him that brought them.

KING

Laertes, you shall hear them. 3055  
Leave us.  
[Exit Messenger.]  
[Reads]

'High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked on  
your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your  
kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto,  
recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return. 3060  
HAMLET:  
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

LAER.

Know you the hand?

KING

'Tis Hamlet's character:—'Naked!'— 3065  
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'  
Can you advise me?

LAER.

I am lost in it, my Lord But let him come;  
It warms the very sickness in my heart  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 3070  
'Thus didest thou.'

KING

If it be so, Laertes,—  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—  
Will you be rul'd by me?



LAER. 3075  
 Ay, my lord;  
 So you will not oërrule me to a peace.

KING 3080  
 To thine own peace. If he be now return'd—  
 As checking at his voyage, and that he means  
 No more to undertake it,—I will work him  
 To exploit, now ripe in my device,  
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall:  
 And for his death no wind shall breathe;  
 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice  
 And call it accident.

LAER. 3085  
 My lord, I will be rul'd;  
 The rather if you could devise it so  
 That I might be the organ.

KING 3090  
 It falls right.  
 You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
 Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts  
 Did not together pluck such envy from him  
 As did that one; and that, in my regard,  
 Of the unworthiest siege.

LAER. 3095  
 What part is that, my lord?

KING 3100  
 A very riband in the cap of youth,  
 Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
 The light and careless livery that it wears  
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
 Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,  
 Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
 I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,  
 And they can well on horseback: but this gallant  
 Had witchcraft in't: he grew unto his seat;  
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
 As had he been incorps'd and demi-natur'd  
 With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought  
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,  
 Come short of what he did.

LAER. 3110  
 A Norman was't?

KING  
 A Norman.

LAER.  
 Upon my life, Lamond.

	KING	
The very same.		
	LAER.	
I know him well: he is the brooch indeed And gem of all the nation.		3115
	KING	
He made confession of you; And gave you such a masterly report For art and exercise in your defence, And for your rapier most especially, That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye, If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy That he could nothing do but wish and beg Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him. Now, out of this,—		3120
		3125
	LAER.	
What out of this, my lord?		
	KING	
Laertes, was your father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?		3130
	LAER.	
Why ask you this?		
	KING	
Not that I think you did not love your father; But that I know love is begun by time, And that I see, in passages of proof, Time qualifies the spark and fire of it. There lives within the very flame of love A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it; And nothing is at a like goodness still; For goodness, growing to a plurisy, Dies in his own too much: that we would do, We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes, And hath abatements and delays as many As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents; And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh, That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the ulcer:— Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake To show yourself your father's son in deed More than in words?		3135
		3140
		3145
	LAER.	
To cut his throat i' the church.		3150
	KING	
No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,		

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.  
 Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:  
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence 3155  
 And set a double varnish on the fame  
 The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together  
 And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,  
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
 Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease, 3160  
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
 A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,  
 Requite him for your father.

LAER.

I will do't:  
 And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword. 3165  
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
 So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,  
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,  
 Collected from all simples that have virtue  
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death 3170  
 This is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
 It may be death.

KING

Let's further think of this;  
 Weigh what convenience both of time and means 3175  
 May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,  
 And that our drift look through our bad performance.  
 'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project  
 Should have a back or second, that might hold  
 If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see:— 3180  
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—  
 I ha't:  
 When in your motion you are hot and dry,—  
 As make your bouts more violent to that end,—  
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him 3185  
 A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,  
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
 Our purpose may hold there.  
 [*Enter Queen*]  
 How now, sweet queen!

QUEEN

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
 So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes. 3190

LAER.

Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
 There with fantastic garlands did she come 3195  
 Of crowsflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.

There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds  
 Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke; 3200  
 When down her weedy trophies and herself  
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;  
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;  
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes;  
 As one incapable of her own distress, 3205  
 Or like a creature native and indu'd  
 Unto that element: but long it could not be  
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
 To muddy death. 3210

LAER.

Alas, then she is drown'd?

QUEEN

Drown'd, drown'd.

LAER.

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
 And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
 It is our trick; nature her custom holds, 3215  
 Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
 The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:  
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
 But that this folly douts it.  
 [*Exit.*]

KING

Let's follow, Gertrude; 3220  
 How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
 Now fear I this will give it start again;  
 Therefore let's follow.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V

### *Scene I—A churchyard*

[*Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*]

1 CLOWN

Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she wilfully  
 seeks her own salvation? 3225

2 CLOWN

I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight:  
 the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 CLOWN

How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 CLOWN

Why, 'tis found so.

1 CLOWN

It must be se offendendo; it cannot be else. For here lies 3230



**IMAGE 11.10: OPHELIA** | Ophelia drowns, having committed suicide in grief.

**Author:** John Everett Millais  
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the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act:  
 and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to  
 perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 CLOWN

Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

1 CLOWN

Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands  
 the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown  
 himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that:  
 but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns  
 not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death  
 shortens not his own life.

3235

3240

2 CLOWN

But is this law?

1 CLOWN

Ay, marry, is't—crowner's quest law.

2 CLOWN

Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a  
 gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

1 CLOWN

Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great  
 folk should have countenance in this world to drown

3245

or hang themselves more than their even Christian. —Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.		3250
	2 CLOWN	
Was he a gentleman?		
	1 CLOWN	
He was the first that ever bore arms.		
	2 CLOWN	
Why, he had none.		
	1 CLOWN	
What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digg'd: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself,—		3255
	2 CLOWN	
Go to.		
	1 CLOWN	
What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?		3260
	2 CLOWN	
The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.		
	1 CLOWN	
I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.		3265
	2 CLOWN	
Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?		
	1 CLOWN	
Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.		
	2 CLOWN	
Marry, now I can tell.		3270
	1 CLOWN	
To't.		
	2 CLOWN	
Mass, I cannot tell. [Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.]		
	1 CLOWN	
Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and		

when you are asked this question next, say 3275  
 'a grave-maker;' the houses he makes last till doomsday.  
 Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.  
 [*Exit Second Clown.*]  
 [*Digs and sings.*]  
 In youth when I did love, did love,  
 Methought it was very sweet;  
 To contract, O, the time for, ah, my behove, 3280  
 O, methought there was nothing meet.

HAM.

Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at  
 grave-making?

HOR.

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAM.

'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. 3285

1 CLOWN

[*Sings.*]  
 But age, with his stealing steps,  
 Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
 And hath shipp'd me into the land,  
 As if I had never been such.  
 [*Throws up a skull.*]

HAM.

That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: 3290  
 how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's  
 jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate  
 of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that  
 would circumvent God, might it not?

HOR.

It might, my Lord 3295

HAM.

Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet  
 lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord  
 such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse when  
 he meant to beg it,—might it not?

HOR.

Ay, my Lord 3300

HAM.

Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless,  
 and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade:  
 here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did  
 these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at  
 loggets with 'em? mine ache to think on't. 3305

1 CLOWN

[*Sings.*]  
 A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,

For and a shrouding sheet;  
 O, a pit of clay for to be made  
 For such a guest is meet.  
*[Throws up another skull].*

HAM.

There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? 3310

Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases,  
 his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this  
 rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a  
 dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of  
 battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great 3315

buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances,  
 his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this  
 the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,  
 to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers  
 vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones 3320  
 too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures?  
 The very conveyances of his lands will scarcely lie in  
 this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

HOR.

Not a jot more, my Lord

HAM.

Is not parchment made of sheep-skins? 3325

HOR.

Ay, my lord, And of calf-skins too.

HAM.

They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that.  
 I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 CLOWN

Mine, sir.  
*[Sings.]*  
 O, a pit of clay for to be made 3330  
 For such a guest is meet.

HAM.

I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 CLOWN

You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part,  
 I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

HAM.

Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for 3335  
 the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 CLOWN

'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again from me to you.

HAM.

What man dost thou dig it for?



	1 CLOWN	
For no man, sir.		
	HAM.	
What woman then?		3340
	1 CLOWN	
For none neither.		
	HAM.	
Who is to be buried in't?		
	1 CLOWN	
One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.		
	HAM.	
How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?		3345
	1 CLOWN	
Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.		3350
	HAM.	
How long is that since?		
	1 CLOWN	
Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born, —he that is mad, and sent into England.		
	HAM.	
Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?		3355
	1 CLOWN	
Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.		
	HAM.	
Why?		
	1 CLOWN	
'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.		
	HAM.	
How came he mad?		3360
	1 CLOWN	
Very strangely, they say.		
	HAM.	
How strangely?		

- 1 CLOWN
- Faith, e'en with losing his wits.
- HAM.
- Upon what ground?
- 1 CLOWN
- Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man  
and boy, thirty years. 3365
- HAM.
- How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?
- 1 CLOWN
- Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we  
have many pocky corsers now-a-days that will  
scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some 3370  
eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.
- HAM.
- Why he more than another?
- 1 CLOWN
- Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that  
he will keep out water a great while; and your water  
is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. 3375  
Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain in the earth  
three-and-twenty years.
- HAM.
- Whose was it?
- 1 CLOWN
- A whoreson, mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?
- HAM.
- Nay, I know not. 3380
- 1 CLOWN
- A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a pour'd a flagon of  
Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's  
skull, the king's jester.
- HAM.
- This?
- 1 CLOWN
- E'en that. 3385
- HAM.
- Let me see.  
[Takes the skull.]  
Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow  
of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath  
borne me on his back a thousand times; and now,  
how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge 3390  
rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd

I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now?  
 your gambols? your songs? your flashes of  
 merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?  
 Not one now, to mock your own grinning? 3395  
 quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber,  
 and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour  
 she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee,  
 Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR.  
 What's that, my lord? 3400

HAM.  
 Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HOR.  
 E'en so.

HAM.  
 And smelt so? Pah!  
 [*Throws down the skull.*]

HOR.  
 E'en so, my Lord

HAM.  
 To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may 3405  
 not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till  
 he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HOR.  
 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

HAM.  
 No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with 3410  
 modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus:  
 Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander  
 returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth

we make loam; and why of that loam whereto  
 he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?  
 Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, 3415  
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O, that that earth which kept the world in awe  
 Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!  
 But soft! but soft! aside!—Here comes the king

[*Enter priests, &c, in procession; the corpse of Ophelia,  
 Laertes, and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.*]  
 The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow? 3420  
 And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken  
 The corse they follow did with desperate hand  
 Fordo it own life: 'twas of some estate.  
 Couch we awhile and mark.  
 [*Retiring with Horatio.*]

LAER.  
 What ceremony else? 3425

That is Laertes, A very noble youth: mark.	HAM.	
What ceremony else?	LAER.	
Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd As we have warranties: her death was doubtful; And, but that great command oërsways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her, Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.	1 PRIEST	3430       3435
Must there no more be done?	LAER.	
No more be done; We should profane the service of the dead To sing a requiem and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.	1 PRIEST	3440
Lay her i' the earth;— And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be When thou liest howling.	LAER.	3445
What, the fair Ophelia?	HAM.	
Sweets to the sweet: farewell. [ <i>Scattering flowers.</i> ] I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife; I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.	QUEEN	3450
O, treble woe Fall ten times treble on that cursed head Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: [ <i>Leaps into the grave.</i> ] Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead, Till of this flat a mountain you have made, To oërtop old Pelion or the skyish head Of blue Olympus.	LAER.	3455       3460
[ <i>Advancing.</i> ]	HAM.	

What is he whose grief  
 Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow  
 Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 3465  
 Hamlet the Dane.  
 [*Leaps into the grave.*]

LAER.

The devil take thy soul!  
 [*Grappling with him.*]

HAM.

Thou pray'st not well.  
 I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;  
 For, though I am not splenetic and rash, 3470  
 Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
 Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy hand!

KING

Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN

Hamlet! Hamlet!

ALL

Gentlemen!— 3475

HOR.

Good my lord, be quiet.  
 [*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

HAM.

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme  
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN

O my son, what theme?

HAM.

I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers 3480  
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
 Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

KING

O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN

For love of God, forbear him!

HAM.

'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do: 3485  
 Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?  
 Woul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?  
 I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?  
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I: 3490  
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
 I'll rant as well as thou. 3495

QUEEN

This is mere madness:  
 And thus a while the fit will work on him;  
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,  
 His silence will sit drooping. 3500

HAM.

Hear you, sir;  
 What is the reason that you use me thus?  
 I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;  
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. 3505  
 [*Exit.*]

KING

I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—  
 [*Exit Horatio.*]  
 [*To Laertes*]  
 Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;  
 We'll put the matter to the present push.—  
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—  
 This grave shall have a living monument: 3510  
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;  
 Till then in patience our proceeding be.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene II—A hall in the Castle*

[*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*]

HAM.

So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;  
 You do remember all the circumstance?

HOR.

Remember it, my lord! 3515

HAM.

Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting  
 That would not let me sleep: methought I lay  
 Worse than the mutinies in the bilboes. Rashly,  
 And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,  
 Our indiscretion sometime serves us well, 3520  
 When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us  
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we will.

HOR.

That is most certain.

HAM.

Up from my cabin, 3525

My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
 Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;  
 Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew  
 To mine own room again: making so bold,  
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal 3530  
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,  
 O royal knavery! an exact command,—  
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,  
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,— 3535  
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
 My head should be struck off.

HOR.

Is't possible?

HAM.

Here's the commission: read it at more leisure. 3540  
 But wilt thou bear me how I did proceed?

HOR.

I beseech you.

HAM.

Being thus benetted round with villanies,—  
 Or I could make a prologue to my brains,  
 They had begun the play,—I sat me down; 3545  
 Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:  
 I once did hold it, as our statist do,  
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  
 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know 3550  
 The effect of what I wrote?

HOR.

Ay, good my Lord

HAM.

An earnest conjuration from the king,—  
 As England was his faithful tributary;  
 As love between them like the palm might flourish; 3555  
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear  
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities;  
 And many such-like as's of great charge,—  
 That, on the view and know of these contents,  
 Without debatement further, more or less, 3560  
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
 Not shriving-time allow'd.

HOR.

How was this seal'd?

HAM.

Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.  
 I had my father's signet in my purse, 3565  
 Which was the model of that Danish seal:

Folded the writ up in the form of the other;  
 Subscrib'd it: gav'e't the impression; plac'd it safely,  
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day  
 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
 Thou know'st already. 3570

HOR.

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAM.

Why, man, they did make love to this employment;  
 They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
 Does by their own insinuation grow: 3575  
 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
 Between the pass and fell incensed points  
 Of mighty opposites.

HOR.

Why, what a king is this!

HAM.

Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon,— 3580  
 He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;  
 Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;  
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
 And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience  
 To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damnd 3585  
 To let this canker of our nature come  
 In further evil?

HOR.

It must be shortly known to him from England  
 What is the issue of the business there.

HAM.

It will be short: the interim is mine; 3590  
 And a man's life is no more than to say One.  
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
 That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
 For by the image of my cause I see  
 The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours: 3595  
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
 Into a towering passion.

HOR.

Peace; who comes here?  
 [*Enter Osríc.*]

OSR.

Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAM.

I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly? 3600

HOR.

No, my good Lord



HAM.

Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him.  
 He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts,  
 and his crib shall stand at the king's mess; 'tis a chough;  
 but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt. 3605

OSR.

Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should  
 impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM.

I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Put your  
 bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

OSR.

I thank your lordship, t'is very hot. 3610

HAM.

No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

OSR.

It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAM.

Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSR.

Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere  
 —I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty 3615  
 bade me signify to you that he has laid a great  
 wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

HAM.

I beseech you, remember,—  
 [*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

OSR.

Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith.  
 Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; 3620  
 believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most  
 excellent differences, of very soft society and  
 great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him,  
 he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall  
 find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see. 3625

HAM.

Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though,  
 I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the  
 arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither,  
 in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment,  
 I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion 3630  
 of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction  
 of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else  
 would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSR.

Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

	HAM.	
The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?		3635
	OSR.	
Sir?		
	HOR.	
Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.		
	HAM.	
What imports the nomination of this gentleman?		3640
	OSR.	
Of Laertes?		
	HOR.	
His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.		
	HAM.	
Of him, sir.		
	OSR.	
I know, you are not ignorant,—		
	HAM.	
I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.		3645
	OSR.	
You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is,—		
	HAM.	
I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.		
	OSR.	
I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.		3650
	HAM.	
What's his weapon?		
	OSR.	
Rapier and dagger.		
	HAM.	
That's two of his weapons:—but well.		
	OSR.	
The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.		3655
		3660

HAM.  
What call you the carriages?

HOR.  
I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

OSR.  
The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAM.  
The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides. I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages: that's the French bet against the Danish: why is this all imponed, as you call it? 3665

OSR.  
The king, sir, hath laid that, in a dozen passes between your and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer. 3675

HAM.  
How if I answer no?

OSR.  
I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAM.  
Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits. 3680

OSR.  
Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

HAM.  
To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

OSR.  
I commend my duty to your lordship. 3685

HAM.  
Yours, yours.  
[Exit Osric.]  
He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

HOR.  
This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

	HAM.	
He did comply with his dug before he suck'd it. Thus has he,—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on,— only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.		3690
[Enter a Lord]		
Lord My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.		3695
	HAM.	
I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.		3700
	LORD	
The King and Queen and all are coming down.		3705
	HAM.	
In happy time.		
	LORD	
The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.		
	HAM.	
She well instructs me. [Exit Lord]		
	HOR.	
You will lose this wager, my Lord		3710
	HAM.	
I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.		
	HOR.	
Nay, good my lord,—		3715
	HAM.	
It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.		
	HOR.	
If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.		
	HAM.	
Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come;		3720

if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now,  
 yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has  
 aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?  
 [*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants with foils &c.*]

KING

Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. 3725  
 [*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*]

HAM.

Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:  
 But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.  
 This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,  
 How I am punish'd with sore distraction. 3730  
 What I have done

That might your nature, honour, and exception  
 Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.  
 Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, 3735  
 And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,  
 Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,  
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;  
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 3740

Sir, in this audience, 3740  
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil  
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts  
 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house  
 And hurt my brother.

LAER.

I am satisfied in nature, 3745  
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge. But in my terms of honour  
 I stand aloof; and will no reconcilment  
 Till by some elder masters of known honour 3750  
 I have a voice and precedent of peace  
 To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time  
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
 And will not wrong it.

HAM.

I embrace it freely;  
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.— 3755  
 Give us the foils; come on.

LAER.

Come, one for me.

HAM.

I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance  
 Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,  
 Stick fiery off indeed. 3760

LAER.

You mock me, sir.

No, by this hand.	HAM.	
	KING	
Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet, You know the wager?		
	HAM.	3765
Very well, my lord; Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.		
	KING	
I do not fear it; I have seen you both; But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.		
	LAER.	
This is too heavy, let me see another.		
	HAM.	3770
This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [ <i>They prepare to play.</i> ]		
	OSR.	
Ay, my good Lord		
	KING	
Set me the stoups of wine upon that table,— If Hamlet give the first or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange, Let all the battlements their ordnance fire; The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup an union shall he throw, Richer than that which four successive kings In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups; And let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth, 'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.'—Come, begin:— And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.	3775	
		3780
	HAM.	
Come on, sir.		3785
	LAER.	
Come, my Lord [ <i>They play.</i> ]		
	HAM.	
One.		
	LAER.	
No.		
	HAM	
Judgment!		
	OSR.	
A hit, a very palpable hit.		3790

Hamlet

Well;—again. LAER.

Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;  
Here's to thy health.—  
[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.]  
Give him the cup. KING

I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.— 3795  
Come.—Another hit; what say you?  
[They play.] HAM.

A touch, a touch, I do confess. LAER.

Our son shall win. KING

He's fat, and scant of breath.—  
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows: 3800  
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. QUEEN

Good madam! HAM.



KING  
Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN  
I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

KING  
[Aside.]  
It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. 3805

HAM.  
I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.

QUEEN  
Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAER.  
My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING  
I do not think't.

LAER.  
[Aside.]  
And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience. 3810

HAM.  
Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

**IMAGE 11.11: CLAUDIUS AT PRAYER |**  
While Claudius prays, Hamlet approaches behind him, drawing his sword.

**Author:** Eugène Delacroix  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
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I pray you pass with your best violence:  
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAER.

Say you so? come on.  
[*They play.*]

OSR.

Nothing, neither way.

3815

LAER.

Have at you now!  
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

KING

Part them; they are incens'd.

HAM.

Nay, come again!  
[*The Queen falls.*]

OSR.

Look to the queen there, ho!

HOR.

They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

3820

OSR.

How is't, Laertes?

LAER.

Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric;  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAM.

How does the Queen?

KING

She swoons to see them bleed.

3825

QUEEN

No, no! the drink, the drink!—O my dear Hamlet!—  
The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd.  
[*Dies.*]

HAM.

O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:  
Treachery! seek it out.  
[*Laertes falls.*]

LAER.

It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;  
No medicine in the world can do thee good;  
In thee there is not half an hour of life;  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated and evenom'd: the foul practice  
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

3830

3835



Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:  
I can no more:—the king, the king's to blame.

HAM.

The point envenom'd too!—  
Then, venom, to thy work.  
[*Stabs the King*]

Osric and Lords. 3840  
Treason! treason!

KING

O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt.

HAM.

Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,  
Drink off this potion.—Is thy union here?  
Follow my mother. 3845  
[*King dies.*]

LAER.

He is justly serv'd;  
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me! 3850  
[*Dies.*]

HAM.

Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—  
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death, 3855  
Is strict in his arrest,—O, I could tell you,—  
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

HOR.

Never believe it: 3860  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.—  
Here's yet some liquor left.

HAM.

As thou'rt a man,  
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.—  
O good Horatio, what a wounded name, 3865  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story.— 3870  
[*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

OSR.

Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives  
This warlike volley.

HAM.

3875

O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:  
I cannot live to hear the news from England;  
But I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,  
Which have solicited.—the rest is silence.  
[Dies.]

3880

HOR.

Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither?  
[March within.]  
[Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others.]

FORT.

3885

Where is this sight?

HOR.

What is it you will see?  
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORT.

3890

This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death,  
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes at a shot  
So bloodily hast struck?

1 AMBASSADOR

The sight is dismal;  
And our affairs from England come too late:  
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,  
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:  
Where should we have our thanks?

3895

HOR.

Not from his mouth,  
Had it the ability of life to thank you:  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,  
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,  
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view;  
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world  
How these things came about: so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I  
Truly deliver.

3900

3905

3910

Hamlet

FORT.

Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:  
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,  
Which now, to claim my vantage doth invite me.

3915

HOR.

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:  
But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mischance  
On plots and errors happen.

3920

FORT.

Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,  
The soldiers' music and the rites of war  
Speak loudly for him.—  
Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.  
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*]  
[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after the which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

3925

3930

## THE JOURNALS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (DURING HIS FIRST VOYAGE, 1492-1493)

Christopher Columbus (1451-1506 C.E.)

Composed between 1492-93 C.E.

Italy

Christopher Columbus was a Genoese Italian sailor and navigator who persuaded Spanish King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to fund an expedition in 1492 to find a shorter route to India by sailing west. In October 1492, Columbus and his crew arrived in the Bahamas, believing that they had found Asia. Columbus made four transatlantic voyages and wrote letters, reports, and journal entries (not private entries, but entries to be read by other people) about his voyages. Some of the journal entries were entirely or partially lost. The journal for the first voyage was lost but partly reconstructed. Although Columbus was once celebrated as a hero who “discovered” America, this view has been challenged by other records of earlier travelers and the destructive consequences that European exploration and colonization of the Americas have had on indigenous peoples. Columbus’s journal entries and letters shed light on transatlantic cross-cultural encounters in the fifteenth and sixteenth century.

*Written by Kyoungnye Kwon*

### SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNALS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS - THE FIRST VOYAGE

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Christopher Columbus, Translated by Clements R. Markham

This is the first voyage and the routes and direction taken by the Admiral Don Cristobal Colon when he discovered the Indies, summarized; except the prologue made for the Sovereigns, which is given word for word and commences in this manner. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

BECAUSE, O most Christian, and very high, very excellent, and puissant Princes, King and Queen of the Spains and of the islands of the Sea, our Lords, in this present year of 1492, after your Highnesses had given an end to the war with the Moors who reigned in Europe, and had finished it in the very great city of Granada, where in this present year, on the second day of the month of January, by force of arms, I saw the royal banners of your



**IMAGE 11.12: MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS** | Statues of Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella in Madrid.

**Author:** Luis García

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Highnesses placed on the towers of Alfambra, which is the fortress of that city, and I saw the Moorish King come forth from the gates of the city and kiss the royal hands of your Highnesses, and of the Prince my Lord, and presently in that same month, acting on the information that I had given to your Highnesses touching the lands of India, and respecting a Prince who is called Gran Can, which means in our language King of Kings, how he and his ancestors had sent to Rome many times to ask for learned men of our holy faith to teach him, and how the Holy Father had never complied, insomuch that many people believing in idolatries were lost by receiving doctrine of perdition: YOUR Highnesses, as Catholic Christians and Princes who love the holy Christian faith, and the propagation of it, and who are enemies to the sect of Mahoma and to all idolatries and heresies, resolved to send me, Cristobal Colon, to the said parts of India to see the said princes, and the cities and lands, and their disposition, with a view that they might be converted to our holy faith; and ordered that I should not go by land to the eastward, as had been customary, but that I should go by way of the west, whither up to this day, we do not know for certain that any one has gone.

Thus, after having turned out all the Jews from all your kingdoms and lordships, in the same month of January, your Highnesses gave orders to me that with a sufficient fleet

I should go to the said parts of India, and for this they made great concessions to me, and ennobled me, so that henceforward I should be called Don, and should be Chief Admiral of the Ocean Sea, perpetual Viceroy and Governor of all the islands and continents that I should discover and gain, and that I might hereafter discover and gain in the Ocean Sea, and that my eldest son should succeed, and so on from generation to generation for ever.

I left the city of Granada on the 12th day of May, in the same year of 1492, being Saturday, and came to the town of Palos, which is a seaport; where I equipped three vessels well suited for such service; and departed from that port, well supplied with provisions and with many sailors, on the 3d day of August of the same year, being Friday, half an hour before sunrise, taking the route to the islands of Canaria, belonging to your Highnesses, which are in the said Ocean Sea, that I might thence take my departure for navigating until I should arrive at the Indies, and give the letters of your Highnesses to those princes, so as to comply with my orders. As part of my duty I thought it well to write an account of all the voyage very punctually, noting from day to day all that I should do and see, and that should happen, as will be seen further on. Also, Lords Princes, I resolved to describe each night what passed in the day, and to note each day how I navigated at night. I propose to construct a new chart for navigating, on which I shall delineate all the sea and lands of the Ocean in their proper positions under their bearings; and further, I propose to prepare a book, and to put down all as it were in a picture, by latitude from the equator, and western longitude. Above all, I shall have accomplished much, for I shall forget sleep, and shall work at the business of navigation, that so the service may be performed; all which will entail great labour.

#### Friday, 3d of August

We departed on Friday, the 3d of August, in the year 1492, from the bar of Saltes, at 8 o'clock, and proceeded with a strong sea breeze until sunset, towards the south, for 60 miles, equal to 15 leagues; afterwards S.W. and W.S.W., which was the course for the Canaries.

#### Saturday, 4th of August

They steered S.W. \ S.

#### Sunday, 5th of August

They continued their course day and night more than 40 leagues.

Monday, 6th of August

The rudder of the caravel Pinta became unshipped, and Martin Alonso Pinzon, who was in command, believed or suspected that it was by contrivance of Gomes Rascon and Cristobal Quintero, to whom the caravel belonged, for they dreaded to go on that voyage. The Admiral says that, before they sailed, these men had been displaying a certain backwardness, so to speak. The Admiral was much disturbed at not being able to help the said caravel without danger, and he says that he was eased of some anxiety when he reflected that Martin Alonso Pinzon was a man of energy and ingenuity. They made, during the day and night, 29 leagues.

Tuesday, 7th of August

The rudder of the Pinta was shipped and secured, and they proceeded on a course for the island of Lanzarote, one of the Canaries. They made, during the day and night, 25 leagues.

Wednesday, 8th of August

Opinions respecting their position varied among the pilots of the three caravels; but that of the Admiral proved to be nearer the truth. He wished to go to Gran Canaria, to leave the caravel Pinta, because she was disabled by the faulty hanging of her rudder, and was making water. He intended to obtain another there if one could be found. They could not reach the place that day.

Thursday, 9th of August

The Admiral was not able to reach Gomera until the night of Sunday, while Martin Alonso remained on that coast of Gran Canaria by order of the Admiral, because his vessel could not be navigated. Afterwards the Admiral took her to Canaria, and they repaired the Pinta very

thoroughly through the pains and labour of the Admiral, of Martin Alonso, and of the rest. Finally they came to Gomera. They saw a great fire issue from the mountain of the island of Tenerife, which is of great height. They rigged the Pinta with square sails, for she was lateen rigged; and the Admiral reached Gomera on Sunday, the 2nd of September, with the Pinta repaired.

The Admiral says that many honourable Spanish gentlemen who were at Gomera with Dona Ines Peraza, mother of Guillen Peraza (who was afterwards the first Count of Gomera), and who were natives of the island of Hierro, declared that every year they saw land to the west of the Canaries; and others, natives of Gomera, affirmed the same on oath. The Admiral here says that he remembers, when in Portugal in the year 1484, a man came to the King from the island of Madeira, to beg for a caravel to go to this land that was seen, who swore that it could be seen every year, and always in the same way. He also says that he recollects the same thing being affirmed in the islands of the Azores; and all these lands were described as in the same direction, and as being like each other, and of the same size. Having taken in water, wood, and meat, and all else that the men had who were left at Gomera by the Admiral when he went to the island of Canaria to repair the caravel Pinta, he finally made sail from the said island of Gomera, with his three caravels, on Thursday, the 6th day of September.

Thursday, 6th of September

He departed on that day from the port of Gomera in the morning, and shaped a course to go on his voyage; having received tidings from a caravel that came from the island of Hierro that three Portuguese caravels were off that island with the object of taking him. There was a calm all that day and night, and in the morning he found himself between Gomera and Tenerife.

Friday, 7th of September

The calm continued all Friday and Saturday, until the third hour of the night.

Saturday, 8th of September

At the third hour of Saturday night it began to blow from the N.E., and the Admiral shaped a course to the west. He took in much sea over the bows, which retarded progress, and 9 leagues were made in that day and night.

Sunday, 9th of September

This day the Admiral made 19 leagues, and he arranged to reckon less than the number run, because if the

voyage was of long duration, the people would not be so terrified and disheartened. In the night he made 120 miles, at the rate of 12 miles an hour, which are 30 leagues. The sailors steered badly, letting the ship fall off to N.E., and even more, respecting which the Admiral complained many times.

#### Monday, 10th of September

In this day and night he made 60 leagues, at the rate of 10 miles an hour, which are 2 1/2 leagues; but he only counted 48 leagues, that the people might not be alarmed if the voyage should be long.

#### Tuesday, 11th of September

That day they sailed on their course, which was west, and made 20 leagues and more. They saw a large piece of the mast of a ship of 120 tons, but were unable to get it. In the night they made nearly 20 leagues, but only counted 16, for the reason already given.

#### Wednesday, 12th of September

That day, steering their course, they made 33 leagues during the day and night, counting less.

#### Thursday, 13th of September

That day and night, steering their course, which was west, they made 33 leagues, counting 3 or 4 less. The currents were against them. On this day, at the commencement of the night, the needles turned a half point to north-west, and in the morning they turned somewhat more north-west.

#### Friday, 14th of September

That day they navigated, on their westerly course, day and night, 20 leagues, counting a little less. Here those of the caravel Niña reported that they had seen a tern and a boatswain bird, and these birds never go more than 25 leagues from the land.

#### Saturday, 15th of September

That day and night they made 27 leagues and rather more on their west course; and in the early part of the night there fell from heaven into the sea a marvellous flame of fire, at a distance of about 4 or 5 leagues from them.

#### Sunday, 16th of September

That day and night they steered their course west, making 39 leagues, but the Admiral only counted 36. There were some clouds and small rain. The Admiral says that on that day, and ever afterwards, they met with very temperate breezes, so that there was great pleasure in enjoying the mornings, nothing being wanted but the song of nightingales. He says that the weather was like April in Andalusia. Here they began to see many tufts of grass which were very green, and appeared to have been quite recently torn from the land. From this they judged that they were near some island, but not the main land, according to the Admiral, "because," as he says, "I make the main land to be more distant."

#### Monday, 17th of September

They proceeded on their west course, and made over 50 leagues in the day and night, but the Admiral only counted 47. They were aided by the current. They saw much very fine grass and herbs from rocks, which came from the west. They, therefore, considered that they were near land. The pilots observed the north point, and found that the needles turned a full point to the west of north. So the mariners were alarmed and dejected, and did not give their reason. But the Admiral knew, and ordered that the north should be again observed at dawn. They then found that the needles were true. The cause was that the star makes the movement, and not the needles.

At dawn, on that Monday, they saw much more weed appearing, like herbs from rivers, in which they found a live crab, which the Admiral kept. He says that these crabs are certain signs of land. The sea-water was found to be less salt than it had been since leaving the Canaries. The breezes were always soft. Everyone was pleased, and the best sailers went ahead to sight the first land. They saw many tunny-fish, and the crew of the Niña killed one. The Admiral here says that these signs of land came from the west, "in which direction I trust in that high God in whose hands are all victories that very soon we shall sight land". In that morning he says that a white bird was seen which has not the habit of sleeping on the sea, called rabo de junco (boatswain-bird).

Tuesday, 18th of September

This day and night they made over 55 leagues, the Admiral only counting 48. In all these days the sea was very smooth, like the river at Seville. This day Martin Alonso, with the Pinta, which was a fast sailer, did not wait, for he said to the Admiral, from his caravel, that he had seen a great multitude of birds flying westward, that he hoped to see land that night, and that he therefore pressed onward, A great cloud appeared in the north, which is a sign of the proximity of land.

Wednesday, 17th of September

The Admiral continued on his course, and during the day and night he made but 25 leagues because it was calm. He counted 22. This day, at 10 o'clock, a booby came to the ship, and in the afternoon another arrived, these birds not generally going more than 20 leagues from the land. There was also some drizzling rain without wind, which is a sure sign of land. The Admiral did not wish to cause delay by beating to windward to ascertain whether land was near, but he considered it certain that there were islands both to the north and south of his position, (as indeed there were, and he was passing through the middle of them). For his desire was to press onwards to the Indies, the weather being fine. For on his return, God willing, he could see all. These are his own words. Here the pilots found their positions. He of the Niña made the Canaries 440 leagues distant, the Pinta 420. The pilot of the Admiral's ship made the distance exactly 400 leagues.

Thursday, 20th of September

This day the course was W. b. N., and as her head was all round the compass owing to the calm that prevailed, the ships made only 7 or 8 leagues. Two boobies came to the ship, and afterwards another, a sign of the proximity of land. They saw much weed, although none was seen on the previous day. They caught a bird with the hand, which was like a tern. But it was a river-bird, not a sea-bird, the feet being like those of a gull. At dawn two or three land-birds came singing to the ship, and they disappeared before sunset. Afterwards a booby came from W.N.VV., and flew to the S.VV., which was a sign that it left land in the W.N.VV.; for these birds sleep on shore, and go to sea in the mornings in search of food, not extending their flight more than 20 leagues from the land.

Friday, 21st of September

Most of the day it was calm, and later there was a little wind. During the day and night they did not make good more than 13 leagues. At dawn they saw so much weed that the sea appeared to be covered with it, and it came from the west. A booby was seen. The sea was very smooth, like a river, and the air the best in the world. They saw a whale, which is a sign that they were near land, because they always keep near the shore.

Saturday, 22nd of September

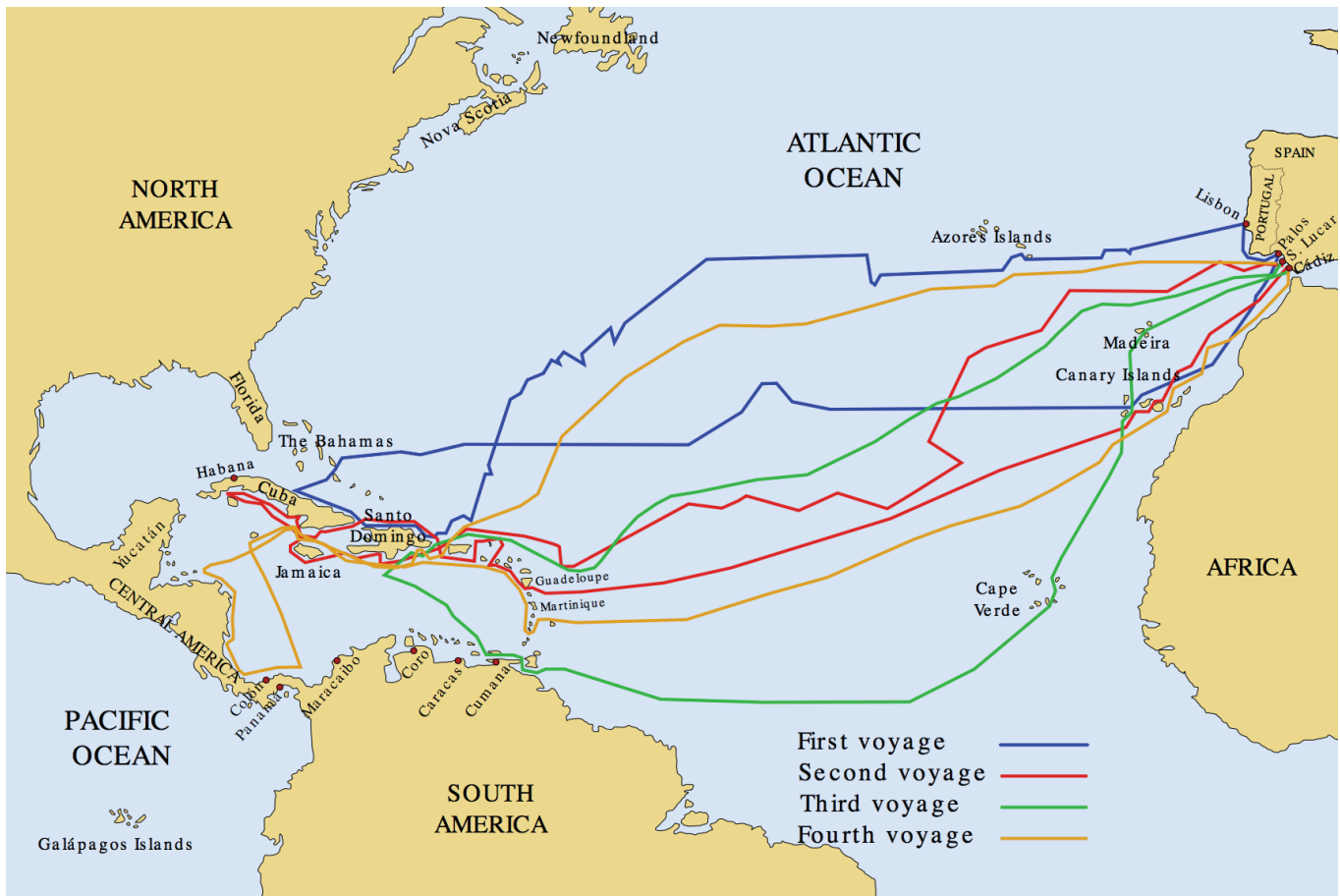
They shaped a course W.N.W. more or less, her head turning from one to the other point, and made 30 leagues. Scarcely any weed was seen. They saw some sandpipers and another bird. Here the Admiral says: "This contrary wind was very necessary for me, because my people were much excited at the thought that in these seas no wind ever blew in the direction of Spain." Part of the day there was no weed, and later it was very thick.

Sunday, 23rd of September

They shaped a course N.W., and at times more northerly; occasionally they were on their course, which was west, and they made about 22 leagues. They saw a dove and a booby, another river-bird, and some white birds. There was a great deal of weed, and they found crabs in it. The sea being smooth and calm, the crew began to murmur, saying that here there was no great sea, and that the wind would never blow so that they could return to Spain. Afterwards the sea rose very much, without wind, which astonished them. The Admiral here says: "Thus the high sea was very necessary to me, such as had not appeared but in the time of the Jews when they went out of Egypt and murmured against Moses, who delivered them out of captivity."

Monday, 24th of September

The Admiral went on his west course all day and night, making 14 leagues. He counted 12. A booby came to the ship, and many sandpipers.



**IMAGE 11.13: THE VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS** | A map showing the four sea voyages taken to the New World by Columbus.

**Author:** User "JasonAQuest"

**Source:** Wikimedia Commons

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### Tuesday, 25th of September

This day began with a calm, and afterwards there was wind. They were on their west course until night. The Admiral conversed with Martin Alonso Pinzon, captain of the other caravel Pinta, respecting a chart which he had sent to the caravel three days before, on which, as it would appear, the Admiral had certain islands depicted in that sea. Martin Alonso said that the ships were in the position on which the islands were placed, and the Admiral replied that so it appeared to him: but it might be that they had not fallen in with them, owing to the currents which had always set the ships to the N.E., and that they had not made so much as the pilots reported. The Admiral then asked for the chart to be returned, and it was sent back on a line. The Admiral then began to plot the position on it, with the pilot and mariners. At sunset Martin Alonso went up on the poop of his ship, and with much joy called to the Admiral, claiming the reward as he had sighted land. When the Admiral heard this positively declared, he says that he gave thanks to the Lord on his knees, while Martin Alonso said the Gloria in excelsis with his people. The Admiral's crew did the same. Those of the Niña all went up on the mast and into the rigging, and declared that it was land. It so seemed to the Admiral, and that it was distant 25 leagues. They all continued to declare it was land until night. The Admiral ordered the course to be altered from V.V. to S.W., in which direction the land had appeared. That day they made 4 leagues on a west course, and 17 S.W. during the night, in all 21; but the people were told that 13 was the distance made good: for it was always feigned to them that the distances were less, so that the voyage might not appear so long. Thus two reckonings were kept on this voyage, the shorter being feigned, and the longer being the true one. The sea was very smooth, so that many sailors bathed alongside. They saw many dorados and other fish.

### Wednesday, 26th of September

The Admiral continued on the west course until after noon. Then he altered course to S.W., until he made out that what had been said to be land was only clouds. Day and night they made 31 leagues, counting 24 for the



people. The sea was like a river, the air pleasant and very mild.

Thursday, 27th of September

The course west, and distance made good during day and night 24 leagues, 20 being counted for the people. Many dorados came. One was killed. A boatswain-bird came.

Friday, 28th of September

The course was west, and the distance, owing to calms, only 14 leagues in day and night, 13 leagues being counted. They met with little weed; but caught two dorados, and more in the other ships.

Saturday, 29th of September

The course was west, and they made 24 leagues, counting 21 for the people. Owing to calms, the distance made good during day and night was not much. They saw a bird called rabiforcado (man-o'-war bird), which makes the boobies vomit what they have swallowed, and eats it, maintaining itself on nothing else. It is a sea-bird, but does not sleep on the sea, and does not go more than 20 leagues from the land. There are many of them at the Cape Verde Islands. Afterwards they saw two boobies. The air was very mild and agreeable, and the Admiral says that nothing was wanting but to hear the nightingale. The sea smooth as a river. Later, three boobies and a man-o'-war bird were seen three times. There was much weed.

Sunday, 30th of September

The western course was steered, and during the day and night, owing to calms, only 14 leagues were made, 11 being counted. Four boatswain-birds came to the ship, which is a great sign of land, for so many birds of this kind together is a sign that they are not straying or lost. They also twice saw four boobies. There was much weed. Note that the stars which are called las guardias (the Pointers), when night comes on, are near the western point, and when dawn breaks they are near the N.E. point; so that, during the whole night, they do not appear to move more than three lines or 9 hours, and this on each night. The Admiral says this, and also that at nightfall the needles vary a point westerly, while at dawn they agree exactly with the star. From this it would appear that the north star has a movement like the other stars, while the needles always point correctly.

Monday, 1st of October

Course west, and 25 leagues made good, counted for the crew as 20 leagues. There was a heavy shower of rain. At dawn the Admiral's pilot made the distance from Hierro 578 leagues to the west. The reduced reckoning which the Admiral showed to the crew made it 584 leagues; but the truth which the Admiral observed and kept secret was 707.

Tuesday, 2nd of October

Course west, and during the day and night 39 leagues were made good, counted for the crew as 30. The sea always smooth. Many thanks be given to God, says the Admiral, that the weed is coming from east to west, contrary to its usual course. Many fish were seen, and one was killed. A white bird was also seen that appeared to be a gull.

Wednesday, 3rd of October

They navigated on the usual course, and made good 47 leagues, counted as 40. Sandpipers appeared, and much weed, some of it very old and some quite fresh and having fruit. They saw no birds. The Admiral, therefore, thought that they had left the islands behind them which were depicted on the charts. The Admiral here says that he did not wish to keep the ships beating about during the last week, and in the last few days when there were so many signs of land, although he had information of certain islands in this region. For he wished to avoid delay, his object being to reach the Indies. He says that to delay would not be wise.

Thursday, 4th of October

Course west, and 63 leagues made good during the day and night, counted as 46. More than forty sandpipers came to the ship in a flock, and two boobies, and a ship's boy hit one with a stone. There also came a man-o'-war bird and a white bird like a gull.

Friday, 5th of October

The Admiral steered his course, going 11 miles an hour, and during the day and night they made good 57 leagues, as the wind increased somewhat during the night: 45 were counted. The sea was smooth and quiet. "To God", he says, "be many thanks given, the air being pleasant and temperate, with no weed, many sandpipers, and flying-fish coming on the deck in numbers."

Saturday, 6th of October

The Admiral continued his west course, and during day and night they made good 40 leagues, 33 being counted. This night Martin Alonso said that it would be well to steer south of west, and it appeared to the Admiral that Martin Alonso did not say this with respect to the island of Cipango. He saw that if an error was made the land would not be reached so quickly, and that consequently it would be better to go at once to the continent and afterwards to the islands.

Sunday, 7th of October

The west course was continued; for two hours they went at the rate of 12 miles an hour, and afterwards 8 miles an hour. They made good 23 leagues, counting 18 for the people. This day, at sunrise, the caravel Niña, which went ahead, being the best sailer, and pushed forward as much as possible to sight the land first, so as to enjoy the reward which the Sovereigns had promised to whoever should see it first, hoisted a flag at the mast-head and fired a gun, as a signal that she had sighted land, for such was the Admiral's order. He had also ordered that, at sunrise and sunset, all the ships should join him; because those two times are most proper for seeing the greatest distance, the haze clearing away. No land was seen during the afternoon, as reported by the caravel Niña, and they passed a great number of birds flying from N. to S.W. This gave rise to the belief that the birds were either going to sleep on land, or were flying from the winter which might be supposed to be near in the land whence they were coming. The Admiral was aware that most of the islands held by the Portuguese were discovered by the flight of birds. For this reason he resolved to give up the west course, and to shape a course W.S.W. for the two following days. He began the new course one hour before sunset. They made good, during the night, about 5 leagues, and 23 in the day, altogether 28 leagues.

Monday, 8th of October

The course was W.S.W., and 11 1/2 or 12 leagues were made good in the day and night; and at times it appears that they went at the rate of 15 miles an hour during the night (if the handwriting is not deceptive). The sea was like the river at Seville. "Thanks be to God," says the Admiral, "the air is very soft like the April at Seville; and it is a pleasure to be here, so balmy are the breezes." The weed seemed to be very fresh. There were many land-birds, and they took one that was flying to the S.W. Terns, ducks, and a booby were also seen.

Tuesday, 9th of October

The course was S.W., and they made 5 leagues. The wind then changed, and the Admiral steered W. by N. 4 leagues. Altogether, in day and night, they made 11 leagues by day and 20 1/2 leagues by night; counted as 17 leagues altogether. Throughout the night birds were heard passing.

Wednesday, 10th of October

The course was W.S.W., and they went at the rate of 10 miles an hour, occasionally 12 miles, and sometimes 7. During the day and night they made 59 leagues, counted as no more than 44. Here the people could endure no longer. They complained of the length of the voyage. But the Admiral cheered them up in the best way he could, giving them good hopes of the advantages they might gain from it. He added that, however much they might complain, he had to go to the Indies, and that he would go on until he found them, with the help of our Lord.

Thursday, 11th of October

The course was W.S.W., and there was more sea than there had been during the whole of the voyage. They saw sandpipers, and a green reed near the ship. Those of the caravel Pinta saw a cane and a pole, and they took up another small pole which appeared to have been worked with iron; also another bit of cane, a land-plant, and a small board. The crew of the caravel Niña also saw signs of land, and a small branch covered with berries. Everyone breathed afresh and rejoiced at these signs. The run until sunset was 26 leagues.

After sunset the Admiral returned to his original west course, and they went along at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Up to two hours after midnight they had gone 90 miles, equal to 22 1/2 leagues. As the caravel *Pinta* was a better sailer, and went ahead of the Admiral, she found the land, and made the signals ordered by the Admiral. The land was first seen by a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana. But the Admiral, at ten in the previous night, being on the castle of the poop, saw a light, though it was so uncertain that he could not affirm it was land. He called Pero Gutierrez, a gentleman of the Kings bedchamber, and said that there seemed to be a light, and that he should look at it. He did so, and saw it. The Admiral said the same to Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, whom the King and Queen had sent with the fleet as inspector, but he could see nothing, because he was not in a place whence anything could be seen. After the Admiral had spoken he saw the light once or twice, and it was like a wax candle rising and falling. It seemed to few to be an indication of land; but the Admiral made certain that land was close. When they said the *Salve*, which all the sailors were accustomed to sing in their way, the Admiral asked and admonished the men to keep a good look-out on the forecandle, and to watch well for land; and to him who should first cry out that he saw land, he would give a silk doublet, besides the other rewards promised by the Sovereigns, which were 10,000 maravedis to him who should first see it. At two hours after midnight the land was sighted at a distance of two leagues. They shortened sail, and lay by under the mainsail without the bonnets. The vessels were hove to, waiting for daylight; and on Friday they arrived at a small island of the *Lucayos*, called, in the language of the Indians, *Guana-hani*. Presently they saw naked people. The Admiral went on shore in the armed boat, and Martin Alonso Pinzon, and Vicente Yanez, his brother, who was captain of the *Niña*. The Admiral took the royal standard, and the captains went with two banners of the green cross, which the Admiral took in all the ships as a sign, with an F and a Y and a crown over each letter, one on one side of the cross and the other on the other. Having landed, they saw trees very green, and much water, and fruits of diverse kinds. The Admiral called to the two captains, and to the others who leaped on shore, and to Rodrigo Escovedo, secretary of the whole fleet, and to Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and said that they should bear faithful testimony that he, in presence of all, had taken, as he now took, possession of the said island for the King and for the Queen, his Lords making the declarations that are required, as is more largely set forth in the testimonies which were then made in writing.

Presently many inhabitants of the island assembled. What follows is in the actual words of the Admiral in his book of the first navigation and discovery of the Indies. "I," he says, "that we might form great friendship, for I knew that they were a people who could be more easily freed and converted to our holy faith by love than by force, gave to some of them red caps, and glass beads to put round their necks, and many other things of little value, which gave them great pleasure, and made them so much our friends that it was a marvel to see. They afterwards came to the ship's boats where we were, swimming and bringing us parrots, cotton threads in skeins, darts, and many other things; and we exchanged them for other things that we gave them, such as glass beads and small bells. In fine, they took all, and gave what they had with good will. It appeared to me to be a race of people very poor in everything. They go as naked as when their mothers bore them, and so do the women, although I did not see more than one young girl. All I saw were youths, none more than thirty years of age. They are very well made, with very handsome bodies, and very good countenances. Their hair is short and coarse, almost like the hairs of a horse's tail. They wear the hairs brought down to the eyebrows, except a few locks behind, which they wear long and never cut. They paint themselves black, and they arc the colour of the Canarians, neither black nor white. Some paint themselves white, others red, and others of what colour they find. Some paint their faces, others the whole body, some only round the eyes, others only on the nose. They neither carry nor know anything of arms, for I showed them swords, and they took them by the blade and cut themselves through ignorance. They

have no iron, their darts being wands without iron, some of them having a fish's tooth at the end, and others being pointed in various ways. They are all of fair stature and size, with good faces, and well made. I saw some with marks of wounds on their bodies, and I made signs to ask what it was, and they gave me to understand that people from other adjacent islands came with the intention of seizing them, and that they defended themselves. I believed, and still believe, that they come here from the mainland to take them prisoners. They should be good servants and intelligent, for I observed that they quickly took in what was said to them, and I believe that they would easily be made Christians, as it appeared to me that they had no religion. I, our Lord being pleased, will take hence, at the time of my departure, six natives for your Highnesses, that they may learn to speak. I saw no beast of any kind except parrots, on this island." The above is in the words of the Admiral.

#### Saturday, 13th of October

"As soon as dawn broke many of these people came to the beach, all youths, as I have said, and all of good stature, a very handsome people. Their hair is not curly, but loose and coarse, like horse hair. In all the forehead is broad, more so than in any other people I have hitherto seen. Their eyes are very beautiful and not small, and themselves far from black, but the colour of the Canarians. Nor should anything; else be expected, as this island is in a

line east and west from the island of Hierro in the Canaries. Their legs are very straight, all in one line, and no belly, but very well formed. They came to the ship in small canoes, made out of the trunk of a tree like a long boat, and all of one piece, and wonderfully worked, considering the country. They are large, some of them holding 40 to 45 men, others smaller, and some only large enough to hold one man. They are propelled with a paddle like a baker's shovel, and go at a marvellous rate. If the canoe capsizes they all promptly begin to swim, and to bale it out with calabashes that they take with them. They brought skeins of cotton thread, parrots, darts, and other small things which it would be tedious to recount, and they give all in exchange for anything that may be given to them. I was attentive, and took trouble to ascertain if there was gold. I saw that some of them had a small piece fastened in a hole they have in the nose, and by signs I was able to make out that to the south, or going from the island to the south, there was a king who had great cups full, and who possessed a great quantity. I tried to get them to go there, but afterwards I saw that they had no inclination. I resolved to wait until to-morrow in the afternoon and then to depart, shaping a course to the S.W., for, according to what many of them told me, there was land to the S., to the S.W., and N.W., and that the natives from the N.W. often came to attack them, and went on to the S.W. in search of gold and precious stones.

"This island is rather large and very flat, with bright green trees, much water, and a very large lake in the centre, without any mountain, and the whole land so green that it is a pleasure to look on it. The people are very docile, and for the longing to possess our things, and not having anything to give in return, they take what they can get, and presently swim away. Still, they give away all they have got, for whatever may be given to them, down to broken bits of crockery and glass. I saw one give 16 skeins of cotton for three ceotis of Portugal, equal to one blanca of Spain, the skeins being as much as an arroba of cotton thread. I shall keep it, and shall allow no one to take it, preserving it all for your Highnesses, for it may be obtained in abundance. It is grown in this island, though the short time did not admit of my ascertaining this for a certainty. Here also is found the gold they wear fastened in their noses. But, in order not to lose time, I intend to go and see if I can find the island of Cipango. Now, as it is night, all the natives have gone on shore with their canoes."

#### Sunday, 14th of October

"At dawn I ordered the ship's boat and the boats of the caravels to be got ready, and I went along the coast of the island to the N.N.E., to see the other side, which was on the other side to the east, and also to see the villages. Presently I saw two or three, and the people all came to the shore, calling out and giving thanks to God. Some of them brought us water, others came with food, and when they saw that I did not want to land, they got into the sea, and came swimming to us. We understood that they asked us if we had come from heaven. One old man came into the boat, and others cried out, in loud voices, to all the men and women, to come and see the men who had come from heaven, and to bring them to eat and drink. Many came, including women, each bringing something, giving thanks to God, throwing themselves on the ground and shouting to us to come on shore. But I was afraid to land, seeing an extensive reef of rocks which surrounded the island, with deep water between it and the shore forming a port large enough for as many ships as there are in Christendom, but with a very narrow entrance. It is true that within this reef there are some sunken rocks, but the sea has no more motion than the water in a well. In order to see all this I went this morning, that I might be able to give a full account to your Highnesses, and also where a fortress might be established. I saw a piece of land which appeared like an island, although it is not one, and on it there were six houses. It might be converted into an island in two days, though I do not see that it would be necessary, for these people are very simple as regards the use of arms, as your Highnesses will see from the seven that I caused to be taken, to bring home and learn our language and return; unless your Highnesses should order them all to be brought to Castille, or to be kept as captives on the same island; for with fifty men they can all be subjugated and made to do what is required of them. Close to the above peninsula there are gardens of the most beautiful trees I ever saw, and with leaves as green as those of Castille in the month of April and May, and much water. I examined all that port, and afterwards I returned to the ship and made sail. I saw so many islands that I hardly knew how to determine to which I should go first. Those natives I had with me said, by signs, that there were so many that they could not be numbered, and they gave the names of more than a hundred. At last I looked out for the largest, and resolved to shape a course for it, and so I did. It will be distant five leagues from this of San Salvador, and the others some more, some less. All are very flat, and all are inhabited. The natives make war on each other, although these are very simple-minded and handsomely-formed people."

#### Monday, 15th of October

"I had laid by during the night, with the fear of reaching the land to anchor before daylight, not knowing whether the coast was clear of rocks, and at dawn I made sail. As the island was more than 5 leagues distant and nearer 7, and the tide checked my way, it was noon when we arrived at the said island. I found that side facing to-

wards the island of San Salvador trended north and south with a length of 5 leagues, and the other which I followed ran east and west for more than 10 leagues. As from this island I saw another larger one to the west, I clued up the sails, after having run all that day until night, otherwise I could not have reached the western cape. I gave the name of Santa Maria de la Concepcion to the island, and almost as the sun set I anchored near the said cape to ascertain if it contained gold. For the people I had taken from the island of San Salvador told me that here they wore very large rings of gold on their arms and legs. I really believed that all they said was nonsense, invented that they might escape. My desire was not to pass any island without taking possession, so that, one having been taken, the same may be said of all. I anchored, and remained until to-day, Tuesday, when I went to the shore with the boats armed, and landed. The people, who were numerous, went naked, and were like those of the other island of San Salvador. They let us go over the island, and gave us what we required. As the wind changed to the S.E., I did not like to stay, and returned to the ship. A large canoe was alongside the Niña, and one of the men of the island of San Salvador, who was on board, jumped into the sea and got into the canoe. In the middle of the night before, another swam away behind the canoe, which fled, for there never was boat that could have overtaken her, seeing that in speed they have a great advantage. So they reached the land and left the canoe. Some of my people went on shore in chase of them, but they all fled like fowls, and the canoe they had left was brought alongside the caravel Niña, whither, from another direction, another small canoe came, with a man who wished to barter with skeins of cotton. Some sailors jumped into the sea, because he would not come on board the caravel, and seized him. I was on the poop of my ship, and saw everything. So I sent for the man, gave him a red cap, some small beads of green glass, which I put on his arms, and small bells, which I put in his ears, and ordered his canoe, which was also on board, to be returned to him. I sent him on shore, and presently made sail to go to the other large island which was in sight to the westward. I also ordered the other large canoe, which the caravel Niña was towing astern, to be cast adrift; and I soon saw that it reached the land at the same time as the man to whom I had given the above things. I had not wished to take the skein of cotton that he offered me. All the others came round him and seemed astonished, for it appeared clear to them that we were good people. The other man who had fled might do us some harm, because we had carried him off, and for that reason I ordered this man to be set free and gave him the above things, that he might think well of us, otherwise, when your Highnesses again send an expedition, they might not be friendly. All the presents I gave were not worth four maravedis. At lo we departed with the wind S.W., and made for the south, to reach that other island, which is very large, and respecting which all the men that I bring from San Salvador make signs that there is much gold, and that they wear it as bracelets on the arms, on the legs, in the ears and nose, and round the neck. The distance of this island from that of Santa Maria is 9 leagues on a course east to west. All this part of the island trends N.W. and S.E., and it appeared that this coast must have a length of 28 leagues. It is very flat, without any mountain, like San Salvador and Santa Maria, all being beach without rocks, except that there are some sunken rocks near the land, whence it is necessary to keep a good lookout when it is desired to anchor, and not to come to very near the land; but the water is always very clear, and the bottom is visible. At a distance of two shots of a lombard, there is, off all these islands, such a depth that the bottom cannot be reached. These islands are very green and fertile, the climate very mild. They may contain many things of which I have no knowledge, for I do not wish to stop, in discovering and visiting many islands, to find gold. These people make signs that it is worn on the arms and legs; and it must be gold, for they point to some pieces that I have. I cannot err, with the help of our Lord, in finding out where this gold has its origin. Being in the middle of the channel between these two islands, that is to say, that of Santa Maria and this large one, to which I give the name of Fernandina, I came upon a man alone in a canoe going from Santa Maria to Fernandina. He had a little of their bread, about the size of a fist, a calabash of water, a piece of brown earth powdered and then kneaded, and some dried leaves, which must be a thing highly valued by them, for they bartered with it at San Salvador. He also had with him a native basket with a string of glass beads, and two blancas, by which I knew that he had come from the island of San Salvador, and had been to Santa Maria, and thence to Fernandina. He came alongside the ship, and I made him come on board as he desired, also getting the canoe inboard, and taking care of all his property. I ordered him to be given to eat bread and treacle, and also to drink: and so I shall take him on to Fernandina, where I shall return everything to him, in order that he may give a good account of us, that, our Lord pleasing, when your Highnesses shall send here, those who come may receive honor, and that the natives may give them all they require.”

#### Tuesday, 16th of October

“I sailed from the island of Santa Maria de la Concepcion at about noon, to go to Fernandina island, which appeared very large to the westward, and I navigated all that day with light winds. I could not arrive in time to be able to see the bottom, so as to drop the anchor on a clear place, for it is necessary to be very careful not to lose the anchors. So I stood off and on all that night until day, when I came to an inhabited place where I anchored, and whence that man had come that I found yesterday in the canoe in mid channel. He had given such a good report

of us that there was no want of canoes alongside the ship all that night, which brought us water and what they had to offer. I ordered each one to be given something, such as a few beads, ten or twelve of those made of glass on a thread, some timbrels made of brass such as are worth a maravedi in Spain, and some straps, all which they looked upon as most excellent. I also ordered them to be given treacle to eat when they came on board. At three o'clock I sent the ship's boat on shore for water, and the natives with good will showed my people where the water was, and they themselves brought the full casks down to the boat, and did all they could to please us. "This island is very large, and I have determined to sail round it, because, so far as I can understand, there is a mine in or near it. The island is eight leagues from Santa Maria, nearly east and west; and this point I had reached, as well as all the coast, trends N.N.W. and S.S.E. I saw at least 20 leagues of it, and then it had not ended. Now, as I am writing this, I made sail with the wind at the south, to sail round the island, and to navigate until I find Samaot, which is the island or city where there is gold, as all the natives say who are on board, and as those of San Salvador and Santa Maria told us. These people resemble those of the said islands, with the same language and customs, except that these appear to me a rather more domestic and tractable people, yet also more subtle. For I observed that those who brought cotton and other trifles to the ship, knew better than the others how to make a bargain. In this island I saw cotton cloths made like mantles. The people were better disposed, and the women wore in front of their bodies a small piece of cotton which scarcely covered them.

"It is a very green island, level and very fertile, and I have no doubt that they sow and gather corn all the year round, as well as other things. I saw many trees very unlike those of our country. Many of them have their branches growing in different ways and all from one trunk, and one twig is one form, and another in a different shape, and so unlike that it is the greatest wonder in the world to see the great diversity; thus one branch has leaves like those of a cane, and others like those of a mastick tree: and on a single tree there are five or six different kinds. Nor are these grafted, for it may be said that grafting is unknown, the trees being wild, and untended by these people. They do not know any religion, and I believe they could easily be converted to Christianity, for they are very intelligent. Here the fish are so unlike ours that it is wonderful. Some are the shape of dories, and of the finest colours in the world, blue, yellow, red, and other tints, all painted in various ways, and the colours are so bright that there is not a man who would not be astonished, and would not take great delight in seeing them. There are also whales. I saw no beasts on the land of any kind, except parrots and lizards. A boy told me that he saw a large serpent. I saw neither sheep, nor goats, nor any other quadruped. It is true I have been here a short time, since noon, yet I could not have failed to see some if there had been any. I will write respecting the circuit of this island after I have been round it."

### Wednesday, 17th of October

"At noon I departed from the village off which I was anchored, and where I took in water, to sail round this island of Fernandina. The wind was S.W. and South. My wish was to follow the coast of this island to the S.E., from where I was, the whole coast trending N.N.W. and S.S.E.; because all the Indians I bring with me, and others, made signs to this southern quarter, as the direction of the island they call Samoet, where the gold is. Martin Alonso Pinzon, captain of the caravel Pinta, on board of which I had three of the Indians, came to me and said that one of them had given him to understand very positively that the island might be sailed round much quicker by shaping a N.N.W. course. I saw that the wind would not help me to take the course I desired, and that it was fair for the other, so I made sail to the N.N.W. When I was two leagues from the cape of the island, I discovered a very wonderful harbour. It has one mouth, or, rather, it may be said to have two, for there is an islet in the middle. Both are very narrow, and within it is wide enough for a hundred ships, if there was depth and a clean bottom, and the entrance was deep enough. It seemed desirable to explore it and take soundings, so I anchored outside, and went in with all the ship's boats, when we saw there was insufficient depth. As I thought, when I first saw it, that it was the mouth of some river, I ordered the water-casks to be brought. On shore I found eight or ten men, who presently came to us and showed us the village, whither I sent the people for water, some with arms, and others with the casks: and, as it was some little distance, I waited two hours for them.

"During that time I walked among the trees, which was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, beholding as much verdure as in the month of May in Andalusia. The trees are as unlike ours as night from day, as are the fruits, the herbs, the stones, and everything. It is true that some of the trees bore some resemblance to those in Castille, but most of them are very different, and some were so unlike that no one could compare them to anything in Castille. The people were all like those already mentioned: like them naked, and the same size. They give what they possess in exchange for anything that may be given to them. I here saw some of the ship's boys bartering broken bits of glass and crockery for darts. The men who went for water told me that they had been in the houses of the natives, and that they were very plain and clean inside. Their beds and bags for holding things were like nets of cotton. The

houses are like booths, and very high, with good chimneys. But, among many villages that I saw, there was none that consisted of more than from twelve to fifteen houses. Here they found that the married women wore clouts of cotton, but not the young girls, except a few who were over eighteen years of age. They had dogs, mastiffs and hounds; and here they found a man who had a piece of gold in his nose, the size of half a castellano, on which they saw letters. I quarrelled with these people because they would not exchange or give what was required; as I wished to see what and whose this money was; and they replied that they were not accustomed to barter.

“After the water was taken I returned to the ship, made sail, and shaped a course N.W., until I had discovered all the part of the coast of the island which trends east to west. Then all the Indians turned round and said that this island was smaller than Samoet, and that it would be well to return back so as to reach it sooner. The wind presently went down, and then sprang up from W.N.W., which was contrary for us to continue on the previous course. So I turned back, and navigated all that night to E.S.E., sometimes to east and to S.E. This course was steered to keep me clear of the land, for there were very heavy clouds and thick weather, which did not admit of my approaching the land to anchor. On that night it rained very heavily from midnight until nearly dawn, and even afterwards the clouds threatened rain. We found ourselves at the S.W. end of the island, where I hoped to anchor until it cleared up, so as to see the other island whither I have to go. On all these days, since I arrived in these Indies, it has rained more or less. Your Highnesses may believe that this land is the best and most fertile, and with a good climate, level, and as good as there is in the world.”

#### Thursday, 18th of October

“After it had cleared up I went before the wind, approaching the island as near as I could, and anchored when it was no longer light enough to keep under sail. But I did not go on shore, and made sail at dawn.”

#### Friday, 19th of October

“I weighed the anchors at daylight, sending the caravel Pinta on an E.S.E. course, the caravel Niña S.S.E., while I shaped a S.E. course, giving orders that these courses were to be steered until noon, and that then the two caravels should alter course so as to join company with me. Before we had sailed for three hours we saw an island to the east, for which we steered, and all three vessels arrived at the north point before noon. Here there is an islet, and a reef of rocks to seaward of it, besides one between the islet and the large island. The men of San Salvador, whom I bring with me, called it Saomete, and I gave it the name of Isabella. The wind was north, and the said islet bore from the island of Fernandina, whence I had taken my departure, east and west. Afterwards we ran along the coast of the island, westward from the islet, and found its length to be 12 leagues as far as a cape, which I named Cabo Hermoso, at the western end. The island is beautiful, and the coast very deep, without sunken rocks off it. Outside the shore is rocky, but further in there is a sandy beach, and here I anchored on that Friday night until morning. This coast and the part of the island I saw is almost flat, and the island is very beautiful; for if the other islands are lovely, this is more so. It has many very green trees, which are very large. The land is higher than in the other islands, and in it there are some hills, which cannot be called mountains; and it appears that there is much water inland. From this point to the N.E. the coast makes a great angle, and there are many thick and extensive groves. I wanted to go and anchor there, so as to go on shore and see so much beauty; but the water was shallow, and we could only anchor at a distance from the land. The wind also was fair for going to this cape, where I am now anchored, to which I gave the name of Cabo Hermoso, because it is so. Thus it was that I do not anchor in that angle, but as I saw this cape so green and so beautiful, like all the other lands of these islands, I scarcely knew which to visit first; for I can never tire my eyes in looking at such lovely vegetation, so different from ours. I believe that there are many herbs and many trees that are worth much in Europe for dyes and for medicines; but I do not know, and this causes me great sorrow. Arriving at this cape, I found the smell of the trees and flowers so delicious that it seemed the pleasantest thing in the world. To-morrow, before I leave this place, I shall go on shore to see what there is at this cape. There are no people, but there are villages in the interior, where, the Indians I bring with me say, there is a king who has much gold. To-morrow I intend to go so far inland as to find the village, and see and have some speech with this king, who, according to the signs they make, rules over all the neighbouring islands, goes about clothed, and wears much gold on his person. I do not give much faith to what they say, as well because I do not understand them as because they are so poor in gold that even a little that this king may have would appear much to them. This cape, to which I have given the name of Cabo Fermoso, is, I believe, on an island separated from Saometo, and there is another small islet between them. I did not try to examine them in detail, because it could not be done in 50 years. For my desire is to see and discover as much as I can before returning to your Highnesses, our Lord willing, in April. It is true that in the event of finding places where there is gold or spices in quantity I should stop until I had collected as much as I could. I, therefore, proceed in the hope of coming across such places.”

Saturday, 20th of October

“To-day, at sunrise, I weighed the anchors from where I was with the ship, and anchored off the S.W. point of the island of Saometo, to which I gave the name of Cabo de la Laguna, and to the island Isabella. My intention was to navigate to the north-east and east from the south-east and south, where, I understood from the Indians I brought with me, was the village of the king. I found the sea so shallow that I could not enter nor navigate in it, and I saw that to follow a route by the south-east would be a great round. So I determined to return by the route that I had taken from the N.N.E. to the western part, and to sail round this island to. . .

“I had so little wind that I never could sail along the coast, except during the night. As it was dangerous to anchor off these islands except in the day, when one can see where to let go the anchor: for the bottom is all in patches, some clear and some rocky: I lay to all this Sunday night. The caravels anchored because they found themselves near the shore, and they thought that, owing to the signals that they were in the habit of making, I would come to anchor, but I did not wish to do so.”

Sunday, 21st of October

“At ten o'clock I arrived here, off this islet, and anchored, as well as the caravels. After breakfast I went on shore, and found only one house, in which there was no one, and I supposed they had fled from fear, because all their property was left in the house. I would not allow anything to be touched, but set out with the captains and people to explore the island. If the others already seen are very beautiful, green, and fertile, this is much more so, with large trees and very green. Here there are large lagoons with wonderful vegetation on their banks. Throughout the island all is green, and the herbage like April in Andalusia. The songs of the birds were so pleasant that it seemed as if a man could never wish to leave the place. The flocks of parrots concealed the sun; and the birds were so numerous, and of so many different kinds, that it was wonderful. There are trees of a thousand sorts, and all have their several fruits; and I feel the most unhappy man in the world not to know them, for I am well assured that they are all valuable. I bring home specimens of them, and also of the land. Thus walking along round one of the lakes I saw a serpent, which we killed, and I bring home the skin for your Highnesses. As soon as it saw us it went into the lagoon, and we followed, as the water was not very deep, until we killed it with lances. It is 7 palmos long, and I believe that there are many like it in these lagoons. Here I came upon some aloes, and I have determined to take ten quintals on board to-morrow, for they tell me that they are worth a good deal. Also, while in search of good water, we came to a village about half a league from our anchorage. The people, as soon as they heard us, all fled and left their houses, hiding their property in the wood. I would not allow a thing to be touched, even the value of a pin. Presently some men among them came to us, and one came quite close. I gave him some bells and glass beads, which made him very content and happy. That our friendship might be further increased, I resolved to ask him for something; I requested him to get some water. After I had gone on board, the natives came to the beach with calabashes full of water, and they delighted much in giving it to us. I ordered another string of glass beads to be presented to them, and they said they would come again to-morrow. I wished to fill up all the ships with water at this place, and, if there should be time, I intended to search the island until I had had speech with the king, and seen whether he had the gold of which I had heard. I shall then shape a course for another much larger island, which I believe to be Cipango, judging from the signs made by the Indians I bring with me. They call it Cuba, and they say that there are ships and many skilful sailors there. Beyond this island there is another called Bosio, which they also say is very large, and others we shall see as we pass, lying between. According as I obtain tidings of gold or spices I shall settle what should be done. I am still resolved to go to the mainland and the city of Guisay, and to deliver the letters of your Highnesses to the Gran Can, requesting a reply and returning with it.”

Monday, 22nd of October

“All last night and to-day I was here, waiting to see if the king or other person would bring gold or anything of value. Many of these people came, like those of the other islands, equally naked and equally painted, some white, some red, some black, and others in many ways. They brought darts and skeins of cotton to barter, which they exchanged with the sailors for bits of glass, broken crockery, and pieces of earthenware. Some of them had pieces of gold fastened in their noses, which they willingly gave for a hawk's bell and glass beads. But there was so little that it counts for nothing. It is true that they looked upon any little thing that I gave them as a wonder, and they held our arrival to be a great marvel, believing that we came from heaven. We got water for the ships from a lagoon which is near the Cabo del Isleo (Cape of the islet), as we named it. In the said lagoon Martin Alonso Pinzon, captain of the Pinta, killed another serpent 7 palmos long, like the one we got yesterday. I made them gather here as much of the aloe as they could find.”



Tuesday, 23rd of October

“I desired to set out to-day for the island of Cuba, which I think must be Cipango, according to the signs these people make, indicative of its size and riches, and I did not delay any more here nor round this island to the residence of this King or Lord, and have speech with him, as I had intended. This would cause me much delay, and I see that there is no gold mine here. To sail round would need several winds, for it does not blow here as men may wish. It is better to go where there is great entertainment, so I say that it is not reasonable to wait, but rather to continue the voyage and inspect much land, until some very profitable country is reached, my belief being that it will be rich in spices. That I have no personal knowledge of these products causes me the greatest sorrow in the world, for I see a thousand kinds of trees, each one with its own special fruit, all green now as in Spain during the months of May and June, as well as a thousand kinds of herbs with their flowers; yet I know none of them except this aloe, of which I ordered a quantity to be brought on board to bring to your Highnesses. I have not made sail for Cuba because there is no wind, but a dead calm with much rain. It rained a great deal yesterday without causing any cold. On the contrary, the days are hot and the nights cool, like May in Andalusia.”

Wednesday, 24th of October

“At midnight I weighed the anchors and left the anchorage at Cabo del Isleo, in the island of Isabella. From the northern side, where I was, I intended to go to the island of Cuba, where I heard of the people who were very great, and had gold, spices, merchandise, and large ships. They showed me that the course thither would be W.S.W., and so I hold. For I believe that it is so, as all the Indians of these islands, as well as those I brought with me in the ships, told me by signs. I cannot understand their language, but I believe that it is of the island of Cipango that they recount these wonders. On the spheres I saw, and on the delineations of the map of the world, Cipango is in this region. So I shaped a course W.S.W. until daylight, but at dawn it fell calm and began to rain, and went on nearly all night. I remained thus, with little wind, until the afternoon, when it began to blow fresh. I set all the sails in the ship, the mainsail with two bonnets, the foresail, spritsail, mizen, main topsail, and the boat’s sail on the poop. So I proceeded until nightfall, when the Cabo Verde of the island of Fernandina, which is at the S.W. end, bore N.W. distant 7 leagues. As it was now blowing hard, and I did not know how far it was to this island of Cuba, I resolved not to go in search of it during the night; all these islands being very steep-to, with no bottom round them for a distance of two shots of a lombard. The bottom is all in patches, one bit of sand and another of rock, and for this reason it is not safe to anchor without inspection with the eye. So I determined to take in all the sails except the foresail, and to go on under that reduced canvas. Soon the wind increased, while the route was doubtful, and there was very thick weather, with rain. I ordered the foresail to be furled, and we did not make two leagues during that night.”

Thursday, 25th of October

“I steered W.S.W. from after sunset until 9 o’clock, making 5 leagues. Afterwards I altered course to west, and went 8 miles an hour until one in the afternoon; and from that time until three made good 44 miles. Then land was sighted, consisting of 7 or 8 islands, the group running north and south, distant from us 5 leagues.”

Friday, 26th of October

“The ship was on the south side of the islands, which were all low, distant 5 or 6 leagues. I anchored there. The Indians on board said that thence to Cuba was a voyage in their canoes of a day and a half; these being small dug-outs without a sail. Such are their canoes. I departed thence for Cuba, for by the signs the Indians made of its greatness, And of its gold and pearls, I thought that it must be Cipango.”

Saturday, 27th of October

“I weighed from these islands at sunrise, and gave them the name of Las Islas de Arena, owing to the little depth the sea had for a distance of 6 leagues to the southward of them. We went 8 miles an hour on a S.S.W. course until one o’clock, having made 40 miles. Until night we had run 28 miles on the same course, and before dark the land was sighted. At night there was much rain. The vessels, on Saturday until sunset, made 17 leagues on a S.S.W. course.”

Sunday, 28th of October

“I went thence in search of the island of Cuba on a S.S.W. coast, making for the nearest point of it, and entered a very beautiful river without danger of sunken rocks or other impediments. All the coast was clear of dangers up to the shore. The mouth of the river was 12 brazos across, and it is wide enough for a vessel to beat in.

I anchored about a lombard-shot inside." The Admiral says that "he never beheld such a beautiful place, with trees bordering the river, handsome, green, and different from ours, having fruits and flowers each one according to its nature. There are many birds, which sing very sweetly. There are a great number of palm trees of a different kind from those in Guinea and from ours, of a middling height, the trunks without that covering, and the leaves very large, with which they thatch their houses. The country is very level." The Admiral jumped into his boat and went on shore. He came to two houses, which he believed to belong to fishermen who had fled from fear. In one of them he found a kind of dog that never barks, and in both there were nets of palm-fibre and cordage, as well as horn fish-hooks, bone harpoons, and other apparatus "for fishing, and several hearths. He believed that many people lived together in one house. He gave orders that nothing in the houses should be touched, and so it was done." The herbage was as thick as in Andalusia during April and

May. He found much purslane and wild amaranth. He returned to the boat and went up the river for some distance, and he says it was great pleasure to see the bright verdure, and the birds, which he could not leave to go back. He says that this island is the most beautiful that eyes have seen, full of good harbours and deep rivers, and the sea appeared as if it never rose; for the herbage on the beach nearly reached the waves, which does not happen where the sea is rough. (Up to that time they had not experienced a rough sea among all those islands.) He says that the island is full of very beautiful mountains, although they are not very extensive as regards length, but high; and all the country is high like Sicily. It is abundantly supplied with water, as they gathered from the Indians they had taken with them from the island of Guanahani. These said by signs that there are ten great rivers, and that they cannot go round the island in twenty days. When they came near land with the ships, two canoes came out; and, when they saw the sailors get into a boat and row about to find the depth of the river where they could anchor, the canoes fled. The Indians say that in this island there are gold mines and pearls, and the Admiral saw a likely place for them and mussel-shells, which are signs of them. He understood that large ships of the Gran Can came here, and that from here to the mainland was a voyage of ten days. The Admiral called this river and harbour San Salvador.

#### Monday, 29th of October

The Admiral weighed anchor from this port and sailed to the westward, to go to the city, where, as it seemed, the Indians said that there was a king. They doubled a point six leagues to the N.W., and then another point, then east ten leagues. After another league he saw a river with no very large entrance, to which he gave the name of Rio de la Luna. He went on until the hour of Vespers. He saw another river much larger than the others, as the Indians told him by signs, and near he saw goodly villages of houses. He called the river Rio de Mares. He sent two boats on shore to a village to communicate, and one of the Indians he had brought with him, for now they understood a little, and show themselves content with Christians. All the men, women, and children fled, abandoning their houses with all they contained. The Admiral gave orders that nothing should be touched. The houses were better than those he had seen before, and he believed that the houses would improve as he approached the mainland. They were made like booths, very large, and looking like tents in a camp without regular streets, but one here and another there. Within they were clean and well swept, with the furniture well made. All are of palm branches beautifully constructed. They found many images in the shape of women, and many heads like masks, very well carved. It was not known whether these were used as ornaments, or to be worshipped. They had dogs which never bark, and wild birds tamed in their houses. There was a wonderful supply of nets and other fishing implements, but nothing was touched. He believed that all the people on the coast were fishermen, who took the fish inland, for this island is very large, and so beautiful, that he is never tired of praising it. He says that he found trees and fruits of very marvellous taste; and adds that they must have cows or other cattle, for he saw skulls which were like those of cows. The songs of the birds and the chirping of crickets throughout the night lulled everyone to rest, while the air was soft and healthy, and the nights neither hot nor cold. On the voyage through the other islands there was great heat, but here it is tempered like the month of May. He attributed the heat of the other islands to their flatness, and to the wind coming from the east, which is hot. The water of the rivers was salt at the mouth, and they did not know whence the natives got their drinking-water, though they have sweet water in their houses. Ships are able to turn in this river, both entering and coming out, and there are very good leading-marks. He says that all this sea appears to be constantly smooth, like the river at Seville, and the water suitable for the growth of pearls. He found large shells unlike those of Spain. Remarking on the position of the river and port, to which he gave the name of San Salvador, he describes its mountains as lofty and beautiful, like the Pena de las Enamoradas, and one of them has another little hill on its summit, like a graceful mosque. The other river and port, in which he now was, has two round mountains to the S.W., and a fine low cape running out to the W.S.W.

#### Tuesday, 30th of October

He left the Rio de Mares and steered N.W., seeing a cape covered with palm trees, to which he gave the

name of Cabo de Palmas after having made good 15 leagues. The Indians on board the caravel Pinta said that beyond that cape there was a river, and that from the river to Cuba it was four days journey. The captain of the Pinta reported that he understood from that, that this Cuba was a city, and that the land was a great continent trending far to the north. The king of that country, he gathered, was at war with the Gran Can, whom they called Cami, and his land or city Fava, with many other names. The Admiral resolved to proceed to that river, and to send a present, with the letter of the Sovereigns, to the king of that land. For this service there was a sailor who had been to Guinea, and some of the Indians of Guanahani wished to go with him, and afterwards to return to their homes. The Admiral calculated that he was forty-two degrees to the north of the equinoctial line (but the handwriting is here illegible). He says that he must attempt to reach the Gran Can, who he thought was here or at the city of Cathay, which belongs to him, and is very grand, as he was informed before leaving Spain. All this land, he adds, is low and beautiful, and the sea deep.

#### Wednesday, 31st of October

All Tuesday night he was beating to windward, and he saw a river, but could not enter it because the entrance was narrow. The Indians fancied that the ships could enter wherever their canoes could go. Navigating onwards, he came to a cape running out very far, and surrounded by sunken rocks, and he saw a bay where small vessels might take shelter. He could not proceed because the wind had come round to the north, and all the coast runs N.W. and S.E. Another cape further on ran out still more. For these reasons, and because the sky showed signs of a gale, he had to return to the Rio de Mares.

#### Thursday, November the 1st

At sunrise the Admiral sent the boats on shore to the houses that were there, and they found that all the people had fled. After some time a man made his appearance. The Admiral ordered that he should be left to himself, and the sailors returned to the boats. After dinner, one of the Indians on board was sent on shore. He called out from a distance that there was nothing to fear, because the strangers were good people and would do no harm to anyone, nor were they people of the Gran Can, but they had given away their things in many islands where they had been. The Indian then swam on shore, and two of the natives took him by the arms and brought him to a house, where they heard what he had to say. When they were certain that no harm would be done to them they were reassured, and presently more than sixteen canoes came to the ships with cotton-thread and other trifles. The Admiral ordered that nothing should be taken from them, that they might understand that he sought for nothing but gold, which they call nucay. Thus they went to and fro between the ships and the shore all day, and they came to the Christians on shore with confidence. The Admiral saw no gold whatever among them, but he says that he saw one of them with a piece of worked silver fastened to his nose. They said, by signs, that within three days many merchants from inland would come to buy the things brought by the Christians, and would give information respecting the king of that land. So far as could be understood from their signs, he resided at a distance of four days' journey. They had sent many messengers in all directions, with news of the arrival of the Admiral. "These people", says the Admiral, "are of the same appearance and have the same customs as those of the other islands, without any religion so far as I know, for up to this day I have never seen the Indians on board say any prayer; though they repeat the Salve and Ave Maria with their hands raised to heaven, and they make the sign of the cross. The language is also the same, and they are all friends; but I believe that all these islands are at war with the Gran Can, whom they called Cavila, and his province Bafan. They all go naked like the others." This is what the Admiral says. "The river," he adds, "is very deep, and the ships can enter the mouth, going close to the shore. The sweet water does not come within a league of the mouth. It is certain," says the Admiral, "that this is the mainland, and that I am in front of Zayto and Guinsay, a hundred leagues, a little more or less, distant the one from the other. It is very clear that no one before has been so far as this by sea. Yesterday, with wind from the N.W., I found it cold."

#### Friday, 2nd of November

The Admiral decided upon sending two Spaniards, one named Rodrigo de Jerez, who lived in Ayamonte, and the other Luis de Torres, who had served in the household of the Adelantado of Murcia, and had been a Jew, knowing Hebrew, Chaldee, and even some Arabic. With these men he sent two Indians, one from among those he had brought from Guanahani, and another a native of the houses by the river-side. He gave them strings of beads with which to buy food if they should be in need, and ordered them to return in six days. He gave them specimens of spices, to see if any were to be found. Their instructions were to ask for the king of that land, and they were told what to say on the part of the Sovereigns of Castille, how they had sent the Admiral with letters and a present, to inquire after his health and establish friendship, favouring him in what he might desire from them. They were to

collect information respecting certain provinces, ports, and rivers of which the Admiral had notice, and to ascertain their distances from where he was.

This night the Admiral took an altitude with a quadrant, and found that the distance from the equinoctial line was 42 degrees. He says that, by his reckoning, he finds that he has gone over 1,142 leagues from the island of Hierro. He still believes that he has reached the mainland.

#### Saturday, 3rd of November

In the morning the Admiral got into the boat, and, as the river is like a great lake at the mouth, forming a very excellent port, very deep, and clear of rocks, with a good beach for careening ships, and plenty of fuel, he explored it until he came to fresh water at a distance of two leagues from the mouth. He ascended a small mountain to obtain a view of the surrounding country, but could see nothing, owing to the dense foliage of the trees, which were very fresh and odoriferous, so that he felt no doubt that there were aromatic herbs among them. He said that all he saw was so beautiful that his eyes could never tire of gazing upon such loveliness, nor his ears of listening to the songs of birds. That day many canoes came to the ships, to barter with cotton threads and with the nets in which they sleep, called hamacas.

#### Sunday, 4th of November

At sunrise the Admiral again went away in the boat, and landed to hunt the birds he had seen the day before. After a time, Martin Alonso Pinzon came to him with two pieces of cinnamon, and said that a Portuguese, who was one of his crew, had seen an Indian carrying two very large bundles of it; but he had not bartered for it, because of the penalty imposed by the Admiral on anyone who bartered. He further said that this Indian carried some brown things like nutmegs. The master of the Pinta said that he had found the cinnamon trees. The Admiral went to the place, and found that they were not cinnamon trees. The Admiral showed the Indians some specimens of cinnamon and pepper he had brought from Castillo, and they knew it, and said, by signs, that there was plenty in the vicinity, pointing to the S.E. He also showed them gold and pearls, on which certain old men said that there was an infinite quantity in a place called Bohio, and that the people wore it on their necks, ears, arms, and legs, as well as pearls. He further understood them to say that there were great ships and much merchandise, all to the S.E. He also understood that, far away, there were men with one eye, and others with dogs' noses who were cannibals, and that when they captured an enemy they beheaded him and drank his blood.

The Admiral then determined to return to the ship and wait for the return of the two men he had sent, intending to depart and seek for those lands, if his envoys brought some good news touching what he desired. The Admiral further says: "These people are very gentle and timid; they go naked, as I have said, without arms and without law. The country is very fertile. The people have plenty of roots called zanahorias (yams), with a smell like chesnuts; and they have beans of kinds very different from ours. They also have much cotton, which they do not sow, as it is wild in the mountains, and I believe they collect it throughout the year, because I saw pods empty, others full, and flowers all on one tree. There are a thousand other kinds of fruits which it is impossible for me to write about, and all must be profitable." All this the Admiral says.

#### Monday, 5th of November

This morning the Admiral ordered the ship to be careened, afterwards the other vessels, but not all at the same time. Two were always to be at the anchorage, as a precaution; although he says that these people were very safe, and that without fear all the vessels might have been careened at the same time. Things being in this state, the master of the Niña came to claim a reward from the Admiral because he had found mastick, but he did not bring the specimen, as he had dropped it. The Admiral promised him a reward, and sent Rodrigo Sanchez and master Diego to the trees. They collected some, which was kept to present to the Sovereigns, as well as the tree. The Admiral says that he knew it was mastick, though it ought to be gathered at the proper season. There is enough in that district for a yield of 1,000 quintals every year. The Admiral also found here a great deal of the plant called aloe. He further says that the Puerto de Mares is the best in the world, with the finest climate and the most gentle people. As it has a high, rocky cape, a fortress might be built, so that, in the event of the place becoming rich and important, the merchants would be safe from any other nations. He adds: "The Lord, in whose hands are all victories, will ordain all things for his service. An Indian said by signs that the mastick was good for pains in the stomach."

#### Tuesday, 6th of November

"Yesterday, at night", says the Admiral, "the two men came back who had been sent to explore the interior. They said that after walking 12 leagues they came to a village of 50 houses, where there were a thousand inhabitants,

for many live in one house. These houses are like very large booths. They said that they were received with great solemnity, according to custom, and all, both men and women, came out to see them. They were lodged in the best houses, and the people touched them, kissing their hands and feet, marvelling and believing that they came from heaven, and so they gave them to understand. They gave them to eat of what they had. When they arrived, the chief people conducted them by the arms to the principal house, gave them two chairs on which to sit, and all the natives sat round them on the ground. The Indian who came with them described the manner of living of the Christians, and said that they were good people. Presently the men went out, and the women came sitting round them in the same way, kissing their hands and feet, and looking to see if they were of flesh and bones like themselves. They begged the Spaniards to remain with them at least five days." The Spaniards showed the natives specimens of cinnamon, pepper, and other spices which the Admiral had given them, and they said, by signs, that there was plenty at a short distance from thence to S.E., but that there they did not know whether there was any. Finding that they had no information respecting cities, the Spaniards returned; and if they had desired to take those who wished to accompany them, more than 500 men and women would have come, because they thought the Spaniards were returning to heaven. There came, however, a principal man of the village and his son, with a servant. The

Admiral conversed with them, and showed them much honour. They made signs respecting many lands and islands in those parts. The Admiral thought of bringing them to the Sovereigns. He says that he knew not what fancy took them; either from fear, or owing to the dark night, they wanted to land. The ship was at the time high and dry, but, not wishing to make them angry, he let them go on their saying that they would return at dawn, but they never came back. The two Christians met with many people on the road going home, men and women with a half-burnt weed in their hands, being the herbs they are accustomed to smoke. They did not find villages on the road of more than five houses, all receiving them with the same reverence. They saw many kinds of trees, herbs, and sweet-smelling flowers; and birds of many different kinds, unlike those of Spain, except the partridges, geese, of which there are many, and singing nightingales. They saw no quadrupeds except the dogs that do not bark. The land is very fertile, and is cultivated with yams and several kinds of beans different from ours, as well as corn. There were great quantities of cotton gathered, spun, and worked up. In a single house they saw more than 500 arrobas, and as much as 4,000 quintals could be yielded every year. The Admiral said that "it did not appear to be cultivated, and that it bore all the year round. It is very fine, and has a large boll. All that was possessed by these people they gave at a very low price, and a great bundle of cotton was exchanged for the point of a needle or other trifle. They are a people," says the Admiral, "guileless and unwarlike. Men and women go as naked as when their mothers bore them. It is true that the women wear a very small rag of cotton-cloth, and they are of very good appearance, not very dark, less so than the Canarians. I hold, most serene Princes, that if devout religious persons were here, knowing the language, they would all turn Christians. I trust in our Lord that your Highnesses will resolve upon this with much diligence, to bring so many great nations within the Church, and to convert them; as you have destroyed those who would not confess the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. And after your days, all of us being mortal, may your kingdoms remain in peace, and free from heresy and evil, and may you be well received before the eternal Creator, to whom I pray that you may have long life and great increase of kingdoms and lordships, with the will and disposition to increase the holy Christian religion as you have done hitherto. Amen!" "To day I got the ship afloat, and prepared to depart on Thursday, in the name of God, and to steer S.E. in search of gold and spices, and to discover land." These are the words of the Admiral, who intended to depart on Thursday, but, the wind being contrary, he could not go until the 12th of November.

#### Monday, 12th of November

The Admiral left the port and river of Mares before dawn to visit the island called Babeque, so much talked of by the Indians on board, where, according to their signs, the people gather the gold on the beach at night with candles, and afterwards beat it into bars with hammers. To go thither it was necessary to shape a course E. b. S. After having made 8 leagues along the coast, a river was sighted, and another 4 leagues brought them to another river, which appeared to be of great volume, and larger than any they had yet seen. The Admiral did not wish to stop nor to enter any of these rivers, for two reasons: the first and principal one being that wind and weather were favourable for going in search of the said island of Babeque; the other, that, if there was a populous and famous city near the sea, it would be visible, while, to go up the rivers, small vessels are necessary, which those of the expedition were not. Much time would thus be lost; moreover, the exploration of such rivers is a separate enterprise. All that coast was peopled near the river, to which the name of Rio del Sol was given.

The Admiral says that, on the previous Sunday, the 11th of November, it seemed good to take some persons from amongst those at Rio de Mares, to bring to the Sovereigns, that they might learn our language, so as to be able to tell us what there is in their lands. Returning, they would be the mouthpieces of the Christians, and would adopt our customs and the things of the faith. "I saw and knew" (says the Admiral) "that these people are without any religion, not idolaters, but very gentle, not knowing what is evil, nor the sins of murder and theft, being without

arms, and so timid that a hundred would fly before one Spaniard, although they joke with them. They, however, believe and know that there is a God in heaven, and say that we have come from heaven. At any prayer that we say, they repeat, and make the sign of the cross. Thus your Highnesses should resolve to make them Christians, for I believe that, if the work was begun, in a little time a multitude of nations would be converted to our faith, with the acquisition of great lordships, peoples, and riches for Spain. Without doubt, there is in these lands a vast quantity of gold, and the Indians I have on board do not speak without reason when they say that in these islands there are places where they dig out gold, and wear it on their necks, ears, arms, and legs, the rings being very large. There are also precious stones, pearls, and an infinity of spices. In this river of Mares, whence we departed to-night, there is undoubtedly a great quantity of mastick, and much more could be raised, because the trees may be planted, and will yield abundantly. The leaf and fruit are like the mastick, but the tree and leaf are larger. As Pliny describes it, I have seen it on the island of Chios in the Archipelago. I ordered many of these trees to be tapped, to see if any of them would yield resin; but, as it rained all the time I was in that river, I could not get any, except a very little, which I am bringing to your Highnesses. It may not be the right season for tapping, which is, I believe, when the trees come forth after winter and begin to flower. But when I was there the fruit was nearly ripe. Here also there is a great quantity of cotton, and I believe it would have a good sale here without sending it to Spain, but to the great cities of the Gran Can, which will be discovered without doubt, and many others ruled over by other lords, who will be pleased to serve your Highnesses, and whither will be brought other commodities of Spain and of the Eastern lands; but these are to the west as regards us. There is also here a great yield of aloes, though this is not a commodity that will yield great profit. The mastick, however, is important, for it is only obtained from the said island of Chios, and I believe the harvest is worth 50,000 ducats, if I remember right. There is here, in the mouth of the river, the best port I have seen up to this time, wide, deep, and clear of rocks. It is an excellent site for a town and fort, for any ship could come close up to the walls; the land is high, with a temperate climate, and very good water.

“Yesterday a canoe came alongside the ship, with six youths in it. Five came on board, and I ordered them to be detained. They are now here. I afterwards sent to a house on the western side of the river, and seized seven women, old and young, and three children. I did this because the men would behave better in Spain if they had women of their own land, than without them. For on many occasions the men of Guinea have been brought to learn the language in Portugal, and afterwards, when they returned, and it was expected that they would be useful in their land, owing to the good company they had enjoyed and the gifts they had received, they never appeared after arriving. Others may not act thus. But, having women, they have the wish to perform what they are required to do; besides, the women would teach our people their language, which is the same in all these islands, so that those who make voyages in their canoes are understood everywhere. On the other hand, there are a thousand different languages in Guinea, and one native does not understand another.

“The same night the husband of one of the women came alongside in a canoe, who was father of the three children—one boy and two girls. He asked me to let him come with them, and besought me much. They are now all consoled at being with one who is a relation of them all. He is a man of about 45 years of age.” All these are the words of the Admiral. He also says that he had felt some cold, and that it would not be wise to continue discoveries in a northerly direction in the winter. On this Monday, until sunset, he steered a course E. b. S., making 18 leagues, and reaching a cape, to which he gave the name of Cabo de Cuba.

### Tuesday, 13th of November

This night the ships were on a bowline, as the sailors say, beating to windward without making any progress. At sunset they began to see an opening in the mountains, where two very high peaks were visible. It appeared that here was the division between the land of Cuba and that

of Bohio, and this was affirmed by signs, by the Indians who were on board. As soon as the day had dawned, the Admiral made sail towards the land, passing a point which appeared at night to be distant two leagues. He then entered a large gulf, 5 leagues to the S.S.E., and there remained 5 more, to arrive at the point where, between two great mountains, there appeared to be an opening; but it could not be made out whether it was an inlet of the sea. As he desired to go to the island called Babeque, where, according to the information he had received, there was much gold; and as it bore east, and as no large town was in sight, the wind freshening more than ever, he resolved to put out to sea, and work to the east with a northerly wind. The ship made 8 miles an hour, and from ten in the forenoon, when that course was taken, until sunset, 56 miles, which is 14 leagues to the eastward from the Cabo de Cuba. The other land of Bohio was left to leeward. Commencing from the cape of the said gulf, he discovered, according to his reckoning, 80 miles, equal to 20 leagues, all that coast running E.S.E. and W.N.W.

### Wednesday, 14th of November

All last night the Admiral was boating to windward (he said that it would be unreasonable to navigate

among those islands during the night, until they had been explored), for the Indians said yesterday that it would take three days to go from Rio de Mares to the island of Babeque, by which should be understood days' journeys in their canoes equal to about 7 leagues. The wind fell, and, the course being east, she could not lay her course nearer than S.E., and, owing to other mischances, he was detained until the morning. At sunrise he determined to go in search of a port, because the wind had shifted from north to N.E., and, if a port could not be found, it would be necessary to go back to the ports in the island of Cuba, whence they came. The Admiral approached the shore, having gone over 28 miles E.S.E. that night. He steered south . . . . miles to the land, where he saw many islets and openings. As the wind was high and the sea rough, he did not dare to risk an attempt to enter, but ran along the coast W.N.W., looking out for a port, and saw many, but none very clear of rocks. After having proceeded for 64 miles, he found a very deep opening, a quarter of a mile wide, with a good port and river. He ran in with her head S.S.W., afterwards south to S.E. The port was spacious and very deep, and he saw so many islands that he could not count them all, with very high land covered with trees of many kinds, and an infinite number of palms. He was much astonished to see so many lofty islands; and assured the Sovereigns that the mountains and isles he had seen since yesterday seemed to him to be second to none in the world; so high and clear of clouds and snow, with the sea at their bases so deep. He believes that these islands are those innumerable ones that are depicted on the maps of the world in the Far East. He believed that they yielded very great riches in precious stones and spices, and that they extend much further to the south, widening out in all directions. He gave the name of La Mar de Nuestra Señora, and to the haven, which is near the mouth of the

entrance to these islands, Puerto del Principe. He did not enter it, but examined it from outside, until another time, on Saturday of the next week, as will there appear. He speaks highly of the fertility, beauty, and height of the islands which he found in this gulf, and he tells the Sovereigns not to wonder at his praise of them, for that he has not told them the hundredth part. Some of them seemed to reach to heaven, running up into peaks like diamonds. Others have a flat top like a table. At their bases the sea is of a great depth, with enough water for a very large carrack. All are covered with foliage and without rocks.

#### Thursday, 15th of November

The Admiral went to examine these islands in the ships' boats, and speaks marvels of them, how he found mastic and aloes without end. Some of them were cultivated with the roots of which the Indians make bread; and he found that fires had been lighted in several places. He saw no fresh water. There were some natives, but they fled. In all parts of the sea where the vessels were navigated he found a depth of 15 or 16 fathoms, and all basa, by which he means that the ground is sand, and not rocks; a thing much desired by sailors, for the rocks cut their anchor cables.

#### Friday, 16th of November

As in all parts, whether islands or mainlands, that he visited, the Admiral always left a cross; so, on this occasion, he went in a boat to the entrance of these havens, and found two very large trees on a point of land, one longer than the other. One being placed over the other, made a cross, and he said that a carpenter could not have made it better. He ordered a very large and high cross to be made out of these timbers. He found canes on the beach, and did not know where they had grown, but thought they must have been brought down by some river, and washed up on the beach (in which opinion he had reason). He went to a creek on the south-east side of the entrance to the port. Here, under a height of rock and stone like a cape, there was depth enough for the largest carrack in the world close in shore, and there was a corner where six ships might lie without anchors as in a room. It seemed to the Admiral that a fortress might be built here at small cost, if at any time any famous trade should arise in that sea of islands.

Returning to the ship, he found that the Indians who were on board had fished up very large shells found in those seas. He made the people examine them, to see if there was mother-o'-pearl, which is in the shells where pearls grow. They found a great deal, but no pearls, and their absence was attributed to its not being the season, which is May and June. The sailors found an animal which seemed to be a taso, or taxor. They also fished with nets, and, among many others, caught a fish which was exactly like a pig, not like a tunny, but all covered with a very hard shell, without a soft place except the eyes. It was ordered to be salted, to bring home for the Sovereigns to see.

#### Saturday, 17th of November

The Admiral got into the boat, and went to visit the islands he had not yet seen to the S.W. He saw many more very fertile and pleasant islands, with a great depth between them. Some of them had springs of fresh water, and he believed that the water of those streams came from some sources at the summits of the mountains. He went on, and found a beach bordering on very sweet water, which was very cold. There was a beautiful meadow, and many

very tall palms. They found a large nut of the kind belonging to India, great rats, and enormous crabs. He saw many birds, and there was a strong smell of musk, which made him think it must be there. This day the two eldest of the six youths brought from the Rio de Mares, who were on board the caravel *Niña*, made their escape.

#### Sunday, 18th of November

The Admiral again went away with the boats, accompanied by many of the sailors, to set up the cross which he had ordered to be made out of the two large trees at the entrance to the Puerto del Principe, on a fair site cleared of trees, whence there was an extensive and very beautiful view. He says that there is a greater rise and fall there than in any other port he has seen, and that this is no marvel, considering the numerous islands. The tide is the reverse of ours, because here, when the moon is S.S.W., it is low water in the port. He did not get under weigh, because it was Sunday.

#### Monday, 19th of November

The Admiral Qt under weigh before sunrise, in a calm. In the afternoon there was some wind from the east, and lie shaped a N.N.E. course. At sunset the Puerto del Principe bore S.S.W. 7 leagues. He saw the island of Babeque bearing due east about 60 miles. He steered N.E. all that night, making 60 miles, and up to ten o'clock of Tuesday another dozen; altogether 18 leagues N.E. b. W.

#### Tuesday, 20th of November

They left Babeque, or the islands of Babeque, to the E.S.E., the wind being contrary; and, seeing that no progress was being made, and the sea was getting rough, the Admiral determined to return to the Puerto del Principe, whence he had started, which was 25 leagues distant. He did not wish to go to the island he had called Isabella, which was twelve leagues off, and where he might have anchored that night, for two reasons: one was that he had seen two islands to the south which he wished to explore; the other, because the Indians he brought with him, whom he had taken at the island of Guanahani, which he named San Salvador, eight leagues from Isabella, might get away, and he said that he wanted them to take to Spain. They thought that, when the Admiral had found gold, he would let them return to their homes. He came near the Puerto del Principe, but could not reach it, because it was night, and because the current drifted them to the N.W. He turned her head to N.E. with a light wind. At three o'clock in the morning the wind changed, and a course was shaped E.N.E., the wind being S.S.W., and changing at dawn to south and S.E. At sunset Puerto del Principe bore nearly S.W. by W. 48 miles, which are 12 leagues.

#### Wednesday, 21st of November

At sunrise the Admiral steered cast, with a southerly wind, but made little progress, owing to a contrary sea. At vespers he had gone 24 miles. Afterwards the wind changed to east, and he steered S. b. E., at sunset having gone 12 miles. Here he found himself forty-two degrees north of the equinoctial line, as in the port of Mares, but he says that he kept the result from the quadrant in suspense until he reached the shore, that it might be adjusted (as it would seem that he thought this distance was too great, and he had reason, it not being possible, as these islands are only in. . . .degrees).

This day Martin Alonso Pinzon parted company with the caravel *Pinta*, in disobedience to and against the wish of the Admiral, and out of avarice, thinking that an Indian who had been put on board his caravel could show him where there was much gold. So he parted company, not owing to bad weather, but because he chose. Here the Admiral says: "He had done and said many other things to me."

#### Thursday, 22nd of November

On Wednesday night the Admiral steered S.S.E., with the wind east, but it was nearly calm. At 3 it began to blow from N.N.E.; and he continued to steer south to see the land he had seen in that quarter. When the sun rose he was as far off as the day before, owing to adverse currents, the land being 40 miles off. This night Martin Alonso shaped a course to the east, to go to the island of Babeque, where the Indians say there is much gold. He did this in sight of the Admiral, from whom he was distant 16 miles. The Admiral stood towards the land all night. He shortened sail, and showed a lantern, because Pinzon would thus have an opportunity of joining him, the night being very clear, and the wind fair to come, if he had wished to do so.



Friday, 23rd of November

The Admiral stood towards the land all day, always steering south with little wind, but the current would never let them reach it, being as far off at sunset as in the morning. The wind was E.N.E., and they could shape a southerly course, but there was little of it. Beyond this cape there stretched out another land or cape, also trending east, which the Indians on board called Bohio. They said that it was very large, and that there were people in it who had one eye in their foreheads, and others who were cannibals, and of whom they were much afraid. When they saw that this course was taken, they said that they could not talk to these people because they would be eaten, and that they were very well armed. The Admiral says that he well believes that there were such people, and that if they are armed they must have some ability. He thought that they may have captured some of the Indians, and because they did not return to their homes, the others believed that they had been eaten. They thought the same of the Christians and of the Admiral when some of them first saw the strangers.

Saturday, 24th of November

They navigated all night, and at 3 they reached the island at the very same point they had come to the week before, when they started for the island of Babeque. At first the Admiral did not dare to approach the shore, because it seemed that there would be a great surf in that mountain-girded bay. Finally he reached the sea of Nuestra Señora, where there are many islands, and entered a port near the mouth of the opening to the islands. He says that if he had known of this port before he need not have occupied himself in exploring the islands, and it would not have been necessary to go back. He, however, considered that the time was well spent in examining the islands. On nearing the land he sent in the boat to sound; finding a good sandy bottom in 6 to 20 fathoms. He entered the haven, pointing the ship's head S.W. and then west, the flat island bearing north. This, with another island near it, forms a harbour which would hold all the ships of Spain safe from all winds. This entrance on the S.W. side is passed by steering S.S.W., the outlet being to the west very deep and wide. Thus a vessel can pass amidst these islands, and he who approaches from the north, with a knowledge of them, can pass along the coast. These islands are at the foot of a great mountain-chain running east and west, which is longer and higher than any others on this coast, where there are many. A reef of rocks outside runs parallel with the said mountains, like a bench, extending to the entrance. On the side of the flat island, and also to the S.E., there is another small reef, but between them there is great width and depth. Within the port, near the S.E. side of the entrance, they saw a large and very fine river, with more volume than any they had yet met with, and fresh water could be taken from it as far as the sea. At the entrance there is a bar, but within it is very deep, 19 fathoms. The banks are lined with palms and many other trees.

Sunday, 25th of November

Before sunrise the Admiral got into the boat, and went to see a cape or point of land to the S.E. of the flat island, about a league and a half distant, because there appeared to be a good river there. Presently, near to S.E. side of the cape, at a distance of two cross-bow shots, he saw a large stream of beautiful water falling from the mountains above, with a loud noise. He went to it, and saw some stones shining in its bed like gold. He remembered that in the river Tejo, near its junction with the sea, there was gold; so it seemed to him that this should contain gold, and he ordered some of these stones to be collected, to be brought to the Sovereigns. Just then the sailor boys called out that they had found large pines. The Admiral looked up the hill, and saw that they were so wonderfully large that he could not exaggerate their height and straightness, like stout yet fine spindles. He perceived that here there was material for great store of planks and masts for the largest ships in Spain. He saw oaks and arbutus trees, with a good river, and the means of making water-power. The climate was temperate, owing to the height of the mountains. On the beach he saw many other stones of the colour of iron, and others that some said were like silver ore, all brought down by the river. Here he obtained a new mast and yard for the mizen of the caravel *Niña*. He came to the mouth of the river, and entered a creek which was deep and wide, at the foot of that S.E. part of the cape, which would accommodate a hundred ships without any anchor or hawsers. Eyes never beheld a better harbour. The mountains are very high, whence descend many limpid streams, and all the hills are covered with pines, and an infinity of diverse and beautiful trees. Two or three other rivers were not visited.

The Admiral described all this, in much detail, to the Sovereigns, and declared that he had derived unspeakable joy and pleasure at seeing it, more especially the pines, because they enable as many ships as is desired to be built here, bringing out the rigging, but finding here abundant supplies of wood and provisions. He affirms that he has not enumerated a hundredth part of what there is here, and that it pleased our Lord always to show him one thing better than another, as well on the ground and among the trees, herbs, fruits, and flowers, as in the people, and always something different in each place. It had been the same as regards the havens and the waters. Finally, he says that if it caused him who saw it so much wonder, how much more will it affect those who hear about it; yet no one can believe until he sees it.

Monday, 26th of November

At sunrise the Admiral weighed the anchors in the haven of Santa Catalina, where he was behind the flat island, and steered along the coast in the direction of Cabo del Pico, which was S.E. He reached the cape late, because the wind failed, and then saw another cape, S.E. b. E. 60 miles, which, when 20 miles off, was named Cabo de Campana, but it could not be reached that day. They made good 32 miles during the day, which is 8 leagues. During this time the Admiral noted nine remarkable ports, which all the sailors thought wonderfully good, and five large rivers; for they sailed close along the land, so as to see everything. All along the coast there are very high and beautiful mountains, not arid or rocky, but all accessible, and very lovely. The valleys, like the mountains, were full of tall and fine trees, so that it was a glory to look upon them, and there seemed to be many pines. Also, beyond the said Cabo de Pico to the S.E. there are two islets, each about two leagues round, and inside them three excellent havens and two large rivers. Along the whole coast no inhabited places were visible from the sea. There may have been some, and there were indications of them, for, when the men landed, they found signs of people and numerous remains of fires. The Admiral conjectured that the land he saw to-day S.E. of the Cabo de Campana was the island called by the Indians Bohio: it looked as if this cape was separated from the mainland. The Admiral says that all the people he has hitherto met with have very great fear of those of Caniba or Canima. They affirm that they live in the island of Bohio, which must be very large, according to all accounts. The Admiral understood that those of Caniba come to take people from their homes, they being very cowardly, and without knowledge of arms. For this cause it appears that these Indians do not settle on the sea-coast, owing to being near the land of Caniba. When the natives who were on board saw a course shaped for that land, they feared to speak, thinking they were going to be eaten; nor could they rid themselves of their fear. They declared that the Canibas had only one eye and dogs' faces. The Admiral thought they lied, and was inclined to believe that it was people from the dominions of the Gran Can who took them into captivity.

Tuesday, 27th of November

Yesterday, at sunset, they arrived near a cape named Campana by the Admiral; and, as the sky was clear and the wind light, he did not wish to run in close to the land and anchor, although he had five or six singularly good havens under his lee. The Admiral was attracted on the one hand by the longing and delight he felt to gaze upon the beauty and freshness of those lands, and on the other by a desire to complete the work he had undertaken. For these reasons he remained close hauled, and stood off and on during the night. But, as the currents had set him more than 5 or 6 leagues to the S.E. beyond where he had been at nightfall, passing the land of Campana, he came in sight of a great opening beyond that cape, which seemed to divide one land from another, leaving an island between them. He decided to go back, with the wind S.E., steering to the point where the opening had appeared, where he found that it was only a large bay; and at the end of it, on the S.E. side, there was a point of land on which was a high and square-cut hill, which had looked like an island. A breeze sprang up from the north, and the Admiral continued on a S.E. course, to explore the coast and discover all that was there. Presently he saw, at the foot of the Cabo de Campana a wonderfully good port, and a large river, and, a quarter of a league on, another river, and a third, and a fourth to a seventh at similar distances, from the furthest one to Cabo de Campana being 20 miles S.E. Most of these rivers have wide and deep mouths, with excellent havens for large ships, without sandbanks or sunken rocks. Proceeding onwards from the last of these rivers, on a S.E. course, they came to the largest inhabited place they had yet seen, and a vast concourse of people came down to the beach with loud shouts, all naked, with their darts in their hands. The Admiral desired to have speech with them, so he furled sails and anchored. The boats of the ship and the caravel were sent on shore, with orders to do no harm whatever to the Indians, but to give them presents. The Indians made as if they would resist the landing, but, seeing that the boats of the Spaniards continued to advance without fear, they retired from the beach. Thinking that they would not be terrified if only two or three landed, three Christians were put on shore, who told them not to be afraid, in their own language, for they had been able to learn a little from the natives who were on board. But all ran away, neither great nor small remaining. The Christians went to the houses, which were of straw, and built like the others they had seen, but found no one in any of them. They returned to the ships, and made sail at noon in the direction of a fine cape to the eastward, about 8 leagues distant. Having gone about half a league, the Admiral saw, on the south side of the same bay, a very remarkable harbour, and to the S.E. some wonderfully beautiful country like a valley among the mountains, whence much smoke arose, indicating a large population, with signs of much cultivation. So he resolved to stop at this port, and see if he could have any speech or intercourse with the inhabitants. It was so that, if the Admiral had praised the other havens, he must praise this still more for its lands, climate, and people. He tells marvels of the beauty of the country and of the trees, there being palms and pine trees; and also of the great valley, which is not flat, but diversified by hill and dale, the most lovely scene in the world. Many streams flow from it, which fall from the mountains.

As soon as the ship was at anchor the Admiral jumped into the boat, to get soundings in the port, which is the

shape of a hammer. When he was facing the entrance he found the mouth of a river on the south side of sufficient width for a galley to enter it, but so concealed that it is not visible until close to. Entering it for the length of the boat, there was a depth of from 5 to 8 fathoms. In passing up it the freshness and beauty of the trees, the clearness of the water, and the birds, made it all so delightful that he wished never to leave them. He said to the men who were with him that to give a true relation to the Sovereigns of the things they had seen, a thousand tongues would not suffice, nor his hand to write it, for that it was like a scene of enchantment. He desired that many other prudent and credible witnesses might see it, and he was sure that they would be as unable to exaggerate the scene as he was.

The Admiral also says:—"How great the benefit that is to be derived from this country would be, I cannot say. It is certain that where there are such lands there must be an infinite number of things that would be profitable. But I did not remain long in one port, because I wished to see as much of the country as possible, in order to make a report upon it to your Highnesses; and besides, I do not know the language, and these people neither understand me nor any other in my company; while the Indians I have on board often misunderstand. Moreover, I have not been able to see much of the natives, because they often take to flight. But now, if our Lord pleases, I will see as much as possible, and will proceed by little and little, learning and comprehending; and I will make some of my followers learn the language. For I have perceived that there is only one language up to this point. After they understand the advantages, I shall labour to make all these people Christians. They will become so readily, because they have no religion nor idolatry, and your Highnesses will send orders to build a city and fortress, and to convert the people. I assure your Highnesses that it does not appear to me that there can be a more fertile country nor a better climate under the sun, with abundant supplies of water. This is not like the rivers of Guinea, which are all pestilential. I thank our Lord that, up to this time, there has not been a person of my company who has so much as had a headache, or been in bed from illness, except an old man who has suffered from the stone all his life, and he was well again in two days. I speak of all three vessels. If it will please God that your Highnesses should send learned men out here, they will see the truth of all I have said. I have related already how good a place Rio de Mares would be for a town and fortress, and this is perfectly true; but it bears no comparison with this place, nor with the Mar de Nuestra Señora. For here there must be a large population, and very valuable productions, which I hope to discover before I return to Castille. I say that if Christendom will find profit among these people, how much more will Spain, to whom the whole country should be subject. Your Highnesses ought not to consent that any stranger should trade here, or put his foot in the country, except Catholic Christians, for this was the beginning and end of the undertaking; namely, the increase and glory of the Christian religion, and that no one should come to these parts who was not a good Christian."

All the above are the Admiral's words. He ascended the river for some distance, examined some branches of it, and, returning to the mouth, he found some pleasant groves of trees, like a delightful orchard. Here he came upon a canoe, dug out of one tree, as big as a galley of twelve, benches, fastened under a boat-house made of wood, and thatched with palm-leaves, so that it could be neither injured by sun nor by the water. He says that here would be the proper site for a town and fort, by reason of the good port, good water, good land, and abundance of fuel.

#### Wednesday, 28th of November

The Admiral remained during this day, in consequence of the rain and thick weather, though he might have run along the coast, the wind being S.W., but he did not weigh, because he was unacquainted with the coast beyond, and did not know what danger there might be for the vessels. The sailors of the two vessels went on shore to wash their clothes, and some of them walked inland for a short distance. They found indications of a large population, but the houses were all empty, everyone having fled. They returned by the banks of another river, larger than that which they knew of, at the port.

#### Thursday, 29th of November

The rain and thick weather continuing, the Admiral did not get under weigh. Some of the Christians went to another village to the N.W., but found no one, and nothing in the houses. On the road they met an old man who could not run away, and caught him. They told him they did not wish to do him any harm, gave him a few presents, and let him go. The Admiral would have liked to have had speech with him, for he was exceedingly satisfied with the delights of that land, and wished that a settlement might be formed there, judging that it must support a large population. In one house they found a cake of wax, which was taken to the Sovereigns, the Admiral saying that where there was wax there were also a thousand other good things. The sailors also found, in one house, the head of a man in a basket, covered with another basket, and fastened to a post of the house. They found the same things in another village. The Admiral believed that they must be the heads of some founder, or principal ancestor of a lineage, for the houses are built to contain a great number of people in each; and these should be relations, and descendants of a common ancestor.

Friday, 30th of November

They could not get under weigh to-day because the wind was cast, and dead against them. The Admiral sent 8 men well armed, accompanied by two of the Indians he had on board, to examine the villages inland, and get speech with the people. They came to many houses, but found no one and nothing, all having fled. They saw four youths who were digging in their fields, but, as soon as they saw the Christians, they ran away, and could not be overtaken. They marched a long distance, and saw many villages and a most fertile land, with much cultivation and many streams of water. Near one river they saw a canoe dug out of a single tree, 95 palmos long, and capable of carrying 150 persons.

Saturday, 1st of December

They did not depart, because there was still a foul wind, with much rain. The Admiral set up a cross at the entrance of this port, which he called Puerto Santo on some bare rocks. The point is that which is on the S.E. side of the entrance; but he who has to enter should make more over to the N.W.; for at the foot of both, near the rock, there are 12 fathoms and a very clean bottom. At the entrance of the port, towards the S.E. point, there is a reef of rocks above water, sufficiently far from the shore to be able to pass between if it is necessary; for both on the side of the rock and the shore there is a depth of 12 to 15 fathoms: and, on entering, a ship's head should be turned S.W.

Sunday, 2nd of December

The wind was still contrary, and they could not depart. Every night the wind blows on the land, but no vessel need be alarmed at all the gales in the world, for they cannot blow home by reason of a reef of rocks at the opening to the haven. A sailor-boy found, at the mouth of the river, some stones which looked as if they contained gold; so they were taken to be shown to the Sovereigns. The Admiral says that there are great rivers at the distance of a lombard shot.

Monday, 3rd of December

By reason of the continuance of an easterly wind the Admiral did not leave this port. He arranged to visit a very beautiful headland a quarter of a league to the S.E. of the anchorage. He went with the boats and some armed men. At the foot of the cape there was the mouth of a fair river, and on entering it they found the width to be a hundred paces, with a depth of one fathom. Inside they found 12, 5, 4, and 2 fathoms, so that it would hold all the ships there are in Spain. Leaving the river, they came to a cove in which were five very large canoes, so well constructed that it was a pleasure to look at them. They were under spreading trees, and a path led from them to a very well-built boat-house, so thatched that neither sun nor rain could do any harm. Within it there was another canoe made out of a single tree like the others, like a galley with 17 benches. It was a pleasant sight to look upon such goodly work. The Admiral ascended a mountain, and afterwards found the country level, and cultivated with many things of that land, including such calabashes, as it was a glory to look upon them. In the middle there was a large village, and they came upon the people suddenly; but, as soon as they were seen, men and women took to flight. The Indian from on board, who was with the Admiral, cried out to them that they need not be afraid, as the strangers were good people. The Admiral made him give them bells, copper ornaments, and glass beads, green and yellow, with which they were well content. He saw that they had no gold nor any other precious thing, and that it would suffice to leave them in peace. The whole district was well peopled, the rest having fled from fear. The Admiral assures the Sovereigns that ten thousand of these men would run from ten, so cowardly and timid are they. No arms are carried by them, except wands, on the point of which a short piece of wood is fixed, hardened by fire, and these they are very ready to exchange. Returning to where he had left the boats, he sent back some men up the hill, because he fancied he had seen a large apiary. Before those he had sent could return, they were joined by many Indians, and they went to the boats, where the Admiral was waiting with all his people. One of the natives advanced into the river near the stern of the boat, and made a long speech, which the Admiral did not understand. At intervals the other Indians raised their hands to heaven, and shouted. The Admiral thought he was assuring him that he was pleased at his arrival; but he saw the Indian who came from the ship change the colour of his face, and turn as yellow as wax, trembling much, and letting the Admiral know by signs that he should leave the river, as they were going to kill him. He pointed to a cross-bow which one of the Spaniards had, and showed it to the Indians, and the Admiral let it be understood that they would all be slain, because that cross-bow carried far and killed people. He also took a sword and drew it out of the sheath, showing it to them, and saying the same, which, when they had heard, they all took to flight; while the Indian from the ship still trembled from cowardice, though he was a tall, strong man. The Admiral did not want to leave the river, but pulled towards the place where the natives had assembled in great numbers, all painted, and as naked as when their mothers bore them. Some had tufts of feathers on their heads, and all had their bundles of darts.

The Admiral says: "I came to them, and gave them some mouthfuls of bread, asking for the darts, for which I gave in exchange copper ornaments, bells, and glass beads. This made them peaceable, so that they came to the boats again, and gave us what they had. The sailors had killed a turtle, and the shell was in the boat in pieces. The sailor-boys gave them some in exchange for a bundle of darts. These are like the other people we have seen, and with the same belief that we came from heaven. They are ready to give whatever thing they have in exchange for any trifle without saying it is little; and I believe they would do the same with gold and spices if they had any. I saw a fine house, not very large, and with two doors, as all the rest have. On entering, I saw a marvellous work, there being rooms made in a peculiar way, that I scarcely know how to describe it. Shells and other things were fastened to the ceiling. I thought it was a temple, and I called them and asked, by signs, whether prayers were offered up there. They said that they were not, and one of them climbed up and offered me all the things that were there, of which I took some."

#### Tuesday, 4th of December

The Admiral made sail with little wind, and left that port, which he called Puerto Santo. After going two leagues, he saw the great river of which he spoke yesterday. Passing along the land, and beating to windward on S.E. and W.N.W. courses, they reached Cabo Lindo, which is E.S.E. 5 leagues from Cabo del Monte. A league and a half from Cabo del Monte there is an important but rather narrow river, which seemed to have a good entrance, and to be deep. Three-quarters of a league further on, the Admiral saw another very large river, and he thought it must have its source at a great distance. It had a hundred paces at its mouth, and no bar, with a depth of 8 fathoms. The Admiral sent the boat in, to take soundings, and they found the water fresh until it enters the sea.

This river had great volume, and must have a large population on its banks. Beyond Cabo Lindo there is a great bay, which would be open for navigation to E.N.E. and S.E. and S.S.W.

#### Wednesday, 5th of December

All this night they were beating to windward off Cape Lindo, to reach the land to the east, and at sunrise the Admiral sighted another cape, two and a half leagues to the east. Having passed it, he saw that the land trended S. and S.W., and presently saw a fine high cape in that direction, 7 leagues distant. He would have wished to go there, but his object was to reach the island of Babeque, which, according to the Indians, bore N.E.; so he gave up the intention. He could not go to Babeque either, because the wind was N.E. Looking to the S.E., he saw land, which was a very large island, according to the information of the Indians, well peopled, and called by them Bohio. The Admiral say that the inhabitants of Cuba, or Juana, and of all the other islands, are much afraid of the inhabitants of Bohio, because they say that they eat people.

The Indians relate other things, by signs, which are very wonderful; but the Admiral did not believe them. He only inferred that those of Bohio must have more cleverness and cunning to be able to capture the others, who, however, are very poor-spirited. The wind veered from N.E. to North, so the Admiral determined to leave Cuba, or Juana, which, up to this time, he had supposed to be the mainland, on account of its size, having coasted along it for 120 leagues. He shaped a course S.E. b. E., the land he had sighted bearing S.E.; taking this precaution because the wind always veered from N. to N.E. again, and thence to East and S.E. The wind increased, and he made all sail, the current helping them; so that they were making 8 miles an hour from the morning until one in the afternoon (which is barely 6 hours, for they say that the nights were nearly 15 hours). Afterwards they went 10 miles an hour, making good 88 miles by sunset, equal to 22 leagues, all to the S.E. As night was coming on, the Admiral ordered the caravel *Niña*, being a good sailer, to proceed ahead, so as to sight a harbour at daylight. Arriving at the entrance of a port which was like the Bay of Cadiz, while it was still dark, a boat was sent in to take soundings, which showed a light from a lantern. Before the Admiral could beat up to where the caravel was, hoping that the boat would show a leading-mark for entering the port, the candle in the lantern went out. The caravel, not seeing the light, showed a light to the Admiral, and, running down to him, related what had happened. The boat's crew then showed another light, and the caravel made for it; but the Admiral could not do so, and was standing off and on all night.

#### Thursday, 6th of December

When daylight arrived the Admiral found himself four leagues from the port, to which he gave the name of Puerto Maria and to a fine cape bearing S.S.W, he gave the name of Cabo del Estrella. It seemed to be the furthest point of the island towards the south, distant 28 miles. Another point of land, like an island, appeared about 40 miles to the east. To another fine point, 54 miles to the east, he gave the name of Cabo del Elefante, and he called another, 28 miles to the S.E., Cabo de Cinquin. There was a great opening or bay, which might be the mouth of a river, distant 20 miles. It seemed that between Cabo del Elefante and that of Cinquin there was a great opening,

and some of the sailors said that it formed an island, to which the name of Isla de la Tortuga was given. The island appeared to be very high land, not closed in with mountains, but with beautiful valleys, well cultivated, the crops appearing like the wheat on the plain of Cordova in May. That night they saw many fires, and much smoke, as if from workshops, in the day time; it appeared to be a signal made by people who were at war. All the coast of this land trends to the east.

At the hour of vespers the Admiral reached this port, to which he gave the name of Puerto de San Nicolas, in honour of St. Nicholas, whose day it was; and on entering it he was astonished at its beauty and excellence. Although he had given great praise to the ports of Cuba, he had no doubt that this one not only equalled, but excelled them, and none of them are like it. At the entrance it is a league and a half wide, and a vessel's head should be turned S.S.E., though, owing to the great width, she may be steered on any bearing that is convenient; proceeding on this course for two leagues. On the south side of the entrance the coast forms a cape, and thence the course is almost the same as far as a point where there is a fine beach, and a plain covered with fruit-bearing trees of many kinds; so that the Admiral thought there must be nutmegs and other spices among them, but he did not know them, and they were not ripe. There is a river falling into the harbour, near the middle of the beach. The depth of this port is surprising, for, until reaching the land, for a distance of . . . the lead did not reach the bottom at 40 fathoms; and up to this length there are 15 fathoms with a very clean bottom. Throughout the port there is a depth of 15 fathoms, with a clean bottom, at a short distance from the shore; and all along the coast there are soundings with clean bottom, and not a single sunken rock. Inside, at the length of a boat's oar from the land, there are 5 fathoms. Beyond the limit of the port to the S.S.E. a thousand carracks could beat up. One branch of the port to the N.E. runs into the land for a long half league, and always the same width, as if it had been measured with a cord. Being in this creek, which is 25 paces wide, the principal entrance to the harbour is not in sight, so that it appears land-locked. The depth of this creek is 11 fathoms throughout, all with clean bottom; and close to the land, where one might put the gangboards on the grass, there are eight fathoms.

The whole port is open to the air, and clear of trees. All the island appeared to be more rocky than any that had been discovered. The trees are smaller, and many of them of the same kinds as are found in Spain, such as the ilex, the arbutus, and others, and it is the same with the herbs. It is a very high country, all open and clear, with a very fine air, and no such cold has been met with elsewhere, though it cannot be called cold except by comparison. Towards the front of the haven there is a beautiful valley, watered by a river; and in that district there must be many inhabitants, judging from the number of large canoes, like galleys, with 15 benches. All the natives fled as soon as they saw the ships. The Indians who were on board had such a longing to return to their homes that the Admiral considered whether he should not take them back when he should depart from here. They were already suspicious, because he did not shape a course towards their country; whence he neither believed what they said, nor could he understand them, nor they him, properly. The Indians on board had the greatest fear in the world of the people of this island. In order to get speech of the people it would be necessary to remain some days in harbour; but the Admiral did not do so, because he had to continue his discoveries, and because he could not tell how long he might be detained. He trusted in our Lord that the Indians he brought with him would understand the language of the people of this island; and afterwards he would communicate with them, trusting that it might please God's Majesty that he might find trade in gold before he returned.

#### Friday, 7th of December

At daybreak the Admiral got under weigh, made sail, and left the port of St. Nicholas. He went on with the wind in the west for two leagues, until he reached the point which forms the Carenero, when the angle in the coast bore S.E., and the Cabo de la Estrella was 24 miles to the S.W. Thence he steered along the coast eastward to Cabo Cinquin about 48 miles, 20 of them being on an E.N.E. coast. All the coast is very high, with a deep sea. Close in shore there are 20 to 30 fathoms, and at the distance of a lombard-shot there is no bottom; all which the Admiral discovered that day, as he sailed along the coast with the wind S.W., much to his satisfaction. The cape, which runs out in the port of St. Nicholas the length of a shot from a lombard, could be made an island by cutting across it, while to sail round it is a circuit of 3 or 4 miles. All that land is very high, not clothed with very high trees, but with ilex, arbutus, and others proper to the land of Castille. Before reaching Cape Cinquin by two leagues, the Admiral discovered an opening in the mountains, through which he could see a very large valley, covered with crops like barley, and he therefore judged that it must sustain a large population. Behind there was a high range of mountains. On reaching Cabo Cinquin, the Cabo de la Tortuga bore N.E. 32 miles. Off Cabo Cinquin, at the distance of a lombard-shot, there is a high rock, which is a good landmark. The Admiral being there, he took the bearing of Cabo del Elefante, which was E.S.E. about 70 miles, the intervening land being very high. At a distance of 6 leagues there was a conspicuous cape, and he saw many large valleys and plains, and high mountains inland, all reminding him of Spain. After 8 leagues he came to a very deep but narrow river, though a carrack might easily enter it, and the

mouth without bar or rocks. After 16 miles there was a wide and deep harbour, with no bottom at the entrance, nor, at 3 paces from the shore, less than 15 fathoms; and it runs inland a quarter of a league. It being yet very early, only one o'clock in the afternoon, and the wind being aft and blowing fresh, yet, as the sky threatened much rain, and it was very thick, which is dangerous even on a known coast, how much more in an unknown country, the

Admiral resolved to enter the port, which he called Puerto de la Concepcion. He landed near a small river at the point of the haven, flowing from valleys and plains, the beauty of which was a marvel to behold. He took fishing-nets with him; and, before he landed, a skate, like those of Spain, jumped into the boat, this being the first time they had seen fish resembling the fish of Castille. The sailors caught and killed others. Walking a short distance inland, the Admiral found much land under cultivation, and heard the singing of nightingales and other birds of Castille. Five men were seen, but they would not stop, running away. The Admiral found myrtles and other Spanish plants, while land and mountains were like those of Castille.

#### Saturday, 8th of December

In this port there was heavy rain, with a fresh breeze from the north. The harbour is protected from all winds except the north; but even this can do no harm whatever, because there is a great surf outside, which prevents such a sea within the river as would make a ship work on her cables. After midnight the wind veered to N.E., and then to East, from which winds this port is well sheltered by the island of Tortuga, distant 36 miles.

#### Sunday, 9th of December

To-day it rained, and the weather was wintry, like October in Castille. No habitations had been seen except a very beautiful house in the Puerto de S. Nicolas, which was better built than any that had been in other parts. "The island is very large," says the Admiral: "it would not be much if it has a circumference of 200 leagues. All the parts he had seen were well cultivated. He believed that the villages must be at a distance from the sea, whither they went when the ships arrived; for they all took to flight, taking everything with them, and they made smoke-signals, like a people at war." This port has a width of a thousand paces at its entrance, equal to a quarter of a league. There is neither bank nor reef within, and there are scarcely soundings close in shore. Its length, running inland, is 3,000 paces, all clean, and with a sandy bottom; so that any ship may anchor in it without fear, and enter it without precaution. At the upper end there are the mouths of two rivers, with the most beautiful campaign country, almost like the lands of Spain: these even have the advantage; for which reasons the Admiral gave the name of the said island Isla Española

#### Monday, 10th of December

It blew hard from the N.E., which made them drag their anchors half a cable's length. This surprised the Admiral, who had seen that the anchors had taken good hold of the ground. As he saw that the wind was foul for the direction in which he wanted to steer, he sent six men on shore, well armed, to go two or three leagues inland, and endeavour to open communications with the natives. They came and returned without having seen either people or houses. But they found some hovels, wide roads, and some places where many fires had been made. They saw excellent lands, and many mastick trees, some specimens of which they took; but this is not the time for collecting it, as it does not coagulate.

#### Tuesday, 11th of December

The Admiral did not depart, because the wind was still east and S.E. In front of this port, as has been said, is the island of La Tortuga. It appears to be a large island, with the coast almost like that of Española, and the distance between them is about ten leagues. It is well to know that from the Cabo de Cinquin, opposite Tortuga, the coast trends to the south. The Admiral had a great desire to see that channel between these two islands, and to examine the island of Española, which is the most beautiful thing in the world. According to what the Indians said who were on board, he would have to go to the island of Babeque. They declared that it was very large, with great mountains, rivers, and valleys; and that the island of Bohio was larger than Juana, which they call Cuba, and that it is not surrounded by water. They seem to imply that there is mainland behind Española, and they call it Caritaba, and say it is of vast extent. They have reason in saying that the inhabitants are a clever race, for all the people of these islands are in great fear of those of Caniba. So the Admiral repeats, what he has said before, that Caniba is nothing else but the Gran Can, who ought now to be very near. He sends ships to capture the islanders; and as they do not return, their countrymen believe that they have been eaten. Each day we understand better what the Indians say, and they us, so that very often we are intelligible to each other. The Admiral sent people on shore, who found a great deal of mastick, but did not gather it. He says that the rains make it, and that in Chios they collect it in March. In these

lands, being warmer, they might take it in January. They caught many fish like those of Castille—dace, salmon, hake, dory, gilt heads, skates, corbinas, shrimps, and they saw sardines. They found many aloes.

### Wednesday, 12th of December

The Admiral did not leave the port to-day, for the same reason: a contrary wind. He set up a great cross on the west side of the entrance, on a very picturesque height, “in sign”, he says, “that your Highnesses hold this land for your own, but chiefly as a sign of our Lord Jesus Christ.” This being done, three sailors strolled into the woods to see the trees and bushes. Suddenly they came upon a crowd of people, all naked like the rest. They called to them, and went towards them, but they ran away. At last they caught a woman; for I had ordered that some should be caught, that they might be treated well, and made to lose their fear. This would be a useful event, for it could scarcely be otherwise, considering the beauty of the country. So they took the woman, who was very young and beautiful, to the ship, where she talked to the Indians on board; for they all speak the same language. The Admiral caused her to be dressed, and gave her glass beads, hawks’ bells, and brass ornaments; then he sent her back to the shore very courteously, according to his custom. He sent three of the crew with her, and three of the Indians he had on board, that they might open communications with her people. The sailors in the boat, who took her on shore, told the Admiral that she did not want to leave the ship, but would rather remain with the other women he had seized at the port of Mares, in the island of Juana or Cuba. The Indians who went to put the woman on shore said that the natives came in a canoe, which is their caravel, in which they navigate from one place to another; but when they came to the entrance of the harbour, and saw the ships, they turned back, left the canoe, and took the road to the village. The woman pointed out the position of the village. She had a piece of gold in her nose, which showed that there was gold in that island.

### Thursday, 13th of December

The three men who had been sent by the Admiral with the woman returned at 3 o’clock in the morning, not having gone with her to the village, because the distance appeared to be long, or because they were afraid. They said that next day many people would come to the ships, as they would have been reassured by the news brought them by the woman. The Admiral, with the desire of ascertaining whether there were any profitable commodities in that land, being so beautiful and fertile, and of having some speech with the people, and being desirous of serving the Sovereigns, determined to send again to the village, trusting in the news brought by the woman that the Christians were good people. For this service he selected nine men well armed, and suited for such an enterprise, with whom an Indian went from those who were on board. They reached the village, which is 4 1/2 leagues to the S.E., and found that it was situated in a very large and open valley. As soon as the inhabitants saw the Christians coming they all fled inland, leaving all their goods behind them. The village consisted of a thousand houses, with over three thousand inhabitants. The Indian whom the Christians had brought with them ran after the fugitives, saying that they should have no fear, for the Christians did not come from Cariba, but were from heaven, and that they gave many beautiful things to all the people they met. They were so impressed with what he said, that upwards of two thousand came close up to the Christians, putting their hands on their heads, which was a sign of great reverence and friendship; and they were all trembling until they were reassured. The Christians related that, as soon as the natives had cast off their fear, they all went to the houses, and each one brought what he had to eat, consisting of yams, which are roots like large radishes, which they sow and cultivate in all their lands, and is their staple food. They make bread of it, and roast it. The yam has the smell of a chesnut, and anyone would think he was eating chesnuts. They gave their guests bread and fish, and all they had. As the Indians who came in the ship had understood that the Admiral wanted to have some parrots, one of those who accompanied the Spaniards mentioned this, and the natives brought out parrots, and gave them as many as they wanted, without asking anything for them. The natives asked the Spaniards not to go that night, and that they would give them many other things that they had in the mountains. While all these people were with the Spaniards, a great multitude was seen to come, with the husband of the woman whom the Admiral had honoured and sent away. They wore hair over their shoulders, and came to give thanks to the Christians for the honour the Admiral had done them, and for the gifts. The Christians reported to the Admiral that this was a handsomer and finer people than any that had hitherto been met with. But the Admiral says that he does not see how they can be a finer people than the others, giving to understand that all those he had found in the other islands were very well conditioned. As regards beauty, the Christians said there was no comparison, both men and women, and that their skins are whiter than the others. They saw two girls whose skins were as white as any that could be seen in Spain. They also said, with regard to the beauty of the country they saw, that the best land in Castille could not be compared with it. The Admiral also, comparing the lands they had seen before with these, said that there was no comparison between them, nor did the plain of Cordova come near them, the difference being as great as between night and day. They said that all these lands were cultivated, and that a very wide



and large river passed through the centre of the valley, and could irrigate all the fields. All the trees were green and full of fruit, and the plants tall and covered with flowers. The roads were broad and good. The climate was like April in Castille; the nightingale and other birds sang as they do in Spain during that month, and it was the most pleasant place in the world. Some birds sing sweetly at night. The crickets and frogs are heard a good deal. The fish are like those of Spain. They saw much aloe and mastick, and cotton-fields. Gold was not found, and it is not wonderful that it should not have been found in so short a time.

Here the Admiral calculated the number of hours in the day and night, and from sunrise to sunset. He found that twenty half-hour glasses passed, though he says that here there may be a mistake, either because they were not turned with equal quickness, or because some sand may not have passed. He also observed with a quadrant, and found that he was 34 degrees from the equinoctial line.

#### Friday, 14th of December

The Admiral left the Puerto de la Concepcion with the land-breeze, but soon afterwards it fell calm (and this is experienced every day by those who are on this coast). Later an east wind sprang up, so he steered N.N.E., and arrived at the island of Tortuga. He sighted a point which he named Punta Pierna, E.N.E. of the end of the island 12 miles; and from thence another point was seen and named Punta Lanzada, in the same N.E. direction 16 miles. Thus from the end of Tortuga to Punta Aguda the distance is 44 miles, which is 11 leagues E.N.E. Along this route there are several long stretches of beach. The island of Tortuga is very high, but not mountainous, and is very beautiful and populous, like Española, and the land is cultivated, so that it looked like the plain of Cordova. Seeing that the wind was foul, and that he could not steer for the island of Baneque, he determined to return to the Puerto de la Concepcion whence he had come; but he could not fetch a river which is two leagues to the east of that port.

#### Saturday, 15th of December

Once more the Admiral left the Puerto de la Concepcion, but, on leaving the port, he was again met by a contrary east wind. He stood over to Tortuga, and then steered with the object of exploring the river he had been unable to reach yesterday; nor was he able to fetch the river this time, but he anchored half a league to leeward of it, where there was clean and good anchoring ground. As soon as the vessels were secured, he went with the boats to the river, entering an arm of the sea, which proved not to be the river. Returning, he found the mouth, there being only one, and the current very strong. He went in with the boats to find the villagers that had been seen the day before. He ordered a tow-rope to be got out and manned by the sailors, who hauled the boats up for a distance of two lombard-shots. They could not get further owing to the strength of the current. He saw some houses, and the large valley where the villages were, and he said that a more beautiful valley he had never seen, this river flowing through the centre of it. He also saw people at the entrance, but they all took to flight. He further says that these people must be much hunted, for they live in such a state of fear. When the ships arrived at any port, they presently made smoke signals throughout the country; and this is done more in this island of Española and in Tortuga, which is also a large island, than in the others that were visited before. He called this valley Valle del Paraiso, and the river Guadalquivir; because he says that it is the size of the Guadalquivir at Cordova. The banks consist of shingle, suitable for walking.

#### Sunday, 16th of December

At midnight the Admiral made sail with the land-breeze to get clear of that gulf. Passing along the coast of Española on a bowline, for the wind had veered to the east, he met a canoe in the middle of the gulf, with a single Indian in it. The Admiral was surprised how he could have kept afloat with such a gale blowing. Both the Indian and his canoe were taken on board, and he was given glass beads, bells, and brass trinkets, and taken in the ship, until she was off a village 17 miles from the former anchorage, where the Admiral came to again. The village appeared to have been lately built, for all the houses were new. The Indian then went on shore in his canoe, bringing the news that the Admiral and his companions were good people; although the intelligence had already been conveyed to the village from the place where the natives had their interview with the six Spaniards. Presently more than five hundred natives with their king came to the shore opposite the ships, which were anchored very close to the land. Presently one by one, then many by many, came to the ship without bringing anything with them, except that some had a few grains of very fine gold in their ears and noses, which they readily gave away. The Admiral ordered them all to be well treated; and he says: "for they are the best people in the world, and the gentlest; and above all I entertain the hope in our Lord that your Highnesses will make them all Christians, and that they will be all your subjects, for as yours I hold them." He also saw that they all treated the king with respect, who was on the sea-shore. The Admiral sent him a present, which he received in great state. He was a youth of about 21 years of age, and he had with him

an aged tutor, and other councillors who advised and answered him, but he uttered very few words. One of the Indians who had come in the Admiral's ship spoke to him, telling him how the Christians had come from heaven, and how they came in search of gold, and wished to find the island of Baneque. He said that it was well, and that there was much gold in the said island. He explained to the alguazil of the Admiral that the way they were going was the right way, and that in two days they would be there; adding, that if they wanted anything from the shore he would give it them with great pleasure. This king, and all the others, go naked as their mothers bore them, as do the women without any covering, and these were the most beautiful men and women that had yet been met with. They are fairly white, and if they were clothed and protected from the sun and air, they would be almost as fair as people in Spain. This land is cool, and the best that words can describe. It is very high, yet the top of the highest mountain could be ploughed with bullocks; and all is diversified with plains and valleys. In all Castille there is no land that can be compared with this for beauty and fertility. All this island, as well as the island of Tortuga, is cultivated like the plain of Cordova. They raise on these lands crops of yams, which are small branches, at the foot of which grow roots like carrots, which serve as bread. They powder and knead them, and make them into bread; then they plant the same branch in another part, which again sends out four or five of the same roots, which are very nutritious, with the taste of chesnuts. Here they have the largest the Admiral had seen in any part of the world, for he says that they have the same plant in Guinea. At this place they were as thick as a man's leg. All the people were stout and lusty, not thin, like the natives that had been seen before, and of a very pleasant manner, without religious belief. The trees were so luxuriant that the leaves left off being green, and were dark coloured with verdure. It was a wonderful thing to see those valleys, and rivers of sweet water, and the cultivated fields, and land fit for cattle, though they have none, for orchards, and for anything in the world that a man could seek for.

In the afternoon the king came on board the ship, where the Admiral received him in due form, and caused him to be told that the ships belonged to the Sovereigns of Castille, who were the greatest Princes in the world. But neither the Indians who were on board, who acted as interpreters, nor the king, believed a word of it. They maintained that the Spaniards came from heaven, and that the Sovereigns of Castille must be in heaven, and not in this world. They placed Spanish food before the king to eat, and he ate a mouthful, and gave the rest to his councillors and tutor, and to the rest who came with him.

“Your Highnesses may believe that these lands are so good and fertile, especially these of the island of Española, that there is no one who would know how to describe them, and no one who could believe if he had not seen them. And your Highnesses may believe that this island, and all the others, are as much yours as Castille. Here there is only wanting a settlement and the order to the people to do what is required. For I, with the force I have under me, which is not large, could march over all these islands without opposition. I have seen only three sailors land, without wishing to do harm, and a multitude of Indians fled before them. They have no arms, and are without warlike instincts; they all go naked, and are so timid that a thousand would not stand before three of our men. So that they are good to be ordered about, to work and sow, and do all that may be necessary, and to build towns, and they should be taught to go about clothed and to adopt our customs.”

### Monday, 17th of December

It blew very hard during the night from E.N.E., but there was not much sea, as this part of the coast is enclosed and sheltered by the island of Tortuga. The sailors were sent away to fish with nets. They had much intercourse with the natives, who brought them certain arrows of the Caribas or Canibales. They are made of reeds, pointed with sharp bits of wood hardened by fire, and are very long. They pointed out two men who wanted certain pieces of flesh on their bodies, giving to understand that the Canibales had eaten them by mouthfuls. The Admiral did not believe it. Some Christians were again sent to the village, and, in exchange for glass beads, obtained some pieces of gold beaten out into fine leaf. They saw one man, whom the Admiral supposed to be Governor of that province, called by them Cacique, with a piece of gold leaf as large as a hand, and it appears that he wanted to barter with it. He went into his house, and the other remained in the open space outside. He cut the leaf into small pieces, and each time he came out he brought a piece and exchanged it. When he had no more left, he said by signs that he had sent for more, and that he would bring it another day. The Admiral says that all these things, and the manner of doing them, with their gentleness and the information they gave, showed these people to be more lively and intelligent than any that had hitherto been met with. In the afternoon a canoe arrived from the island of Tortuga with a crew of forty men; and when they arrived on the beach, all the people of the village sat down in sign of peace, and nearly all the crew came on shore. The Cacique rose by himself, and, with words that appeared to be of a menacing character, made them go back to the canoe and shove off. He took up stones from the beach and threw them into the water, all having obediently gone back into the canoe. He also took a stone and put it in the hands of my Alguazil, that he might throw it. He had been sent on shore with the Secretary to see if the canoe had brought anything of value. The Alguazil did not wish to throw the stone. That Cacique showed that he was well disposed to the Admiral.

Presently the canoe departed, and afterwards they said to the Admiral that there was more gold in Tortuga than in Española, because it is nearer to Baneque. The Admiral did not think that there were gold mines either in Española or Tortuga, but that the gold was brought from Baneque in small quantities, there being nothing to give in return. That land is so rich that there is no necessity to work much to sustain life, nor to clothe themselves, as they go naked. He believed that they were very near the source, and that our Lord would point out where the gold has its origin. He had information that from here to Baneque was four days' journey, about 34 leagues, which might be traversed with a fair wind in a single day.

### Tuesday, 18th of December

The Admiral remained at the same anchorage, because there was no wind, and also because the Cacique had said that he had sent for gold. The Admiral did not expect much from what might be brought, but he wanted to understand better whence it came. Presently he ordered the ship and caravel to be adorned with arms and dressed with flags, in honour of the feast of Santa Maria de la O, or commemoration of the Annunciation, which was on that day, and many rounds were fired from the lombards. The king of that island of Española had got up very early and left his house, which is about five leagues away, reaching the village at three in the morning.

There were several men from the ship in the village, who had been sent by the Admiral to see if any gold had arrived. They said that the king came with two hundred men; that he was carried in a litter by four men; and that he was a youth, as has already been said. To-day, when the Admiral was dining under the poop, the king came on board with all his people.

The Admiral says to the Sovereigns: "Without doubt, his state, and the reverence with which he is treated by all his people, would appear good to your Highnesses, though they all go naked. When he came on board, he found that I was dining at a table under the poop, and, at a quick walk, he came to sit down by me, and did not wish that I should give place by coming to receive him or rising from the table, but that I should go on with my dinner. I thought that he would like to eat of our viands, and ordered them to be brought for him to eat. When he came under the poop, he made signs with his hand that all the rest should remain outside, and so they did, with the greatest possible promptitude and reverence. They all sat on the deck, except the men of mature age, whom I believe to be his councillors and tutor, who came and sat at his feet. Of the viands which I put before him, he took of each as much as would serve to taste it, sending the rest to his people, who all partook of the dishes. The same thing in drinking: he just touched with his lips, giving the rest to his followers. They were all of fine presence and very few words. What they did say, so far as I could make out, was very clear and intelligent. The two at his feet watched his mouth, speaking to him and for him, and with much reverence. After dinner, an attendant brought a girdle, made like those of Castille, but of different material, which he took and gave to me, with pieces of worked gold, very thin. I believe they get very little here, but they say that they are very near the place where it is found, and where there is plenty. I saw that he was pleased with some drapery I had over my bed, so I gave it him, with some very good amber beads I wore on my neck, some coloured shoes, and a bottle of orange-flower water. He was marvellously well content, and both he and his tutor and councillors were very sorry that they could not understand me, nor I them. However, I knew that they said that, if I wanted anything, the whole island was at my disposal. I sent for some beads of mine, with which, as a charm, I had a gold excelente, on which your Highnesses were stamped. I showed it to him, and said, as I had done yesterday, that your Highnesses ruled the best part of the world, and that there were no Princes so great. I also showed him the royal standards, and the others with a cross, of which he thought much. He said to his councillors what great lords your Highnesses must be to have sent me from so far, even from heaven to this country, without fear. Many other things passed between them which I did not understand, except that it was easy to see that they held everything to be very wonderful."

When it got late, and the king wanted to go, the Admiral sent him on shore in his boat very honourably, and saluted him with many guns. Having landed, he got into his litter, and departed with his 200 men, his son being carried behind on the shoulders of an Indian, a man highly respected. All the sailors and people from the ships were given to eat, and treated with much honour wherever they liked to stop. One sailor said that he had stopped in the road and seen all the things given by the Admiral. A man carried each one before the king, and these men appeared to be among those who were most respected. His son came a good distance behind the king, with a similar number of attendants, and the same with a brother of the king, except that the brother went on foot, supported under the arms by two honoured attendants. This brother came to the ship after the king, and the Admiral presented him with some of the things used for barter. It was then that the Admiral learnt that a king was called Cacique in their language. This day little gold was got by barter, but the Admiral heard from an old man that there were many neighbouring islands, at a distance of a hundred leagues or more, as he understood, in which much gold is found; and there is even one island that was all gold. In the others there was so much that it was said they gather it with sieves, and they fuse it and make bars, and work it in a thousand ways. They explained the work by signs. This old

man pointed out to the Admiral the direction and position, and he determined to go there, saying that if the old man had not been a principal councillor of the king he would detain him, and make him go, too; or if he knew the language he would ask him, and he believed, as the old man was friendly with him and the other Christians, that he would go of his own accord. But as these people were now subjects of the King of Castille, and it would not be right to injure them, he decided upon leaving him. The Admiral set up a very large cross in the centre of the square of that village, the Indians giving much help; they made prayers and worshipped it, and, from the feeling they show, the Admiral trusted in our Lord that all the people of those islands would become Christians.

#### Wednesday, 19th of December

This night the Admiral got under weigh to leave the gulf formed between the islands of Tortuga and Española, but at dawn of day a breeze sprang up from the east, against which he was unable to get clear of the strait between the two islands during the whole day. At night he was unable to reach a port which was in sight. He made out four points of land, and a great bay with a river, and beyond he saw a large bay, where there was a village, with a valley behind it among high mountains covered with trees, which appeared to be pines. Over the Two Brothers there is a very high mountain-range running N.E. and S.W., and E.S.E. from the Cabo de Torres is a small island to which the Admiral gave the name of Santo Tomas, because to-morrow was his vigil. The whole circuit of this island alternates with capes and excellent harbours, so far as could be judged from the sea. Before coming to the island on the west side, there is a cape which runs far into the sea, in part high, the rest low; and for this reason the Admiral named it Cabo Alto y Bajo. From the road of Torres to E.S.E. 60 miles, there is a mountain higher than any that reaches the sea, and from a distance it looks like an island, owing to a depression on the land side. It was named Monte Caribata, because that province was called Caribata. It is very beautiful, and covered with green trees, without snow or clouds. The weather was then, as regards the air and temperature, like March in Castille, and as regards vegetation, like May. The nights lasted 14 hours.

#### Thursday, 20th of December

At sunrise they entered a port between the island of Santo Tomas and the Cabo de Caribata, and anchored. This port is very beautiful, and would hold all the ships in Christendom. The entrance appears impossible from the sea to those who have never entered, owing to some reefs of rocks which run from the mountainous cape almost to the island. They are not placed in a row, but one here, another there, some towards the sea, others near the land. It is therefore necessary to keep a good look-out for the entrances, which are wide and with a depth of 7 fathoms, so that they can be used without fear. Inside the reefs there is a depth of 12 fathoms. A ship can lie with a cable made fast, against any wind that blows. At the entrance of this port there is a channel on the west side of a sandy islet with 7 fathoms, and many trees on its shore. But there are many sunken rocks in that direction, and a look-out should be kept up until the port is reached. Afterwards there is no need to fear the greatest storm in the world. From this port a very beautiful cultivated valley is in sight, descending from the S.E., surrounded by such lofty mountains that they appear to reach the sky, and covered with green trees. Without doubt there are mountains here which are higher than the island of Tenerife in the Canaries, which is held to be the highest yet known. On this side of the island of Santo Tomas, at a distance of a league, there is another islet, and beyond it another, forming wonderful harbours; though a good look-out must be kept for sunken rocks. The Admiral also saw villages, and smoke made by them.

#### Friday, 21st of December

To-day the Admiral went with the ship's boats to examine this port, which he found to be such that it could not be equalled by any he had yet seen; but, having praised the others so much, he knew not how to express himself, fearing that he will be looked upon as one who goes beyond the truth. He therefore contents himself with saying that he had old sailors with him who say the same. All the praises he has bestowed on the other ports are true, and that this is better than any of them is equally true. He further says: "I have traversed the sea for 23 years, without leaving it for any time worth counting, and I saw all in the east and the west, going on the route of the north, which is England, and I have been to Guinea, but in all those parts there will not be found perfection of harbours. . . . always found. . . . better than another; that I, with good care, saw written; and I again affirm it was well written, that this one is better than all others, and will hold all the ships of the world, secured with the oldest cables." From the entrance to the end is a distance of five leagues. The Admiral saw some very well cultivated lands, although they are all so, and he sent two of the boat's crew to the top of a hill to see if any village was near, for none could be seen from the sea. At about ten o'clock that night, certain Indians came in a canoe to see the Admiral and the Christians, and they were given presents, with which they were much pleased. The two men returned, and reported that they had seen a very large village at a short distance from the sea. The Admiral ordered the boat to row towards the place

where the village was until they came near the land, when he saw two Indians, who came to the shore apparently in a state of fear. So he ordered the boats to stop, and the Indians that were with the Admiral were told to assure the two natives that no harm whatever was intended to them. Then they came nearer the sea, and the Admiral nearer the land. As soon as the natives had got rid of their fear, so many came that they covered the ground, with women and children, giving a thousand thanks. They ran hither and thither to bring us bread made of yams, which they call ajes, which is very white and good, and water in calabashes, and in earthen jars made like those of Spain, and everything else they had and that they thought the Admiral could want, and all so willingly and cheerfully that it was wonderful. "It cannot be said that, because what they gave was worth little, therefore they gave liberally, because those who had pieces of gold gave as freely as those who had a calabash of water; and it is easy to know when a thing is given with a hearty desire to give." These are the Admiral's words. "These people have no spears nor any other arms, nor have any of the inhabitants of the whole island, which I believe to be very large. They go naked as when their mothers bore them, both men and women. In Cuba and the other islands the women wear a small clout of cotton in front, as well as the men, as soon as they have passed the age of twelve years, but here neither old nor young do so. Also, the men in the other islands jealously hide their women from the Christians, but here they do not." The women have very beautiful bodies, and they were the first to come and give thanks to heaven, and to bring what they had, especially things to eat, such as bread of ajes (yams), nuts, and four or five kinds of fruits, some of which the Admiral ordered to be preserved, to be taken to the Sovereigns. He says that the women did not do less in other ports before they were hidden; and he always gave orders that none of his people should annoy them; that nothing should be taken against their wills, and that everything that was taken should be paid for. Finally, he says that no one could believe that there could be such good-hearted people, so free to give, anxious to let the Christians have all they wanted, and, when visitors arrived, running to bring everything to them.

Afterwards the Admiral sent six Christians to the village to see what it was like, and the natives showed them all the honour they could devise, and gave them all they had; for no doubt was any longer entertained that the Admiral and all his people had come from heaven; and the same was believed by the Indians who were brought from the other islands, although they had now been told what they ought to think. When the six Christians had gone, some canoes came with people to ask the Admiral to come to their village when he left the place where he was. Canoa is a boat in which they navigate, some large and others small. Seeing that this village of the Chief was on the road, and that many people were waiting there for him, the Admiral went there; but, before he could depart, an enormous crowd came to the shore, men, women, and children, crying out to him not to go, but to stay with them. The messengers from the other Chief, who had come to invite him, were waiting with their canoes, that he might not go away, but come to see their Chief, and so he did. On arriving where the Chief was waiting for him with many things to eat, he ordered that all the people should sit down, and that the food should be taken to the boats, where the Admiral was, on the sea-shore. When he saw that the Admiral had received what he sent, all or most of the Indians ran to the village, which was near, to bring more food, parrots, and other things they had, with such frankness of heart that it was marvellous. The Admiral gave them glass beads, brass trinkets, and bells: not because they asked for anything in return, but because it seemed right, and, above all, because he now looked upon them as future Christians, and subjects of the Sovereigns, as much as the people of Castille. He further says that they want nothing except to know the language and be under governance; for all they may be told to do will be done without any contradiction. The Admiral left this place to go to the ships, and the people, men, women, and children, cried out to him not to go, but remain with them. After the boats departed, several canoes full of people followed after them to the ship, who were received with much honour, and given to eat. There had also come before another Chief from the west, and many people even came swimming, the ship being over a good half-league from the shore. I sent certain persons to the Chief, who had gone back, to ask him about these islands. He received them very well, and took them to his village, to give them some large pieces of gold. They arrived at a large river, which the Indians crossed by swimming. The Christians were unable, so they turned back. In all this district there are very high mountains which seem to reach the sky, so that the mountain in the island of Tenerife appears as nothing in height and beauty, and they are all green with trees. Between them there are very delicious valleys, and at the end of this port, to the south, there is a valley so large that the end of it is not visible, though no mountains intervene, so that it seems to be 15 or 20 leagues long. A river flows through it, and it is all inhabited and cultivated and as green as Castille in May or June; but the night contains 14 hours, the land being so far north. This port is very good for all the winds that can blow, being enclosed and deep, and the shores peopled by a good and gentle race without arms or evil designs. Any ship may lie within it without fear that other ships will enter at night to attack her, because, although the entrance is over two leagues wide, it is protected by reefs of rocks which are barely awash; and there is only a very narrow channel through the reef, which looks as if it had been artificially made, leaving an open door by which ships may enter. In the entrance there are 7 fathoms of depth up to the shore of a small flat island, which has a beach fringed with trees.

The entrance is on the west side, and a ship can come without fear until she is close to the rock. On the N.W. side there are three islands, and a great river a league from the cape on one side of the port. It is the best harbour in

the world, and the Admiral gave it the name of Puerto de la mar de Santo Tomas, because to-day it was that Saint's day. The Admiral called it a sea, owing to its size.

### Saturday, 22nd of December

At dawn the Admiral made sail to shape a course in search of the islands which the Indians had told him contained much gold, some of them having more gold than earth. But the weather was not favourable, so he anchored again, and sent away the boat to fish with a net. The Lord of that land, who had a place near there, sent a large canoe full of people, including one of his principal attendants, to invite the Admiral to come with the ships to his land, where he would give him all he wanted. The Chief sent, by this servant, a girdle which, instead of a bag, had attached to it a mask with two large ears made of beaten gold, the tongue, and the nose. These people are very open-hearted, and whatever they are asked for they give most willingly; while, when they themselves ask for anything, they do so as if receiving a great favour. So says the Admiral. They brought the canoe alongside the boat, and gave the girdle to a boy; then they came on board with their mission. It took a good part of the day before they could be understood. Not even the Indians who were on board understood them well, because they have some differences of words for the names of things. At last their invitation was understood by signs. The Admiral determined to start to-morrow, although he did not usually sail on a Sunday, owing to a devout feeling, and not on account of any superstition whatever. But in the hope that these people would become Christians through the willingness they show, and that they will be subjects of the Sovereigns of Castille, and because he now holds them to be so, and that they may serve with love, he wished and endeavoured to please them. Before leaving, to-day, the

Admiral sent six men to a large village three leagues to the westward, because the Chief had come the day before and said that he had some pieces of gold. When the Christians arrived, the Secretary of the Admiral, who was one of them, took the Chief by the hand. The Admiral had sent him, to prevent the others from imposing upon the Indians. As the Indians are so simple, and the Spaniards so avaricious and grasping, it does not suffice that the Indians should give them all they want in exchange for a bead or a bit of glass, but the Spaniards would take everything without any return at all. The Admiral always prohibits this, although, with the exception of gold, the things given by the Indians are of little value. But the Admiral, seeing the simplicity of the Indians, and that they will give a piece of gold in exchange for six beads, gave the order that nothing should be received from them unless something had been given in exchange. Thus the Chief took the Secretary by the hand and led him to his house, followed by the whole village, which was very large. He made his guests eat, and the Indians brought them many cotton fabrics, and spun-cotton in skeins. In the afternoon the Chief gave them three very fat geese and some small pieces of gold. A great number of people went back with them, carrying all the things they had got by barter, and they also carried the Spaniards themselves across streams and muddy places. The Admiral ordered some things to be given to the Chief, and both he and his people were very well satisfied, truly believing that the Christians had come from heaven, so that they considered themselves fortunate in beholding them. On this day more than 120 canoes came to the ships, all full of people, and all bringing something, especially their bread and fish, and fresh water in earthen jars. They also brought seeds of good kinds, and there was a grain which they put into a porringer of water and drank it. The Indians who were on board said that this was very wholesome.

### Sunday, 23rd of December

The Admiral could not go with the ships to that land whither he had been invited by the Chief, because there was no wind. But he sent, with the three messengers who were waiting for the boats, some people, including the Secretary. While they were gone, he sent two of the Indians he had on board with him to the villages which were near the anchorage. They returned to the ship with a chief, who brought the news that there was a great quantity of gold in that island of Española, and that people from other parts came to buy it. They said that here the Admiral would find as much as he wanted. Others came, who confirmed the statement that there was much gold in the island, and explained the way it was collected. The Admiral understood all this with much difficulty; nevertheless, he concluded that there was a very great quantity in those parts, and that, if he could find the place whence it was got, there would be abundance; and, if not, there would be nothing. He believed there must be a great deal, because, during the three days that he had been in that port, he had got several pieces of gold, and he could not believe that it was brought from another land. "Our Lord, who holds all things in his hands, look upon me, and grant what shall be for his service." These are the Admiral's words. He says that, according to his reckoning, a thousand people had visited the ship, all of them bringing something. Before they come alongside, at a distance of a crossbow-shot, they stand up in the canoe with what they bring in their hands, crying out, "Take it! take it!" He also reckoned that 500 came to the ship swimming, because they had no canoes, the ship being near a league from the shore. Among the visitors, five chiefs had come, sons of chiefs, with all their families of wives and children, to see the Christians. The Admiral ordered something to be given to all, because such gifts were all well employed. "May our Lord favour me

by his clemency, that I may find this gold, I mean the mine of gold, which I hold to be here, many saying that they know it." These are his words. The boats arrived at night, and said that there was a grand road as far as they went, and they found many canoes, with people who went to see the Admiral and the Christians, at the mountain of Caribatan. They held it for certain that, if the Christmas festival was kept in that port, all the people of the island would come, which they calculated to be larger than England. All the people went with them to the village which they said was the largest, and the best laid out with streets, of any they had seen. The Admiral says it is part of the Punta Santa, almost three leagues S.E. The canoes go very fast with paddles; so they went ahead to apprise the Cacique, as they call the chief. They also have another greater name—Nitayno; but it was not clear whether they used it for lord, or governor, or judge. At last the Cacique came to them, and joined them in the square, which was clean-swept, as was all the village. The population numbered over 2,000 men. This king did great honour to the people from the ship, and every inhabitant brought them something to eat and drink. Afterwards the king gave each of them cotton cloths such as women wear, with parrots for the Admiral, and some pieces of gold. The people also gave cloths and other things from their houses to the sailors; and as for the trifles they got in return, they seemed to look upon them as relics. When they wanted to return in the afternoon, he asked them to stay until the next day, and all the people did the same. When they saw that the Spaniards were determined to go, they accompanied them most of the way, carrying the gifts of the Cacique on their backs as far as the boats, which had been left at the mouth of the river.

#### Monday, 24th of December

Before sunrise the Admiral got under weigh with the land-breeze. Among the numerous Indians who had come to the ship yesterday, and had made signs that there was gold in the island, naming the places whence it was collected, the Admiral noticed one who seemed more fully informed, or who spoke with more willingness, so he asked him to come with the Christians and show them the position of the gold mines. This Indian has a companion or relation with him, and among other places they mentioned where gold was found, they named Cipango, which they called Civao. Here they said that there was a great quantity of gold, and that the Cacique carried banners of beaten gold. But they added that it was very far off to the eastward.

Here the Admiral addresses the following words to the Sovereigns: "Your Highnesses may believe that there is no better nor gentler people in the world. Your Highnesses ought to rejoice that they will soon become Christians, and that they will be taught the good customs of your kingdom. A better race there cannot be, and both the people and the lands are in such quantity that I know not how to write it. I have spoken in the superlative degree of the country and people of Juana, which they call Cuba, but there is as much difference between them and this island and people as between day and night. I believe that no one who should see them could say less than I have said, and I repeat that the things and the great villages of this island of Española, which they call Bohio, are wonderful. All here have a loving manner and gentle speech, unlike the others, who seem to be menacing when they speak. Both men and women are of good stature, and not black. It is true that they all paint, some with black, others with other colours, but most with red. I know that they are tanned by the sun, but this does not affect them much. Their houses and villages are pretty, each with a chief, who acts as their judge, and who is obeyed by them. All these lords use few words, and have excellent manners. Most of their orders are given by a sign with the hand, which is understood with surprising quickness." All these are the words of the Admiral.

He who would enter the sea of Santo Tomé ought to stand for a good league across the mouth to a flat island in the middle, which was named La Amiga, pointing her head towards it. When the ship is within a stone's-throw of it the course should be altered to make for the eastern shore, leaving the west side, and this shore, and not the other, should be kept on board, because a great reef runs out from the west, and even beyond that there are three sunken rocks. This reef comes within a lombard-shot of the Amiga island. Between them there are seven fathoms at least, with a gravelly bottom. Within, a harbour will be found large enough for all the ships in the world, which would be there without need of cables. There is another reef, with sunken rocks, on the east side of the island of Amiga, which are extensive and run out to sea, reaching within two leagues of the cape. But it appeared that between them there was an entrance, within two lombard-shots of Amiga, on the west side of Monte Caribatan, where there was a good and very large port.

#### Tuesday, 25th of December. Christmas

Navigating yesterday, with little wind, from Santo Tomé to Punta Santa, and being a league from it, at about eleven o'clock at night the Admiral went down to get some sleep, for he had not had any rest for two days and a night. As it was calm, the sailor who steered the ship thought he would go to sleep, leaving the tiller in charge of a boy. The Admiral had forbidden this throughout the voyage, whether it was blowing or whether it was calm. The

boys were never to be entrusted with the helm. The Admiral had no anxiety respecting sand-banks and rocks, because, when he sent the boats to that king on Sunday, they had passed to the east of Punta Santa at least three leagues and a half, and the sailors had seen all the coast, and the rocks there arc from Punta Santa, for a distance of three leagues to the E.S.E. They saw the course that should be taken, which had not been the case before, during this voyage. It pleased our Lord that, at twelve o'clock at night, when the Admiral had retired to rest, and when all had fallen asleep, seeing that it was a dead calm and the sea like glass, the tiller being in the hands of a boy, the current carried the ship on one of the sand-banks. If it had not been night the bank could have been seen, and the surf on it could be heard for a good league. But the ship ran upon it so gently that it could scarcely be felt. The boy, who felt the helm and heard the rush of the sea, cried out. The Admiral at once came up, and so quickly that no one had felt that the ship was aground. Presently the master of the ship, whose watch it was, came on deck. The Admiral ordered him and others to launch the boat, which was on the poop, and lay out an anchor astern. The master, with several others, got into the boat, and the Admiral thought that they did so with the object of obeying his orders. But they did so in order to take refuge with the caravel, which was half a league to leeward. The caravel would not allow them to come on board, acting judiciously, and they therefore returned to the ship; but the caravel's boat arrived first. When the Admiral saw that his own people fled in this way, the water rising and the ship being across the sea, seeing no other course, he ordered the masts to be cut away and the ship to be lightened as much as possible, to see if she would come off. But, as the water continued to rise, nothing more could be done. Her side fell over across the sea, but it was nearly calm. Then the timbers opened, and the ship was lost. The Admiral went to the caravel to arrange about the reception of the ship's crew, and as a light breeze was blowing from the land, and continued during the greater part of the night, while it was unknown how far the bank extended, he hove her to until daylight. He then went back to the ship, inside the reef; first having sent a boat on shore with Diego de Arana of Cordova, Alguazil of the Fleet, and Pedro Gutierrez, Gentleman of the King's Bed-chamber, to inform the king, who had invited the ships to come on the previous Saturday. His town was about a league and a half from the sand-bank. They reported that he wept when he heard the news, and he sent all his people with large canoes to unload the ship. This was done, and they landed all there was between decks in a very short time. Such was the great promptitude and diligence shown by that king. He himself, with brothers and relations, were actively assisting as well in the ship as in the care of the property when it was landed, that all might be properly guarded. Now and then he sent one of his relations weeping to the Admiral, to console him, saying that he must not feel sorrow or annoyance, for he would supply all that was needed. The Admiral assured the Sovereigns that there could not have been such good watch kept in any part of Castille, for that there was not even a needle missing. He ordered that all the property should be placed by some houses which the king placed at his disposal, until they were emptied, when everything would be stowed and guarded in them. Armed men were placed round the stores to watch all night. "The king and all his people wept. They are a loving people, without covetousness, and fit for anything; and I assure your Highnesses that there is no better land nor people. They love their neighbours as themselves, and their speech is the sweetest and gentlest in the world, and always with a smile. Men and women go as naked as when their mothers bore them. Your Highnesses should believe that they have very good customs among themselves. The king is a man of remarkable presence, and with a certain self-contained manner that is a pleasure to see. They have good memories, wish to see everything, and ask the use of what they see." All this is written by the Admiral.

### Wednesday, 26th of December

To-day, at sunrise, the king of that land came to the caravel Niña, where the Admiral was, and said to him, almost weeping, that he need not be sorry, for that he would give him all he had; that he had placed two large houses at the disposal of the Christians who were on shore, and that he would give more if they were required, and as many canoes as could load from the ship and discharge on shore, with as many people as were wanted. This had all been done yesterday, without so much as a needle being missed. "So honest are they," says the Admiral, "without any covetousness for the goods of others, and so above all was that virtuous king." While the Admiral was talking to him, another canoe arrived from a different place, bringing some pieces of gold, which the people in the canoe wanted to exchange for a hawk's bell; for there was nothing they desired more than these bells. They had scarcely come alongside when they called and held up the gold, saying *Chuq chuq* for the bells, for they are quite mad about them. After the king had seen this, and when the canoes which came from other places had departed, he called the Admiral and asked him to give orders that one of the bells was to be kept for another day, when he would bring four pieces of gold the size of a man's hand. The Admiral rejoiced to hear this, and afterwards a sailor, who came from the shore, told him that it was wonderful what pieces of gold the men on shore were getting in exchange for next to nothing. For a needle they got a piece of gold worth two castellanos and that this was nothing to what it would be within a month. The king rejoiced much when he saw that the Admiral was pleased. He understood that his friend



wanted much gold, and he said, by signs, that he knew where there was, in the vicinity, a very large quantity; so that he must be in good heart, for he should have as much as he wanted. He gave some account of it, especially saying that in Cipango, which they call Cibao, it is so abundant that it is of no value, and that they will bring it, although there is also much more in the island of Española which they call Bohio, and in the province of Caritaba. The king dined on board the caravel with the Admiral and afterwards went on shore, where he received the Admiral with much honour. He gave him a collation consisting of three or four kinds of yams, with shellfish and game, and other viands they have, besides the bread they call cazavi. He then took the Admiral to see some groves of trees near the houses, and they were accompanied by at least a thousand people, all naked. The Lord had on a shirt and a pair of gloves, given to him by the Admiral, and he was more delighted with the gloves than with anything else. In his manner of eating, both as regards the high-bred air and the peculiar cleanliness he clearly showed his nobility. After he had eaten, he remained some time at table, and they brought him certain herbs, with which he rubbed his hands. The Admiral thought that this was done to make them soft, and they also gave him water for his hands. After the meal he took the Admiral to the beach. The Admiral then sent for a Turkish bow and a quiver of arrows, and took a shot at a man of his company, who had been warned. The chief, who knew nothing about arms, as they neither have them nor use them, thought this a wonderful thing. He, however, began to talk of those of Caniba, whom they call Caribes. They come to capture the natives, and have bows and arrows without iron, of which there is no memory in any of these lands, nor of steel, nor any other metal except gold and copper. Of copper the Admiral had only seen very little. The Admiral said, by signs, that the Sovereigns of Castille would order the Caribs to be destroyed, and that all should be taken with their heads tied together. He ordered a lombard and a hand-gun to be fired off, and seeing the effect caused by its force and what the shots penetrated, the king was astonished. When his people heard the explosion they all fell on the ground. They brought the Admiral a large mask, which had pieces of gold for the eyes and ears and in other parts, and this they gave, with other trinkets of gold that the same king had put on the head and round the neck of the Admiral, and of other Christians, to whom they also gave many pieces. The Admiral received much pleasure and consolation from these things, which tempered the anxiety and sorrow he felt at the loss of the ship. He knew our Lord had caused the ship to stop here, that a settlement might be formed. "From this", he says, "originated so many things that, in truth, the disaster was really a piece of good fortune. For it is certain that, if I had not lost the ship, I should have gone on without anchoring in this place, which is within a great bay, having two or three reefs of rock. I should not have left people in the country during this voyage, nor even, if I had desired to leave them, should I have been able to obtain so much information, nor such supplies and provisions for a fortress. And true it is that many people had asked me to give them leave to remain. Now I have given orders for a tower and a fort, both well built, and a large cellar, not because I believe that such defences will be necessary. I believe that with the force I have with me I could subjugate the whole island, which I believe to be larger than Portugal, and the population double. But they are naked and without arms, and hopelessly timid. Still, it is advisable to build this tower, being so far from your Highnesses. The people may thus know the skill of the subjects of your Highnesses, and what they can do; and will obey them with love and fear. So they make preparations to build the fortress, with provision of bread and wine for more than a year, with seeds for sowing, the ship's boat, a caulker and carpenter, a gunner and cooper. Many among these men have a great desire to serve your Highnesses and to please me, by finding out where the mine is whence the gold is brought. Thus everything is got in readiness to begin the work. Above all, it was so calm that there was scarcely wind nor wave when the ship ran aground." This is what the Admiral says; and he adds more to show that it was great good luck, and the settled design of God, that the ship should be lost in order that people might be left behind. If it had not been for the treachery of the master and his boat's crew, who were all or mostly his countrymen, in neglecting to lay out the anchor so as to haul the ship off in obedience to the

Admiral's orders, she would have been saved. In that case, the same knowledge of the land as has been gained in these days would not have been secured, for the Admiral always proceeded with the object of discovering, and never intended to stop more than a day at any one place, unless he was detained by the wind. Still, the ship was very heavy and unsuited for discovery. It was the people of Palos who obliged him to take such a ship, by not complying "with what they had promised to the King and Queen, namely, to supply suitable vessels for this expedition. This they did not do. Of all that there was on board the ship, not a needle, nor a board, nor a nail was lost, for she remained as whole as when she sailed, except that it was necessary to cut away and level down in order to get out the jars and merchandise, which were landed and carefully guarded." He trusted in God that, when he returned from Spain, according to his intention, he would find a ton of gold collected by barter by those he was to leave behind, and that they would have found the mine, and spices in such quantities that the Sovereigns would, in three years, be able to undertake and fit out an expedition to go and conquer the Holy Sepulchre. "Thus", he says, "I protest to your Highnesses that all the profits of this my enterprise may be spent in the conquest of Jerusalem. Your Highnesses may laugh, and say that it is pleasing to you, and that, without this, you entertain that desire." These are the Admiral's words.

### Thursday, 27th of December

The king of that land came alongside the caravel at sunrise, and said that he had sent for gold, and that he would collect all he could before the Admiral departed; but he begged him not to go. The king and one of his brothers, with another very intimate relation, dined with the Admiral, and the two latter said they wished to go to Castille with him. At this time the news came that the caravel Pinta was in a river at the end of this island. Presently the Cacique sent a canoe there, and the Admiral sent a sailor in it. For it was wonderful how devoted the Cacique was to the Admiral. The necessity was now evident of hurrying on preparations for the return to Castille.

### Friday, 28th of December

The Admiral went on shore to give orders and hurry on the work of building the fort, and to settle what men should remain behind. The king, it would seem, had watched him getting into the boat, and quickly went into his house, dissimulating, sending one of his brothers to receive the Admiral, and conduct him to one of the houses that had been set aside for the Spaniards, which was the largest and best in the town. In it there was a couch made of palm matting, where they sat down. Afterwards the brother sent an attendant to say that the Admiral was there, as if the king did not know that he had come. The Admiral, however, believed that this was a feint in order to do him more honour. The attendant gave the message, and the Cacique came in great haste, and put a large soft piece of gold he had in his hand round the Admiral's neck. They remained together until the evening, arranging what had to be done.

### Saturday, 29th of December

A very youthful nephew of the king came to the caravel at sunrise, who showed a good understanding and disposition. As the Admiral was always working to find out the origin of the gold, he asked everyone, for he could now understand somewhat by signs. This youth told him that, at a distance of four days' journey, there was an island to the eastward called Guarionex, and others called Macorix, Mayonic, Fuma, Cibao, and Coroay, in which there was plenty of gold. The Admiral wrote these names down, and now understood what had been said by a brother of the king, who was annoyed with him, as the Admiral understood. At other times the Admiral had suspected that the king had worked against his knowing where the gold had its origin and was collected, that he might not go away to barter in another part of the island. For there are such a number of places in this same island that it is wonderful. After nightfall the king sent a large mask of gold, and asked for a washhand basin and jug. The Admiral thought he wanted them for patterns to copy from, and therefore sent them.

### Sunday, 30th of December

The Admiral went on shore to dinner, and came at a time when five kings had arrived, all with their crowns, who were subject to this king, named Guacanagari. They represented a very good state of affairs, and the Admiral says to the Sovereigns that it would have given them pleasure to see the manner of their arrival. On landing, the Admiral was received by the king, who led him by the arms to the same house where he was yesterday, where there were chairs, and a couch on which the Admiral sat. Presently the king took the crown off his head and put it on the Admiral's head, and the Admiral took from his neck a collar of beautiful beads of several different colours, which looked very well in all its parts, and put it on the king. He also took off a cloak of fine material, in which he had dressed himself that day, and dressed the king in it, and sent for some coloured boots, which he put on his feet, and he put a large silver ring on his finger, because he had heard that he had admired greatly a silver ornament worn by one of the sailors. The king was highly delighted and well satisfied, and two of those kings who were with him came with him to where the Admiral was, and each gave him a large piece of gold. At this time an Indian came and reported that it was two days since he left the caravel Pinta in a port to the eastward. The Admiral returned to the caravel, and Vicente Anes, the captain, said that he had seen the rhubarb plant, and that they had it on the island Amiga, which is at the entrance of the sea of Santo Tomé, six leagues off, and that he had recognised the branches and roots. They say that rhubarb forms small branches above ground, and fruit like green mulberries, almost dry, and the stalk, near the root, is as yellow and delicate as the best colour for painting, and underground the root grows like a large pear.

### Monday, 31st of December

To-day the Admiral was occupied in seeing that water and fuel were taken on board for the voyage to Spain, to give early notice to the Sovereigns, that they might despatch ships to complete the discoveries. For now the business

appeared to be so great and important that the Admiral was astonished. He did not wish to go until he had examined all the land to the eastward, and explored the coast, so as to know the route to Castille, with a view to sending sheep and cattle. But as he had been left with only a single vessel, it did not appear prudent to encounter the dangers that are inevitable in making discoveries. He complained that all this inconvenience had been caused by the caravel Pinta having parted company.

Tuesday, 1st of January 1493

At midnight the Admiral sent a boat to the island Amiga to bring the rhubarb. It returned at vespers with a bundle of it. They did not bring more because they had no spade to dig it up with; it was taken to be shown to the Sovereigns. The king of that land said that he had sent many canoes for gold. The canoe returned that had been sent for tidings of the Pinta, without having found her. The sailor who went in the canoe said that twenty leagues from there he had seen a king who wore two large plates of gold on his head, but when the Indians in the canoe spoke to him he took them off. He also saw much gold on other people. The Admiral considered that the King Guacanagari ought to have prohibited his people from selling gold to the Christians, in order that it might all pass through his hands. But the king knew the places, as before stated, where there was such a quantity that it was not valued. The spicery also is extensive, and is worth more than pepper or manegueta. He left instructions to those who wished to remain that they were to collect as much as they could.

Wednesday, 2nd of January

In the morning the Admiral went on shore to take leave of the King Guacanagari, and to depart from him in the name of the Lord. He gave him one of his shirts. In order to show him the force of the lombards, and what effect they had, he ordered one to be loaded and fired into the side of the ship that was on shore, for this was apposite to the conversation respecting the Caribs, with whom Guacanagari was at war. The king saw whence the lombard-shot came, and how it passed through the side of the ship and went far away over the sea. The Admiral also ordered a skirmish of the crews of the ships, fully armed, saying to the Cacique that he need have no fear of the Caribs even if they should come. All this was done that the king might look upon the men who were left behind as friends, and that he might also have a proper fear of them. The king took the Admiral to dinner at the house where he was established, and the others who came with him. The Admiral strongly recommended to his friendship Diego de Arana, Pedro Gutierrez, and Rodrigo Escovedo, whom he left jointly as his lieutenants over the people who remained behind, that all might be well regulated and governed for the service of their Highnesses. The Cacique showed much love for the Admiral, and great sorrow at his departure, especially when he saw him go on board. A relation of that king said to the Admiral that he had ordered a statue of pure gold to be made, as big as the Admiral, and that it would be brought within ten days. The Admiral embarked with the intention of sailing presently, but there was no wind.

He left on that island of Española, which the Indians called Bohio, 39 men with the fortress, and he says that they were great friends of Guacanagari. The lieutenants placed over them were Diego de Arana of Cordova, Pedro Gutierrez, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, and Rodrigo de Escovedo, a native of Seogvia, nephew of Fray Rodrigo Perez, with all the powers he himself received from the Sovereigns. He left behind all the merchandise which had been provided for bartering, which was much, that they might trade for gold. He also left bread for a year's supply, wine, and much artillery. He also left the ship's boat, that they, most of them being sailors, might go, when the time seemed convenient, to discover the gold mine, in order that the Admiral, on his return, might find much gold. They were also to find a good site for a town, for this was not altogether a desirable port; especially as the gold the natives brought came from the east; also, the farther to the east the nearer to Spain. He also left seeds for sowing, and his officers, the Alguazil and Secretary, as well as a ship's carpenter, a caulker, a good gunner well acquainted with artillery, a cooper, a physician, and a tailor, all being seamen as well.

Thursday, 3rd of January

The Admiral did not go to-day, because three of the Indians whom he had brought from the islands, and who had staid behind, arrived, and said that the others with their women would be there at sunrise. The sea also was rather rough, so that they could not land from the boat. He determined to depart to-morrow, with the grace of God. The Admiral said that if he had the caravel Pinta with him he could make sure of shipping a ton of gold, because he could then follow the coasts of these islands, which he would not do alone, for fear some accident might impede his return to Castille, and prevent him from reporting all he had discovered to the Sovereigns. If it was certain that the caravel Pinta would arrive safely in Spain with Martin Alonso Pinzon, he would not hesitate to act as he desired; but as he had no certain tidings of him, and as he might return and tell lies to the Sovereigns, that he might not receive

the punishment he deserved for having done so much harm in having parted company without permission, and impeded the good service that might have been done; the Admiral could only trust in our Lord that he would grant favourable weather, and remedy all things.

#### Friday, 4th of January

At sunrise the Admiral weighed the anchor, with little wind, and turned her head N.W. to get clear of the reef, by another channel wider than the one by which he entered, which, with others, is very good for coming in front of the Villa de la Navidad, in all which the least depth is from 3 to 9 fathoms. These two channels run N.W. and S.E., and the reefs are long, extending from the Cabo Santo to the Cabo de Sierpe for more than six leagues, and then a good three leagues out to sea. At a league outside Cabo Santo there are not more than 8 fathoms of depth, and inside that cape, on the east side, there are many sunken rocks, and channels to enter between them. All this coast trends N.W. and S.E., and it is all beach, with the land very level for about a quarter of a league inland. After that distance there are very high mountains, and the whole is peopled with a very good race, as they showed themselves to the Christians. Thus the Admiral navigated to the east, shaping a course for a very high mountain, which looked like an island, but is not one, being joined to the mainland by a very low neck. The mountain has the shape of a very beautiful tent. He gave it the name of Monte Cristi. It is due east of Cabo Santo, at a distance of 18 leagues. That day, owing to the light wind, they could not reach within six leagues of Monte Cristi. He discovered four very low and sandy islets, with a reef extending N.W. and S.E. Inside, there is a large gulf, which extends from this mountain to the S.E. at least twenty leagues, which must all be shallow, with many sand-banks, and inside numerous rivers which are not navigable. At the same time the sailor who was sent in the canoe to get tidings of the Pinta reported that he saw a river into which ships might enter. The Admiral anchored at a distance of six leagues from Monte Cristi, in 19 fathoms, and so kept clear of many rocks and reefs. Here he remained for the night. The Admiral gives notice to those who would go to the Villa de la Navidad that, to make Monte Cristi, he should stand off the land two leagues, etc. (But as the coast is now known it is not given here.) The Admiral concluded that Cipango was in that island, and that it contained much gold, spices, mastick, and rhubarb.

#### Saturday, 5th of January

At sunrise the Admiral made sail with the land-breeze, and saw that to the S.S.E. of Monte Cristi, between it and an island, there seemed to be a good port to anchor in that night. He shaped an E.S.E. course, afterwards S.S.E., for six leagues round the high land, and found a depth of 17 fathoms, with a very clean bottom, going on for three leagues with the same soundings. Afterwards it shallowed to 12 fathoms up to the morro of the mountain, and off the morro, at one league, the depth of 9 fathoms was found, the bottom clean, and all fine sand. The Admiral followed the same course until he came between the mountain and the island, where he found 3 1/2 fathoms at low water, a very good port, and here he anchored. He went in the boat to the islet, where he found remains of fire and footmarks, showing that fishermen had been there. Here they saw many stones painted in colours, or a quarry of such stones, very beautifully worked by nature, suited for the building of a church or other public work, like those he found on the island of San Salvador. On this islet he also found many plants of mastick. He says that this Monte Cristi is very fine and high, but accessible, and of a very beautiful shape, all the land round it being low, a very fine plain, from which the height rises, looking at a distance like an island disunited from other land. Beyond the mountain, to the east, he saw a cape at a distance of 24 miles, which he named Cabo del Becerro whence to the mountain for two leagues there are reefs of rocks, though it appeared as if there were navigable channels between them. It would, however, be advisable to approach in daylight, and to send a boat ahead to sound. From the mountain eastward to Cabo del Becerro, for four leagues, there is a beach, and the land is low, but the rest is very high, with beautiful mountains and some cultivation. Inland, a chain of mountains runs N.E. and S.W., the most beautiful he had seen, appearing like the hills of Cordova. Some other very lofty mountains appear in the distance towards the south and S.E., and very extensive green valleys with large rivers: all this in such quantity that he did not believe he had exaggerated a thousandth part. Afterwards he saw, to the eastward of the mountain, a land which appeared like that of Monte Cristi in size and beauty. Further to the east and N.E. there is land which is not so high, extending for some hundred miles or near it.

#### Sunday, 6th of January

That port is sheltered from all winds, except north and N.W., and these winds seldom blow in this region. Even when the wind is from those quarters, shelter may be found near the islet in 3 or 4 fathoms. At sunset the Admiral made sail to proceed along the coast, the course being cast, except that it is necessary to look out for several

reefs of stone and sand, within which there are good anchorages, with channels leading to them. After noon it blew fresh from the east. The Admiral ordered a sailor to go to the mast-head to look out for reefs, and he saw the caravel Pinta coming, with the wind aft, and she joined the Admiral. As there was no place to anchor, owing to the rocky bottom, the Admiral returned for ten leagues to Monte Cristi, with the Pinta in company. Martin Alonso Pinzon came on board the caravel Niña where the Admiral was, and excused himself by saying that he had parted company against his will, giving reasons for it. But the Admiral says that they were all false; and that on the night when Pinzon parted company he was influenced by pride and covetousness. He could not understand whence had come the insolence and disloyalty with which Pinzon had treated him during the voyage. The Admiral had taken no notice, because he did not wish to give place to the evil works of Satan, who desired to impede the voyage. It appeared that one of the Indians, who had been put on board the caravel by the Admiral with others, had said that there was much gold in an island called Baneque, and, as Pinzon's vessel was light and swift, he determined to go there, parting company with the Admiral, who wished to remain and explore the coasts of Juana and Espanola, with an easterly course. When Martin Alonso arrived at the island of Baneque he found no gold. He then went to the coast of Española, on information from the Indians that there was a great quantity of gold and many mines in that island of Española, which the Indians call Bohio. He thus arrived near the Villa de Navidad about 15 leagues from it, having then been absent more than twenty days, so that the news brought by the Indians was correct, on account of which the King Guacanagari sent a canoe, and the Admiral put a sailor on board; but the Pinta must have gone before the canoe arrived. The Admiral says that the Pinta obtained much gold by barter, receiving large pieces the size of two fingers in exchange for a needle. Martin Alonso took half, dividing the other half among the crew. The Admiral then says: "Thus I am convinced that our Lord miraculously caused that vessel to remain here, this being the best place in the whole island to form a settlement, and the nearest to the gold mines." He also says that he knew "of another great island, to the south of the island of Juana, in which there is more gold than in this island, so that they collect it in bits the size of beans, while in Española they find the pieces the size of grains of corn. They call that island Yamaye. The Admiral also heard of an island further east, in which there were only women, having been told this by many people. He was also informed that Yamaye and the island of Española were ten days' journey in a canoe from the mainland, which would be about 70 or 80 leagues, and that there the people wore clothes.

#### Monday, 7th of January

This day the Admiral took the opportunity of caulking the caravel, and the sailors were sent to cut wood. They found mastick and aloes in abundance.

#### Tuesday, 8th of January

As the wind was blowing fresh from the east and S.E., the Admiral did not get under weigh this morning. He ordered the caravel to be filled up with wood and water and with all other necessaries for the voyage. He wished to explore all the coast of Española in this direction. But those he appointed to the caravels as captains were brothers, namely, Martin Alonso Pinzon and Vicente Anes. They also had followers who were filled with pride and avarice, considering that all now belonged to them, and unmindful of the honour the Admiral had done them. They had not and did not obey his orders, but did and said many unworthy things against him; while Martin Alonso had deserted him from the 21st of November until the 6th of January without cause or reason, but from disaffection. All these things had been endured in silence by the Admiral in order to secure a good end to the voyage. He determined to return as quickly as possible, to get rid of such an evil company, with whom he thought it necessary to dissimulate, although they were a mutinous set, and though he also had with him many good men; for it was not a fitting time for dealing out punishment.

The Admiral got into the boat and went up the river which is near, towards the S.S.W. of Monte Cristi, a good league. This is where the sailors went to get fresh water for the ships. He found that the sand at the mouth of the river, which is very large and deep, was full of very fine gold, and in astonishing quantity. The Admiral thought that it was pulverized in the drift down the river, but in a short time he found many grains as large as horse-beans, while there was a great deal of the fine powder.

As the fresh water mixed with the salt when it entered the sea, he ordered the boat to go up for the distance of a stone's-throw. They filled the casks from the boat, and when they went back to the caravel they found small bits of gold sticking to the hoops of the casks and of the barrel. The Admiral gave the name of Rio del Oro to the river. Inside the bar it is very deep, though the mouth is shallow and very wide. The distance to the Villa de la Navidad is 17 leagues, and there are several large rivers on the intervening coast, especially three which probably contain much more gold than this one, because they are larger. This river is nearly the size of the Guadalquivir at Cordova, and from it to the gold mines the distance is not more than 20 leagues. The Admiral further says that he did not care to take the sand containing gold, because their Highnesses would have it all as their property at their town of Navidad;

and because his first object was now to bring the news and to get rid of the evil company that was with him, whom he had always said were a mutinous set.

### Wednesday, 9th of January

The Admiral made sail at midnight, with the wind S.E., and shaped an E.N.E. course, arriving at a point named Punta Roja, which is 60 miles east of Monte Cristi, and anchored under its lee three hours before nightfall. He did not venture to go out at night, because there are many reefs, until they are known. Afterwards, if, as will probably be the case, channels are found between them, the anchorage, which is good and well sheltered, will be profitable. The country between Monte Cristi and this point where the Admiral anchored is very high land, with beautiful plains, the range running east and west, all green and cultivated, with numerous streams of water, so that it is wonderful to see such beauty. In all this country there are many turtles, and the sailors took several when they came on shore to lay their eggs at Monte Cristi as large as a great wooden buckler.

On the previous day, when the Admiral went to the Rio del Oro he saw three mermaids, which rose well out of the sea; but they are not so beautiful as they are painted, though to some extent they have the form of a human face. The Admiral says that he had seen some, at other times, in Guinea, on the coast of the Manequeta.

The Admiral says that this night, in the name of our Lord, he would set out on his homeward voyage without any further delay whatever, for he had found what he sought, and he did not wish to have further cause of offence with Martin Alonso until their Highnesses should know the news of the voyage and what had been done. Afterwards he says, "I will not suffer the deeds of evil-disposed persons, with little worth, who, without respect for him to whom they owe their positions, presume to set up their own wills with little ceremony."

### Thursday, 10th of January

He departed from the place where he had anchored, and at sunset he reached a river, to which he gave the name of Rio de Gracia, three leagues to the S.E. He came to at the mouth, where there is good anchorage on the east side. There is a bar with no more than two fathoms of water, and very narrow across the entrance. It is a good and well-sheltered port, except that there it is often misty, owing to which the caravel Pinta, under Martin Alonso, received a good deal of damage. He had been here bartering for 16 days, and got much gold, which was what Martin Alonso wanted. As soon as he heard from the Indians that the Admiral was on the coast of the same island of Española, and that he could not avoid him, Pinzon came to him. He wanted all the people of the ship to swear that he had not been there more than six days. But his treachery was so public that it could not be concealed. He had made a law that half of all the gold that was collected was his. When he left this port he took four men and two girls by force. But the Admiral ordered that they should be clothed and put on shore to return to their homes. "This", the Admiral says, "is a service of your Highnesses. For all the men and women are subjects of your Highnesses, as well in this island as in the others. Here, where your Highnesses already have a settlement, the people ought to be treated with honour and favour, seeing that this island has so much gold and such good spice-yielding lands."

### Friday, 11th of January

At midnight the Admiral left the Rio de Gracia with the land-breeze, and steered eastward until he came to a cape named Belprado, at a distance of four leagues. To the S.E. is the mountain to which he gave the name of Monte de Plata, eight leagues distant. Thence from the cape Belprado to E.S.E. is the point named Angel, eighteen leagues distant; and from this point to the Monte de Plata there is a gulf, with the most beautiful lands in the world, all high and fine lands which extend far inland. Beyond there is a range of high mountains running east and west, very grand and beautiful. At the foot of this mountain there is a very good port, with 14 fathoms in the entrance. The mountain is very high and beautiful, and all the country is well peopled. The Admiral believed there must be fine rivers and much gold. At a distance of 4 leagues E.S.E. of Cabo del Angel there is a cape named Punta del Hierro, and on the same course, 4 more leagues, a point is reached named Punta Seca. Thence, 6 leagues further on, is Cabo Redondo, and further on Cabo Frances, where a large bay is formed, but there did not appear to be anchorage in it. A league further on is Cabo del Buen Tiempo, and thence, a good league S.S.E., is Cabo Tajado. Thence, to the south, another cape was sighted at a distance of about 15 leagues. To-day great progress was made, as wind and tide were favourable. The Admiral did not venture to anchor for fear of the rocks, so he was hove-to all night.

### Saturday, 12th of January

Towards dawn the Admiral filled and shaped a course to the east with a fresh wind, running 20 miles before daylight, and in two hours afterwards 24 miles. Thence he saw land to the south, and steered towards it, distant 48 miles. During the night he must have run 28 miles N.N.E., to keep the vessels out of danger. When he saw the land,

he named one cape that he saw Cabo de Padre y Hijo, because at the east point there are two rocks, one larger than the other. Afterwards, at two leagues to the eastward, he saw a very fine bay between two grand mountains. He saw that it was a very large port with a very good approach; but, as it was very early in the morning, and as the greater part of the time it was blowing from the east, and then they had a N.N.W. breeze, he did not wish to delay any more. He continued his course to the east as far as a very high and beautiful cape, all of scarp'd rock, to which he gave the name of Cabo del Enamorado, which was 32 miles to the east of the port named Puerto Sacro. On rounding the cape, another finer and loftier point came in sight, like Cape St. Vincent in Portugal, 12 miles east of Cabo del Enamorado. As soon as he was abreast of the Cabo del Enamorado, the Admiral saw that there was a great bay between this and the next point, three leagues across, and in the middle of it a small island. The depth is great at the entrance close to the land. He anchored here in twelve fathoms, and sent the boat on shore for water, and to see if intercourse could be opened with the natives, but they all fled. He also anchored to ascertain whether this was all one land with the island of Española, and to make sure that this was a gulf, and not a channel, forming another island. He remained astonished at the great size of Española.

### Sunday, 13th of January

The Admiral did not leave the port, because there was no land-breeze with which to go out. He wished to shift to another better port, because this was rather exposed. He also wanted to wait, in that haven, the conjunction of the sun and moon, which would take place on the 17th of this month, and their opposition with Jupiter and conjunction with Mercury, the sun being in opposition to Jupiter, which is the cause of high winds. He sent the boat on shore to a beautiful beach to obtain yams for food. They found some men with bows and arrows, with whom they stopped to speak, buying two bows and many arrows from them. They asked one of them to come on board the caravel and see the Admiral; who says that he was very wanting in reverence, more so than any native he had yet seen. His face was all stained with charcoal, but in all parts there is the custom of painting the body different colours. He wore his hair very long, brought together and fastened behind, and put into a small net of parrots' feathers. He was naked, like all the others. The Admiral supposed that he belonged to the Caribs, who eat men, and that the gulf he had seen yesterday formed this part of the land into an island by itself. The Admiral asked about the Caribs, and he pointed to the east, near at hand, which means that he saw the Admiral yesterday before he entered the bay. The Indian said there was much gold to the east, pointing to the poop of the caravel, which was a good size, meaning that there were pieces as large. He called gold tuob, and did not understand caona, as they call it in the first part of the island that was visited, nor nozay, the name in San Salvador and the other islands. Copper is called tuob in Española. He also spoke of the island of Goanin where there was much tuob. The Admiral says that he had received notices of these islands from many persons; that in the other islands the natives were in great fear of the Caribs, called by some of them Caniba, but in Española Carib. He thought they must be an audacious race, for they go to all these islands and eat the people they can capture. He understood a few words, and the Indians who were on board comprehended more, there being a difference in the languages owing to the great distance between the various islands. The Admiral ordered that the Indian should be fed, and given pieces of green and red cloth, and glass beads, which they like very much, and then sent on shore. He was told to bring gold if he had any, and it was believed that he had, from some small things he brought with him. When the boat reached the shore there were fifty-five men behind the trees, naked, and with very long hair, as the women wear it in Castille. Behind the head they wore plumes of feathers of parrots and other birds, and each man carried a bow. The Indian landed, and signed to the others to put down their bows and arrows, and a piece of a staff, which is like. . . .very heavy, carried instead of a sword. As soon as they came to the boat the crew landed, and began to buy the bows and arrows and other arms, in accordance with an order of the Admiral. Having sold two bows, they did not want to give more, but began to attack the Spaniards, and to take hold of them. They were running back to pick up their bows and arrows where they had laid them aside, and took cords in their hands to bind the boat's crew. Seeing them rushing down, and being prepared—for the Admiral always warned them to be on their guard—the Spaniards attacked the Indians, and gave one a stab with a knife in the buttocks, wounding another in the breast with an arrow. Seeing that they could gain little, although the Christians were only seven and they numbered over fifty, they fled, so that none were left, throwing bows and arrows away. The Christians would have killed many, if the pilot, who was in command, had not prevented them. The Spaniards presently returned to the caravel with the boat. The Admiral regretted the affair for one reason, and was pleased for another. They would have fear of the Christians, and they were no doubt an ill-conditioned people, probably Caribs, who eat men. But the Admiral felt alarm lest they should do some harm to the 39 men left in the fortress and town of Navidad, in the event of their coming here in their boat. Even if they are not Caribs, they are a neighbouring people, with similar habits, and fearless, unlike the other inhabitants of the island, who are timid, and without arms. The Admiral says all this, and adds that he would have liked to have captured some of them. He says that they lighted many smoke signals, as is the custom in this island of Española.

Monday, 14th of January

This evening the Admiral wished to find the houses of the Indians and to capture some of them, believing them to be Caribs. For, owing to the strong east and north-east winds and the heavy sea, he had remained during the day. Many Indians were seen on shore. The Admiral, therefore, ordered the boat to be sent on shore, with the crew well armed. Presently the Indians came to the stern of the boat, including the man who had been on board the day before, and had received presents from the Admiral. With him there came a king, who had given to the said Indian some beads in token of safety and peace for the boat's crew. This king, with three of his followers, went on board the boat and came to the caravel. The Admiral ordered them to be given biscuit and treacle to eat, and gave the chief a red cap, some beads, and a piece of red cloth. The others were also given pieces of cloth. The chief said that next day he would bring a mask made of gold, affirming that there was much here, and in Carib and Matinino. They afterwards went on shore well satisfied.

The Admiral here says that the caravels were making much water, which entered by the keel; and he complains of the caulkers at Palos, who caulked the vessels very badly, and ran away when they saw that the Admiral had detected the badness of their work, and intended to oblige them to repair the defect. But, notwithstanding that the caravels were making much water, he trusted in the favour and mercy of our Lord, for his high Majesty well knew how much controversy there was before the expedition could be despatched from Castille, that no one was in the Admiral's favour save Him alone who knew his heart, and after God came your Highnesses, while all others were against him without any reason. He further says: "And this has been the cause that the royal crown of your Highnesses has not a hundred cuentos of revenue more than after I entered your service, which is seven years ago in this very month, the 20th of January. The increase will take place from now onwards. For the almighty God will remedy all things." These are his words.

Tuesday, 15th of January

The Admiral now wished to depart, for there was nothing to be gained by further delay, after these occurrences and the tumult with the Indians. To-day he had heard that all the gold was in the district of the town of Navidad, belonging to their Highnesses; and that in the island of Carib there was much copper, as well as in Matinino. The intercourse at Carib would, however, be difficult, because the natives are said to eat human flesh. Their island would be in sight from thence, and the Admiral determined to go there, as it was on the route, and thence to Matinino, which was said to be entirely peopled by women, without men. He would thus see both islands, and might take some of the natives. The Admiral sent the boat on shore, but the king of that district had not come, for his village was distant. He, however, sent his crown of gold, as he had promised; and many other natives came with cotton, and bread made from yams, all with their bows and arrows. After the bartering was finished, four youths came to the caravel. They appeared to the Admiral to give such a clear account of the islands to the eastward, on the same route as the Admiral would have to take, that he determined to take them to Castille with him. He says that they had no iron nor other metals; at least none was seen, but it was impossible to know much of the land in so short a time, owing to the difficulty with the language, which the Admiral could not understand except by guessing, nor could they know what was said to them, in such a few days. The bows of these people are as large as those of France or England. The arrows are similar to the darts of the natives who have been met with previously, which are made of young canes, which grow very straight, and a vara and a half or two varas in length. They point them with a piece of sharp wood, a palmo and a half long, and at the end some of them fix a fish's tooth, but most of them anoint it with an herb. They do not shoot as in other parts, but in a certain way which cannot do much harm. Here they have a great deal of fine and long cotton, and plenty of mastick. The bows appeared to be of yew, and there is gold and copper. There is also plenty of aji, which is their pepper, which is more valuable than pepper, and all the people eat nothing else, it being very wholesome. Fifty caravels might be annually loaded with it from Española. The Admiral says that he found a great deal of weed in this bay, the same as was met with at sea when he came on this discovery. He therefore supposed that there were islands to the eastward, in the direction of the position where he began to meet with it; for he considers it certain that this weed has its origin in shallow water near the land, and, if this is the case, these Indies must be very near the Canary Islands. For this reason he thought the distance must be less than 400 leagues.

Wednesday, 16th of January

They got under weigh three hours before daylight, and left the gulf, which was named Golfo de las Flechas with the land-breeze. Afterwards there was a west wind, which was fair to go to the island of Carib on an E.N.E. course. This was where the people live of whom all the natives of the other islands are so frightened, because they roam over the sea in canoes without number, and eat the men they can capture. The Admiral steered the course indicated by one of the four Indians he took yesterday in the Puerto de las Flechas. After having sailed about 64 miles, the



Indians made signs that the island was to the S.E. The Admiral ordered the sails to be trimmed for that course, but, after having proceeded on it for two leagues, the wind freshened from a quarter which was very favourable for the voyage to Spain. The Admiral had noticed that the crew were downhearted when he deviated from the direct route home, reflecting that both caravels were leaking badly, and that there was no help but in God. He therefore gave up the course leading to the islands, and shaped a direct course for Spain E.N.E. He sailed on this course, making 48 miles, which is 12 leagues, by sunset. The Indians said that by that route they would fall in with the island of Matinino, peopled entirely by women without men, and the Admiral wanted very much to take five or six of them to the Sovereigns. But he doubted whether the Indians understood the route well, and he could not afford to delay, by reason of the leaky condition of the caravels. He, however, believed the story, and that, at certain seasons, men came to them from the island of Carib, distant ten or twelve leagues. If males were born, they were sent to the island of the men; and if females, they remained with their mothers. The Admiral says that these two islands cannot have been more than 15 or 20 leagues to the S.E. from where he altered course, the Indians not understanding how to point out the direction. After losing sight of the cape, which was named San Theramo, which was left 16 leagues to the west, they went for 12 leagues E.N.E. The weather was very fine.

#### Thursday, 17th of January

The wind went down at sunset yesterday, the caravels having sailed 14 glasses, each a little less than half-an-hour, at 4 miles an hour, making 28 miles. Afterwards the wind freshened, and they ran all that watch, which was 10 glasses. Then another six until sunrise at 8 miles an hour, thus making altogether 84 miles, equal to 21 leagues, to the E.N.E., and until sunset 44 miles, or 11 leagues, to the east. Here a booby came to the caravel, and afterwards another. The Admiral saw a great deal of gulf-weed.

#### Friday, 18th of January

During the night they steered E.S.E., with little wind, for 40 miles, equal to 10 leagues, and then 30 miles, or 7 1/2 leagues, until sunrise. All day they proceeded with little wind to E.N.E. and N.E. by E., more or less, her head being sometimes north and at others N.N.E., and, counting one with the other, they made 60 miles, or 15 leagues. There was little weed, but yesterday and to-day the sea appeared to be full of tunnies. The Admiral believed that they were on their way to the tunny-fisheries of the Duke, at Conil and Cádiz. He also thought they were near some islands, because a frigate-bird flew round the caravel, and afterwards went away to the S.S.E. He said that to the S.E. of the island of Española were the islands of Carib, Matinino, and many others.

#### Saturday, 19th of January

During the night they made good 56 miles N.N.E., and 64 N.E. by N. After sunrise they steered N.E. with the wind fresh from S.W., and afterwards W.S.W. 84 miles, equal to 21 leagues. The sea was again full of small tunnies. There were boobies, frigate-birds, and terns.

#### Sunday, 20th of January

It was calm during the night, with occasional slants of wind, and they only made 20 miles to the N.E. After sunrise they went 11 miles S.E., and then 36 miles N.N.E., equal to 9 leagues. They saw an immense quantity of small tunnies, the air very soft and pleasant, like Seville in April or May, and the sea, for which God be given many thanks, always very smooth. Frigate-birds, sandpipers, and other birds were seen.

#### Monday, 21st of January

Yesterday, before sunset, they steered N.E. by E., with the wind east, at the rate of 8 miles an hour until midnight, equal to 56 miles. Afterwards they steered N.N.E. 8 miles an hour, so that they made 104 miles, or 26 leagues, during the night N.E. by N. After sunrise they steered N.N.E. with the same wind, which at times veered to N.E., and they made good 88 miles in the eleven hours of daylight, or 21 leagues: except one that was lost by delay caused by closing with the Pinta to communicate. The air was colder, and it seemed to get colder as they went further north, and also that the nights grew longer owing to the narrowing of the sphere. Many boatswain-birds and terns were seen, as well as other birds, but not so many fish, perhaps owing to the water being colder. Much weed was seen.

#### Tuesday, 22nd of January

Yesterday, after sunset, they steered N.N.E. with an east wind. They made 8 miles an hour during five glasses,

and three before the watch began, making eight glasses, equal to 72 miles, or 18 leagues. Afterwards they went N.E. by N. for six glasses, which would be another 18 miles. Then, during four glasses of the second watch N.E. at six miles an hour, or three leagues. From that time to sunset, for eleven glasses, E.N.E. at 6 leagues an hour, equal to seven leagues. Then E.N.E. until 11 o'clock, 32 miles. Then the wind fell, and they made no more during that day. The Indians swam about. They saw boatswain-birds and much weed.

#### Wednesday, 23rd of January

To-night the wind was very changeable, but, making the allowances applied by good sailors, they made 84 miles, or 21 leagues, N.E. by N. Many times the caravel Niña had to wait for the Pinta, because she sailed badly when on a bowline, the mizen being of little use owing to the weakness of the mast. If her captain, Martin Alonso Pinzon, had taken the precaution to provide her with a good mast in the Indies, where there are so many and such excellent spars, instead of deserting his commander from motives of avarice, he would have done better. They saw many boatswain-birds and much weed. The heavens have been clouded over during these last days, but there has been no rain. The sea has been as smooth as a river, for which many thanks be given to God. After sunrise they went free, and made 30 miles, or 7 1/2 leagues N.E. During the rest of the day E.N.E. another 30 miles.

#### Thursday, 24th of January

They made 44 miles, or 11 leagues, during the night, allowing for many changes in the wind, which was generally N.E. After sunrise until sunset E.N.E. 14 leagues.

#### Friday, 25th of January

They steered during part of the night E.N.E. for 13 glasses, making 9 1/2 leagues. Then N.N.E. 6 miles. The wind fell, and during the day they only made 28 miles E.N.E., or 7 leagues. The sailors killed a tunny and a very large shark, which was very welcome, as they now had nothing but bread and wine, and some yams from the Indies.

#### Saturday, 26th of January

This night they made 56 miles, or 14 leagues, E.S.E. After sunrise they steered E.S.E., and sometimes S.E., making 40 miles up to 11 o'clock. Afterwards they went on another tack, and then on a bowline, 24 miles, or 6 leagues, to the north, until night.

#### Sunday, 27th of January

Yesterday, after sunset, they steered N.E. and N.E. by N. at the rate of five miles an hour, which in thirteen hours would be 65 miles, or 16 1/2 leagues. After sunrise they steered N.E. 24 miles, or 6 leagues, until noon, and from that time until sunset 3 leagues E.N.E.

#### Monday, 28th of January

All night they steered E.N.E. 36 miles, or 9 leagues. After sunrise until sunset E.N.E. 20 miles, or 5 leagues. The weather was temperate and pleasant. They saw boatswain-birds, sandpipers, and much weed.

#### Tuesday, 29th of January

They steered E.N.E. 39 miles, or 9 1/2 leagues, and during the whole day 8 leagues. The air was very pleasant, like April in Castille, the sea smooth, and fish they call dorados came on board.

#### Wednesday, 30th of January

All this night they made 6 leagues E.N.E., and in the day S.E. by S. 13 1/2 leagues. Boatswain-birds, much weed, and many tunnies.

#### Thursday, 31st of January

This night they steered N.E. by N. 30 miles, and afterwards N.E. 35 miles, or 16 leagues. From sunrise to night E.N.E. 13 1/2 leagues. They saw boatswain-birds and terns.

Friday, 1st of February

They made 16 1/2 leagues E.N.E. during the night, and went on the same course during the day 29 1/4 leagues. The sea very smooth, thanks be to God.

Saturday, 2nd of February

They made 40 miles, or 10 leagues, E.N.E. this night. In the daytime, with the same wind aft, they went 7 miles an hour, so that in eleven hours they had gone 77 miles, or 9 1/4 leagues. The sea was very smooth, thanks be to God, and the air very soft. They saw the sea so covered with weed that, if they had not known about it before, they would have been fearful of sunken rocks. They saw terns.

Sunday, 3rd of February

This night, the wind being aft and the sea very smooth, thanks be to God, they made 29 leagues. The North Star appeared very high, as it docs off Cape St. Vincent. The Admiral was unable to take the altitude, either with the astrolabe or with the quadrant, because the rolling caused by the waves prevented it. That day he steered his course E.N.E., going 10 miles an hour, so that in eleven hours he made 27 leagues.

Monday, 4th of February

During the night the course was N.E. by E., going twelve miles an hour part of the time, and the rest ten miles. Thus they made 130 miles, or 32 leagues and a half. The sky was very threatening and rainy, and it was rather cold, by which they knew that they had not yet reached the Azores. After sunrise the course was altered to east. During the whole day they made 77 miles, or 19 1/4 leagues.

Tuesday, 5th of February

This night they steered east, and made 55 miles, or 13 1/2 leagues. In the day they were going ten miles an hour, and in eleven hours made 110 miles, or 27 1/2 leagues. They saw sandpipers, and some small sticks, a sign that they were near land.

Wednesday, 6th of February

They steered east during the night, going at the rate of eleven miles an hour, so that in the thirteen hours of the night they made 143 miles, or 35 1/4 leagues. They saw many birds. In the day they went 14 miles an hour, and made 154 miles, or 38 1/2 leagues; so that, including night and day, they made 74 leagues, more or less. Vicente Anes said that they had left the island of Flores to the north and Madeira to the east. Roldan said that the island of Fayal, or San Gregorio, was to the N.N.E. and Puerto Santo to east. There was much weed.

Thursday, 7th of February

This night they steered east, going ten miles an hour, so that in thirteen hours they made 130 miles, or 32 1/2 leagues. In the daytime the rate was eight miles an hour, in eleven hours 88 miles, or 22 leagues. This morning the Admiral found himself 65 leagues south of the island of Flores, and the pilot Pedro Alonso, being further north, according to his reckoning, passed between Terceira and Santa Maria to the east, passing to windward of the island of Madeira, twelve leagues further north. The sailors saw a new kind of weed, of which there is plenty in the islands of the Azores.

Friday, 8th of February

They went three miles an hour to the eastward for some time during the night, and afterwards E.S.E., going twelve miles an hour. From sunrise to noon they made 27 miles, and the same distance from noon till sunset, equal to 13 leagues S.S.E.

Saturday, 9th of February

For part of this night they went 3 leagues S.S.E., and afterwards S. by E., then N.E. 5 leagues until ten o'clock in the forenoon, then 9 leagues east until dark.

Sunday, 10th of February

From sunset they steered east all night, making 130 miles, or 32 1/2 leagues. During the day they went at the rate of nine miles an hour, making 99 miles, or 24 1/2 leagues, in eleven hours.

In the caravel of the Admiral, Vicente Yañez and the two pilots, Sancho Ruiz and Pedro Alonso Niño, and Roldan, made charts and plotted the route. They all made the position a good deal beyond the islands of the Azores to the east, and, navigating to the north, none of them touched Santa Maria, which is the last of all the Azores. They made the position five leagues beyond it, and were in the vicinity of the islands of Madeira and Puerto Santo. But the Admiral was very different from them in his reckoning, finding the position very much in rear of theirs. This night he found the island of Flores to the north, and to the east he made the direction to be towards Nafe in Africa, passing to leeward of the island of Madeira to the north. . . .leagues. So that the pilots were nearer to Castille than the Admiral by 150 leagues. The Admiral says that, with the grace of God, when they reach the land they will find out whose reckoning was most correct. He also says that he went 263 leagues from the island of Hierro to the place where he first saw the gulf-weed.

Monday, 11th of February

This night they went twelve miles an hour on their course, and during the day they ran 16 1/2 leagues. They saw many birds, from which they judged that land was near.

Tuesday, 12th of February

They went six miles an hour on an east course during the night, altogether 73 miles, or 18 1/4 leagues. At this time they began to encounter bad weather with a heavy sea; and, if the caravel had not been very well managed, she must have been lost. During the day they made 11 or 12 leagues with much difficulty and danger.

Wednesday, 13th of February

From sunset until daylight there was great trouble with the wind, and the high and tempestuous sea. There was lightning three times to the N.N.E.—a sign of a great storm coming either from that quarter or its opposite. They were lying-to most of the night, afterwards showing a little sail, and made 52 miles, which is 13 leagues. In the day the wind moderated a little, but it soon increased again. The sea was terrific, the waves crossing each other, and straining the vessels. They made 55 miles more, equal to 13 1/2 leagues.

Thursday, 14th of February

This night the wind increased, and the waves were terrible, rising against each other, and so shaking and straining the vessel that she could make no headway, and was in danger of being stove in. They carried the mainsail very closely reefed, so as just to give her steerageway, and proceeded thus for three hours, making 20 miles. Meanwhile, the wind and sea increased, and, seeing the great danger, the Admiral began to run before it, there being nothing else to be done. The caravel Pinta began to run before the wind at the same time, and Martin Alonso ran her out of sight, although the Admiral kept showing lanterns all night, and the other answered. It would seem that she could do no more, owing to the force of the tempest, and she was taken far from the route of the Admiral. He steered that night E.N.E., and made 54 miles, equal to 13 leagues. At sunrise the wind blew still harder, and the cross sea was terrific. They continued to show the closely-reefed mainsail, to enable her to rise from between the waves, or she would otherwise have been swamped. An E.N.E. course was steered, and afterwards N.E. by E. for six hours, making 7 1/2 leagues. The Admiral ordered that a pilgrimage should be made to Our Lady of Guadaloupe, carrying a candle of 6 lbs. of weight in wax, and that all the crew should take an oath that the pilgrimage should be made by the man on whom the lot fell. As many beans were got as there were persons on board, and on one a cross was cut with a knife. They were then put into a cap and shaken up. The first who put in his hand was the Admiral, and he drew out the bean with a cross, so the lot fell on him; and he was bound to go on the pilgrimage and fulfil the vow. Another lot was drawn, to go on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loreto, which is in the march of Ancona, in the Papal territory, a house where Our Lady works many and great miracles. The lot fell on a sailor of the port of Santa Maria, named Pedro dc Villa, and the Admiral promised to pay his travelling expenses. Another pilgrimage was agreed upon, to watch for one night in Santa Clara at Moguer, and have a Mass said, for which they again used the beans, including the one with a cross. The lot again fell on the Admiral. After this the Admiral and all the crew made a vow that, on arriving at the first land, they would all go in procession, in their shirts, to say their prayers in a church dedicated to Our Lady.

Besides these general vows made in common, each sailor made a special vow; for no one expected to escape, holding themselves for lost, owing to the fearful weather from which they were suffering. The want of ballast in-

creased the danger of the ship, which had become light, owing to the consumption of the provisions and water. On account of the favourable weather enjoyed among the islands, the Admiral had omitted to make provision for this need, thinking that ballast might be taken on board at the island inhabited by women, which he had intended to visit. The only thing to do was to fill the barrels that had contained wine or fresh water with water from the sea, and this supplied a remedy.

Here the Admiral writes of the causes which made him fear that he would perish, and of others that gave him hope that God would work his salvation, in order that such news as he was bringing to the Sovereigns might not be lost. It seemed to him that the strong desire he felt to bring such great news, and to show that all he had said and offered to discover had turned out true, suggested the fear that he would not be able to do so, and that each stinging insect would be able to thwart and impede the work. He attributes this fear to his little faith, and to his want of confidence in Divine Providence. He was comforted, on the other hand, by the mercies of God in having vouchsafed him such a victory, in the discoveries he had made, and in that God had complied with all his desires in Castille, after much adversity and many misfortunes. As he had before put all his trust in God, who had heard him and granted all he sought, he ought now to believe that God would permit the completion of what had been begun, and ordain that he should be saved. Especially as he had freed him on the voyage out, when he had still greater reason to fear, from the trouble caused by the sailors and people of his company, who all with one voice declared their intention to return, and protested that they would rise against him. But the eternal God gave him force and valour to withstand them all, and in many other marvellous ways had God shown his will in this voyage besides those known to their Highnesses. Thus he ought not to fear the present tempest, though his weakness and anxiety prevent him from giving tranquillity to his mind. He says further that it gave him great sorrow to think of the two sons he had left at their studies in Cordova, who would be left orphans, without father or mother, in a strange land; while the Sovereigns would not know of the services he had performed in this voyage, nor would they receive the prosperous news which would move them to help the orphans. To remedy this, and that their Highnesses might know how our Lord had granted a victory in all that could be desired respecting the Indies, and that they might understand that there were no storms in those parts, which may be known by the herbs and trees which grow even within the sea; also that the Sovereigns might still have information, even if he perished in the storm, he took a parchment and wrote on it as good an account as he could of all he had discovered, entreating anyone who might pick it up to deliver it to the Sovereigns. He rolled this parchment up in waxed cloth, fastened it very securely, ordered a large wooden barrel to be brought, and put it inside, so that no one else knew what it was. They thought that it was some act of devotion, and so he ordered the barrel to be thrown into the sea. Afterwards, in the showers and squalls, the wind veered to the west, and they went before it, only with the foresail, in a very confused sea, for five hours. They made 2 1/2 leagues N.E. They had taken in the reefed mainsail, for fear some wave of the sea should carry all away.

#### Friday, 15th of February

Last night, after sunset, the sky began to clear towards the west, showing that the wind was inclined to come from that quarter. The Admiral added the bonnet to the mainsail. The sea was still very high, although it had gone down slightly. They steered E.N.E., and went four miles an hour, which made 13 leagues during the eleven hours of the night. After sunrise they sighted land. It appeared from the bows to bear E.N.E. Some said it was the island of Madeira, others that it was the rock of Cintra, in Portugal, near Lisbon. Presently the wind headed to E.N.E., and a heavy sea came from the west, the caravel being 5 leagues from the land. The Admiral found by his reckoning that he was close to the Azores, and believed that this was one of them. The pilots and sailors thought it was the land of Castille.

#### Saturday, 16th of February

All that night the Admiral was standing off and on to keep clear of the land, which they now knew to be an island, sometimes standing N.E., at others N.N.E., until sunrise, when they tacked to the south to reach the island, which was now concealed by a great mist. Another island was in sight from the poop, at a distance of eight leagues. Afterwards, from sunrise until dark, they were tacking to reach the land against a strong wind and head-sea. At the time of repeating the Salve, which is just before dark, some of the men saw a light to leeward, and it seemed that it must be on the island they first saw yesterday. All night they were beating to windward, and going as near as they could, so as to see some way to the island at sunrise. That night the Admiral got a little rest, for he had not slept nor been able to sleep since Wednesday, and his legs were very sore from long exposure to the wet and cold. At sunrise he steered S.S.W., and reached the island at night, but could not make out what island it was, owing to the thick weather.

#### Monday, 18th of February

Yesterday, after sunset, the Admiral was sailing round the island, to see where he could anchor and open communications. He let go one anchor, which he presently lost, and then stood off and on all night. After sunrise he

again reached the north side of the island, where he anchored, and sent the boat on shore. They had speech with the people, and found that it was the island of Santa Maria, one of the Azores. They pointed out the port to which the caravel should go. They said that they had never seen such stormy weather as there had been for the last fifteen days, and they wondered how the caravel could have escaped. They gave many thanks to God, and showed great joy at the news that the Admiral had discovered the Indies. The Admiral says that his navigation had been very certain, and that he had laid the discoveries down on the chart. Many thanks were due to our Lord, although there had been some delay. But he was sure that he was in the region of the Azores, and that this was one of them. He pretended to have gone over more ground, to mislead the pilots and mariners who pricked off the charts, in order that he might remain master of that route to the Indies, as, in fact, he did. For none of the others kept an accurate reckoning, so that no one but himself could be sure of the route to the Indies.

### Tuesday, 19th of February

After sunset three natives of the island came to the beach and hailed. The Admiral sent the boat, which returned with fowls and fresh bread. It was carnival time, and they brought other things which were sent by the captain of the island, named Juan de Castañeda, saying that he knew the Admiral very well, and that he did not come to see him because it was night, but that at dawn he would come with more refreshments, bringing with him three men of the boat's crew, whom he did not send back owing to the great pleasure he derived from hearing their account of the voyage. The Admiral ordered much respect to be shown to the messengers, and that they should be given beds to sleep in that night, because it was late, and the town was far off. As on the previous Thursday, when they were in the midst of the storm, they had made a vow to go in procession to a church of Our Lady as soon as they came to land, the Admiral arranged that half the crew should go to comply with their obligation to a small chapel, like a hermitage, near the shore; and that he would himself go afterwards with the rest. Believing that it was a peaceful land, and confiding in the offers of the captain of the island, and in the peace that existed between Spain and Portugal, he asked the three men to go to the town and arrange for a priest to come and say Mass. The half of the crew then went in their shirts, in compliance with their vow. While they were at their prayers, all the people of the town, horse and foot, with the captain at their head, came and took them all prisoners. The Admiral, suspecting nothing, was waiting for the boat to take him and the rest to accomplish the vow. At 11 o'clock, seeing that they did not come back, he feared that they had been detained, or that the boat had been swamped, all the island being surrounded by high rocks. He could not see what had taken place, because the hermitage was round a point. He got up the anchor, and made sail until he was in full view of the hermitage, and he saw many of the horsemen dismount and get into the boat with arms. They came to the caravel to seize the Admiral. The captain stood up in the boat, and asked for an assurance of safety from the Admiral, who replied that he granted it; but, what outrage was this, that he saw none of his people in the boat? The Admiral added that they might come on board, and that he would do all that might be proper. The Admiral tried, with fair words, to get hold of this captain, that he might recover his own people, not considering that he broke faith by giving him security, because he had offered peace and security, and had then broken his word. The captain, as he came with an evil intention, would not come on board. Seeing that he did not come alongside, the Admiral asked that he might be told the reason for the detention of his men, an act which would displease the King of Portugal, because the Portuguese received much honour in the territories of the King of Castille, and were as safe as if they were in Lisbon. He further said that the Sovereigns had given him letters of recommendation to all the Lords and Princes of the world, which he would show the captain if he would come on board; that he was the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and Viceroy of the Indies, which belonged to their Highnesses, and that he would show the commissions signed with their signatures, and attested by their seals, which he held up from a distance. He added that his Sovereigns were in friendship and amity with the King of Portugal, and had ordered that all honour should be shown to ships that came from Portugal. Further, that if the captain did not surrender his people, he would still go on to Castille, as he had quite sufficient to navigate as far as Seville, in which case the captain and his followers would be severely punished for their offence. Then the captain and those with him replied that they did not know the King and Queen of Castille there, nor their letters, nor were they afraid of them, and they would give the Admiral to understand that this was Portugal, almost menacing him. On hearing this the Admiral was much moved, thinking that some cause of disagreement might have arisen between the two kingdoms during his absence, yet he could not endure that they should not be answered reasonably. Afterwards he turned to the captain, and said that he should go to the port with the caravel, and that all that had been done would be reported to the King his Lord. The Admiral made those who were in the caravel bear witness to what he said, calling to the captain and all the others, and promising that he would not leave the caravel until a hundred Portuguese had been taken to Castille, and all that island had been laid waste. He then returned to anchor in the port where he was first, the wind being very unfavourable for doing anything else.

Wednesday, 20th of February

The Admiral ordered the ship to be repaired, and the casks to be filled alongside for ballast. This was a very bad port, and he feared he might have to cut the cables. This was so, and he made sail for the island of San Miguel; but there is no good port in any of the Azores for the weather they then experienced, and there was no other remedy but to go to sea.

Thursday, 21st of February

Yesterday the Admiral left that island of Santa Maria for that of San Miguel, to see if a port could be found to shelter his vessel from the bad weather. There was much wind and a high sea, and he was sailing until night without being able to see either one land or the other, owing to the thick weather caused by wind and sea. The Admiral says he was in much anxiety, because he only had three sailors who knew their business, the rest knowing nothing of seamanship. He was lying-to all that night, in great danger and trouble. Our Lord showed him mercy in that the waves came in one direction, for if there had been a cross sea they would have suffered much more. After sunrise the island of San Miguel was not in sight, so the Admiral determined to return to Santa Maria, to see if he could recover his people and boat, and the anchors and cables he had left there.

The Admiral says that he was astonished at the bad weather he encountered in the region of these islands. In the Indies he had navigated throughout the winter without the necessity for anchoring, and always had fine weather, never having seen the sea for a single hour in such a state that it could not be navigated easily. But among these islands he had suffered from such terrible storms. The same had happened in going out as far as the Canary Islands, but as soon as they were passed there was always fine weather, both in sea and air. In concluding these remarks, he observes that the sacred theologians and wise men said well when they placed the terrestrial paradise in the Far East, because it is a most temperate region. Hence these lands that he had now discovered must, he says, be in the extreme East.

Friday, 22nd of February

Yesterday the Admiral came-to off Santa Maria, in the place or port where he had first anchored. Presently a man came down to some rocks at the edge of the beach, hailing that they were not to remain there. Soon afterwards the boat came with five sailors, two priests, and a scrivener. They asked for safety, and when it was granted by the Admiral, they came on board, and, as it was night they slept on board, the Admiral showing them all the civility he could. In the morning they asked to be shown the authority of the Sovereigns of Castille, by which the voyage had been made. The Admiral felt that they did this to give some colour of right to what they had done, and to show that they had right on their side. As they were unable to secure the person of the Admiral, whom they intended to get into their power when they came with the boat armed, they now feared that their game might not turn out so well, thinking, with some fear, of what the Admiral had threatened, and which he proposed to put into execution. In order to get his people released, the Admiral displayed the general letter of the Sovereigns to all Princes and Lords, and other documents, and having given them of what he had, the Portuguese went on shore contented, and presently released all the crew and the boat. The Admiral heard from them that if he had been captured also, they never would have been released, for the captain said that those were the orders of the King his Lord.

Saturday, 23rd of February

Yesterday the weather began to improve, and the Admiral got under weigh to seek a better anchorage, where he could take in wood and stones for ballast; but he did not find one until late.

Sunday, 24th of February

He anchored yesterday in the afternoon, to take in wood and stones, but the sea was so rough that they could not land from the boat, and during the first watch it came on to blow from the west and S.W. He ordered sail to be made, owing to the great danger there is off these islands in being at anchor with a southerly gale, and as the wind was S.W. it would go round to south. As it was a good wind for Castille, he gave up his intention of taking in wood and stones, and shaped an easterly course until sunset, going seven miles an hour for six hours and a half, equal to 45 1/2 miles. After sunset he made six miles an hour, or 66 miles in eleven hours, altogether 111 miles, equal to 28 leagues.

Monday, 25th of February

Yesterday, after sunset, the caravel went at the rate of five miles an hour on an easterly course, and in the eleven hours of the night she made 65 miles, equal to 16 1/4 leagues. From sunrise to sunset they made another 16 1/2 leagues with a smooth sea, thanks be to God. A very large bird, like an eagle, came to the caravel.

Tuesday, 26th of February

Yesterday night the caravel steered her course in a smooth sea, thanks be to God. Most of the time she was going eight miles an hour, and made a hundred miles, equal to 25 leagues. After sunrise there was little wind and some rain-showers. They made about 8 leagues E.N.E.

Wednesday, 27th of February

During the night and day she was off her course, owing to contrary winds and a heavy sea. She was found to be 125 leagues from Cape St. Vincent, and 80 from the island of Madeira, 106 from Santa Maria. It was very troublesome to have such bad weather just when they were at the very door of their home.

Thursday, 28th of February

The same weather during the night, with the wind from south and S.E., sometimes shifting to N.E. and E.N.E., and it was the same all day.

Friday, 1st of March

To-night the course was E.N.E., and they made twelve leagues. During the day, 23 1/2 leagues on the same course.

Saturday, 2nd of March

The course was E.N.E., and distance made good 28 leagues during the night, and 20 in the day.

Sunday, 3rd of March

After sunset the course was east; but a squall came down, split all the sails, and the vessel was in great danger; but God was pleased to deliver them. They drew lots for sending a pilgrim in a shirt to Santa Maria de la Cinta at Huelva, and the lot fell on the Admiral. The whole crew also made a vow to fast on bread and water during the first Saturday after their arrival in port. They had made 60 miles before the sails were split. Afterwards they ran under bare poles, owing to the force of the gale and the heavy sea. They saw signs of the neighbourhood of land, finding themselves near Lisbon.

Monday, 4th of March

During the night they were exposed to a terrible storm, expecting to be overwhelmed by the cross seas, while the wind seemed to raise the caravel into the air, and there was rain and lightning in several directions. The Admiral prayed to our Lord to preserve them, and in the first watch it pleased our Lord to show land, which was reported by the sailors. As it was advisable not to reach it before it was known whether there was any port to which he could run for shelter, the Admiral set the mainsail, as there was no other course but to proceed, though in great danger. Thus God preserved them until daylight, though all the time they were in infinite fear and trouble. When it was light, the Admiral knew the land, which was the rock of Cintra, near the river of Lisbon, and he resolved to run in because there was nothing else to be done. So terrible was the storm, that in the village of Cascaes, at the mouth of the river, the people were praying for the little vessel all that morning. After they were inside, the people came off, looking upon their escape as a miracle. At the third hour they passed Rastelo, within the river of Lisbon, where they were told that such a winter, with so many storms, had never before been known, and that 25 ships had been lost in Flanders, while others had been wind-bound in the river for four months. Presently the Admiral wrote to the King of Portugal, who was then at a distance of nine leagues, to state that the Sovereigns of Castille had ordered him to enter the ports of his Highness, and ask for what he required for payment, and requesting that the King would give permission for the caravel to come to Lisbon, because some ruffians, hearing that he had much gold on board, might attempt a robbery in an unfrequented port, knowing that they did not come from Guinea, but from the Indies.



Tuesday, 5th of March

To-day the great ship of the King of Portugal was also at anchor off Rastelo, with the best provision of artillery and arms that the Admiral had ever seen. The master of her, named Bartolomé Diaz, of Lisbon, came in an armed boat to the caravel, and ordered the Admiral to get into the boat, to go and give an account of himself to the agents of the king and to the captain of that ship. The Admiral replied that he was the Admiral of the Sovereigns of Castille, and that he would not give an account to any such persons, nor would he leave the ship except by force, as he had not the power to resist. The master replied that he must then send the master of the caravel. The Admiral answered that neither the master nor any other person should go except by force, for if he allowed anyone to go, it would be as if he went himself; and that such was the custom of the Admirals of the Sovereigns of Castille, rather to die than to submit, or to let any of their people submit. The master then moderated his tone, and told the Admiral that if that was his determination he might do as he pleased. He, however, requested that he might be shown the letters of the Kings of Castille, if they were on board. The Admiral readily showed them, and the master returned to the ship and reported what had happened to the captain, named Alvaro Dama. That officer, making great festival with trumpets and drums, came to the caravel to visit the Admiral, and offered to do all that he might require.

Wednesday, 6th of March

As soon as it was known that the Admiral came from the Indies, it was wonderful how many people came from Lisbon to see him and the Indians, giving thanks to our Lord, and saying that the heavenly Majesty had given all this to the Sovereigns of Castille as a reward for their faith and their great desire to serve God.

Thursday, 7th of March

To-day an immense number of people came to the caravel, including many knights, and amongst them the agents of the king, and all gave infinite thanks to our Lord for so wide an increase of Christianity granted by our Lord to the Sovereigns of Castille; and they said that they received it because their Highnesses had worked and laboured for the increase of the religion of Christ.

Friday, 8th of March

To-day the Admiral received a letter from the King of Portugal brought by Don Martin de Noroña, asking him to visit him where he was, as the weather was not suitable for the departure of the caravel. He complied, to prevent suspicion, although he did not wish to go, and went to pass the night at Sacanben. The king had given orders to his officers that all that the Admiral, his crew, and the caravel were in need of should be given without payment, and that all the Admiral wanted should be complied with.

Saturday, 9th of March

To-day the Admiral left Sacanben, to go where the king was residing, which was at Valparaiso, nine leagues from Lisbon. Owing to the rain, he did not arrive until night. The king caused him to be received very honourably by the principal officers of his household; and the king himself received the Admiral with great favour, making him sit down, and talking very pleasantly. He offered to give orders that everything should be done for the service of the Sovereigns of Castille, and said that the successful termination of the voyage had given him great pleasure. He said further that he understood that, in the capitulation between the Sovereigns and himself, that conquest belonged to him. The Admiral replied that he had not seen the capitulation, nor knew more than that the Sovereigns had ordered him not to go either to Lamina or to any other port of Guinea, and that this had been ordered to be proclaimed in all the ports of Andalusia before he sailed. The king graciously replied that he held it for certain that there would be no necessity for any arbitrators. The Admiral was assigned as a guest to the Prior of Crato, who was the principal person present, and from whom he received many favours and civilities.

Sunday, 10th of March

To-day, after Mass, the king repeated that if the Admiral wanted anything he should have it. He conversed much with the Admiral respecting his voyage, always ordering him to sit down, and treating him with great favour.

Monday, 11th of March

To-day the Admiral took leave of the king, who entrusted him with some messages to the Sovereigns, and always treating him with much friendliness. He departed after dinner, Don Martin de Noroña being sent with him, and all the knights set out with him, and went with him some distance, to do him honour. Afterwards he came to a monastery of San Antonio, near a place called Villafranca, where the Queen was residing. The Admiral went to do her reverence and to kiss her hand, because she had sent to say that he was not to go without seeing her. The Duke and the Marquis were with her, and the Admiral was received with much honour. He departed at night, and went to sleep at Llandra.

Tuesday, 12th of March

To-day, as he was leaving Llandra to return to the caravel, an esquire of the king arrived, with an offer that if he desired to go to Castille by land, that he should be supplied with lodgings, and beasts, and all that was necessary. When the Admiral took leave of him, he ordered a mule to be supplied to him, and another for his pilot, who was with him, and he says that the pilot received a present of twenty espadines. He said this that the Sovereigns might know all that was done. He arrived on board the caravel that night.

Wednesday, 13th of March

To-day, at 8 o'clock, with the flood tide, and the wind N.N.W., the Admiral got under weigh and made sail for Seville.

Thursday, 14th of March

Yesterday, after sunset, a southerly course was steered, and before sunrise they were off Cape St. Vincent, which is in Portugal. Afterwards he shaped a course to the east for Saltes, and went on all day with little wind, "until now that the ship is off Furon."

Friday, 15th of March

Yesterday, after sunset, she went on her course with little wind, and at sunrise she was off Saltes. At noon, with the tide rising, they crossed the bar of Saltes, and reached the port which they had left on the 3rd of August of the year before. The Admiral says that so ends this journal, unless it becomes necessary to go to Barcelona by sea, having received news that their Highnesses are in that city, to give an account of all his voyage which our Lord had permitted him to make, and saw fit to set forth in him. For, assuredly, he held with a firm and strong knowledge that his high Majesty made all things good, and that all is good except sin. Nor can he value or think of anything being done without His consent. "I know respecting this voyage", says the Admiral, "that he has miraculously shown his will, as may be seen from this journal, setting forth the numerous miracles that have been displayed in the voyage, and in me who was so long at the court of your Highnesses, working in opposition to and against the opinions of so many chief persons of your household, who were all against me, looking upon this enterprise as folly. But I hope, in our Lord, that it will be a great benefit to Christianity, for so it has ever appeared." These are the final words of the Admiral Don Cristoval Colon respecting his first voyage to the Indies and their discovery.

## **THE FIRST LETTER OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TO THE NOBLE LORD RAPHAEL SANCHEZ ANNOUNCING THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA**

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Christopher Columbus, Translated by Henry W. Haynes

Rome, April 1493

Letter from Christopher Colom [*Columbus*]: to whom our age owes much; on the recently discovered Islands of India beyond the Ganges. In the search for which he had been sent out eight months earlier under the auspices and at the expense of the most invincible Ferdinand and Helisabet [*Isabella*], rulers of Spain: addressed to the magnificent Lord Gabriel Sanchis [*Sanchez*] treasurer of these most serene highnesses; which the noble and learned man Leander de Cosco translated from the Spanish into Latin on the third day before the calends of May [*i.e.*, 29 April] 1493, in the first year of the pontificate of Alexander VI.

AS I know that it will afford you pleasure that I have brought my undertaking to a successful result, I have determined to write you this letter to inform you of everything that has been done and discovered in this voyage of mine.

On the thirty-third day after leaving Cadiz I came into the Indian Sea, where I discovered many islands inhabited by numerous people. I took possession of all of them for our most fortunate King by making public proclamation and unfurling his standard, no one making any resistance. To the first of them I have given the name of our blessed Saviour, whose aid I have reached this and all the rest; but the Indians call it Guanahani. To each of the others also I gave a new name, ordering one to be called Sancta Maria de Concepcion, another Fernandina, another Isabella, another Juana; and so with all the rest. As soon as we reached the island which I have just said was called Juana, I sailed along its coast some considerable distance towards the West, and found it to be so large, without any apparent end, that I believed it was not an island, but a continent, a province of Cathay. But I saw neither towns nor cities lying on the seaboard, only some villages and country farms, with whose inhabitants I could not get speech, because they fled as soon as they beheld us. I continued on, supposing I should come upon some city, or country-houses. At last, finding that no discoveries rewarded our further progress, and that this course was leading us towards the North, which I was desirous of avoiding, as it was now winter in these regions, and it had always been my intention to proceed Southwards, and the winds also were favorable to such desires, I concluded not to attempt any other adventures; so, turning back, I came again to a certain harbor, which I had remarked. From there I sent two of our men into the country to learn whether there was any king or cities in that land. They journeyed for three days, and found innumerable people and habitations, but small and having no fixed government; on which account they returned. Meanwhile I had learned from some Indians, whom I had seized at this place, that this country was really an island. Consequently I continued along towards the East, as much as 322 miles, always hugging the shore. Where was the very extremity of the island, from there I saw another island to the Eastwards, distant 54 miles from this Juana, which I named *Hispana*; and proceeded to it, and directed my course for 564 miles East by North as it were, just as I had done at Juana.

The island called Juana, as well as the others in its neighborhood, is exceedingly fertile. It has numerous harbors on all sides, very safe and wide, above comparison with any I have ever seen. Through it flow many very broad and health-giving rivers; and there are in it numerous very lofty mountains. All these island are very beautiful, and of quite different shapes; easy to be traversed, and full of the greatest variety of trees reaching to the stars. I think these never lose their leaves, and I saw them looking as green and lovely as they are wont to be in the month of May in Spain. Some of them were in leaf, and some in fruit; each flourishing in the condition its nature required. The nightingale was singing and various other little birds, when I was rambling among them in the month of November. There are also in the island called Juana seven or eight kinds of palms, which as readily surpass ours in height and beauty as do all the other trees, herbs, and fruits. There are also wonderful pinewoods, fields, and extensive meadows; birds of various kinds, and honey; and all the different metals, except iron.

In the island, which I have said before was called *Hispana*, there are very lofty and beautiful mountains, great farms, groves and fields, most fertile both for cultivation and for pasturage, and well adapted for constructing buildings. The convenience of the harbors in this island, and the excellence of the rivers, in volume and salubrity, surpass human belief, unless one should see them. In it the trees, pasture-lands and fruits differ much from those of Juana. Besides, this *Hispana* abounds in various kinds of species, gold and metals. The inhabitants of both sexes of this and of all the other island I have seen, or of which I have any knowledge, always go as naked as they came into the world, except that some of the women cover their private parts with leaves or branches, or a veil of cotton, which they prepare themselves for this purpose. They are all, as I said before, unprovided with any sort of iron, and they are destitute of arms, which are entirely unknown to them, and for which they are not adapted; not on account of any bodily deformity, for they are well made, but because they are timid and full of terror. They carry, however, canes dried in the sun in place of weapons, upon whose roots they fix a wooded shaft, dried and sharpened to a point. But they never dare to make use of these; for it has often happened, when I have sent two or three of my men to some of their villages to speak with the inhabitants, that a crowd of Indians has sallied forth; but when they saw our men approaching, they speedily took to flight, parents abandoning children, and children their parents. This happened not because any loss or injury had been inflicted upon any of them. On the contrary I gave whatever I had, cloth and many other things, to whomsoever I approached, or with whom I could get speech, without any return being made to me; but they are by nature fearful and timid. But when they see that they are safe, and all fear is banished, they are very guileless and honest, and very liberal of all they have. No one refuses the asker anything that he possesses; on the contrary they themselves invite us to ask for it. They manifest the greatest affection towards all of us, exchanging valuable things for trifles, content with the very least thing or nothing at all. But I forbade giving them a very trifling thing and of no value, such as bits of plates, dishes, or glass; also nails and straps; although it seemed to them, if they could get such, that they had acquired the most beautiful jewels in the world. For it chanced that a sailor received for a single strap as much weight of gold as three sold *solidi*; and so others for other things of less price, especially for new blancas, and for some gold coins, for which they gave whatever they seller asked;

for instance, an ounce and a half or two ounces of gold, or thirty or forty pounds of cotton, with which they were already familiar. So too for pieces of hoops, jugs, jars, and pots they bartered cotton and gold like beasts. This I forbade, because it was plainly unjust; and I gave them many beautiful and pleasing things, which I had brought with me, for no return whatever, in order to win their affection, and that they might become Christians and inclined to love our King and Queen and Princes and all the people of Spain; and that they might be eager to search for and gather and give to us what they abound in and we greatly need.

They do not practice idolatry; on the contrary, they believe that all strength, all power, in short all blessings, are from Heaven, and I have come down from there with these ships and sailors; and in this spirit was I received everywhere, after they had got over their fear. They are neither lazy nor awkward; but, on the contrary, are of an excellent and acute understanding. Those who have sailed these seas give excellent accounts of everything; but they have never seen men wearing clothes, or ships like ours.

As soon as I had come into this sea, I took by force some Indians from the first island, in order that they might learn from us, and at the same time tell us what they knew about affairs in these regions. This succeeded admirably; for in a short time we understood them and they us both by gesture and signs and words; and they were of great service to us. They are coming now with me, and have always believed that I have come from Heaven, notwithstanding the long time they have been, and still remain, with us. They were the first who told this wherever we went, one calling to another, with a loud voice, *Come, Come, you will see Men from Heaven*. Whereupon both women and men, children and adults, young and old, laying aside the fear they had felt a little before, flocked eagerly to see us, a great crowd thronging about our steps, some bringing food, and others drink, with greatest love and incredible good will.

In each island are many boats made of solid wood; though narrow, yet in length and shape similar to our two-bankers, but swifter in motion, and managed by oars only. Some of them are large, some small, and some of medium size; but most are larger than a two-banker rowed by 18 oars. With these they sail to all the islands, which are innumerable; engaging in traffic and commerce with each other. I saw some of these biremes, or boats, which carried 70 or 80 rowers. In all these islands there is no difference in the appearance of the inhabitants, and none in their customs and language, so that all understand one another. This is a circumstance most favorable for what I believe our most serene King especially desires, that is, their conversion to the holy faith of Christ; for which, indeed, so far as I could understand, they are very ready and prone.

I have told already how I sailed in a straight course along the island of Juana from West to East 322 miles. From this voyage and the extent of my journeyings I can say that this Juana is larger than England and Scotland together. For beyond the aforesaid 322 miles, in that portion which looks towards the West, there are two more provinces, which I did not visit. One of them the Indians call *Anan*, and its inhabitants are born with tails. These provinces extend 180 miles, as I learned from the Indians, whom I am bringing with me, and who are well acquainted with all these islands.

The distance around *Hispana* is greater than all Spain from *Colonia* to Fontarabia; as is readily proved, because its fourth side, which I myself traversed in a straight course from West to East, stretches 540 miles. This island is to be coveted, and not to be despised when acquired. As I have already taken possession of all the others, as I have said, for our most invincible King, and the role over them is entirely committed to the said King, so in this one I have taken special possession of a certain large town, in a most convenient spot, well



**IMAGE 11.14: THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS** | Illustration by Louis Prang & Co., depicting Columbus on his death bed, surrounded by mournful onlookers.

**Author:** L. Prang & Co.  
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suiting for all profit and commerce, to which I have given the name of the Nativity of our Lord; and there I ordered a fort to be built forthwith, which ought to be finished now. In it I left as many men as seemed necessary, with all kinds of arms, and provisions sufficient for more than a year; also a caravel and men to build others, skilled not only in trade but in others. I secured for them the good will and remarkable friendship of the King of the island; for these people are very affectionate and kind; so much so that the aforesaid King took a pride in my being called his brother. Although they should change their minds, and wish to harm those who have remained in the fort, they cannot; because they are without arms, go naked and are too timid; so that, in truth, those who hold the aforesaid fort can lay waste the whole of that island, without any danger to themselves, provided they do not violate the rules and instructions I have given them.

In all these islands, as I understand, every man is satisfied with only one wife, except the princes or kings, who are permitted to have 20. The women appear to work more than the men; but I could not well understand whether they have private property, or not; for I saw that what every one had was shared with the others, especially meals, provisions and such things. I found among them no monsters, as very many expected; but men of great deference and kind; nor are they black like Ethiopians; but they have long, straight hair. They do not dwell where the rays of Sun have most power, although the Sun's heat is very great there, as this region is twenty-six degrees distant from the equinoctial line. From the summits of the mountains there comes great cold, but the Indians mitigate it by being inured to the weather, and by the help of very hot food, which they consume frequently and in immoderate quantities.

I saw no monsters, neither did I hear accounts of any such except in an island called Charis, the second as one crosses over from Spain to India, which is inhabited by a certain race regarded by their neighbors as very ferocious. They eat human flesh, and make use of several kinds of boats by which they cross over to all the Indian islands, and plunder and carry off whatever they can. But they differ in no respect from the others except in wearing their hair long after the fashion of women. They make use of bows and arrows made of reeds, having pointed shafts fastened to the thicker portion, as we have before described. For this reason they are considered to be ferocious, and the other Indians consequently are terribly afraid of them; but I consider them of no more account than the others. They have intercourse with certain women who dwell alone upon the island of *Mateurin*, the first as one crosses from Spain to India. These women follow none of the usual occupations of their sex; but they use bows and arrows like those of their husbands, which I have described, and protect themselves with plates of copper, which is found in the greatest abundance among them.

I was informed that there is another island larger than the aforesaid *Hispana*, whose inhabitants have no hair; and that there is a greater abundance of gold in it than in any of the others. Some of the inhabitants of these islands and of the others I have seen I am bringing over with me to bear testimony to what I have reported. Finally, to sum up in a few words the chief results and advantages of our departure and speedy return, I make this promise to our most invincible Sovereigns, that, if I am supported by some little assistance from them, I will give them as much gold as they have need of, and in addition spices, cotton and mastic, which is found only in Chios, and as much aloes-wood, and as many heathen slaves as their majesties may choose to demand; besides these, rhubarb and other kinds of drugs, which I think the men I left in the fort before alluded to, have already discovered, or will do so; as I have delayed nowhere longer than the winds compelled me, except while I was providing for the construction of a fort in the city of Nativity, and for making all things safe.

Although these matters are very wonderful and unheard of, they would have been much more so, if ships to a reasonable amount had been furnished me. But what has been accomplished is great and wonderful, and not at all proportionate to my deserts, but to the sacred Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our Sovereigns. For what is the mind of man could not compass the spirit of God has granted to mortals. For God is wont and listen to his servants who love his precepts, even in impossibilities, as has happened to me in the present instance, who have accomplished what human strength has hitherto never attained. For if any one has written or told anything about these islands, all have done so either obscurely or by guesswork, so that it has almost seemed to be fabulous.

Therefore let King and Queen and Princes, and their most fortunate realms, and all other

Christian provinces, let us all return thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has bestowed so great a victory and reward upon us; let there be processions and solemn sacrifices prepared; let the churches be decked with festal boughs; let Christ rejoice upon Earth as he rejoices in Heaven, as he foresees that so many souls of so many people heretofore lost are to be saved; and let us be glad not only for the exaltation of our faith, but also for the increase of temporal prosperity, in which not only Spain but all Christendom is about to share.

As these things have been accomplished so have they been briefly narrated. Farewell.

Christopher Colom,  
Admiral of the Ocean Fleet  
Lisbon, March 14<sup>th</sup>.

## THE PRINCE

Niccolò Machiavelli (1469-1527 C.E.)

First published in 1532 C.E.

Italy

*The Prince* is written by Niccolò Machiavelli, an Italian Renaissance political philosopher, statesman, playwright, novelist, and poet. This booklet, composed of twenty-six chapters, is a political treatise offering advice to rulers on how to obtain and keep power. It is assumed that a version of the manuscript had been circulated from 1513 on, whereas it was first officially published in 1532, posthumously. Drawing lessons from the Roman historian Livy, its innovation lies in the treatise's focus on the efficacy of ruling, a significant contrast from traditional Christian-morality-based instructions for rulers. Although some had even interpreted it as a satire, the adjective "Machiavellian" has come to have a pejorative connotation because of the text's apparent indifference to moral and ethical concerns.

*Written by Kyoungnye Kwon*

### SELECTIONS FROM THE PRINCE

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Niccolo Machiavelli, Translated by W. K. Marriott

#### Chapter VII

#### *Concerning New Principalities Which Are Acquired Either By The Arms Of Others Or By Good Fortune*

Those who solely by good fortune become princes from being private citizens have little trouble in rising, but much in keeping atop; they have not any difficulties on the way up, because they fly, but they have many when they reach the summit. Such are those to whom some state is given either for money or by the favour of him who bestows it; as happened to many in Greece, in the cities of Ionia and of the Hellespont, where princes were made by Darius, in order that they might hold the cities both for his security and his glory; as also were those emperors who, by the corruption of the soldiers, from being citizens came to empire. Such stand simply elevated upon the goodwill and the fortune of him who has elevated them—two most inconstant and unstable things. Neither have they the knowledge requisite for the position; because, unless they are men of great worth and ability, it is not reasonable to expect that they should know how to command, having always lived in a private condition; besides, they cannot hold it because they have not forces which they can keep friendly and faithful.

States that rise unexpectedly, then, like all other things in nature which are born and grow rapidly, cannot leave their foundations and correspondencies fixed in such a way that the first storm will not overthrow them; unless, as is said, those who unexpectedly become princes are men of so much ability that they know they have to be prepared at once to hold that which fortune has thrown into their laps, and that those foundations, which others have laid BEFORE they became princes, they must lay AFTERWARDS.

Concerning these two methods of rising to be a prince by ability or fortune, I wish to adduce two examples within our own recollection, and these are Francesco Sforza and Cesare Borgia. Francesco, by proper means and with great ability, from



IMAGE 11.15: MACHIAVELLI PRINCIPE COVER PAGE | The cover of Machiavelli's *The Prince*.

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being a private person rose to be Duke of Milan, and that which he had acquired with a thousand anxieties he kept with little trouble. On the other hand, Cesare Borgia, called by the people Duke Valentino, acquired his state during the ascendancy of his father, and on its decline he lost it, notwithstanding that he had taken every measure and done all that ought to be done by a wise and able man to fix firmly his roots in the states which the arms and fortunes of others had bestowed on him.

Because, as is stated above, he who has not first laid his foundations may be able with great ability to lay them afterwards, but they will be laid with trouble to the architect and danger to the building. If, therefore, all the steps taken by the duke be considered, it will be seen that he laid solid foundations for his future power, and I do not consider it superfluous to discuss them, because I do not know what better precepts to give a new prince than the example of his actions; and if his dispositions were of no avail, that was not his fault, but the extraordinary and extreme malignity of fortune.

Alexander the Sixth, in wishing to aggrandize the duke, his son, had many immediate and prospective difficulties. Firstly, he did not see his way to make him master of any state that was not a state of the Church; and if he was willing to rob the Church he knew that the Duke of Milan and the Venetians would not consent, because Faenza and Rimini were already under the protection of the Venetians. Besides this, he saw the arms of Italy, especially those by which he might have been assisted, in hands that would fear the aggrandizement of the Pope, namely, the Orsini and the Colonnese and their following. It behoved him, therefore, to upset this state of affairs and embroil the powers, so as to make himself securely master of part of their states. This was easy for him to do, because he found the Venetians, moved by other reasons, inclined to bring back the French into Italy; he would not only not oppose this, but he would render it more easy by dissolving the former marriage of King Louis. Therefore the king came into Italy with the assistance of the Venetians and the consent of Alexander. He was no sooner in Milan than the Pope had soldiers from him for the attempt on the Romagna, which yielded to him on the reputation of the king. The duke, therefore, having acquired the Romagna and beaten the Colonnese, while wishing to hold that and to advance further, was hindered by two things: the one, his forces did not appear loyal to him, the other, the goodwill of France: that is to say, he feared that the forces of the Orsini, which he was using, would not stand to him, that not only might they hinder him from winning more, but might themselves seize what he had won, and that the king might also do the same. Of the Orsini he had a warning when, after taking Faenza and attacking Bologna, he saw them go very unwillingly to that attack. And as to the king, he learned his mind when he himself, after taking the Duchy of Urbino, attacked Tuscany, and the king made him desist from that undertaking; hence the duke decided to depend no more upon the arms and the luck of others.

For the first thing he weakened the Orsini and Colonnese parties in Rome, by gaining to himself all their adherents who were gentlemen, making them his gentlemen, giving them good pay, and, according to their rank, honouring them with office and command in such a way that in a few months all attachment to the factions was destroyed and turned entirely to the duke. After this he awaited an opportunity to crush the Orsini, having scattered the adherents of the Colonna house. This came to him soon and he used it well; for the Orsini, perceiving at length that the aggrandizement of the duke and the Church was ruin to them, called a meeting of the Magione in Perugia. From this sprung the rebellion at Urbino and the tumults in the Romagna, with endless dangers to the duke, all of which he overcame with the help of the French. Having restored his authority, not to leave it at risk by trusting either to the French or other outside forces, he had recourse to his wiles, and he knew so well how to conceal his mind that, by the mediation of Signor Pagolo—whom the duke did not fail to secure with all kinds of attention, giving him money, apparel, and horses—the Orsini were reconciled, so that their simplicity brought them into his power at Sinigaglia. Having exterminated the leaders, and turned their partisans into his friends, the duke laid sufficiently good foundations to his power, having all the Romagna and the Duchy of Urbino; and the people now beginning to appreciate their prosperity, he gained them all over to himself. And as this point is worthy of notice, and to be imitated by others, I am not willing to leave it out.

When the duke occupied the Romagna he found it under the rule of weak masters, who rather plundered their subjects than ruled them, and gave them more cause for disunion than for union, so that the country was full of robbery, quarrels, and every kind of violence; and so, wishing to bring back peace and obedience to authority, he considered it necessary to give it a good governor. Thereupon he promoted Messer Ramiro d'Orco, a swift and cruel man, to whom he gave the fullest power. This man in a short time restored peace and unity with the greatest success. Afterwards the duke considered that it was not advisable to confer such excessive authority, for he had no doubt but that he would become odious, so he set up a court of judgment in the country, under a most excellent president, wherein all cities had their advocates. And because he knew that the past severity had caused some hatred against himself, so, to clear himself in the minds of the people, and gain them entirely to himself, he desired to show that, if any cruelty had been practised, it had not originated with him, but in the natural sternness of the minister. Under this pretence he took Ramiro, and one morning caused him to be executed and left on the piazza at Cesena with the block and a bloody knife at his side. The barbarity of this spectacle caused the people to be at once satisfied and dismayed.

But let us return whence we started. I say that the duke, finding himself now sufficiently powerful and partly secured from immediate dangers by having armed himself in his own way, and having in a great measure crushed those forces in his vicinity that could injure him if he wished to proceed with his conquest, had next to consider France, for he knew that the king, who too late was aware of his mistake, would not support him. And from this time he began to seek new alliances and to temporize with France in the expedition which she was making towards the kingdom of Naples against the Spaniards who were besieging Gaeta. It was his intention to secure himself against them, and this he would have quickly accomplished had Alexander lived.

Such was his line of action as to present affairs. But as to the future he had to fear, in the first place, that a new successor to the Church might not be friendly to him and might seek to take from him that which Alexander had given him, so he decided to act in four ways. Firstly, by exterminating the families of those lords whom he had despoiled, so as to take away that pretext from the Pope. Secondly, by winning to himself all the gentlemen of Rome, so as to be able to curb the Pope with their aid, as has been observed. Thirdly, by converting the college more to himself. Fourthly, by acquiring so much power before the Pope should die that he could by his own measures resist the first shock. Of these four things, at the death of Alexander, he had accomplished three. For he had killed as many of the dispossessed lords as he could lay hands on, and few had escaped; he had won over the Roman gentlemen, and he had the most numerous party in the college. And as to any fresh acquisition, he intended to become master of Tuscany, for he already possessed Perugia and Piombino, and Pisa was under his protection. And as he had no longer to study France (for the French were already driven out of the kingdom of Naples by the Spaniards, and in this way both were compelled to buy his goodwill), he pounced down upon Pisa. After this, Lucca and Siena yielded at once, partly through hatred and partly through fear of the Florentines; and the Florentines would have had no remedy had he continued to prosper, as he was prospering the year that Alexander died, for he had acquired so much power and reputation that he would have stood by himself, and no longer have depended on the luck and the forces of others, but solely on his own power and ability.

But Alexander died five years after he had first drawn the sword. He left the duke with the state of Romagna alone consolidated, with the rest in the air, between two most powerful hostile armies, and sick unto death. Yet there were in the duke such boldness and ability, and he knew so well how men are to be won or lost, and so firm were the foundations which in so short a time he had laid, that if he had not had those armies on his back, or if he had been in good health, he would have overcome all difficulties. And it is seen that his foundations were good, for the Romagna awaited him for more than a month. In Rome, although but half alive, he remained secure; and whilst the Baglioni, the Vitelli, and the Orsini might come to Rome, they could not effect anything against him. If he could not have made Pope him whom he wished, at least the one whom he did not wish would not have been elected. But if he had been in sound health at the death of Alexander, everything would have been different to him. On the day that Julius the Second was elected, he told me that he had thought of everything that might occur at the death of his father, and had provided a remedy for all, except that he had never anticipated that, when the death did happen, he himself would be on the point to die.

When all the actions of the duke are recalled, I do not know how to blame him, but rather it appears to be, as I have said, that I ought to offer him for imitation to all those who, by the fortune or the arms of others, are raised to government. Because he, having a lofty spirit and far-reaching aims, could not have regulated his conduct otherwise, and only the shortness of the life of Alexander and his own sickness frustrated his designs. Therefore, he who considers it necessary to secure himself in his new principality, to win friends, to overcome either by force or fraud, to make himself beloved and feared by the people, to be followed and revered by the soldiers, to exterminate those who have power or reason to hurt him, to change the old order of things for new, to be severe and gracious, magnanimous and liberal, to destroy a disloyal soldiery and to create new, to maintain friendship with kings and princes in such a way that they must help him with zeal and offend with caution, cannot find a more lively example than the actions of this man.

Only can he be blamed for the election of Julius the Second, in whom he made a bad choice, because, as is said, not being able to elect a Pope to his own mind, he could have hindered any other from being elected Pope; and he ought never to have consented to the election of any cardinal whom he had injured or who had cause to fear him if they became pontiffs. For men injure either from fear or hatred. Those whom he had injured, amongst others, were San Pietro ad Vincula, Colonna, San Giorgio, and Ascanio. The rest, in becoming Pope, had to fear him, Rouen and the Spaniards excepted; the latter from their relationship and obligations, the former from his influence, the kingdom of France having relations with him. Therefore, above everything, the duke ought to have created a Spaniard Pope, and, failing him, he ought to have consented to Rouen and not San Pietro ad Vincula. He who believes that new benefits will cause great personages to forget old injuries is deceived. Therefore, the duke erred in his choice, and it was the cause of his ultimate ruin.



Chapter XV*Concerning Things For Which Men, And Especially Princes, Are Praised Or Blamed*

It remains now to see what ought to be the rules of conduct for a prince towards subject and friends. And as I know that many have written on this point, I expect I shall be considered presumptuous in mentioning it again, especially as in discussing it I shall depart from the methods of other people. But, it being my intention to write a thing which shall be useful to him who apprehends it, it appears to me more appropriate to follow up the real truth of the matter than the imagination of it; for many have pictured republics and principalities which in fact have never been known or seen, because how one lives is so far distant from how one ought to live, that he who neglects what is done for what ought to be done, sooner effects his ruin than his preservation; for a man who wishes to act entirely up to his professions of virtue soon meets with what destroys him among so much that is evil.

Hence it is necessary for a prince wishing to hold his own to know how to do wrong, and to make use of it or not according to necessity. Therefore, putting on one side imaginary things concerning a prince, and discussing those which are real, I say that all men when they are spoken of, and chiefly princes for being more highly placed, are remarkable for some of those qualities which bring them either blame or praise; and thus it is that one is reputed liberal, another miserly, using a Tuscan term (because an avaricious person in our language is still he who desires to possess by robbery, whilst we call one miserly who deprives himself too much of the use of his own); one is reputed generous, one rapacious; one cruel, one compassionate; one faithless, another faithful; one effeminate and cowardly, another bold and brave; one affable, another haughty; one lascivious, another chaste; one sincere, another cunning; one hard, another easy; one grave, another frivolous; one religious, another unbelieving, and the like. And I know that every one will confess that it would be most praiseworthy in a prince to exhibit all the above qualities that are considered good; but because they can neither be entirely possessed nor observed, for human conditions do not permit it, it is necessary for him to be sufficiently prudent that he may know how to avoid the reproach of those vices which would lose him his state; and also to keep himself, if it be possible, from those which would not lose him it; but this not being possible, he may with less hesitation abandon himself to them. And again, he need not make himself uneasy at incurring a reproach for those vices without which the state can only be saved with difficulty, for if everything is considered carefully, it will be found that something which looks like virtue, if followed, would be his ruin; whilst something else, which looks like vice, yet followed brings him security and prosperity.

Chapter XVI*Concerning Liberality And Meanness*

Commencing then with the first of the above-named characteristics, I say that it would be well to be reputed liberal. Nevertheless, liberality exercised in a way that does not bring you the reputation for it, injures you; for if one exercises it honestly and as it should be exercised, it may not become known, and you will not avoid the reproach of its opposite. Therefore, any one wishing to maintain among men the name of liberal is obliged to avoid no attribute of magnificence; so that a prince thus inclined will consume in such acts all his property, and will be compelled in the end, if he wish to maintain the name of liberal, to unduly weigh down his people, and tax them, and do everything he can to get money. This will soon make him odious to his subjects, and becoming poor he will be little valued by any one; thus, with his liberality, having offended many and rewarded few, he is affected by the very first trouble and imperilled by whatever may be the first danger; recognizing this himself, and wishing to draw back from it, he runs at once into the reproach of being miserly.

Therefore, a prince, not being able to exercise this virtue of liberality in such a way that it is recognized, except to his cost, if he is wise he ought not to fear the reputation of being mean, for in time he will come to be more considered than if liberal, seeing that with his economy his revenues are enough, that he can defend himself against all attacks, and is able to engage in enterprises without burdening his people; thus it comes to pass that he exercises liberality towards all from whom he does not take, who are numberless, and meanness towards those to whom he does not give, who are few.

We have not seen great things done in our time except by those who have been considered mean; the rest have failed. Pope Julius the Second was assisted in reaching the papacy by a reputation for liberality, yet he did not strive afterwards to keep it up, when he made war on the King of France; and he made many wars without imposing any extraordinary tax on his subjects, for he supplied his additional expenses out of his long thriftiness. The present King of Spain would not have undertaken or conquered in so many enterprises if he had been reputed liberal. A prince, therefore, provided that he has not to rob his subjects, that he can defend himself, that he does not become poor and abject, that he is not forced to become rapacious, ought to hold of little account a reputation for being mean, for it is one of those vices which will enable him to govern.

And if any one should say: Caesar obtained empire by liberality, and many others have reached the highest

positions by having been liberal, and by being considered so, I answer: Either you are a prince in fact, or in a way to become one. In the first case this liberality is dangerous, in the second it is very necessary to be considered liberal; and Caesar was one of those who wished to become pre-eminent in Rome; but if he had survived after becoming so, and had not moderated his expenses, he would have destroyed his government. And if any one should reply: Many have been princes, and have done great things with armies, who have been considered very liberal, I reply: Either a prince spends that which is his own or his subjects' or else that of others. In the first case he ought to be sparing, in the second he ought not to neglect any opportunity for liberality. And to the prince who goes forth with his army, supporting it by pillage, sack, and extortion, handling that which belongs to others, this liberality is necessary, otherwise he would not be followed by soldiers. And of that which is neither yours nor your subjects' you can be a ready giver, as were Cyrus, Caesar, and Alexander; because it does not take away your reputation if you squander that of others, but adds to it; it is only squandering your own that injures you.

And there is nothing wastes so rapidly as liberality, for even whilst you exercise it you lose the power to do so, and so become either poor or despised, or else, in avoiding poverty, rapacious and hated. And a prince should guard himself, above all things, against being despised and hated; and liberality leads you to both. Therefore it is wiser to have a reputation for meanness which brings reproach without hatred, than to be compelled through seeking a reputation for liberality to incur a name for rapacity which begets reproach with hatred.

## Chapter XVII

### *Concerning Cruelty And Clemency, And Whether It Is Better To Be Loved Than Feared*

Coming now to the other qualities mentioned above, I say that every prince ought to desire to be considered clement and not cruel. Nevertheless he ought to take care not to misuse this clemency. Cesare Borgia was considered cruel; notwithstanding, his cruelty reconciled the Romagna, unified it, and restored it to peace and loyalty. And if this be rightly considered, he will be seen to have been much more merciful than the Florentine people, who, to avoid a reputation for cruelty, permitted Pistoia to be destroyed. Therefore a prince, so long as he keeps his subjects united and loyal, ought not to mind the reproach of cruelty; because with a few examples he will be more merciful than those who, through too much mercy, allow disorders to arise, from which follow murders or robberies; for these are wont to injure the whole people, whilst those executions which originate with a prince offend the individual only.

And of all princes, it is impossible for the new prince to avoid the imputation of cruelty, owing to new states being full of dangers. Hence Virgil, through the mouth of Dido, excuses the inhumanity of her reign owing to its being new, saying:

Nevertheless he ought to be slow to believe and to act, nor should he himself show fear, but proceed in a temperate manner with prudence and humanity, so that too much confidence may not make him incautious and too much distrust render him intolerable.

Upon this a question arises: whether it be better to be loved than feared or feared than loved? It may be answered that one should wish to be both, but, because it is difficult to unite them in one person, it is much safer to be feared than loved, when, of the two, either must be dispensed with. Because this is to be asserted in general of men, that they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowardly, covetous, and as long as you succeed they are yours entirely; they will offer you their blood, property, life, and children, as is said above, when the need is far distant; but when it approaches they turn against you. And that prince who, relying entirely on their promises, has neglected other precautions, is ruined; because friendships that are obtained by payments, and not by greatness or nobility of mind, may indeed be earned, but they are not secured, and in time of need cannot be relied upon; and men have less scruple in offending one who is beloved than one who is feared, for love is preserved by the link of obligation which, owing to the baseness of men, is broken at every opportunity for their advantage; but fear preserves you by a dread of punishment which never fails.

Nevertheless a prince ought to inspire fear in such a way that, if he does not win love, he avoids hatred; because he can endure very well being feared whilst he is not hated, which will always be as long as he abstains from the property of his citizens and subjects and from their women. But when it is necessary for him to proceed against the life of someone, he must do it on proper justification and for manifest cause, but above all things he must keep his hands off the property of others, because men more quickly forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, pretexts for taking away the property are never wanting; for he who has once begun to live by robbery will always find pretexts for seizing what belongs to others; but reasons for taking life, on the contrary, are more difficult to find and sooner lapse. But when a prince is with his army, and has under control a multitude of soldiers, then it is quite necessary for him to disregard the reputation of cruelty, for without it he would never hold his army united or disposed to its duties.

Among the wonderful deeds of Hannibal this one is enumerated: that having led an enormous army, composed of many various races of men, to fight in foreign lands, no dissensions arose either among them or against the

prince, whether in his bad or in his good fortune. This arose from nothing else than his inhuman cruelty, which, with his boundless valour, made him revered and terrible in the sight of his soldiers, but without that cruelty, his other virtues were not sufficient to produce this effect. And short-sighted writers admire his deeds from one point of view and from another condemn the principal cause of them. That it is true his other virtues would not have been sufficient for him may be proved by the case of Scipio, that most excellent man, not only of his own times but within the memory of man, against whom, nevertheless, his army rebelled in Spain; this arose from nothing but his too great forbearance, which gave his soldiers more license than is consistent with military discipline. For this he was upbraided in the Senate by Fabius Maximus, and called the corrupter of the Roman soldiery. The Locrians were laid waste by a legate of Scipio, yet they were not avenged by him, nor was the insolence of the legate punished, owing entirely to his easy nature. Insomuch that someone in the Senate, wishing to excuse him, said there were many men who knew much better how not to err than to correct the errors of others. This disposition, if he had been continued in the command, would have destroyed in time the fame and glory of Scipio; but, he being under the control of the Senate, this injurious characteristic not only concealed itself, but contributed to his glory.

Returning to the question of being feared or loved, I come to the conclusion that, men loving according to their own will and fearing according to that of the prince, a wise prince should establish himself on that which is in his own control and not in that of others; he must endeavour only to avoid hatred, as is noted.

## Chapter XXV

### *What Fortune Can Effect In Human Affairs And How To Withstand Her*

It is not unknown to me how many men have had, and still have, the opinion that the affairs of the world are in such wise governed by fortune and by God that men with their wisdom cannot direct them and that no one can even help them; and because of this they would have us believe that it is not necessary to labour much in affairs, but to let chance govern them. This opinion has been more credited in our times because of the great changes in affairs which have been seen, and may still be seen, every day, beyond all human conjecture. Sometimes pondering over this, I am in some degree inclined to their opinion. Nevertheless, not to extinguish our free will, I hold it to be true that Fortune is the arbiter of one-half of our actions, but that she still leaves us to direct the other half, or perhaps a little less.

I compare her to one of those raging rivers, which when in flood overflows the plains, sweeping away trees and buildings, bearing away the soil from place to place; everything flies before it, all yield to its violence, without being able in any way to withstand it; and yet, though its nature be such, it does not follow therefore that men, when the weather becomes fair, shall not make provision, both with defences and barriers, in such a manner that, rising again, the waters may pass away by canal, and their force be neither so unrestrained nor so dangerous. So it happens with fortune, who shows her power where valour has not prepared to resist her, and thither she turns her forces where she knows that barriers and defences have not been raised to constrain her.

And if you will consider Italy, which is the seat of these changes, and which has given to them their impulse, you will see it to be an open country without barriers and without any defence. For if it had been defended by proper valour, as are Germany, Spain, and France, either this invasion would not have made the great changes it has made or it would not have come at all. And this I consider enough to say concerning resistance to fortune in general.

But confining myself more to the particular, I say that a prince may be seen happy to-day and ruined to-morrow without having shown any change of disposition or character. This, I believe, arises firstly from causes that have already been discussed at length, namely, that the prince who relies entirely on fortune is lost when it changes. I believe also that he will be successful who directs his actions according to the spirit of the times, and that he whose actions do not accord with the times will not be successful. Because men are seen, in affairs that lead to the end which every man has before him, namely, glory and riches, to get there by various methods; one with caution, another with haste; one by force, another by skill; one by patience, another by its opposite; and each one succeeds in reaching the goal by a different method. One can also see of two cautious men the one attain his end, the other fail; and similarly, two men by different observances are equally successful, the one being cautious, the other impetuous; all this arises from nothing else than whether or not they conform in their methods to the spirit of the times. This follows from what I have said, that two men working differently bring about the same effect, and of two working similarly, one attains his object and the other does not.

Changes in estate also issue from this, for if, to one who governs himself with caution and patience, times and affairs converge in such a way that his administration is successful, his fortune is made; but if times and affairs change, he is ruined if he does not change his course of action. But a man is not often found sufficiently circumspect to know how to accommodate himself to the change, both because he cannot deviate from what nature

inclines him to do, and also because, having always prospered by acting in one way, he cannot be persuaded that it is well to leave it; and, therefore, the cautious man, when it is time to turn adventurous, does not know how to do it, hence he is ruined; but had he changed his conduct with the times fortune would not have changed.

Pope Julius the Second went to work impetuously in all his affairs, and found the times and circumstances conform so well to that line of action that he always met with success. Consider his first enterprise against Bologna, Messer Giovanni Bentivogli being still alive. The Venetians were not agreeable to it, nor was the King of Spain, and he had the enterprise still under discussion with the King of France; nevertheless he personally entered upon the expedition with his accustomed boldness and energy, a move which made Spain and the Venetians stand irresolute and passive, the latter from fear, the former from desire to recover the kingdom of Naples; on the other hand, he drew after him the King of France, because that king, having observed the movement, and desiring to make the Pope his friend so as to humble the Venetians, found it impossible to refuse him. Therefore Julius with his impetuous action accomplished what no other pontiff with simple human wisdom could have done; for if he had waited in Rome until he could get away, with his plans arranged and everything fixed, as any other pontiff would have done, he would never have succeeded. Because the King of France would have made a thousand excuses, and the others would have raised a thousand fears.

I will leave his other actions alone, as they were all alike, and they all succeeded, for the shortness of his life did not let him experience the contrary; but if circumstances had arisen which required him to go cautiously, his ruin would have followed, because he would never have deviated from those ways to which nature inclined him.

I conclude, therefore that, fortune being changeful and mankind steadfast in their ways, so long as the two are in agreement men are successful, but unsuccessful when they fall out. For my part I consider that it is better to be adventurous than cautious, because fortune is a woman, and if you wish to keep her under it is necessary to beat and ill-use her; and it is seen that she allows herself to be mastered by the adventurous rather than by those who go to work more coldly. She is, therefore, always, woman-like, a lover of young men, because they are less cautious, more violent, and with more audacity command her.

## Chapter XXVI

### *An Exhortation To Liberate Italy From The Barbarians*

Having carefully considered the subject of the above discourses, and wondering within myself whether the present times were propitious to a new prince, and whether there were elements that would give an opportunity to a wise and virtuous one to introduce a new order of things which would do honour to him and good to the people of this country, it appears to me that so many things concur to favour a new prince that I never knew a time more fit than the present.

And if, as I said, it was necessary that the people of Israel should be captive so as to make manifest the ability of Moses; that the Persians should be oppressed by the Medes so as to discover the greatness of the soul of Cyrus; and that the Athenians should be dispersed to illustrate the capabilities of Theseus: then at the present time, in order to discover the virtue of an Italian spirit, it was necessary that Italy should be reduced to the extremity that she is now in, that she should be more enslaved than the Hebrews, more oppressed than the Persians, more scattered than the Athenians; without head, without order, beaten, despoiled, torn, overrun; and to have endured every kind of desolation.

Although lately some spark may have been shown by one, which made us think he was ordained by God for our redemption, nevertheless it was afterwards seen, in the height of his career, that fortune rejected him; so that Italy, left as without life, waits for him who shall yet heal her wounds and put an end to the ravaging and plundering of Lombardy, to the swindling and taxing of the kingdom and of Tuscany, and cleanse those sores that for long have festered. It is seen how she entreats God to send someone who shall deliver her from these wrongs and barbarous insolencies. It is seen also that she is ready and willing to follow a banner if only someone will raise it.

Nor is there to be seen at present one in whom she can place more hope than in your illustrious house, with its valour and fortune, favoured by God and by the Church of which it is now the chief, and which could be made the head of this redemption. This will not be difficult if you will recall to yourself the actions and lives of the men I have named. And although they were great and wonderful men, yet they were men, and each one of them had no more opportunity than the present offers, for their enterprises were neither more just nor easier than this, nor was God more their friend than He is yours.

With us there is great justice, because that war is just which is necessary, and arms are hallowed when there is no other hope but in them. Here there is the greatest willingness, and where the willingness is great the difficulties cannot be great if you will only follow those men to whom I have directed your attention. Further than this, how extraordi-

narily the ways of God have been manifested beyond example: the sea is divided, a cloud has led the way, the rock has poured forth water, it has rained manna, everything has contributed to your greatness; you ought to do the rest. God is not willing to do everything, and thus take away our free will and that share of glory which belongs to us.

And it is not to be wondered at if none of the above-named Italians have been able to accomplish all that is expected from your illustrious house; and if in so many revolutions in Italy, and in so many campaigns, it has always appeared as if military virtue were exhausted, this has happened because the old order of things was not good, and none of us have known how to find a new one. And nothing honours a man more than to establish new laws and new ordinances when he himself was newly risen. Such things when they are well founded and dignified will make him revered and admired, and in Italy there are not wanting opportunities to bring such into use in every form.

Here there is great valour in the limbs whilst it fails in the head. Look attentively at the duels and the hand-to-hand combats, how superior the Italians are in strength, dexterity, and subtlety. But when it comes to armies they do not bear comparison, and this springs entirely from the insufficiency of the leaders, since those who are capable are not obedient, and each one seems to himself to know, there having never been any one so distinguished above the rest, either by valour or fortune, that others would yield to him. Hence it is that for so long a time, and during so much fighting in the past twenty years, whenever there has been an army wholly Italian, it has always given a poor account of itself; the first witness to this is Il Taro, afterwards Allesandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, Mestri.

If, therefore, your illustrious house wishes to follow these remarkable men who have redeemed their country, it is necessary before all things, as a true foundation for every enterprise, to be provided with your own forces, because there can be no more faithful, truer, or better soldiers. And although singly they are good, altogether they will be much better when they find themselves commanded by their prince, honoured by him, and maintained at his expense. Therefore it is necessary to be prepared with such arms, so that you can be defended against foreigners by Italian valour.

And although Swiss and Spanish infantry may be considered very formidable, nevertheless there is a defect in both, by reason of which a third order would not only be able to oppose them, but might be relied upon to overthrow them. For the Spaniards cannot resist cavalry, and the Switzers are afraid of infantry whenever they encounter them in close combat. Owing to this, as has been and may again be seen, the Spaniards are unable to resist French cavalry, and the Switzers are overthrown by Spanish infantry. And although a complete proof of this latter cannot be shown, nevertheless there was some evidence of it at the battle of Ravenna, when the Spanish infantry were confronted by German battalions, who follow the same tactics as the Swiss; when the Spaniards, by agility of body and with the aid of their shields, got in under the pikes of the Germans and stood out of danger, able to attack, while the Germans stood helpless, and, if the cavalry had not dashed up, all would have been over with them. It is possible, therefore, knowing the defects of both these infantries, to invent a new one, which will resist cavalry and not be afraid of infantry; this need not create a new order of arms, but a variation upon the old. And these are the kind of improvements which confer reputation and power upon a new prince.

This opportunity, therefore, ought not to be allowed to pass for letting Italy at last see her liberator appear. Nor can one express the love with which he would be received in all those provinces which have suffered so much from these foreign scourings, with what thirst for revenge, with what stubborn faith, with what devotion, with what tears. What door would be closed to him? Who would refuse obedience to him? What envy would hinder him? What Italian would refuse him homage? To all of us this barbarous dominion stinks. Let, therefore, your illustrious house take up this charge with that courage and hope with which all just enterprises are undertaken, so that under its standard our native country may be ennobled, and under its auspices may be verified that saying of Petrarch:

Virtu contro al Furore Prendera l'arme, e fia il combatter corto: Che l'antico valore Negli italici cuor non e ancor morto.

## THE TEMPEST

William Shakespeare (1564 C.E.-1616 C.E.)

Published in the First Folio of 1623 C.E.

England

*The Tempest* is regarded as the last play Shakespeare wrote alone, based on the fact that it uses material only available in late 1610 C.E. and it was performed before King James on Hallowmas Night, 1611 C.E. After writing this play, Shakespeare soon retired to Stratford, but he also collaborated on at least two other plays. Scholars group *The Tempest* among Shakespeare's late plays called "romances," a modern term for a genre of plays that blend

elements of tragedy and comedy. It was published in the First Folio of 1623, which is the first published edition of the collected works of William Shakespeare. The actions of *The Tempest* take place in a single location in a single day (keeping the unities of time and place), beginning with a storm raised by Prospero, the former duke of Milan, whose position has been usurped by his brother Antonio and King Alonzo of Naples. The play has lent itself to numerous adaptations, including Aimé Césaire's 1969 postcolonial adaptation, *Une Tempête* ("A Tempest").

Written by Kyoungnye Kwon

## THE TEMPEST

William Shakespeare

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

ALONSO, King of Naples.  
 SEBASTIAN, His Brother.  
 PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.  
 ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.  
 FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.  
 GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.  
 ADRIAN, Lord  
 FRANCISCO, Lord  
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.  
 TRINCULO, a Jester.  
 STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.  
 Master of a Ship.  
 Boatswain.  
 Mariners.  
 MIRANDA, daughter of Prospero.  
 ARIEL, an airy Spirit.  
 IRIS,  
 CERES,  
 JUNO, presented by Spirits  
 Nymphs,  
 Reapers,  
 Other Spirits attending on Prospero.



**IMAGE 11.16: ROWE TEMPEST** | Frontspiece of *The Tempest* from Nicholas Rowe's *The Works of William Shakespeare*, depicting monsters descending on a ship at sea.

**Author:** Tom Reedy  
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### ACT I

*Scene I—On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

[Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain]

MAST.

Boatswain!

1

BOATS.

Here, master: what cheer?

MAST.

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.]  
 [Enter Mariners.]

BOATS.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare!  
 Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.

5

Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!  
 [Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.]

ALON.

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?  
 Play the men.

BOATS.

I pray now, keep below.

10

ANT.

Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATS.

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep  
 your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GON.

Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS.

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for  
 the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

15

GON.

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATS.

None that I more love than myself. You are a Counsellor;  
 if you can command these elements to silence, and work  
 the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more;  
 use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have  
 lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin  
 for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts!  
 Out of our way, I say. [Exit.]

20

GON.

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks  
 he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion  
 is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging:  
 make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own  
 doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged,  
 our case is miserable. [Exeunt.]  
 [Re-enter Boatswain.]

25

BOATS.

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her  
 to try with main-course. [A cry within.]  
 A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather  
 or our office.  
 [Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.]  
 Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown?  
 Have you a mind to sink?

35

SEB.

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,  
 incharitable dog!

BOATS.

Work you, then.

ANT.

Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

40

GON.

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

BOATS.

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

45

[*Enter Mariners wet.*]

MARINERS

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATS.

What, must our mouths be cold?

GON.

The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

SEB.

I'm out of patience.

50

ANT.

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards: This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning The washing of ten tides!

GON.

He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at widest to glut him.  
[*A confused noise within*]: "Mercy on us!"—  
"We split, we split!"—"Farewell my wife and children!"  
—"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"

55

ANT.

Let's all sink with the king.

60

SEB.

Let's take leave of him. [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*]

GON.

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene II—The island—Before Prospero's cell*

[*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*]





	PROS.	
The hour's now come; The very minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not Out three years old.		110
	MIR.	
Certainly, sir, I can.		
	PROS.	
By what? by any other house or person? Of any thing the image tell me that Hath kept with thy remembrance.		115
	MIR.	
'Tis far off, And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four or five women once that tended me?		120
	PROS.	
Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time? If thou remember'st ought ere thou camest here, How thou camest here thou mayst.		125
	MIR.	
But that I do not.		
	PROS.	
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since, Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and A prince of power.		
	MIR.	
Sir, are not you my father?		130
	PROS.	
Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir And princess, no worse issued.		
	MIR.	
O the heavens! What foul play had we, that we came from thence? Or blessed was't we did?		135
	PROS.	
Both, both, my girl: By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence; But blessedly help hither.		140

MIR.

O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to.  
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROS.

My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—  
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should 145  
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I loved, and to him put  
The manage of my state; as, at that time,  
Through all the signories it was the first,  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed 150  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle— 155  
Dost thou attend me?

MIR.

Sir, most heedfully.

PROS.

Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom  
To trash for over-topping, new created 160  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk, 165  
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

MIR.

O, good sir, I do.

PROS.

I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 170  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary, as great 175  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, like one  
Who having into truth, by telling of it, 180  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,— 185  
Dost thou hear?

	MIR.	
Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.		
	PROS.	
To have no screen between this part he play'd And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable; confederates, So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples To give him annual tribute, do him homage, Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!— To most ignoble stooping.		190          195
	MIR.	
O the heavens!		
	PROS.	
Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me If this might be a brother.		200
	MIR.	
I should sin To think but nobly of my grandmother: Good wombs have borne bad sons.		
	PROS.	
Now the condition. This King of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit; Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises, Of homage and I know not how much tribute, Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, With all the honours, on my brother: whereon, A treacherous army levied, one midnight Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness, The ministers for the purpose hurried thence Me and thy crying self.		205                    210                    215
	MIR.	
Alack, for pity! I, not remembering how I cried out then, Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint That wrings mine eyes to't.		220
	PROS.	
Hear a little further, And then I'll bring thee to the present business Which now's upon 's; without the which, this story Were most impertinent.		
	MIR.	
Wherefore did they not That hour destroy us?		225

PROS.

Well demanded, wench:  
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
 So dear the love my people bore me; nor set  
 A mark so bloody on the business; but 230  
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats 235  
 Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,  
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
 To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
 Did us but loving wrong.

MIR.

Alack, what trouble  
 Was I then to you! 240

PROS.

O, a cherubin  
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt, 245  
 Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me  
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue.

MIR.

How came we ashore?

PROS.

By Providence divine. 250  
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
 Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
 Master of this design, did give us, with  
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries, 255  
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
 Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
 From mine own library with volumes that  
 I prize above my dukedom.

MIR.

Would I might  
 But ever see that man! 260

PROS.

Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*]  
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
 Here in this island we arrived; and here  
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit 265  
 Than other princesses can, that have more time  
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIR.

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,



**IMAGE 11.17: PROSPERO** | Prospero sits and speaks with Miranda.

**Author:** Walter Crane  
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For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
For raising this sea-storm? 270

PROS.

Know thus far forth.  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon 275

A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:  
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose. [*Miranda sleeps.*] 280

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.  
[*Enter Ariel.*]

ARI.

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride 285  
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

PROS.

Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARI.

To every article. 290

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 295

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble, 300  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROS.

My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?

ARI.

Not a soul 305

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,— 310  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

	PROS.	
Why, that's my spirit! But was not this nigh shore?		
	ARI.	315
Close by, my master.		
	PROS.	
But are they, Ariel, safe?		
	ARI.	
Not a hair perish'd; On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me, In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. The king's son have I landed by himself; Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.		320
	PROS.	
Of the king's ship The mariners, say how thou hast disposed, And all the rest o' the fleet.		325
	ARI.	
Safely in harbour Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid: The mariners all under hatches stow'd; Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour, I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet, Which I dispersed, they all have met again, And are upon the Mediterranean flote, Bound sadly home for Naples; Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd, And his great person perish.		330
		335
	PROS.	
Ariel, thy charge Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work. What is the time o' the day?		340
	ARI.	
Past the mid season.		
	PROS.	
At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now Must by us both be spent most preciously.		345
	ARI.	
Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains, Let me remember thee what thou hast promised, Which is not yet perform'd me.		

How now? moody? What is't thou canst demand?	PROS.	350
My liberty.	ARI.	
Before the time be out? no more!	PROS.	
I prithee, Remember I have done thee worthy service; Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise To bate me a full year.	ARI.	355
Dost thou forget From what a torment I did free thee?	PROS.	
No.	ARI.	360
Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze Of the salt deep, To run upon the sharp wind of the north, To do me business in the veins o' the earth When it is baked with frost.	PROS.	365
I do not, sir.	ARI.	
Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?	PROS.	
No, sir.	ARI.	370
Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.	PROS.	
Sir, in Argier.	ARI.	
O, was she so? I must Once in a month recount what thou hast been, Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax, For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible To enter human hearing, from Argier, Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did They would not take her life. Is not this true?	PROS.	375



Ay, sir. 380

PROS.

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,  
 And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,  
 As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;  
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands, 385  
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
 By help of her more potent ministers,  
 And in her most unmitigable rage,  
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
 Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain 390  
 A dozen years; within which space she died,  
 And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans  
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—  
 Save for the son that she did litter here,  
 A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with 395  
 A human shape.

ARI.

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROS.

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,  
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
 What torment I did find thee in; thy groans 400  
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
 Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment  
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
 Could not again undo: it was mine art,  
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape 405  
 The pine, and let thee out.

ARI.

I thank thee, master.

PROS.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters. 410

ARI.

Pardon, master:  
 I will be correspondent to command,  
 And do my spiriting gently.

PROS.

Do so; and after two days  
 I will discharge thee. 415

ARI.

That's my noble master!  
 What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

- PROS.  
 Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea:  
 Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible  
 To every eyeball else. Go take this shape, 420  
 And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence! [*Exit Ariel.*]  
 Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
 Awake!
- MIR.  
 The strangeness of your story put  
 Heaviness in me. 425
- PROS.  
 Shake it off. Come on;  
 We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
 Yields us kind answer.
- MIR.  
 'Tis a villain, sir,  
 I do not love to look on. 430
- PROS.  
 But, as 'tis,  
 We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
 Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
 That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!  
 Thou earth, thou! speak. 435
- CAL.  
 [*within*] There's wood enough within.
- PROS.  
 Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:  
 Come, thou tortoise! when?  
 [*Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.*]  
 Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
 Hark in thine ear. 440
- ARI.  
 My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]
- PROS.  
 Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!  
 [*Enter Caliban.*]
- CAL.  
 As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen 445  
 Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye  
 And blister you all o'er!
- PROS.  
 For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
 All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd 450

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

CAL.

I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, 455  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee, 460  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:  
Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have, 465  
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island.

PROS.

Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee, 470  
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

CAL.

O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else 475  
This isle with Calibans.

PROS.

Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour 480  
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures 485  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CAL.

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you 490  
For learning me your language!

PROS.

Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly 495  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL.

No, pray thee.

[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

500

PROS.

So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]

[*Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.*]

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:

505

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd

The wild waves whist:

Foot it featly here and there;

And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

*Burthen* [*dispersedly*]. Hark, hark!

510

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bow-wow.

*Ari.* Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

515

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FER.

Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon

Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the king my father's wreck,

520

This music crept by me upon the waters,

Allaying both their fury and my passion

With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it.

Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.

No, it begins again.

525

[*Ariel sings.*]

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

530

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

*Burthen:* Ding-dong.

ARI.

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

FER.

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

535

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

	PROS.	
The fringed curtains of thine eye advance, And say what thou seest yond.		
	MIR.	540
What is't? a spirit? Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.		
	PROS.	545
No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows, And strays about to find 'em.		
	MIR.	550
I might call him A thing divine; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.		
	PROS.	
[ <i>Aside</i> ] It goes on, I see, As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee Within two days for this.		
	FER.	555
Most sure, the goddess On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer May know if you remain upon this island; And that you will some good instruction give How I may bear me here: my prime request, Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder! If you be maid or no?		560
	MIR.	
No wonder, sir; But certainly a maid.		
	FER.	565
My language! heavens! I am the best of them that speak this speech, Were I but where 'tis spoken.		
	PROS.	
How? the best? What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?		
	FER.	570
A single thing, as I am now, that wonders To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me; And that he does I weep: myself am Naples, Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld The king my father wreck'd.		

	MIR.	
Alack, for mercy!		
	FER.	
Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan And his brave son being twain.		575
	PROS.	
[ <i>Aside</i> ] The Duke of Milan And his more braver daughter could control thee, If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel, I'll set thee free for this. [ <i>To Fer.</i> ] A word, good sir; I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.		580
	MIR.	
Why speaks my father so ungently? This Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father To be inclined my way!		585
	FER.	
O, if a virgin, And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you The queen of Naples.		
	PROS.	
Soft, sir! one word more. [ <i>Aside</i> ] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business I must uneasy make, lest too light winning Make the prize light. [ <i>To Fer.</i> ] One word more; I charge thee That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself Upon this island as a spy, to win it From me, the lord on't.		590       595
	FER.	
No, as I am a man.		
	MIR.	
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple: If the ill spirit have so fair a house, Good things will strive to dwell with't.		600
	PROS.	
Follow me. Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come; I'll manacle thy neck and feet together: Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.		605
	FER.	
No; I will resist such entertainment till Mine enemy has more power. [ <i>Draws, and is charmed from moving.</i> ]		610

MIR.

O dear father,  
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
 He's gentle, and not fearful.

PROS.

What! I say,  
 My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;  
 Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience  
 Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;  
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
 And make thy weapon drop.

615

MIR.

Beseech you, father.

620

PROS.

Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIR.

Sir, have pity;  
 I'll be his surety.

PROS.

Silence! one word more  
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!  
 An advocate for an impostor! hush!  
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
 Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!  
 To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
 And they to him are angels.

625

630

MIR.

My affections  
 Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition  
 To see a goodlier man.

PROS.

Come on; obey:  
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
 And have no vigour in them.

635

FER.

So they are:  
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
 Might I but through my prison once a day  
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth  
 Let liberty make use of; space enough  
 Have I in such a prison.

640

645

PROS.

[*Aside*]  
 It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.  
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIR.

Be of comfort;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

650

PROS.

Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

655

ARI.

To the syllable.

PROS.

Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

### *Scene I—Another part of the island*

[*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.*]

GON.

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

660

665

ALON.

Prithee, peace.

SEB.

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT.

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEB.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and  
by it will strike.

670

GON.

Sir,—

SEB.

One: tell.

GON.

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,



Comes to the entertainer—		675
	SEB.	
A dollar.		
	GON.	
Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.		
	SEB.	
You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.		
	GON.	
Therefore, my lord,—		680
	ANT.	
Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!		
	ALON.	
I prithee, spare.		
	GON.	
Well, I have done: but yet,—		
	SEB.	
He will be talking.		
	ANT.	
Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?		685
	SEB.	
The old cock		
.		
	ANT.	
The cockerel.		
	SEB.	
Done. The wager?		
	ANT.	
A laughter.		
	SEB.	
A match!		690
	ADR.	
Though this island seem to be desert,—		
	SEB.	
Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.		
	ADR.	
Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—		
	SEB.	
Yet,—		

Yet,—	ADR.	
He could not miss't.	ANT.	695
It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.	ADR.	
Temperance was a delicate wench.	ANT.	
Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.	SEB.	
The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.	ADR.	700
As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.	SEB.	
Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.	ANT.	
Here is every thing advantageous to life.	GON.	
True; save means to live.	ANT.	
Of that there's none, or little.	SEB.	705
How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!	GON.	
The ground, indeed, is tawny.	ANT.	
With an eye of green in't.	SEB.	
He misses not much.	ANT.	
No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.	SEB.	710
But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—	GON.	
As many vouched rarities are.	SEB.	
That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness	GON.	

and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained  
with salt water. 715

ANT.  
If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEB.  
Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON.  
Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when  
we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage  
of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 720

SEB.  
'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADR.  
Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GON.  
Not since widow Dido's time.

ANT.  
Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido! 725

SEB.  
What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too?  
Good Lord, how you take it!

ADR.  
'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study  
of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GON.  
This Tunis, sir, was Carthage. 730

ADR.  
Carthage?

GON.  
I assure you, Carthage.

SEB.  
His word is more than the miraculous harp;  
he hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANT.  
What impossible matter will he make easy next? 735

SEB.  
I think he will carry this island home in  
his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

ANT.  
And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,  
bring forth more islands.

Ay.	GON.	740
Why, in good time.	ANT.	
Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.	GON.	
And the rarest that e'er came there.	ANT.	745
Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.	SEB.	
O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.	ANT.	
Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.	GON.	
That sort was well fished for.	ANT.	750
When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?	GON.	
You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too. Who is so far from Italy removed I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?	ALON.	755
Sir, he may live: I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water. Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt He came alive to land.	FRAN.	760
No, no, he's gone.	ALON.	765
Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,	SEB.	770

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
 But rather lose her to an African;  
 Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't. 775

ALON.

Prithee, peace.

SEB.

You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,  
 By all of us; and the fair soul herself  
 Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at  
 Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son, 780  
 I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have  
 More widows in them of this business' making  
 Than we bring men to comfort them:  
 The fault's your own.

ALON.

So is the dear'st o' the loss. 785

GON.

My lord Sebastian,  
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
 And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,  
 When you should bring the plaster.

SEB.

Very well. 790

ANT.

And most chirurgically.

GON.

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
 When you are cloudy.

SEB.

Foul weather?

ANT.

Very foul. 795

GON.

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

ANT.

He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEB.

Or docks, or mallows.

GON.

And were the king on't, what would I do?

SEB.

'Scape being drunk for want of wine. 800

	GON.	
I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too, but innocent and pure; No sovereignty;—		805
	SEB.	
Yet he would be king on't.		
	ANT.	
The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.		
	GON.	
All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.		815
	SEB.	
No marrying 'mong his subjects?		
	ANT.	
None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.		820
	GON.	
I would with such perfection govern, sir, To excel the golden age.		
	SEB.	
'Save his majesty!		
	ANT.	
Long live Gonzalo!		
	GON.	
And,—do you mark me, sir?		825
	ALON.	
Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.		
	GON.	
I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.		830
	ANT.	
'Twas you we laughed at.		

GON.  
Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to  
you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

ANT.  
What a blow was there given!

SEB.  
An it had not fallen flat-long. 835

GON.  
You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would  
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would  
continue in it five weeks without changing.  
[*Enter Ariel (invisible) playing solemn music.*]

SEB.  
We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANT.  
Nay, good my lord, be not angry. 840  
*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my  
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,  
for I am very heavy?

ANT.  
Go sleep, and hear us.  
[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*]

ALON.  
What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes 845  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find  
They are inclined to do so.

SEB.  
Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, 850  
It is a comforter.

ANT.  
We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

ALON.  
Thank you.—Wondrous heavy. 855  
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

SEB.  
What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANT.  
It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB.  
Why  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep.		860
	ANT.	
Nor I; my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:— And yet methinks I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.		865
	SEB.	
What, art thou waking?		
	ANT.	
Do you not hear me speak?		870
	SEB.	
I do; and surely It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.		875
	ANT.	
Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st Whiles thou art waking.		
	SEB.	
Thou dost snore distinctly; There's meaning in thy snores.		880
	ANT.	
I am more serious than my custom: you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do Trebles thee o'er.		
	SEB.	
Well, I am standing water.		885
	ANT.	
I'll teach you how to flow.		
	SEB.	
Do so: to ebb Hereditary sloth instructs me.		
	ANT.	
O, If you but knew how you the purpose cherish Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed, Most often do so near the bottom run By their own fear or sloth.		890



SEB. 895  
 Prithee, say on:  
 The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
 A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
 Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT. 900  
 Thus, sir:  
 Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
 Who shall be of as little memory  
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—  
 For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
 Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,  
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd 905  
 As he that sleeps here swims.

SEB.  
 I have no hope  
 That he's undrown'd.

ANT. 910  
 O, out of that 'no hope'  
 What great hope have you! no hope that way is  
 Another way so high a hope that even  
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEB. 915  
 He's gone.

ANT.  
 Then, tell me,  
 Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEB.  
 Claribel.

ANT. 920  
 She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells  
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—  
 The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born chins  
 Be rough and razorable; she that from whom  
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,  
 And by that destiny, to perform an act 925  
 Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,  
 In yours and my discharge.

SEB.  
 What stuff is this! How say you?  
 'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;  
 So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions 930  
 There is some space.

ANT.  
 A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate As amply and unnecessarily As this Gonzalo; I myself could make A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore The mind that I do! what a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?	935
	SEB.
Methinks I do.	
	ANT.
And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?	945
	SEB.
I remember You did supplant your brother Prospero.	
	ANT.
True: And look how well my garments sit upon me; Much feater than before: my brother's servants Were then my fellows; now they are my men.	950
	SEB.
But for your conscience.	
	ANT.
Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe, 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences, That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they, And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon, If he were that which now he's like, that's dead; Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it, Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus, To the perpetual wink for aye might put This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk; They'll tell the clock to any business that We say befits the hour.	955
	960
	965
	SEB.
Thy case, dear friend, Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan, I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest; And I the king shall love thee.	970

Draw together; And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.	ANT.	975
O, but one word. [ <i>They talk apart.</i> ] [ <i>Re-enter Ariel invisible.</i> ]	SEB.	
My master through his art foresees the danger That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,— For else his project dies,—to keep them living. [ <i>Sings in Gonzalo's ear.</i> ] While you here do snoring lie, Open-eyed conspiracy His time doth take. If of life you keep a care, Shake off slumber, and beware: Awake, awake!	ARI.	980
Then let us both be sudden.	ANT.	
Now, good angels Preserve the king! [ <i>They wake.</i> ]	GON.	
Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?	ALON.	990
What's the matter?	GON.	
Whiles we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.	SEB.	995
I heard nothing.	ALON.	
O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear, To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.	ANT.	1000
Heard you this, Gonzalo?	ALON.	
Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, And that a strange one too, which did awake me:	GON.	

I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

1005

ALON.

Lead off this ground; and let's make further search  
For my poor son.

GON.

Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

1010

ALON.

Lead away.

ARI.

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene II—Another part of the island*

[*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*]

CAL.

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,  
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

1015

1020

1025

[*Enter Trinculo.*]

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

1030

TRIN.

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather  
at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'  
the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one,  
looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.  
If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to  
hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by  
pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive?  
A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and  
fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John.  
A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and  
had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would

1035

1040

give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;  
 any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not  
 give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to  
 see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms!  
 Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it  
 no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately  
 suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is  
 come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;  
 there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man  
 with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of  
 the storm be past.  
 [*Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.*]

STE.

I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
 Here shall I die a-shore,—  
 This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's  
 funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings.*] The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,  
 1060

Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;  
 1065

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

CAL.

Do not torment me:—O!

STE.

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you  
 put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha?  
 I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now  
 of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper  
 a man as ever went on four legs cannot make  
 him give ground; and it shall be said so again,  
 while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.  
 1075

CAL.

The spirit torments me:—O!

STE.  
 This is some monster of the isle with four legs,  
 who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil  
 should he learn our language? I will give him some  
 relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and  
 keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a  
 present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather. 1080

CAL.  
 Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE.  
 He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. 1085  
 He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk  
 wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can  
 recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take  
 too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him,  
 and that soundly. 1090

CAL.  
 Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,  
 I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STE.  
 Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is  
 that which will give language to you, cat:  
 open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, 1095  
 I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell  
 who's your friend: open your chaps again.

TRIN.  
 I should know that voice: it should be—but he  
 is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me!

STE.  
 Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! 1100  
 His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend;  
 his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to  
 detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him,  
 I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in  
 thy other mouth. 1105

TRIN.  
 Stephano!

STE.  
 Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy!  
 This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him;  
 I have no long spoon.

TRIN.  
 Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, 1110  
 and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,  
 —thy good friend Trinculo.

STE.  
 If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee

by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they.  
 Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How earnest thou to be  
 the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos? 1115

TRIN.

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.  
 But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now,  
 thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown?  
 I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine 1120  
 for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano?  
 O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

STE.

Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CAL.

[*aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
 That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: 1125  
 I will kneel to him.

STE.

How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither?  
 swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither.  
 I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors  
 heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made 1130  
 of the bark of a tree with mine own hands,  
 since I was cast ashore.

CAL.

I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor  
 is not earthly.

STE.

Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst. 1135

TRIN.

Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck,  
 I'll be sworn.

STE.

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a  
 duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN.

O Stephano, hast any more of this? 1140

STE.

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by  
 the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf!  
 how does thine ague?

CAL.

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STE.

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'  
 the moon when time was. 1145

- CAL.  
I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:  
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.
- STE.  
Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it  
anon with new contents: swear. 1150
- TRIN.  
By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!  
I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i'  
the moon! A most poor credulous monster!  
Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!
- CAL.  
I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;  
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god. 1155
- TRIN.  
By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!  
when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.
- CAL.  
I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.
- STE.  
Come on, then; down, and swear. 1160
- TRIN.  
I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster.  
A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—
- STE.  
Come, kiss.
- TRIN.  
But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!
- CAL.  
I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man. 1165
- TRIN.  
A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder  
of a poor drunkard! 1170
- CAL.  
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me? 1175



STE.

I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.  
 Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned,  
 we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo,  
 we'll fill him by and by again. 1180

CAL.

[*sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

TRIN.

A howling monster; a drunken monster!

CAL.

No more dams I'll make for fish;  
 Nor fetch in firing 1185

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master:—get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom! 1190

STE.

O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III

#### *Scene I—Before Prospero's cell*

[*Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.*]

FER.

There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
 Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters  
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task 1195

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
 And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is  
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed.

And he's composed of harshness. I must remove 1200  
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress  
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness  
 Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, 1205  
 Most busy lest, when I do it.

[*Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.*]

- MIR.  
 Alas, now, pray you,  
 Work not so hard: I would the lightning had  
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!  
 Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns, 1210  
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
 Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;  
 He's safe for these three hours.
- FER.  
 O most dear mistress,  
 The sun will set before I shall discharge 1215  
 What I must strive to do.
- MIR.  
 If you'll sit down,  
 I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;  
 I'll carry it to the pile.
- FER.  
 No, precious creature; 1220  
 I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
 While I sit lazy by.
- MIR.  
 It would become me  
 As well as it does you: and I should do it 1225  
 With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
 And yours it is against.
- PROS.  
 Poor worm, thou art infected!  
 This visitation shows it.
- MIR.  
 You look wearily. 1230
- FER.  
 No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me  
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—  
 Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—  
 What is your name?
- MIR.  
 Miranda.—O my father, 1235  
 I have broke your hest to say so!
- FER.  
 Admired Miranda!  
 Indeed the top of admiration! worth  
 What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
 I have eyed with best regard, and many a time 1240  
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
 Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
 Have I liked several women; never any  
 With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed, 1245  
 And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
 So perfect and so peerless, are created  
 Of every creature's best!

MIR.

I do not know  
 One of my sex; no woman's face remember, 1250  
 Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
 More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
 And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
 I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,  
 The jewel in my dower, I would not wish 1255  
 Any companion in the world but you;  
 Nor can imagination form a shape,  
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
 I therein do forget. 1260

FER.

I am, in my condition,  
 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;  
 I would, not so!—and would no more endure  
 This wooden slavery than to suffer  
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak: 1265  
 The very instant that I saw you, did  
 My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
 To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
 Am I this patient log-man.

MIR.

Do you love me? 1270

FER.

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
 And crown what I profess with kind event,  
 If I speak true! if hollowly, invert  
 What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world, 1275  
 Do love, prize, honour you.

MIR.

I am a fool  
 To weep at what I am glad of.

PROS.

Fair encounter  
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace 1280  
 On that which breeds between 'em!

FER.

Wherefore weep you?

MIR.

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
 What I desire to give; and much less take  
 What I shall die to want. But this is trifling; 1285

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow 1290  
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
 Whether you will or no.

FER.

My mistress, dearest;  
 And I thus humble ever.

MIR.

My husband, then? 1295

FER.

Ay, with a heart as willing  
 As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIR.

And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell  
 Till half an hour hence.

FER.

A thousand thousand! 1300  
 [*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

PROS.

So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
 Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing  
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
 For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform 1305  
 Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

*Scene II—Another part of the island*

[*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*]

STE.

Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water;  
 not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.  
 Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRIN.

Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say 1310  
 there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them;  
 if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

STE.

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes  
 are almost set in thy head.

TRIN.

Where should they be set else? he were a brave 1315  
 monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STE.

My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack:

for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere  
I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues  
off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant,  
monster, or my standard. 1320

TRIN.

Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STE.

We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRIN.

Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say  
nothing neither.

STE.

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest  
a good moon-calf. 1325

CAL.

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.  
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRIN.

Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case  
to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou, 1330  
was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much  
sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being  
but half a fish and half a monster?

CAL.

Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN.

'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural! 1335

CAL.

Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

STE.

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you  
prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's  
my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CAL.

I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to  
hearken once again to the suit I made to thee? 1340  
*Ste.* Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand,  
and so shall Trinculo.  
[*Enter Ariel, invisible.*]

CAL.

As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer,  
that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island. 1345

ARI.

Thou liest.

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.	CAL.	
Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.	STE.	1350
Why, I said nothing.	TRIN.	
Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.	STE.	
I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest, But this thing dare not,—	CAL.	1355
That's most certain.	STE.	
Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.	CAL.	
How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?	STE.	1360
Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.	CAL.	
Thou liest; thou canst not.	ARI.	
What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.	CAL.	1365
Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.	STE.	1370
Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.	TRIN.	
Didst thou not say he lied?	STE.	



	STE.	
Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.		1410
	CAL.	
Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?		
	STE.	
Ay, on mine honour.		
	ARI.	
This will I tell my master.		
	CAL.	
Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure: Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?		1415
	STE.	
At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. —Come on. Trinculo, let us sing. [ <i>Sings.</i> ] Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em; Thought is free.		1420
	CAL.	
That's not the tune. [ <i>Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.</i> ]		
	STE.	
What is this same?		
	TRIN.	
This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.		
	STE.	
If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.		1425
	TRIN.	
O, forgive me my sins!		
	STE.	
He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!		
	CAL.	
Art thou afeard?		
	STE.	
No, monster, not I.		1430
	CAL.	
Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That, if I then had waked after long sleep,		1435



Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

STE.

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where  
I shall have my music for nothing.

1440

CAL.

When Prospero is destroyed.

STE.

That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRIN.

The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

STE.

Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see  
this taborer; he lays it on.

1445

TRIN.

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene III—Another part of the island*

[*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo,  
Adrian, Francisco, and others.*]

GON.

By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,  
I needs must rest me.

1450

ALON.

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

1455

ANT.

[*Aside to Seb.*]  
I am right glad that he's so out of hope.  
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

1460

SEB.

[*Aside to Ant.*]  
The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.

- ANT.
- [*Aside to Seb.*]  
 Let it be to-night;  
 For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
 Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
 As when they are fresh. 1465
- SEB.
- [*Aside to Ant.*]  
 I say, to-night: no more.  
 [*Solemn and strange music.*]
- ALON.
- What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!  
*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music! 1470  
 [*Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several  
 strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance  
 about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting  
 the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*]
- ALON.
- Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
- SEB.
- A living drollery. Now I will believe  
 That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
 There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix  
 At this hour reigning there. 1475
- ANT.
- I'll believe both;  
 And what does else want credit, come to me,  
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,  
 Though fools at home condemn 'em.
- GON.
- If in Naples 1480  
 I should report this now, would they believe me?  
 If I should say, I saw such islanders,—  
 For, certes, these are people of the island,—  
 Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
 Their manners are more gentle-kind than of 1485  
 Our human generation you shall find  
 Many, nay, almost any.
- PROS.
- [*Aside*]  
 Honest lord,  
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present  
 Are worse than devils. 1490
- ALON.
- I cannot too much muse  
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—  
 Although they want the use of tongue—a kind  
 Of excellent dumb discourse.



Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, 1535  
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
 Lingerin' perdition—worse than any death  
 Can be at once—shall step by step attend  
 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—  
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 1540  
 Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
 And a clear life ensuing.  
*[He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music,  
 enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and  
 mows, and carrying out the table.]*

PROS.

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
 Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated 1545  
 In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life  
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,  
 And these mine enemies are all knit up  
 In their distractions: they now are in my power; 1550  
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
 Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—  
 And his and mine loved darling. *[Exit above.]*

GON.

I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
 In this strange stare? 1555

ALON.

O, it is monstrous, monstrous!  
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
 The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass. 1560  
 Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and  
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
 And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.]*

SEB.

But one fiend at a time,  
 I'll fight their legions o'er. 1565

ANT.

I'll be thy second.  
*[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.]*

GON.

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,  
 Like poison given to work a great time after,  
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,  
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly, 1570  
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
 May now provoke them to.

ADR.

Follow, I pray you. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV*Scene I—Before Prospero's cell*

[Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.]

PROS.

If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I 1575  
Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live; who once again  
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven, 1580  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

FER.

I do believe it 1585  
Against an oracle.

PROS.

Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may 1590  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly 1595  
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER.

As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den, 1600  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration  
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd, 1605  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROS.

Fairly spoke.  
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.  
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!  
[Enter Ariel.]

ARI.

What would my potent master? here I am. 1610

PROS.

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you  
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:  
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must  
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
 And they expect it from me.

1615

ARI.

Presently?

PROS.

Ay, with a twink.

1620

ARI.

Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'

And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'

Each one, tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master? no?

1625

PROS.

Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
 Till thou dost hear me call.

ARI.

Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*]

PROS.

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance  
 Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw  
 To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,  
 Or else, good night your vow!

1630

FER.

I warrant you, sir;  
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

1635

PROS.

Well.  
 Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,  
 Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!  
 No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*]  
 [*Enter Iris.*]

IRIS

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;

1640

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy best betrimms, 1645  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky, 1650  
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 1655  
 [*Enter Ceres.*]

CER.

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 1660  
 My bosky acres and my unshrubbd down,  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen  
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS

A contract of true love to celebrate;  
 And some donation freely to estate 1665  
 On the blest lovers.

CER.

Tell me, heavenly bow,  
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
 Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot  
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, 1670  
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
 I have forsworn.

IRIS

Of her society  
 Be not afraid: I met her Deity  
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son 1675  
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
 Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;  
 Mars's hot minion is returned again; 1680  
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
 And be a boy right out.

CER.

High'st queen of state,  
 Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait. 1685  
 [*Enter Juno.*]

JUNO

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing:*]

JUNO

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.

1690

CER.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garners never empty;  
Vines with clustering bunches growing;  
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;  
Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

1695

1700

FER.

This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

PROS.

Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

1705

FER.

Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife  
Makes this place Paradise.  
[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*]

PROS.

Sweet, now, silence!  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

1710

IRIS

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,  
With your sledged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons; Juno does command:  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late  
[*Enter certain Nymphs.*]  
You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:  
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

1715

1720

[*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they  
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards  
the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and*



*speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.]*

PROS.

[*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 1725  
Against my life: the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!

FER.

This is strange: your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

MIR.

Never till this day 1730  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROS.

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and 1735  
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, 1740

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled: 1745

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:

If you be pleased, retire into my cell,  
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

FER. MIR.

We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*] 1750

PROS.

Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.  
[*Enter Ariel.*]

ARI.

Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROS.

Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARI.

Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee. 1755

PROS.

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

- ARI.
- I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valour that they smote the air 1760  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses 1765  
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell, 1770  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.
- PROS.
- This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:  
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither, 1775  
For stale to catch these thieves.
- ARI.
- I go, I go. [*Exit.*]
- PROS.
- A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; 1780  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring.  
[*Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*]  
Come, hang them on this line.  
[*Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible. Enter Caliban,  
Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*]
- CAL.
- Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell. 1785
- STE.
- Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy,  
has done little better than played the Jack with us.
- TRIN.
- Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose  
is in great indignation.
- STE.
- So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should  
take a displeasure against you, look you,— 1790
- TRIN.
- Thou wert but a lost monster.
- CAL.
- Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
 Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly. 1795  
 All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN.

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STE.

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster,  
 but an infinite loss.

TRIN.

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your 1800  
 harmless fairy, monster.

STE.

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL.

Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,  
 This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. 1805  
 Do that good mischief which may make this island  
 Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
 For aye thy foot-licker.

STE.

Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRIN.

O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!  
 look what a wardrobe here is for thee! 1810

CAL.

Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRIN.

O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a  
 frippery. O King Stephano!

STE.

Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN.

Thy Grace shall have it. 1815

CAL.

The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean  
 To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,  
 And do the murder first: if he awake,  
 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,  
 Make us strange stuff. 1820

STE.

Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this  
 my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now,  
 jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

- TRIN.  
Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.
- STE. 1825  
I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't:  
wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king  
of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent  
pass of pate; there's another garment for't.
- TRIN.  
Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.
- CAL. 1830  
I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villanous low.
- STE. 1835  
Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this  
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you  
out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.
- TRIN.  
And this.
- STE.  
Ay, and this.
- [*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in  
shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about,  
Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*]
- PROS.  
Hey, Mountain, hey!
- ARI.  
Silver! there it goes, Silver!
- PROS. 1840  
Fury, fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!  
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]  
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them  
Then pard or cat o' mountain.
- ARI. 1845  
Hark, they roar!
- PROS. 1850  
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little  
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V*Scene I—Before the cell of Prospero*

[Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.]

PROS.

Now does my project gather to a head:  
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARI.

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

1855

PROS.

I did say so,  
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and's followers?

ARI.

Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;  
They cannot budge till your release. The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo;"  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

1860

1865

1870

PROS.

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARI.

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROS.

And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

1875

1880

1885

ARI.

I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.]

## PROS.

- Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;  
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him 1890  
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid— 1895  
 Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd  
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds.  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak 1900  
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory  
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic 1905  
 I here abjure; and, when I have required  
 Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—  
 To work mine end upon their senses, that  
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, 1910  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
 I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*]  
 [*Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a  
 frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and  
 ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and  
 FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO  
 had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO  
 observing, speaks:*]
- A solemn air, and the best comforter  
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, 1915  
 For you are spell-stopp'd.  
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;  
 And as the morning steals upon the night, 1920  
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,  
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
 To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces 1925  
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.  
 Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,  
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, 1930  
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—  
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—  
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,  
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding  
 Begins to swell; and the approaching tide 1935  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,  
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them

That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel, Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell: I will discase me, and myself present As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit; Thou shalt ere long be free. [ <i>Ariel sings and helps to attire him.</i> ] Where the bee sucks, there suck I: In a cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry. On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily. Merrily, merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.	1940
	PROS.
Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee; But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so. To the king's ship, invisible as thou art: There shalt thou find the mariners asleep Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain Being awake, enforce them to this place, And presently, I prithee.	1950
	1955
	ARI.
I drink the air before me, and return Or ere your pulse twice beat. [ <i>Exit.</i> ]	
	GON.
All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us Out of this fearful country!	1960
	PROS.
Behold, sir king, The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero: For more assurance that a living prince Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body; And to thee and thy company I bid A hearty welcome.	1965
	ALON.
Whether thou be'st he or no, Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee, The affliction of my mind amends, with which, I fear, a madness held me: this must crave— An if this be at all—a most strange story. Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero Be living and be here?	1970
	1975
	PROS.
First, noble friend, Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot Be measured or confined.	1980

Whether this be Or be not, I'll not swear.	GON.	
You do yet taste Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all! [ <i>Aside to Seb. and Ant.</i> ] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded, I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you, And justify you traitors: at this time I will tell no tales.	PROS.	1985
[ <i>Aside</i> ] The devil speaks in him.	SEB.	1990
No. For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know, Thou must restore.	PROS.	1995
If thou be'st Prospero, Give us particulars of thy preservation; How thou hast met us here, who three hours since Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost— How sharp the point of this remembrance is!— My dear son Ferdinand.	ALON.	2000
I am woe for't, sir.	PROS.	
Irreparable is the loss; and patience Says it is past her cure.	ALON.	2005
I rather think You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace For the like loss I have her sovereign aid, And rest myself content.	PROS.	
You the like loss!	ALON.	2010
As great to me as late; and, supportable To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker Than you may call to comfort you, for I Have lost my daughter.	PROS.	
A daughter?	ALON.	2015



O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose you daughter?

PROS.

In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords 2020  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain 2025  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, 2030  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again, 2035  
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.  
[*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.*]

MIR.

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER.

No, my dear'st love, 2040  
I would not for the world.

MIR.

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

ALON.

If this prove 2045  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

SEB.

A most high miracle!

FER.

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;  
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*]

ALON.

Now all the blessings 2050  
Of a glad father compass thee about!  
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

MIR.

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!  
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
 That has such people in't! 2055

PROS.

'Tis new to thee.

ALON.

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?  
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:  
 Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
 And brought us thus together? 2060

FER.

Sir, she is mortal;  
 But by immortal Providence she's mine:  
 I chose her when I could not ask my father  
 For his advice, nor thought I had one. She 2065  
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
 But never saw before; of whom I have  
 Received a second life; and second father  
 This lady makes him to me. 2070

ALON.

I am hers:  
 But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
 Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROS.

There, sir, stop:  
 Let us not burthen our remembrances with  
 A heaviness that's gone. 2075

GON.

I have inly wept,  
 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown!  
 For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way 2080  
 Which brought us hither.

ALON.

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GON.

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
 Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
 Beyond a common joy! and set it down 2085  
 With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage  
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
 Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom  
 In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves 2090  
 When no man was his own.

ALON.

[*to Fer. and Mir.*]  
 Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

GON.

Be it so! Amen!

2095

[*Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*]

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

2100

BOATS.

The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king and company; the next, our ship—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—  
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

2105

ARI.

[*Aside to Pros.*]  
Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

PROS.

[*Aside to Ari.*]  
My tricky spirit!

ALON.

These are not natural events; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

2110

BOATS.

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

2115

2120

ARI.

[*Aside to Pros.*]  
Was't well done?

PROS.

[*Aside to Ari.*]  
Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALON.

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of: some oracle

2125

Must rectify our knowledge.

PROS.

Sir, my liege,  
 Do not infest your mind with beating on 2130  
 The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure  
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,  
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
 These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,  
 And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit: 2135  
 Set Caliban and his companions free;  
 Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?  
 There are yet missing of your company  
 Some few odd lads that you remember not.  
 [*Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*]

STE.

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take 2140  
 care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster,  
 coragio!

TRIN.

If these be true spies which I wear in my head,  
 here's a goodly sight.

CAL.

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! 2145  
 How fine my master is! I am afraid  
 He will chastise me.

SEB.

Ha, ha!  
 What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
 Will money buy 'em? 2150

ANT.

Very like; one of them  
 Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROS.

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
 Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,  
 His mother was a witch; and one so strong 2155  
 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
 And deal in her command, without her power.  
 These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—  
 For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them  
 To take my life. Two of these fellows you 2160  
 Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
 Acknowledge mine.

CAL.

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALON.

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEB.	
He is drunk now: where had he wine?	2165
ALON.	
And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?— How camest thou in this pickle?	
TRIN.	
I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.	2170
SEB.	
Why, how now, Stephano!	
STE.	
O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.	
PROS.	
You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?	
STE.	
I should have been a sore one, then.	2175
ALON.	
This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [ <i>Pointing to Caliban.</i> ]	
PROS.	
He is as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.	2180
CAL.	
Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool!	
PROS.	
Go to; away!	2185
ALON.	
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.	
SEB.	
Or stole it, rather. [ <i>Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.</i> ]	
PROS.	
Sir, I invite your Highness and your train To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it Go quick away: the story of my life, And the particular accidents gone by Since I came to this isle: and in the morn	2190

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, 2195  
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
 Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;  
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON.

I long 2200  
 To hear the story of your life, which must  
 Take the ear strangely.

PROS.

I'll deliver all;  
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
 And sail so expeditious, that shall catch 2205  
 Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,  
 That is thy charge: then to the elements  
 Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

### Epilogue

*Spoken by Prospero*

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
 And what strength I have's mine own, 2210  
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,  
 I must be here confined by you,  
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
 Since I have my dukedom got,  
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell 2215  
 In this bare island by your spell;  
 But release me from my bands  
 With the help of your good hands:  
 Gentle breath of yours my sails  
 Must fill, or else my project fails, 2220  
 Which was to please. Now I want  
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;  
 And my ending is despair,  
 Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
 Which pierces so, that it assaults 2225  
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
 Let your indulgence set me free.

## UTOPIA

Thomas More (1477-1535 C.E.)

1516 C.E.

England

Thomas More invented the word *utopia*, a word that literally translates as *not place* (from the Greek *ou-topos*) or *nowhere*, although it sounds like *good place* (*eu-topos* in Greek). As the double meaning indicates, More's invented society may sound great, but it does not actually exist. In More's work, the country of Utopia is in the New World, and details about it are reported by Hythloday, a sailor whose name translates as "speaker of nonsense." What

follows is actually a criticism of the Old World, in that the Utopians do well in all of the things that More thinks that his society does poorly; for example, as More praises the Utopians for consciously despising gold, he implicitly condemns his own society, which he says will scarcely believe that any society would not desire gold. Other authors followed his lead (such as Jonathan Swift, who plays with the idea of utopia in *Gulliver's Travels*), and eventually utopian literature led to another genre: dystopian literature, such as George Orwell's *Animal Farm* and *1984*, movies such as *Blade Runner*, and a list of young adult novels, including *The Hunger Games*.

Written by Laura J. Getty

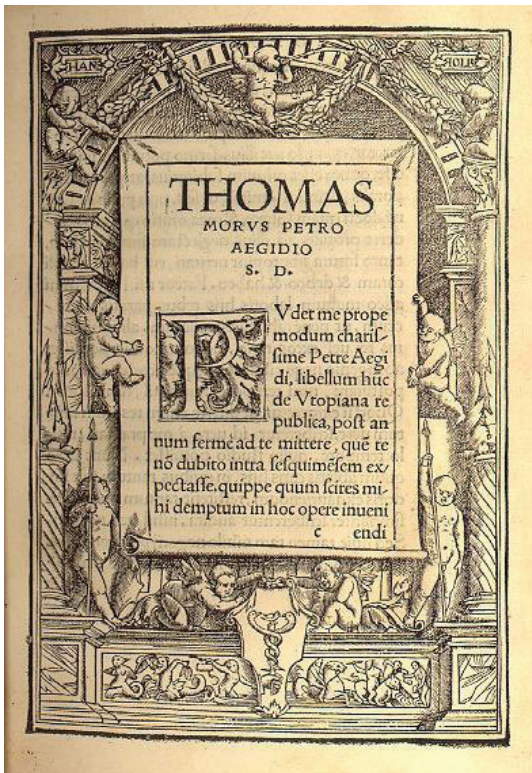
## SELECTIONS FROM UTOPIA

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Thomas More, Translated by Gilbert Burnet

Henry VIII., the unconquered King of England, a prince adorned with all the virtues that become a great monarch, having some differences of no small consequence with Charles the most serene Prince of Castile, sent me into Flanders, as his ambassador, for treating and composing matters between them. I was colleague and companion to that incomparable man Cuthbert Tonsal, whom the King, with such universal applause, lately made Master of the Rolls; but of whom I will say nothing; not because I fear that the testimony of a friend will be suspected, but rather because his learning and virtues are too great for me to do them justice, and so well known, that they need not my commendations, unless I would, according to the proverb, "Show the sun with a lantern." Those that were appointed by the Prince to treat with us, met us at Bruges, according to agreement; they were all worthy men. The Margrave of Bruges was their head, and the chief man among them; but he that was esteemed the wisest, and that spoke for the rest, was George Temse, the Provost of Casselsee: both art and nature had concurred to make him eloquent: he was very learned in the law; and, as he had a great capacity, so, by a long practice in affairs, he was very

dexterous at unravelling them. After we had several times met, without coming to an agreement, they went to Brussels for some days, to know the Prince's pleasure; and, since our business would admit it, I went to Antwerp. While I was there, among many that visited me, there was one that was more acceptable to me than any other, Peter Giles, born at Antwerp, who is a man of great honour, and of a good rank in his town, though less than he deserves; for I do not know if there be anywhere to be found a more learned and a better bred young man; for as he is both a very worthy and a very knowing person, so he is so civil to all men, so particularly kind to his friends, and so full of candour and affection, that there is not, perhaps, above one or two anywhere to be found, that is in all respects so perfect a friend: he is extraordinarily modest, there is no artifice in him, and yet no man has more of a prudent simplicity. His conversation was so pleasant and so innocently cheerful, that his company in a great measure lessened any longings to go back to my country, and to my wife and children, which an absence of four months had quickened very much. One day, as I was returning home from mass at St. Mary's, which is the chief church, and the most frequented of any in Antwerp, I saw him, by accident, talking with a stranger, who seemed past the flower of his age; his face was tanned, he had a long beard, and his cloak was hanging carelessly about him, so that, by his looks and habit, I concluded he was a seaman. As soon as Peter saw me, he came and saluted me, and as I was returning his civility, he took me aside, and pointing to him with whom he had been discoursing, he said, "Do you see that man? I was just thinking to bring him to you." I answered, "He should have been very welcome on your account." "And on his own too," replied he, "if you knew the man, for there is none alive that can give so copious an account of unknown nations and countries as he can do, which I know you very much desire." "Then," said I, "I did not guess amiss, for at first sight I took him for a seaman." "But



**IMAGE 11.18: UTOPIA, MORE** | Thomas More's *Utopia*, written in Latin and decorated with cherub angels around the text.

**Author:** Thomas More  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
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you are much mistaken," said he, "for he has not sailed as a seaman, but as a traveller, or rather a philosopher. This Raphael, who from his family carries the name of Hythloday, is not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but is eminently learned in the Greek, having applied himself more particularly to that than to the former, because he had given himself much to philosophy, in which he knew that the Romans have left us nothing that is valuable, except what is to be found in Seneca and Cicero. He is a Portuguese by birth, and was so desirous of seeing the world, that he divided his estate among his brothers, ran the same hazard as Americus Vesputius, and bore a share in three of his four voyages that are now published; only he did not return with him in his last, but obtained leave of him, almost by force, that he might be one of those twenty-four who were left at the farthest place at which they touched in their last voyage to New Castile. The leaving him thus did not a little gratify one that was more fond of travelling than of returning home to be buried in his own country; for he used often to say, that the way to heaven was the same from all places, and he that had no grave had the heavens still over him. Yet this disposition of mind had cost him dear, if God had not been very gracious to him; for after he, with five Castilians, had travelled over many countries, at last, by strange good fortune, he got to Ceylon, and from thence to Calicut, where he, very happily, found some Portuguese ships; and, beyond all men's expectations, returned to his native country." When Peter had said this to me, I thanked him for his kindness in intending to give me the acquaintance of a man whose conversation he knew would be so acceptable; and upon that Raphael and I embraced each other. After those civilities were past which are usual with strangers upon their first meeting, we all went to my house, and entering into the garden, sat down on a green bank and entertained one another in discourse. He told us that when Vesputius had sailed away, he, and his companions that stayed behind in New Castile, by degrees insinuated themselves into the affections of the people of the country, meeting often with them and treating them gently; and at last they not only lived among them without danger, but conversed familiarly with them, and got so far into the heart of a prince, whose name and country I have forgot, that he both furnished them plentifully with all things necessary, and also with the conveniences of travelling, both boats when they went by water, and waggons when they trained over land: he sent with them a very faithful guide, who was to introduce and recommend them to such other princes as they had a mind to see: and after many days' journey, they came to towns, and cities, and to commonwealths, that were both happily governed and well peopled. Under the equator, and as far on both sides of it as the sun moves, there lay vast deserts that were parched with the perpetual heat of the sun; the soil was withered, all things looked dismally, and all places were either quite uninhabited, or abounded with wild beasts and serpents, and some few men, that were neither less wild nor less cruel than the beasts themselves. But, as they went farther, a new scene opened, all things grew milder, the air less burning, the soil more verdant, and even the beasts were less wild: and, at last, there were nations, towns, and cities, that had not only mutual commerce among themselves and with their neighbours, but traded, both by sea and land, to very remote countries. There they found the conveniencies of seeing many countries on all hands, for no ship went any voyage into which he and his companions were not very welcome. The first vessels that they saw were flat-bottomed, their sails were made of reeds and wicker, woven close together, only some were of leather; but, afterwards, they found ships made with round keels and canvas sails, and in all respects like our ships, and the seamen understood both astronomy and navigation. He got wonderfully into their favour by showing them the use of the needle, of which till then they were utterly ignorant. They sailed before with great caution, and only in summer time; but now they count all seasons alike, trusting wholly to the loadstone, in which they are, perhaps, more secure than safe; so that there is reason to fear that this discovery, which was thought would prove so much to their advantage, may, by their imprudence, become an occasion of much mischief to them. But it were too long to dwell on all that he told us he had observed in every place, it would be too great a digression from our present purpose: whatever is necessary to be told concerning those wise and prudent institutions which he observed among civilised nations, may perhaps be related by us on a more proper occasion. We asked him many questions concerning all these things, to which he answered very willingly; we made no inquiries after monsters, than which nothing is more common; for everywhere one may hear of ravenous dogs and wolves, and cruel men-eaters, but it is not so easy to find states that are well and wisely governed.

As he told us of many things that were amiss in those new-discovered countries, so he reckoned up not a few things, from which patterns might be taken for correcting the errors of these nations among whom we live; of which an account may be given, as I have already promised, at some other time; for, at present, I intend only to relate those particulars that he told us, of the manners and laws of the Utopians: but I will begin with the occasion that led us to speak of that commonwealth. After Raphael had discoursed with great judgment on the many errors that were both among us and these nations, had treated of the wise institutions both here and there, and had spoken as distinctly of the customs and government of every nation through which he had past, as if he had spent his whole life in it, Peter, being struck with admiration, said, "I wonder, Raphael, how it comes that you enter into no king's service, for I am sure there are none to whom you would not be very acceptable; for your learning and knowledge, both of men and things, is such, that you would not only entertain them very pleasantly, but be of great use to them, by the examples you could set before them, and the advices you could give them; and by this means you would



both serve your own interest, and be of great use to all your friends." "As for my friends," answered he, "I need not be much concerned, having already done for them all that was incumbent on me; for when I was not only in good health, but fresh and young, I distributed that among my kindred and friends which other people do not part with till they are old and sick: when they then unwillingly give that which they can enjoy no longer themselves. I think my friends ought to rest contented with this, and not to expect that for their sakes I should enslave myself to any king whatsoever." "Soft and fair!" said Peter; "I do not mean that you should be a slave to any king, but only that you should assist them and be useful to them." "The change of the word," said he, "does not alter the matter." "But term it as you will," replied Peter, "I do not see any other way in which you can be so useful, both in private to your friends and to the public, and by which you can make your own condition happier." "Happier?" answered Raphael, "is that to be compassed in a way so abhorrent to my genius? Now I live as I will, to which I believe, few courtiers can pretend; and there are so many that court the favour of great men, that there will be no great loss if they are not troubled either with me or with others of my temper." Upon this, said I, "I perceive, Raphael, that you neither desire wealth nor greatness; and, indeed, I value and admire such a man much more than I do any of the great men in the world. Yet I think you would do what would well become so generous and philosophical a soul as yours is, if you would apply your time and thoughts to public affairs, even though you may happen to find it a little uneasy to yourself; and this you can never do with so much advantage as by being taken into the council of some great prince and putting him on noble and worthy actions, which I know you would do if you were in such a post; for the springs both of good and evil flow from the prince over a whole nation, as from a lasting fountain. So much learning as you have, even without practice in affairs, or so great a practice as you have had, without any other learning, would render you a very fit counsellor to any king whatsoever." "You are doubly mistaken," said he, "Mr. More, both in your opinion of me and in the judgment you make of things: for as I have not that capacity that you fancy I have, so if I had it, the public would not be one jot the better when I had sacrificed my quiet to it. For most princes apply themselves more to affairs of war than to the useful arts of peace; and in these I neither have any knowledge, nor do I much desire it; they are generally more set on acquiring new kingdoms, right or wrong, than on governing well those they possess: and, among the ministers of princes, there are none that are not so wise as to need no assistance, or at least, that do not think themselves so wise that they imagine they need none; and if they court any, it is only those for whom the prince has much personal favour, whom by their fawning and flatteries they endeavour to fix to their own interests; and, indeed, nature has so made us, that we all love to be flattered and to please ourselves with our own notions: the old crow loves his young, and the ape her cubs. Now if in such a court, made up of persons who envy all others and only admire themselves, a person should but propose anything that he had either read in history or observed in his travels, the rest would think that the reputation of their wisdom would sink, and that their interests would be much depressed if they could not run it down: and, if all other things failed, then they would fly to this, that such or such things pleased our ancestors, and it were well for us if we could but match them. They would set up their rest on such an answer, as a sufficient confutation of all that could be said, as if it were a great misfortune that any should be found wiser than his ancestors. But though they willingly let go all the good things that were among those of former ages, yet, if better things are proposed, they cover themselves obstinately with this excuse of reverence to past times.

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Upon this I said to him, "I earnestly beg you would describe that island very particularly to us; be not too short, but set out in order all things relating to their soil, their rivers, their towns, their people, their manners, constitution, laws, and, in a word, all that you imagine we desire to know; and you may well imagine that we desire to know everything concerning them of which we are hitherto ignorant." "I will do it very willingly," said he, "for I have digested the whole matter carefully, but it will take up some time." "Let us go, then," said I, "first and dine, and then we shall have leisure enough." He consented; we went in and dined, and after dinner came back and sat down in the same place. I ordered my servants to take care that none might come and interrupt us, and both Peter and I desired Raphael to be as good as his word. When he saw that we were very intent upon it he paused a little to recollect himself, and began in this manner:—

"The island of Utopia is in the middle two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it, but it grows narrower towards both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent. Between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay there is no great current; the whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbour, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce. But the entry into the bay, occasioned by rocks on the one hand and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock which appears above water, and may, therefore, easily be avoided; and on the top of it there is a tower, in which a garrison is kept; the other rocks lie under water, and are very dangerous. The

channel is known only to the natives; so that if any stranger should enter into the bay without one of their pilots he would run great danger of shipwreck. For even they themselves could not pass it safe if some marks that are on the coast did not direct their way; and if these should be but a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost. On the other side of the island there are likewise many harbours; and the coast is so fortified, both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they report (and there remains good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent. Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first name), brought the rude and uncivilised inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they now far excel all the rest of mankind. Having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite round them. To accomplish this he ordered a deep channel to be dug, fifteen miles long; and that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants, but also his own soldiers, to labour in carrying it on. As he set a vast number of men to work, he, beyond all men's expectations, brought it to a speedy conclusion. And his neighbours, who at first laughed at the folly of the undertaking, no sooner saw it brought to perfection than they were struck with admiration and terror.

“There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built, the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles' distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it. Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, to consult about their common concerns; for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the centre of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles, and, where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground. No town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords. They have built, over all the country, farmhouses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and furnished with all things necessary for country labour. Inhabitants are sent, by turns, from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family, and over thirty families there is a magistrate. Every year twenty of this family come back to the town after they have stayed two years in the country, and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town. By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors which might otherwise be fatal and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years. These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns either by land or water, as is most convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but a vast number of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat in order to be hatched, and they are no sooner out of the shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding them; for they do not put them to any work, either of ploughing or carriage, in which they employ oxen. For though their horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge and with less trouble. And even when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labour, they are good meat at last. They sow no corn but that which is to be their bread; for they drink either wine, cider or perry, and often water, sometimes boiled with honey or liquorice, with which they abound; and though they know exactly how much corn will serve every town and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more and breed more cattle than are necessary for their consumption, and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbours. When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it. And the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them; for they meet generally in the town once a month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes, the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly despatch it all in one day.

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“In their great council at Amaurot, to which there are three sent from every town once a year, they examine what towns abound in provisions and what are under any scarcity, that so the one may be furnished from the other; and this is done freely, without any sort of exchange; for, according to their plenty or scarcity, they supply or are supplied from one another, so that indeed the whole island is, as it were, one family. When they have thus taken

care of their whole country, and laid up stores for two years (which they do to prevent the ill consequences of an unfavourable season), they order an exportation of the overplus, both of corn, honey, wool, flax, wood, wax, tallow, leather, and cattle, which they send out, commonly in great quantities, to other nations. They order a seventh part of all these goods to be freely given to the poor of the countries to which they send them, and sell the rest at moderate rates; and by this exchange they not only bring back those few things that they need at home (for, indeed, they scarce need anything but iron), but likewise a great deal of gold and silver; and by their driving this trade so long, it is not to be imagined how vast a treasure they have got among them, so that now they do not much care whether they sell off their merchandise for money in hand or upon trust. A great part of their treasure is now in bonds; but in all their contracts no private man stands bound, but the writing runs in the name of the town; and the towns that owe them money raise it from those private hands that owe it to them, lay it up in their public chamber, or enjoy the profit of it till the Utopians call for it; and they choose rather to let the greatest part of it lie in their hands, who make advantage by it, than to call for it themselves; but if they see that any of their other neighbours stand more in need of it, then they call it in and lend it to them. Whenever they are engaged in war, which is the only occasion in which their treasure can be usefully employed, they make use of it themselves; in great extremities or sudden accidents they employ it in hiring foreign troops, whom they more willingly expose to danger than their own people; they give them great pay, knowing well that this will work even on their enemies; that it will engage them either to betray their own side, or, at least, to desert it; and that it is the best means of raising mutual jealousies among them. For this end they have an incredible treasure; but they do not keep it as a treasure, but in such a manner as I am almost afraid to tell, lest you think it so extravagant as to be hardly credible. This I have the more reason to apprehend because, if I had not seen it myself, I could not have been easily persuaded to have believed it upon any man's report.

“It is certain that all things appear incredible to us in proportion as they differ from known customs; but one who can judge aright will not wonder to find that, since their constitution differs so much from ours, their value of gold and silver should be measured by a very different standard; for since they have no use for money among themselves, but keep it as a provision against events which seldom happen, and between which there are generally long intervening intervals, they value it no farther than it deserves—that is, in proportion to its use. So that it is plain they must prefer iron either to gold or silver, for men can no more live without iron than without fire or water; but Nature has marked out no use for the other metals so essential as not easily to be dispensed with. The folly of men has enhanced the value of gold and silver because of their scarcity; whereas, on the contrary, it is their opinion that Nature, as an indulgent parent, has freely given us all the best things in great abundance, such as water and earth, but has laid up and hid from us the things that are vain and useless.

“If these metals were laid up in any tower in the kingdom it would raise a jealousy of the Prince and Senate, and give birth to that foolish mistrust into which the people are apt to fall—a jealousy of their intending to sacrifice the interest of the public to their own private advantage. If they should work it into vessels, or any sort of plate, they fear that the people might grow too fond of it, and so be unwilling to let the plate be run down, if a war made it necessary, to employ it in paying their soldiers. To prevent all these inconveniences they have fallen upon an expedient which, as it agrees with their other policy, so is it very different from ours, and will scarce gain belief among us who value gold so much, and lay it up so carefully. They eat and drink out of vessels of earth or glass, which make an agreeable appearance, though formed of brittle materials; while they make their chamber-pots and close-stools of gold and silver, and that not only in their public halls but in their private houses. Of the same metals they likewise make chains and fetters for their slaves, to some of which, as a badge of infamy, they hang an earring of gold, and make others wear a chain or a coronet of the same metal; and thus they take care by all possible means to render gold and silver of no esteem; and from hence it is that while other nations part with their gold and silver as unwillingly as if one tore out their bowels, those of Utopia would look on their giving in all they possess of those metals (when there were any use for them) but as the parting with a trifle, or as we would esteem the loss of a penny! They find pearls on their coasts, and diamonds and carbuncles on their rocks; they do not look after them, but, if they find them by chance, they polish them, and with them they adorn their children, who are delighted with them, and glory in them during their childhood; but when they grow to years, and see that none but children use such baubles, they of their own accord, without being bid by their parents, lay them aside, and would be as much ashamed to use them afterwards as children among us, when they come to years, are of their puppets and other toys.

“I never saw a clearer instance of the opposite impressions that different customs make on people than I observed in the ambassadors of the Anemolians, who came to Amaurot when I was there. As they came to treat of affairs of great consequence, the deputies from several towns met together to wait for their coming. The ambassadors of the nations that lie near Utopia, knowing their customs, and that fine clothes are in no esteem among them, that silk is despised, and gold is a badge of infamy, used to come very modestly clothed; but the Anemolians, lying more remote, and having had little commerce with them, understanding that they were coarsely clothed, and all in the same manner, took it for granted that they had none of those fine things among them of which they made no

use; and they, being a vainglorious rather than a wise people, resolved to set themselves out with so much pomp that they should look like gods, and strike the eyes of the poor Utopians with their splendour. Thus three ambassadors made their entry with a hundred attendants, all clad in garments of different colours, and the greater part in silk; the ambassadors themselves, who were of the nobility of their country, were in cloth-of-gold, and adorned with massy chains, earrings and rings of gold; their caps were covered with bracelets set full of pearls and other gems—in a word, they were set out with all those things that among the Utopians were either the badges of slavery, the marks of infamy, or the playthings of children. It was not unpleasant to see, on the one side, how they looked big, when they compared their rich habits with the plain clothes of the Utopians, who were come out in great numbers to see them make their entry; and, on the other, to observe how much they were mistaken in the impression which they hoped this pomp would have made on them. It appeared so ridiculous a show to all that had never stirred out of their country, and had not seen the customs of other nations, that though they paid some reverence to those that were the most meanly clad, as if they had been the ambassadors, yet when they saw the ambassadors themselves so full of gold and chains, they looked upon them as slaves, and forbore to treat them with reverence. You might have seen the children who were grown big enough to despise their playthings, and who had thrown away their jewels, call to their mothers, push them gently, and cry out, ‘See that great fool, that wears pearls and gems as if he were yet a child!’ while their mothers very innocently replied, ‘Hold your peace! this, I believe, is one of the ambassadors’ fools.’ Others censured the fashion of their chains, and observed, ‘That they were of no use, for they were too slight to bind their slaves, who could easily break them; and, besides, hung so loose about them that they thought it easy to throw their away, and so get from them.’ But after the ambassadors had stayed a day among them, and saw so vast a quantity of gold in their houses (which was as much despised by them as it was esteemed in other nations), and beheld more gold and silver in the chains and fetters of one slave than all their ornaments amounted to, their plumes fell, and they were ashamed of all that glory for which they had formed valued themselves, and accordingly laid it aside—a resolution that they immediately took when, on their engaging in some free discourse with the Utopians, they discovered their sense of such things and their other customs. The Utopians wonder how any man should be so much taken with the glaring doubtful lustre of a jewel or a stone, that can look up to a star or to the sun himself; or how any should value himself because his cloth is made of a finer thread; for, how fine soever that thread may be, it was once no better than the fleece of a sheep, and that sheep, was a sheep still, for all its wearing it. They wonder much to hear that gold, which in itself is so useless a thing, should be everywhere so much esteemed that even man, for whom it was made, and by whom it has its value, should yet be thought of less value than this metal; that a man of lead, who has no more sense than a log of wood, and is as bad as he is foolish, should have many wise and good men to serve him, only because he has a great heap of that metal; and that if it should happen that by some accident or trick of law (which, sometimes produces as great changes as chance itself) all this wealth should pass from the master to the meanest varlet of his whole family, he himself would very soon become one of his servants, as if he were a thing that belonged to his wealth, and so were bound to follow its fortune! But they much more admire and detest the folly of those who, when they see a rich man, though they neither owe him anything, nor are in any sort dependent on his bounty, yet, merely because he is rich, give him little less than divine honours, even though they know him to be so covetous and base-minded that, notwithstanding all his wealth, he will not part with one farthing of it to them as long as he lives!

“These and such like notions have that people imbibed, partly from their education, being bred in a country whose customs and laws are opposite to all such foolish maxims, and partly from their learning and studies—for though there are but few in any town that are so wholly excused from labour as to give themselves entirely up to their studies (these being only such persons as discover from their childhood an extraordinary capacity and disposition for letters), yet their children and a great part of the nation, both men and women, are taught to spend those hours in which they are not obliged to work in reading; and this they do through the whole progress of life. They have all their learning in their own tongue, which is both a copious and pleasant language, and in which a man can fully express his mind; it runs over a great tract of many countries, but it is not equally pure in all places. They had never so much as heard of the names of any of those philosophers that are so famous in these parts of the world, before we went among them; and yet they had made the same discoveries as the Greeks, both in music, logic, arithmetic, and geometry. But as they are almost in everything equal to the ancient philosophers, so they far exceed our modern logicians for they have never yet fallen upon the barbarous niceties that our youth are forced to learn in those trifling logical schools that are among us. They are so far from minding chimeras and fantastical images made in the mind that none of them could comprehend what we meant when we talked to them of a man in the abstract as common to all men in particular (so that though we spoke of him as a thing that we could point at with our fingers, yet none of them could perceive him) and yet distinct from every one, as if he were some monstrous Colossus or giant; yet, for all this ignorance of these empty notions, they knew astronomy, and were perfectly acquainted with the motions of the heavenly bodies; and have many instruments, well contrived and divided, by which they very accurately compute the course and positions of the sun, moon, and stars. But for the cheat of divining by the

stars, by their oppositions or conjunctions, it has not so much as entered into their thoughts. They have a particular sagacity, founded upon much observation, in judging of the weather, by which they know when they may look for rain, wind, or other alterations in the air; but as to the philosophy of these things, the cause of the saltness of the sea, of its ebbing and flowing, and of the original and nature both of the heavens and the earth, they dispute of them partly as our ancient philosophers have done, and partly upon some new hypothesis, in which, as they differ from them, so they do not in all things agree among themselves.

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“There are several sorts of religions, not only in different parts of the island, but even in every town; some worshipping the sun, others the moon or one of the planets. Some worship such men as have been eminent in former times for virtue or glory, not only as ordinary deities, but as the supreme god. Yet the greater and wiser sort of them worship none of these, but adore one eternal, invisible, infinite, and incomprehensible Deity; as a Being that is far above all our apprehensions, that is spread over the whole universe, not by His bulk, but by His power and virtue; Him they call the Father of All, and acknowledge that the beginnings, the increase, the progress, the vicissitudes, and the end of all things come only from Him; nor do they offer divine honours to any but to Him alone. And, indeed, though they differ concerning other things, yet all agree in this: that they think there is one Supreme Being that made and governs the world, whom they call, in the language of their country, Mithras. They differ in this: that one thinks the god whom he worships is this Supreme Being, and another thinks that his idol is that god; but they all agree in one principle, that whoever is this Supreme Being, He is also that great essence to whose glory and majesty all honours are ascribed by the consent of all nations.

“By degrees they fall off from the various superstitions that are among them, and grow up to that one religion that is the best and most in request; and there is no doubt to be made, but that all the others had vanished long ago, if some of those who advised them to lay aside their superstitions had not met with some unhappy accidents, which, being considered as inflicted by heaven, made them afraid that the god whose worship had like to have been abandoned had interposed and revenged themselves on those who despised their authority.

“After they had heard from us an account of the doctrine, the course of life, and the miracles of Christ, and of the wonderful constancy of so many martyrs, whose blood, so willingly offered up by them, was the chief occasion of spreading their religion over a vast number of nations, it is not to be imagined how inclined they were to receive it. I shall not determine whether this proceeded from any secret inspiration of God, or whether it was because it seemed so favourable to that community of goods, which is an opinion so particular as well as so dear to them; since they perceived that Christ and His followers lived by that rule, and that it was still kept up in some communities among the sincerest sort of Christians. From whichever of these motives it might be, true it is, that many of them came over to our religion, and were initiated into it by baptism. But as two of our number were dead, so none of the four that survived were in priests’ orders, we, therefore, could only baptise them, so that, to our great regret, they could not partake of the other sacraments, that can only be administered by priests, but they are instructed concerning them and long most vehemently for them. They have had great disputes among themselves, whether one chosen by them to be a priest would not be thereby qualified to do all the things that belong to that character, even though he had no authority derived from the Pope, and they seemed to be resolved to choose some for that employment, but they had not done it when I left them.

“Those among them that have not received our religion do not fright any from it, and use none ill that goes over to it, so that all the while I was there one man was only punished on this occasion. He being newly baptised did, notwithstanding all that we could say to the contrary, dispute publicly concerning the Christian religion, with more zeal than discretion, and with so much heat, that he not only preferred our worship to theirs, but condemned all their rites as profane, and cried out against all that adhered to them as impious and sacrilegious persons, that were to be damned to everlasting burnings. Upon his having frequently preached in this manner he was seized, and after trial he was condemned to banishment, not for having disparaged their religion, but for his inflaming the people to sedition; for this is one of their most ancient laws, that no man ought to be punished for his religion. At the first constitution of their government, Utopus having understood that before his coming among them the old inhabitants had been engaged in great quarrels concerning religion, by which they were so divided among themselves, that he found it an easy thing to conquer them, since, instead of uniting their forces against him, every different party in religion fought by themselves. After he had subdued them he made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavour to draw others to it by the force of argument and by amicable and modest ways, but without bitterness against those of other opinions; but that he ought to use no other force but that of persuasion, and was neither to mix with it reproaches nor violence; and such as did otherwise were to be condemned to banishment or slavery.

“This law was made by Utopus, not only for preserving the public peace, which he saw suffered much by daily contentions and irreconcilable heats, but because he thought the interest of religion itself required it. He judged

it not fit to determine anything rashly; and seemed to doubt whether those different forms of religion might not all come from God, who might inspire man in a different manner, and be pleased with this variety; he therefore thought it indecent and foolish for any man to threaten and terrify another to make him believe what did not appear to him to be true. And supposing that only one religion was really true, and the rest false, he imagined that the native force of truth would at last break forth and shine bright, if supported only by the strength of argument, and attended to with a gentle and unprejudiced mind; while, on the other hand, if such debates were carried on with violence and tumults, as the most wicked are always the most obstinate, so the best and most holy religion might be choked with superstition, as corn is with briars and thorns; he therefore left men wholly to their liberty, that they might be free to believe as they should see cause; only he made a solemn and severe law against such as should so far degenerate from the dignity of human nature, as to think that our souls died with our bodies, or that the world was governed by chance, without a wise overruling Providence: for they all formerly believed that there was a state of rewards and punishments to the good and bad after this life; and they now look on those that think otherwise as scarce fit to be counted men, since they degrade so noble a being as the soul, and reckon it no better than a beast's: thus they are far from looking on such men as fit for human society, or to be citizens of a well-ordered commonwealth; since a man of such principles must needs, as oft as he dares do it, despise all their laws and customs: for there is no doubt to be made, that a man who is afraid of nothing but the law, and apprehends nothing after death, will not scruple to break through all the laws of his country, either by fraud or force, when by this means he may satisfy his appetites. They never raise any that hold these maxims, either to honours or offices, nor employ them in any public trust, but despise them, as men of base and sordid minds. Yet they do not punish them, because they lay this down as a maxim, that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases; nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts by threatenings, so that men are not tempted to lie or disguise their opinions; which being a sort of fraud, is abhorred by the Utopians: they take care indeed to prevent their disputing in defence of these opinions, especially before the common people: but they suffer, and even encourage them to dispute concerning them in private with their priest, and other grave men, being confident that they will be cured of those mad opinions by having reason laid before them. There are many among them that run far to the other extreme, though it is neither thought an ill nor unreasonable opinion, and therefore is not at all discouraged. They think that the souls of beasts are immortal, though far inferior to the dignity of the human soul, and not capable of so great a happiness. They are almost all of them very firmly persuaded that good men will be infinitely happy in another state: so that though they are compassionate to all that are sick, yet they lament no man's death, except they see him loath to part with life; for they look on this as a very ill presage, as if the soul, conscious to itself of guilt, and quite hopeless, was afraid to leave the body, from some secret hints of approaching misery. They think that such a man's appearance before God cannot be acceptable to Him, who being called on, does not go out cheerfully, but is backward and unwilling, and is as it were dragged to it. They are struck with horror when they see any die in this manner, and carry them out in silence and with sorrow, and praying God that He would be merciful to the errors of the departed soul, they lay the body in the ground: but when any die cheerfully, and full of hope, they do not mourn for them, but sing hymns when they carry out their bodies, and commending their souls very earnestly to God: their whole behaviour is then rather grave than sad, they burn the body, and set up a pillar where the pile was made, with an inscription to the honour of the deceased. When they come from the funeral, they discourse of his good life, and worthy actions, but speak of nothing oftener and with more pleasure than of his serenity at the hour of death. They think such respect paid to the memory of good men is both the greatest incitement to engage others to follow their example, and the most acceptable worship that can be offered them; for they believe that though by the imperfection of human sight they are invisible to us, yet they are present among us, and hear those discourses that pass concerning themselves. They believe it inconsistent with the happiness of departed souls not to be at liberty to be where they will: and do not imagine them capable of the ingratitude of not desiring to see those friends with whom they lived on earth in the strictest bonds of love and kindness: besides, they are persuaded that good men, after death, have these affections; and all other good dispositions increased rather than diminished, and therefore conclude that they are still among the living, and observe all they say or do. From hence they engage in all their affairs with the greater confidence of success, as trusting to their protection; while this opinion of the presence of their ancestors is a restraint that prevents their engaging in ill designs.

# Native America

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# 12

With the exception of a few pictographic systems, literature in the Americas was transmitted orally until the arrival of Europeans. The Quiché Mayans of Central America quickly used the new alphabet system to write texts in their native language, while the Cherokee of North America (in the early 1800s C.E.) developed their own syllabary, rather than using Roman letters. Because there were so many different languages spoken in North, Central, and South America, stories were most often recorded in either English or Spanish.

The transition between oral and written culture, therefore, took place after the mutual culture shock of meeting new groups of people. As a result, there are elements in some Native American stories that clearly have been influenced. For example, horses were not found in the Americas before the arrival of the *conquistadors*, but there are some creation stories among the native tribes of the Great Plains that include the creation of horses. Obviously, any story that includes a reference to Europeans was influenced by contact with the new group. Scholars are particularly interested in trying to identify the stories, or elements of stories, that pre-date contact with the Europeans, in order to preserve as much of the previous oral culture that has survived. There is value, however, in reading the influenced stories as well, since they record in literary form the reactions of the native groups to the newcomers. Sometimes the reaction is humorous, with critical undertones (such as Coyote tricking the man who owns the trading post out of his horse, his money, and his clothes), but more often the stories reflect the tragic consequences of the interaction.

The earliest recorded stories generally fall into the following categories: myths, legends, folktales (including jokes and riddles), and biography/autobiography. The definition of mythology in this instance is simply a collection of beliefs held by one group; all groups technically have a mythology, which outsiders usually regard as false, leading to the more common modern application of the word myth. Myths take place before recorded history, explaining how the world came to be the way that it is. Legends have a kernel of truth to them, with lots of embellishment added over the years (for example, a real person who becomes superhuman over the centuries of telling stories about him). Folktales are timeless; with a little adaptation, a folktale could be adapted to another time or place. Folktales are also considered fiction by the people hearing the stories, whereas myths and legends are considered true by the original audiences. The stories in this section generally fall under the category of myth: stories of the creation of the world.

## AS YOU READ, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

- Which elements of the stories seem to be original (from the oral past), and which seem influenced by contact with the Europeans? What evidence is there in the text?
- What kind of worldview do the narrators have? What is important to them, and why?
- What view of nature does each story have? Is nature to be feared or not, and why?
- What examples of that group's culture are in the stories? There is a huge difference between the cultures of the Pima and the Cherokee, for example.

*Written by Laura J. Getty*

## MYTHS OF THE CHEROKEE

Cherokee (Native America)

Compiled by James Mooney (1861-1921 C.E.)

Published in 1900 C.E.

The Cherokee are a group of North American Indians of Iroquoian lineage and were one of the largest tribes when Europeans colonized the Americas. It is estimated that in 1650 about 22,500 Cherokee Indians controlled approximately 40,000 square miles of the Appalachian Mountains, the areas that are now northern Georgia, eastern Tennessee, and the western Carolinas. A typical Cherokee town had between 30 and 60 log-cabin houses and a council house; they used deer, bear, and elk for meat and clothing, made baskets and pottery, and grew corn, beans, and squash. The Spanish, French, and English all attempted to colonize parts of the Southeast of North America, including Cherokee territory. After 1800, the Cherokee quickly assimilated aspects of American settler culture in such areas as farming, weaving, and home building; they also developed their own government, modeling it after the United States, and invented a writing system for the Cherokee language. Despite their adaptive efforts, however, the Indian Removal Act of 1830 under President Andrew Jackson forcibly moved Cherokee Indians to Oklahoma; about 4,000 Cherokee died on the Trail of Tears, during the fall and winter of 1838–39. As of the twenty-first century, there are more than 730,000 individuals of Cherokee descent living in the United States. *Myths of the Cherokee* was compiled by James Mooney, an early twentieth-century ethnographer who lived with the Cherokee for several years, but these stories can be traced back to the time of or even before the arrival of the Europeans.

Written by Kyoungnye Kwon

## SELECTIONS FROM MYTHS OF THE CHEROKEE

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James Mooney

### Cherokee Cosmogonic Myths

#### 1. *How the World Was Made*



**IMAGE 12.1: INDIVIDUALS OF CHEROKEE HERITAGE |**  
A collage of people with Cherokee ancestry.

**Author:** User “Robfergusonjr”  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
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The earth is a great island floating in a sea of water, and suspended at each of the four cardinal points by a cord hanging down from the sky vault, which is of solid rock. When the world grows old and worn out, the people will die and the cords will break and let the earth sink down into the ocean, and all will be water again. The Indians are afraid of this.

When all was water, the animals were above in Gälũñ’läti, beyond the arch; but it was very much crowded, and they were wanting more room. They wondered what was below the water, and at last Dâyunisî, “Beaver’s Grandchild,” the little Water-beetle, offered to go and see if it could learn. It darted in every direction over the surface of the water, but could find no firm place to rest. Then it dived to the bottom and came up with some soft mud, which began to grow and spread on every side until it became the island which we call the earth. It was afterward fastened to the sky with four cords, but no one remembers who did this.

At first the earth was flat and very soft and wet. The animals were anxious to get down, and sent out different birds to see if it was yet dry, but they found no place to alight and came back again to Gälũñ’läti. At last it seemed to be time, and they sent out the Buzzard and told him to go and make ready for them. This was the Great Buzzard, the father of all the buzzards we see now. He flew all over the earth, low down near the ground, and it was still soft. When he reached the Cherokee country, he was very tired, and his wings began to flap and strike the ground, and wherever they struck the earth there was a valley, and where they turned up again there was a mountain. When the animals above saw this, they were afraid that the whole world would be mountains, so they called him back, but the Cherokee country remains full of mountains to this day.



When the earth was dry and the animals came down, it was still dark, so they got the sun and set it in a track to go every day across the island from east to west, just overhead. It was too hot this way, and Tsiskaḡili, the Red Crawfish, had his shell scorched a bright red, so that his meat was spoiled; and the Cherokee do not eat it. The conjurers put the sun another hand-breadth higher in the air, but it was still too hot. They raised it another time, and another, until it was seven handbreadths high and just under the sky arch. Then it was right, and they left it so. This is why the conjurers call the highest place Gûlkwâḡine Diḡâlûñ'lâtiyûñ, "the seventh height," because it is seven hand-breadths above the earth. Every day the sun goes along under this arch, and returns at night on the upper side to the starting place.

There is another world under this, and it is like ours in everything—animals, plants, and people—save that the seasons are different. The streams that come down from the mountains are the trails by which we reach this underworld, and the springs at their heads are the doorways by which we enter it, but to do this, one must fast and go to water and have one of the underground people for a guide. We know that the seasons in the underworld are different from ours, because the water in the springs is always warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the outer air.

When the animals and plants were first made—we do not know by whom—they were told to watch and keep awake for seven nights, just as young men now fast and keep awake when they pray to their medicine. They tried to do this, and nearly all were awake through the first night, but the next night several dropped off to sleep, and the third night others were asleep, and then others, until, on the seventh night, of all the animals only the owl, the panther, and one or two more were still awake. To these were given the power to see and to go about in the dark, and to make prey of the birds and animals which must sleep at night. Of the trees only the cedar, the pine, the spruce, the holly, and the laurel were awake to the end, and to them it was given to be always green and to be greatest for medicine, but to the others it was said: "Because you have not endured to the end you shall lose your hair every winter."

Men came after the animals and plants. At first there were only a brother and sister until he struck her with a fish and told her to multiply, and so it was. In seven days a child was born to her, and thereafter every seven days another, and they increased very fast until there was danger that the world could not keep them. Then it was made that a woman should have only one child in a year, and it has been so ever since.

## 2. *The First Fire*

In the beginning there was no fire, and the world was cold, until the Thunders (Ani'-Hyûñ'tikwâlâski), who lived up in Gâlûñ'lâti, sent their lightning and put fire into the bottom of a hollow sycamore tree which grew on an island. The animals knew it was there, because they could see the smoke coming out at the top, but they could not get to it on account of the water, so they held a council to decide what to do. This was a long time ago.

Every animal that could fly or swim was anxious to go after the fire. The Raven offered, and because he was so large and strong they thought he could surely do the work, so he was sent first. He flew high and far across the water and alighted on the sycamore tree, but while he was wondering what to do next, the heat had scorched all his feathers black, and he was frightened and came back without the fire. The little Screech-owl (Wa'huhu') volunteered to go, and reached the place safely, but while he was looking down into the hollow tree a blast of hot air came up and nearly burned out his eyes. He managed to fly home as best he could, but it was a long time before he could see well, and his eyes are red to this day. Then the Hooting Owl (U'guku') and the Horned Owl (Tskil'i) went, but by the time they got to the hollow tree the fire was burning so fiercely that the smoke nearly blinded them, and the ashes carried up by the wind made white rings about their eyes. They had to come home again without the fire, but with all their rubbing they were never able to get rid of the white rings.

Now no more of the birds would venture, and so the little Uksu'hî snake, the black racer, said he would go through the water and bring back some fire. He swam across to the island and crawled through the grass to the tree, and went in by a small hole at the bottom. The heat and smoke were too much for him, too, and after dodging about blindly over the hot ashes until he was almost on fire himself he managed by good luck to get out again at the same hole, but his body had been scorched black, and he has ever since had the habit of darting and doubling on his track as if trying to escape from close quarters. He came back, and the great blacksnake, Gûle'gi, "The Climber," offered to go for fire. He swam over to the island and climbed up the tree on the outside, as the blacksnake always does, but when he put his head down into the hole the smoke choked him so that he fell into the burning stump, and before he could climb out again he was as black as the Uksu'hî.

Now they held another council, for still there was no fire, and the world was cold, but birds, snakes, and four-footed animals, all had some excuse for not going, because they were all afraid to venture near the burning sycamore, until at last Kânâne'ski Amai'yehî (the Water Spider) said she would go. This is not the water spider that looks like a mosquito, but the other one, with black downy hair and red stripes on her body. She can run on top of the water or dive to the bottom, so there would be no trouble to get over to the island, but the question was, 'How could she bring back the fire?' "I'll manage that," said the Water Spider; so she spun a thread from her body and

wove it into a tusti bowl, which she fastened on her back. Then she crossed over to the island and through the grass to where the fire was still burning. She put one little coal of fire into her bowl, and came back with it, and ever since we have had fire, and the Water Spider still keeps her tusti bowl.

### 3. *Kana'ti and Selu: The Origin of Game and Corn*

When I was a boy this is what the old men told me they had heard when they were boys.

Long years ago, soon after the world was made, a hunter and his wife lived at Pilot Knob with their only child, a little boy. The father's name was Kana'ti (The Lucky Hunter), and his wife was called Selu (Corn). No matter when Kana'ti went into the wood, he never failed to bring back a load of game, which his wife would cut up and prepare, washing off the blood from the meat in the river near the house. The little boy used to play down by the river every day, and one morning the old people thought they heard laughing and talking in the bushes as though there were two children there. When the boy came home at night his parents asked him who had been playing with him all day. "He comes out of the water," said the boy, "and he calls himself my elder brother. He says his mother was cruel to him and threw him into the river." Then they knew that the strange boy had sprung from the blood of the game which Selu had washed off at the river's edge.

Every day when the little boy went out to play the other would join him, but as he always went back again into the water the old people never had a chance to see him. At last one evening Kana'ti said to his son, "Tomorrow, when the other boy comes to play, get him to wrestle with you, and when you have your arms around him hold on to him and call for us." The boy promised to do as he was told, so the next day as soon as his playmate appeared he challenged him to a wrestling match. The other agreed at once, but as soon as they had their arms around each other, Kana'ti's boy began to scream for his father. The old folks at once came running down, and as soon as the Wild Boy saw them he struggled to free himself and cried out, "Let me go; you threw me away!" but his brother held on until the parents reached the spot, when they seized the Wild Boy and took him home with them. They kept him in the house until they had tamed him, but he was always wild and artful in his disposition, and was the leader of his brother in every mischief. It was not long until the old people discovered that he had magic powers, and they called him I'näge-utäsün'hi (He-who-grew-up-wild).

Whenever Kana'ti went into the mountains he always brought back a fat buck or doe, or maybe a couple of turkeys. One day the Wild Boy said to his brother, "I wonder where our father gets all that game; let's follow him next time and find out." A few days afterward Kana'ti took a bow and some feathers in his hand and started off toward the west. The boys waited a little while and then went after him, keeping out of sight until they saw him go into a swamp where there were a great many of the small reeds that hunters use to make arrow shafts. Then the Wild Boy changed himself into a puff of birds down, which the wind took up and carried until it alighted upon Kana'ti's shoulder just as he entered the swamp, but Kana'ti knew nothing about it. The old man cut reeds, fitted the feathers to them and made some arrows, and the Wild Boy—in his other shape—thought, "I wonder what those things are for?" When Kana'ti had his arrows finished he came out of the swamp and went on again. The wind blew the down from his shoulder, and it fell in the woods, when the Wild Boy took his right shape again and went back and told his brother what he had seen. Keeping out of sight of their father, they followed him up the mountain until he stopped at a certain place and lifted a large rock. At once there ran out a buck, which Kana'ti shot, and then lifting it upon his back he started for home again. "Oho!" exclaimed the boys, "he keeps all the deer shut up in that hole, and whenever he wants meat he just lets one out and kills it with those things he made in the swamp." They hurried and reached home before their father, who had the heavy deer to carry, and he never knew that they had followed.

A few days later the boys went back to the swamp, cut some reeds, and made seven arrows and then started up the mountain to where their father kept the game. When they got to the place, they raised the rock and a deer came running out. Just as they drew back to shoot it, another came out, and then another and another, until the boys got confused and forgot what they were about. In those days all the deer had their tails hanging down like other animals, but as a buck was running past the Wild Boy struck its tail with his arrow so that it pointed upward. The boys thought this good sport, and when the next one ran past the Wild Boy struck its tail so that it stood straight up, and his brother struck the next one so hard with his arrow that the deer's tail was almost curled over his back. The deer carries his tail this way ever since. The deer came running past until the last one had come out of the hole and escaped into the forest. Then came droves of raccoons, rabbits, and all the other four-footed animals—all but the bear, because there was no bear then. Last came great flocks of turkeys, pigeons, and partridges that darkened the air like a cloud and made such a noise with their wings that Kana'ti, sitting at home, heard the sound like distant thunder on the mountains and said to himself, "My bad boys have got into trouble; I must go and see what they are doing."

So he went up the mountain, and when he came to the place where he kept the game he found the two boys standing by the rock, and all the birds and animals were gone. Kana'ti was furious, but without saying a word he went down into the cave and kicked the covers off four jars in one corner, when out swarmed bedbugs, fleas, lice,

and gnats, and got all over the boys. They screamed with pain and fright and tried to beat off the insects, but the thousands of vermin crawled over them and bit and stung them until both dropped down nearly dead. Kana'ti stood looking on until he thought they had been punished enough, when he knocked off the vermin and made the boys a talk. "Now, you rascals," said he, "you have always had plenty to eat and never had to work for it. Whenever you were hungry all I had to do was to come up here and get a deer or a turkey and bring it home for your mother to cook; but now you have let out all the animals, and after this when you want a deer to eat you will have to hunt all over the woods for it, and then maybe not find one. Go home now to your mother, while I see if I can find something to eat for supper."

When the boys got home again they were very tired and hungry and asked their mother for something to eat. "There is no meat," said Selu, "but wait a little while and I'll get you something." So she took a basket and started out to the storehouse. This storehouse was built upon poles high up from the ground, to keep it out of the reach of animals, and there was a ladder to climb up by, and one door, but no other opening. Every day when Selu got ready to cook the dinner she would go out to the storehouse with a basket and bring it back full of corn and beans. The boys had never been inside the storehouse, so wondered where all the corn and beans could come from, as the house was not a very large one; so as soon as Selu went out of the door the Wild Boy said to his brother, "Let's go and see what she does." They ran around and climbed up at the back of the storehouse and pulled out a piece of clay from between the logs, so that they could look in. There they saw Selu standing in the middle of the room with the basket in front of her on the floor. Leaning over the basket, she rubbed her stomach—so—and the basket was half full of corn. Then she rubbed under her armpits—so—and the basket was full to the top with beans. The boys looked at each other and said, "This will never do; our mother is a witch. If we eat any of that it will poison us. We must kill her."

When the boys came back into the house, she knew their thoughts before they spoke. "So you are going to kill me?" said Selu. "Yes," said the boys, "you are a witch." "Well," said their mother, "when you have killed me, clear a large piece of ground in front of the house and drag my body seven times around the circle. Then drag me seven times over the ground inside the circle, and stay up all night and watch, and in the morning you will have plenty of corn." The boys killed her with their clubs, and cut off her head and put it up on the roof of the house with her face turned to the west, and told her to look for her husband. Then they set to work to clear the ground in front of the house, but instead of clearing the whole piece they cleared only seven little spots. This is why corn now grows only in a few places instead of over the whole world. They dragged the body of Selu around the circle, and wherever her blood fell on the ground the corn sprang up. But instead of dragging her body seven times across the ground they dragged it over only twice, which is the reason the Indians still work their crop but twice. The two brothers sat up and watched their corn all night, and in the morning it was full grown and ripe.

When Kana'ti came home at last, he looked around, but could not see Selu anywhere, and asked the boys where was their mother. "She was a witch, and we killed her," said the boys; "there is her head up there on top of the house." When he saw his wife's head on the roof, he was very angry, and said, "I won't stay with you any longer; I am going to the Wolf people." So he started off, but before he had gone far the Wild Boy changed himself again to a tuft of down, which fell on Kana'ti's shoulder. When Kana'ti reached the settlement of the Wolf people, they were holding a council in the townhouse. He went in and sat down with the tuft of bird's down on his shoulder, but he never noticed it. When the Wolf chief asked him his business, he said: "I have two bad boys at home, and I want you to go in seven days from now and play ball against them." Although Kana'ti spoke as though he wanted them to play a game of ball, the Wolves knew that he meant for them to go and kill the two boys. They promised to go. Then the bird's down blew off from Kana'ti's shoulder, and the smoke carried it up through the hole in the roof of the townhouse. When it came down on the ground outside, the Wild Boy took his right shape again and went home and told his brother all that he had heard in the townhouse. But when Kana'ti left the Wolf people, he did not return home, but went on farther.

The boys then began to get ready for the Wolves, and the Wild Boy—the magician—told his brother what to do. They ran around the house in a wide circle until they had made a trail all around it excepting on the side from which the Wolves would come, where they left a small open space. Then they made four large bundles of arrows and placed them at four different points on the outside of the circle, after which they hid themselves in the woods and waited for the Wolves. In a day or two a whole party of Wolves came and surrounded the house to kill the boys. The Wolves did not notice the trail around the house, because they came in where the boys had left the opening, but the moment they went inside the circle the trail changed to a high brush fence and shut them in. Then the boys on the outside took their arrows and began shooting them down, and as the Wolves could not jump over the fence they were all killed, excepting a few that escaped through the opening into a great swamp close by. The boys ran around the swamp, and a circle of fire sprang up in their tracks and set fire to the grass and bushes and burned up nearly all the other wolves. Only two or three got away, and from these have come all the wolves that are now in the world.

Soon afterward some strangers from a distance, who had heard that the brothers had a wonderful grain from which they made bread, came to ask for some, for none but Selu and her family had ever known corn before. The

boys gave them seven grains of corn, which they told them to plant the next night on their way home, sitting up all night to watch the corn, which would have seven ripe ears in the morning. These they were to plant the next night and watch in the same way, and so on every night until they reached home, when they would have corn enough to supply the whole people. The strangers lived seven days' journey away. They took the seven grains and watched all through the darkness until morning, when they saw seven tall stalks, each stalk bearing a ripened ear. They gathered the ears and went on their way. The next night they planted all their corn, and guarded it as before until daybreak, when they found an abundant increase. But the way was long and the sun was hot, and the people grew tired. On the last night before reaching home they fell asleep, and in the morning the corn they had planted had not even sprouted. They brought with them to their settlement what corn they had left and planted it, and with care and attention were able to raise a crop. But ever since the corn must be watched and tended through half the year, which before would grow and ripen in a night.

As Kana'ti did not return, the boys at last concluded to go and find him. The Wild Boy took a gaming wheel and rolled it toward the Darkening land. In a little while the wheel came rolling back, and the boys knew their father was not there. He rolled it to the south and, to the north, and each time the wheel came back to him, and they knew their father was not there. Then he rolled it toward the Sunland, and it did not return. "Our father is there," said the Wild Boy, "let us go and find him." So the two brothers set off toward the east, and after traveling a long time they came upon Kana'ti walking along with a little dog by his side. "You bad boys," said their father, "have you come here?" "Yes," they answered, "We always accomplish what we start out to do—we are men." "This dog overtook me four days ago," then said Kana'ti, but the boys knew that the dog was the wheel which they had sent after him to find him. "Well," said Kana'ti, "as you have found me, we may as well travel together, but I shall take the lead."

Soon they came to a swamp, and Kana'ti told them there was something dangerous there and they must keep away from it. He went on ahead, but as soon as he was out of sight the Wild Boy said to his brother, "Come and let us see what is in the swamp." They went in together, and in the middle of the swamp they found a large panther asleep. The Wild Boy got out an arrow and shot the panther in the side of the head. The panther turned his head and the other boy shot him on that side. He turned his head away again and the two brothers shot together—tust, tust, tust! But the panther was not hurt by the arrows and paid no more attention to the boys. They came out of the swamp and soon overtook Kana'ti, who was waiting for them. "Did you find it?" asked Kana'ti. "Yes," said the boys, "We found it, but it never hurt us. We are men." Kana'ti was surprised, but said nothing, and they went on again.

After a while he turned to them and said, "Now you must be careful. We are coming to a tribe called the Anä-dādûntäski. ("Roasters," i.e., cannibals), and if they get you they will put you into a pot and feast on you." Then he went on ahead. Soon the boys came to a tree which had been struck by lightning, and the Wild Boy directed his brother to gather some of the splinters from the tree and told him what to do with them. In a little while they came to the settlement of the cannibals, who, as soon as they saw the boys, came running out crying, "Good, here are two nice fat strangers. Now we'll have a grand feast!" They caught the boys and dragged them into the townhouse, and sent word to all the people of the settlement to come to the feast. They made up a great fire, put water into a large pot and set it to boiling, and then seized the Wild Boy and put him down into it. His brother was not in the least frightened and made no attempt to escape, but quietly knelt down and began putting the splinters into the fire, as if to make it burn better. When the cannibals thought the meat was about ready they lifted the pot from the fire, and that instant a blinding light filled the townhouse, and the lightning began to dart from one side to the other, striking down the cannibals until not one of them was left alive. Then the lightning went up through the smokehole, and the next moment there were the two boys standing outside the townhouse as though nothing had happened. They went on and soon met Kana'ti, who seemed much surprised to see them, and said, "What! Are you here again?" "O, yes, we never give up. We are great men!" "What did the cannibals do to you?" "We met them and they brought us to their townhouse, but they never hurt us." Kana'ti said nothing more, and they went on.

\* \* \* \* \*

He soon got out of sight of the boys, but they kept on until they came to the end of the world, where the sun comes out. The sky was just coming down when they got there, but they waited until it went up again, and then they went through and climbed up on the other side. There they found Kana'ti and Selu sitting together. The old folk received them kindly and were glad to see them, telling them they might stay there a while, but then they must go to live where the sun goes down. The boys stayed with their parents seven days and then went on toward the Darkening land, where they are now. We call them Anisga'ya Tsunsi' (The Little Men), and when they talk to each other we hear low rolling thunder in the west.

After Kana'ti's boys had let the deer out from the cave where their father used to keep them, the hunters tramped about in the woods for a long time without finding any game, so that the people were very hungry. At last they heard that the Thunder Boys were now living in the far west, beyond the sun door, and that if they were sent

for they could bring back the game. So they sent messengers for them, and the boys came and sat down in the middle of the townhouse and began to sing.

At the first song there was a roaring sound like a strong wind in the northwest, and it grew louder and nearer as the boys sang on, until at the seventh song a whole herd of deer, led by a large buck, came out from the woods. The boys had told the people to be ready with their bows and arrows, and when the song was ended and all the deer were close around the townhouse, the hunters shot into them and killed as many as they needed before the herd could get back into the timber.

Then the Thunder Boys went back to the Darkening land, but before they left they taught the people the seven songs with which to call up the deer. It all happened so long ago that the songs are now forgotten—all but two, which the hunters still sing whenever they go after deer.

### Wahnenauhi Version

After the world had been brought up from under the water, “They then made a man and a woman and led them around the edge of the island. On arriving at the starting place they planted some corn, and then told the man and woman to go around the way they had been led. This they did, and on returning they found the corn up and growing nicely. They were then told to continue the circuit. Each trip consumed more time. At last the corn was ripe and ready for use.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Another story is told of how sin came into the world. A man and a woman reared a large family of children in comfort and plenty, with very little trouble about providing food for them. Every morning the father went forth and very soon returned bringing with him a deer, or a turkey, or some other animal or fowl. At the same time the mother went out and soon returned with a large basket filled with ears of corn which she shelled and pounded in a mortar, thus making meal for bread.

When the children grew up, seeing with what apparent ease food was provided for them, they talked to each other about it, wondering that they never saw such things as their parents brought in. At last, one proposed to watch when their parents went out and to follow them.

Accordingly, the next morning the plan was carried out. Those who followed the father saw him stop at a short distance from the cabin and turn over a large stone that appeared to be carelessly leaned against another. On looking closely they saw an entrance to a large cave, and in it were many different kinds of animals and birds, such as their father had sometimes brought in for food. The man standing at the entrance called a deer, which was lying at some distance and back of some other animals. It rose immediately as it heard the call and came close up to him. He picked it up, closed the mouth of the cave, and returned, not once seeming to suspect what his sons had done.

When the old man was fairly out of sight, his sons, rejoicing how they had outwitted him, left their hiding place and went to the cave, saying they would show the old folks that they, too, could bring in something. They moved the stone away, though it was very heavy and they were obliged to use all their united strength. When the cave was opened, the animals, instead of waiting to be picked up, all made a rush for the entrance, and leaping past the frightened and bewildered boys, scattered in all directions and disappeared in the wilderness, while the guilty offenders could do nothing but gaze in stupefied amazement as they saw them escape. There were animals of all kinds, large and small—buffalo, deer, elk, antelope, raccoons, and squirrels; even catamounts and panthers, wolves and foxes, and many others, all fleeing together. At the same time birds of every kind were seen emerging from the opening, all in the same wild confusion as the quadrupeds—turkeys, geese, swans, ducks, quails, eagles, hawks, and owls.

Those who followed the mother saw her enter a small cabin, which they had never seen before, and close the door. The culprits found a small crack through which they could peer. They saw the woman place a basket on the ground and standing over it shake herself vigorously, jumping up and down—when lo and behold!—large ears of corn began to fall into the basket. When it was well filled she took it up and, placing it on her head, came out, fastened the door, and prepared their breakfast as usual. When the meal had been finished in silence the man spoke to his children, telling them that he was aware of what they had done; that now he must die and they would be obliged to provide for themselves. He made bows and arrows for them, then sent them to hunt for the animals which they had turned loose.

Then the mother told them that as they had found out her secret she could do nothing more for them; that she would die, and they must drag her body around over the ground; that wherever her body was dragged corn would come up. Of this they were to make their bread. She told them that they must always save some for seed and plant every year.

#### 4. *Origin of Disease and Medicine*

In the old days the beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and plants could all talk, and they and the people lived together in peace and friendship. But as time went on the people increased so rapidly that their settlements spread over the whole earth, and the poor animals found themselves beginning to be cramped for room. This was bad enough, but to make it worse Man invented bows, knives, blowguns, spears, and hooks, and began to slaughter the larger animals, birds, and fishes for their flesh or their skins, while the smaller creatures, such as the frogs and worms, were crushed and trodden upon without thought, out of pure carelessness or contempt. So the animals resolved to consult upon measures for their common safety.

The Bears were the first to meet in council in their townhouse under Kuwâ'hi mountain, the "Mulberry place," and the old White Bear chief presided. After each in turn had complained of the way in which Man killed their friends, ate their flesh, and used their skins for his own purposes, it was decided to begin war at once against him. Someone asked what weapons Man used to destroy them. "Bows and arrows, of course," cried all the Bears in chorus. "And what are they made of?" was the next question. "The bow of wood, and the string of our entrails," replied one of the Bears. It was then proposed that they make a bow and some arrows and see if they could not use the same weapons against Man himself. So one Bear got a nice piece of locust wood and another sacrificed himself for the good of the rest in order to furnish a piece of his entrails for the string. But when everything was ready and the first Bear stepped up to make the trial, it was found that in letting the arrow fly after drawing back the bow, his long claws caught the string and spoiled the shot. This was annoying, but someone suggested that they might trim his claws, which was accordingly done, and on a second trial it was found that the arrow went straight to the mark. But here the chief, the old White Bear, objected, saying it was necessary that they should have long claws in order to be able to climb trees. "One of us has already died to furnish the bowstring, and if we now cut off our claws we must all starve together. It is better to trust to the teeth and claws that nature gave us, for it is plain that man's weapons were not intended for us."

No one could think of any better plan, so the old chief dismissed the council and the Bears dispersed to the woods and thickets without having concerted any way to prevent the increase of the human race. Had the result of the council been otherwise, we should now be at war with the Bears, but as it is, the hunter does not even ask the Bear's pardon when he kills one.

The Deer next held a council under their chief, the Little Deer, and after some talk decided to send rheumatism to every hunter who should kill one of them unless he took care to ask their pardon for the offense. They sent notice of their decision to the nearest settlement of Indians and told them at the same time what to do when necessity forced them to kill one of the Deer tribe. Now, whenever the hunter shoots a Deer, the Little Deer, who is swift as the wind and can not be wounded, runs quickly up to the spot and, bending over the blood-stains, asks the spirit of the Deer if it has heard the prayer of the hunter for pardon. If the reply be "Yes," all is well, and the Little Deer goes on his way; but if the reply be "No," he follows on the trail of the hunter, guided by the drops of blood on the ground, until he arrives at his cabin in the settlement, when the Little Deer enters invisibly and strikes the hunter with rheumatism, so that he becomes at once a helpless cripple. No hunter who has regard for his health ever fails to ask pardon of the Deer for killing it, although some hunters who have not learned the prayer may try to turn aside the Little Deer from his pursuit by building a fire behind them in the trail.

Next came the Fishes and Reptiles, who had their own complaints against Man. They held their council together and determined to make their victims dream of snakes twining about them in slimy folds and blowing foul breath in their faces, or to make them dream of eating raw or decaying fish, so that they would lose appetite, sicken, and die. This is why people dream about snakes and fish.

Finally the Birds, Insects, and smaller animals came together for the same purpose, and the Grubworm was chief of the council. It was decided that each in turn should give an opinion, and then they would vote on the question as to whether or not Man was guilty. Seven votes should be enough to condemn him. One after another denounced Man's cruelty and injustice toward the other animals and voted in favor of his death. The Frog spoke first, saying: "We must do something to check the increase of the race, or people will become so numerous that we shall be crowded from off the earth. See how they have kicked me about because I'm ugly, as they say, until my back is covered with sores;" and here he showed the spots on his skin. Next came the Bird—no one remembers now which one it was—who condemned Man "because he burns my feet off," meaning the way in which the hunter barbecues birds by impaling them on a stick set over the fire, so that their feathers and tender feet are singed off. Others followed in the same strain. The Ground-squirrel alone ventured to say a good word for Man, who seldom hurt him because he was so small, but this made the others so angry that they fell upon the Ground-squirrel and tore him with their claws, and the stripes are on his back to this day.

They began then to devise and name so many new diseases, one after another, that had not their invention at last failed them, no one of the human race would have been able to survive. The Grubworm grew constantly more pleased as the name of each disease was called off, until at last they reached the end of the list, when

someone proposed to make menstruation sometimes fatal to women. On this he rose-up in his place and cried: “Wadâñ! [Thanks!] I’m glad some more of them will die, for they are getting so thick that they tread on me.” The thought fairly made him shake with joy, so that he fell over backward and could not get on his feet again, but had to wriggle off on his back, as the Grubworm has done ever since.

When the Plants, who were friendly to Man, heard what had been done by the animals, they determined to defeat the latter’s evil designs. Each Tree, Shrub, and Herb, down even to the Grasses and Mosses, agreed to furnish a cure for some one of the diseases named, and each said: “I shall appear to help Man when he calls upon me in his need.” Thus came medicine; and the plants, every one of which has its use if we only knew it, furnish the remedy to counteract the evil wrought by the revengeful animals. Even weeds were made for some good purpose, which we must find out for ourselves. When the doctor does not know what medicine to use for a sick man the spirit of the plant tells him.

### 5. The Daughter of the Sun

The Sun lived on the other side of the sky vault, but her daughter lived in the middle of the sky, directly above the earth, and every day as the Sun was climbing along the sky arch to the west she used to stop at her daughter’s house for dinner.

Now, the Sun hated the people on the earth, because they could never look straight at her without screwing up their faces. She said to her brother, the Moon, “My grandchildren are ugly; they grin all over their faces when they look at me.” But the Moon said, “I like my younger brothers; I think they are very handsome” —because they always smiled pleasantly when they saw him in the sky at night, for his rays were milder.

The Sun was jealous and planned to kill all the people, so every day when she got near her daughter’s house she sent down such sultry rays that there was a great fever and the people died by hundreds, until everyone had lost some friend and there was fear that no one would be left. They went for help to the Little Men, who said the only way to save themselves was to kill the Sun.

The Little Men made medicine and changed two men to snakes, the Spreading-adder and the Copperhead, and sent them to watch near the door of the daughter of the Sun to bite the old Sun when she came next day. They went together and hid near the house until the Sun came, but when the Spreading-adder was about to spring, the bright light blinded him and he could only spit out yellow slime, as he does to this day when he tries to bite. She called him a nasty thing and went by into the house, and the Copperhead crawled off without trying to do anything.

So the people still died from the heat, and they went to the Little Men a second time for help. The Little Men made medicine again and changed one man into the great Uktena and another into the Rattlesnake and sent them to watch near the house and kill the old Sun when she came for dinner. They made the Uktena very large, with horns on his head, and everyone thought he would be sure to do the work, but the Rattlesnake was so quick and eager that he got ahead and coiled up just outside the house, and when the Sun’s daughter opened the door to look out for her mother, he sprang up and bit her and she fell dead in the doorway. He forgot to wait for the old Sun, but went back to the people, and the Uktena was so very angry that he went back, too. Since then we pray to the rattlesnake and do not kill him, because he is kind and never tries to bite if we do not disturb him. The Uktena grew angrier all the time and very dangerous, so that if he even looked at a man, that man’s family would die. After a long time the people held a council and decided that he was too dangerous to be with them, so they sent him up to Gälûñ’lätî, and he is there now. The Spreading-adder, the Copperhead, the Rattlesnake, and the Uktena were all men.

When the Sun found her daughter dead, she went into the house and grieved, and the people did not die any more, but now the world was dark all the time, because the Sun would not come out. They



**IMAGE 12.2: THREE CHEROKEE DIPLOMATS IN LONDON** | Three Cherokee men with traditional outfits and styles stand beside a contemporary London man, sharply contrasting their appearances.

**Author:** Henry Timberlake  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
**License:** Public Domain

went again to the Little Men, and these told them that if they wanted the Sun to come out again they must bring back her daughter from Tsûsginâ'i, the Ghost country, in Us'ûnhi'yî, the Darkening land in the west. They chose seven men to go, and gave each a sourwood rod a hand-breadth long. The Little Men told them they must take a box with them, and when they got to Tsûsginâ'i they would find all the ghosts at a dance. They must stand outside the circle, and when the young woman passed in the dance they must strike her with the rods and she would fall to the ground. Then they must put her into the box and bring her back to her mother, but they must be very sure not to open the box, even a little way, until they were home again.

They took the rods and a box and traveled seven days to the west until they came to the Darkening land. There were a great many people there, and they were having a dance just as if they were at home in the settlements. The young woman was in the outside circle, and as she swung around to where the seven men were standing, one struck her with his rod and she turned her head and saw him. As she came around the second time another touched her with his rod, and then another and another, until at the seventh round she fell out of the ring, and they put her into the box and closed the lid fast. The other ghosts seemed never to notice what had happened.

They took up the box and started home toward the east. In a little while the girl came to life again and begged to be let out of the box, but they made no answer and went on. Soon she called again and said she was hungry, but still they made no answer and went on. After another while she spoke again and called for a drink and pleaded so that it was very hard to listen to her, but the men who carried the box said nothing and still went on. When at last they

were very near home, she called again and begged them to raise the lid just a little, because she was smothering. They were afraid she was really dying now, so they lifted the lid a little to give her air, but as they did so there was a fluttering sound inside and something flew past them into the thicket and they heard a redbird cry, "kwish! kwish! Kwish!" in the bushes. They shut down the lid and went on again to the settlements, but when they got there and opened the box it was empty.

So we know the Redbird is the daughter of the Sun, and if the men had kept the box closed, as the Little Men told them to do, they would have brought her home safely, and we could bring back our other friends also from the Ghost country, but now when they die we can never bring them back.

The Sun had been glad when they started to the Ghost country, but when they came back without her daughter she grieved and cried, "My daughter, my daughter," and wept until her tears made a flood upon the earth, and the people were afraid the world would be drowned. They held another council, and sent their handsomest young men and women to amuse her so that she would stop crying. They danced before the Sun and sang their best songs, but for a long time she kept her face covered and paid no attention, until at last the drummer suddenly changed the song, when she lifted up her face, and was so pleased at the sight that she forgot her grief and smiled.



IMAGE 12.3: SEQUOYA'S ARRANGED SYLLABARY | The syllabary for writing the Cherokee language, designed by Sequoya.

Author: User "Robfergusonjr"

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### 6. How They Brought Back the Tobacco

In the beginning of the world, when people and animals were all the same, there was only one tobacco plant, to which they all came for their tobacco until the Dagûl' kû geese stole it and carried it far away to the south. The people were suffering without it, and there was one old woman who grew so thin and weak that everybody said she would soon die unless she could get tobacco to keep her alive.

Different animals offered to go for it, one after another, the larger ones first and then the smaller ones, but the Dagûl' kû saw and killed every one before he could get to the plant. After the others the little Mole tried to reach it by going under the ground, but the Dagûl' kû saw his track and killed him as he came out.

At last the Hummingbird offered, but the others said he was entirely too small and might as well stay at home.



He begged them to let him try, so they showed him a plant in a field and told him to let them see how he would go about it. The next moment he was gone and they saw him sitting on the plant, and then in a moment he was back again, but no one had seen him going or coming, because he was so swift. "This is the way I'll do," said the Hummingbird, so they let him try.

He flew off to the east, and when he came in sight of the tobacco the *Dagûl`kû* were watching all about it, but they could not see him because he was so small and flew so swiftly. He darted down on the plant—*tsa!*—and snatched off the top with the leaves and seeds, and was off again before the *Dagûl`kû* knew what had happened. Before he got home with the tobacco the old woman had fainted and they thought she was dead, but he blew the smoke into her nostrils, and with a cry of "Tsâ'!û! [Tobacco!]" she opened her eyes and was alive again.

### Second Version

The people had tobacco in the beginning, but they had used it all, and there was great suffering for want of it. There was one old man so old that he had to be kept alive by smoking, and as his son did not want to see him die he decided to go himself to try and get some more. The tobacco country was far in the south, with high mountains all around it, and the passes were guarded, so that it was very hard to get into it, but the young man was a conjurer and was not afraid. He traveled southward until he came to the mountains on the border of the tobacco country. Then he opened his medicine bag and took out a hummingbird skin and put it over himself like a dress. Now he was a hummingbird and flew over the mountains to the tobacco field and pulled some of the leaves and seed and put them into his medicine bag. He was so small and swift that the guards, whoever they were, did not see him, and when he had taken as much as he could carry he flew back over the mountains in the same way. Then he took off the hummingbird skin and put it into his medicine bag, and was a man again. He started home, and on his way came to a tree that had a hole in the trunk, like a door, near the first branches, and a very pretty woman was looking out from it. He stopped and tried to climb the tree, but although he was a good climber he found that he always slipped back. He put on a pair of medicine moccasins from his pouch, and then he could climb the tree, but when he reached the first branches he looked up and the hole was still as far away as before. He climbed higher and higher, but every time he looked up the hole seemed to be farther than before, until at last he was tired and came down again. When he reached home he found his father very weak, but still alive, and one draw at the pipe made him strong again. The people planted the seed and have had tobacco ever since.

### *7. The Journey to the Sunrise*

A long time ago several young men made up their minds to find the place where the Sun lives and see what the Sun is like. They got ready their bows and arrows, their parched corn and extra moccasins, and started out toward the east. At first they met tribes they knew, then they came to tribes they had only heard about, and at last to others of which they had never heard.

There was a tribe of root eaters and another of acorn eaters, with great piles of acorn shells near their houses. In one tribe they found a sick man dying, and were told it was the custom there when a man died to bury his wife in the same grave with him. They waited until he was dead, when they saw his friends lower the body into a great pit, so deep and dark that from the top they could not see the bottom. Then a rope was tied around the woman's body, together with a bundle of pine knots, a lighted pine knot was put into her hand, and she was lowered into the pit to die there in the darkness after the last pine knot was burned.

The young men traveled on until they came at last to the sunrise place where the sky reaches down to the ground. They found that the sky was an arch or vault of solid rock hung above the earth and was always swinging up and down, so that when it went up there was an open place like a door between the sky and ground, and when it swung back the door was shut. The Sun came out of this door from the east and climbed along on the inside of the arch. It had a human figure, but was too bright for them to see clearly and too hot to come very near. They waited until the Sun had come out and then tried to get through while the door was still open, but just as the first one was in the doorway the rock came down and crushed him. The other six were afraid to try it, and as they were now at the end of the world they turned around and started back again, but they had traveled so far that they were old men when they reached home.

### *8. The Moon and the Thunders.*

The Sun was a young woman and lived in the East, while her brother, the Moon, lived in the West. The girl had a lover who used to come every month in the dark of the moon to court her. He would come at night, and leave before daylight, and although she talked with him she could not see his face in the dark, and he would not tell her his name, until she was wondering all the time who it could be. At last she hit upon a plan to find out, so the next

time he came, as they were sitting together in the dark of the âsi, she slyly dipped her hand into the cinders and ashes of the fireplace and rubbed it over his face, saying, "Your face is cold; you must have suffered from the wind," and pretending to be very sorry for him, but he did not know that she had ashes on her hand. After a while he left her and went away again.

The next night when the Moon came up in the sky his face was covered with spots, and then his sister knew he was the one who had been coming to see her. He was so much ashamed to have her know it that he kept as far away as he could at the other end of the sky all the night. Ever since he tries to keep a long way behind the Sun, and when he does sometimes have to come near her in the west he makes himself as thin as a ribbon so that he can hardly be seen.

Some old people say that the moon is a ball which was thrown up against the sky in a game a long time ago. They say that two towns were playing against each other, but one of them had the best runners and had almost won the game, when the leader of the other side picked up the ball with his hand—a thing that is not allowed in the game—and tried to throw it to the goal, but it struck against the solid sky vault and was fastened there, to remind players never to cheat. When the moon looks small and pale it is because someone has handled the ball unfairly, and for this reason they formerly played only at the time of a full moon.

When the sun or moon is eclipsed it is because a great frog up in the sky is trying to swallow it. Everybody knows this, even the Creeks and the other tribes, and in the olden times, eighty or a hundred years ago, before the great medicine men were all dead, whenever they saw the sun grow dark the people would come together and fire guns and beat the drum, and in a little while this would frighten off the great frog and the sun would be all right again.

The common people call both Sun and Moon Nûndä, one being 'Nûndä that dwells in the day" and the other "Nûndä that dwells in the night," but the priests call the Sun Su'täldihî, "Six-killer," and the Moon Ge'yägu'ga, though nobody knows now what this word means, or why they use these names. Sometimes people ask the Moon not to let it rain or snow.

The great Thunder and his sons, the two Thunder boys, live far in the west above the sky vault. The lightning and the rainbow are their beautiful dress. The priests pray to the Thunder and call him the Red Man, because that is the brightest color of his dress. There are other Thunders that live lower down, in the cliffs and mountains, and under waterfalls, and travel on invisible bridges from one high peak to another where they have their town houses. The great Thunders above the sky are kind and helpful when we pray to them, but these others are always plotting mischief. One must not point at the rainbow, or one's finger will swell at the lower joint.

### 9. *What the Stars Are Like*

There are different opinions about the stars. Some say they are balls of light, others say they are human, but most people say they are living creatures covered with luminous fur or feathers.

One night a hunting party camping in the mountains noticed two lights like large stars moving along the top of a distant ridge. They wondered and watched until the light disappeared on the other side. The next night, and the next, they saw the lights again moving along the ridge, and after talking over the matter decided to go on the morrow and try to learn the cause. In the morning they started out and went until they came to the ridge, where, after searching some time, they found two strange creatures about so large (making a circle with outstretched arms), with round bodies covered with fine fur or downy feathers, from which small heads stuck out like the heads of terrapins. As the breeze played upon these feathers showers of sparks flew out.

The hunters carried the strange creatures back to the camp, intending to take them home to the settlements on their return. They kept them several days and noticed that every night they would grow bright and shine like great stars, although by day they were only balls of gray fur, except when the wind stirred and made the sparks fly out. They kept very quiet, and no one thought of their trying to escape, when, on the seventh night, they suddenly rose from the ground like balls of fire and were soon above the tops of the trees. Higher and higher they went, while the wondering hunters watched, until at last they were only two bright points of light in the dark sky, and then the hunters knew that they were stars.

### 10. *Origin of the Pleiades and the Pine*

Long ago, when the world was new, there were seven boys who used to spend all their time down by the townhouse playing the gatayû'stî game, rolling a stone wheel along the ground and sliding a curved stick after it to strike it. Their mothers scolded, but it did no good, so one day they collected some gatayû'stî stones and boiled them in the pot with the corn for dinner. When the boys came home hungry their mothers dipped out the stones and said, "Since you like the gatayû'stî better than the cornfield, take the stones now for your dinner."

The boys were very angry, and went down to the townhouse, saying, "As our mothers treat us this way, let us go where we shall never trouble them anymore." They began a dance—some say it was the Feather dance—and went

round and round the townhouse, praying to the spirits to help them. At last their mothers were afraid something was wrong and went out to look for them. They saw the boys still dancing around the townhouse, and as they watched they noticed that their feet were off the earth, and that with every round they rose higher and higher in the air. They ran to get their children, but it was too late, for then, were already above the roof of the townhouse—all but one, whose mother managed to pull him down with the gatayú'stī pole, but he struck the ground with such force that he sank into it and the earth closed over him.

The other six circled higher and higher until they went up to the sky, where we see them now as the Pleiades, which the Cherokee still call Ani'tsutsä (The Boys). The people grieved long after them, but the mother whose boy had gone into the ground came every morning and every evening to cry over the spot until the earth was damp with her tears. At last a little green shoot sprouted up and grew day by day until it became the tall tree that we call now the pine, and the pine is of the same nature as the stars and holds in itself the same bright light.

### 11. *The Milky Way*

Some people in the south had a corn mill, in which they pounded the corn into meal, and several mornings when they came to fill it they noticed that some of the meal had been stolen during the night. They examined the ground and found the tracks of a dog, so the next night they watched, and when the dog came from the north and began to eat the meal out of the bowl they sprang out and whipped him. He ran off howling to his home in the north, with the meal dropping from his mouth as he ran, and leaving behind a white trail where now we see the Milky Way, which the Cherokee call to this day Gi`lī`-utsūn'stānūn'yi, "Where the dog ran."

### 12. *Origin Of Strawberries*

When the first man was created and a mate was given to him, they lived together very happily for a time, but then began to quarrel, until at last the woman left her husband and started off toward Nūnāgūn'yi, the Sun land, in the east. The man followed alone and grieving, but the woman kept on steadily ahead and never looked behind, until Une`lānūn'hī, the great Apportioner (the Sun), took pity on him and asked him if he was still angry with his wife. He said he was not, and Une`lānūn'hī then asked him if he would like to have her back again, to which he eagerly answered yes.

So Une`lānūn'hī caused a patch of the finest ripe huckleberries to spring up along the path in front of the woman, but she passed by without paying any attention to them. Farther on he put a clump of blackberries, but these also she refused to notice. Other fruits, one, two, and three, and then some trees covered with beautiful red service berries, were placed beside the path to tempt her, but she still went on until suddenly she saw in front a patch of large ripe strawberries, the first ever known. She stooped to gather a few to eat, and as she picked them she chanced to turn her face to the west, and at once the memory of her husband came back to her and she found herself unable to go on. She sat down, but the longer she waited the stronger became her desire, for her husband, and at last she gathered a bunch of the finest berries and started back along the path to give them to him. He met her kindly and they went home together.

### 13. *The Great Yellow-jacket: Origin of Fish and Frogs*

A long time ago the people of the old town of Kanu'ga`lā'yi ("Brier place," or Briertown), on Nantahala river, in the present Macon County, North Carolina, were much annoyed by a great insect called U`la`gū', as large as a house, which used to come from some secret hiding place, and darting swiftly through the air, would snap up children from their play and carry them away. It was unlike any other insect ever known, and the people tried many times to track it to its home, but it was too swift to be followed.

They killed a squirrel and tied a white string to it, so that its course could be followed with the eye, as bee hunters follow the flight of a bee to its tree. The U`la`gū' came and carried off the squirrel with the string hanging to it, but darted away so swiftly through the air that it was out of sight in a moment. They killed a turkey and put a longer white string to it, and the U`la`gū' came and took the turkey, but was gone again before they could see in what direction it flew. They took a deer ham and tied a white string to it, and again the U`la`gū' swooped down and bore it off so swiftly that it could not be followed. At last they killed a yearling deer and tied a very long white string to it. The U`la`gū' came again and seized the deer, but this time the load was so heavy that it had to fly slowly and so low



**IMAGE 12.4: FAIN'S ISLAND SHELL GORGET** | Shell artwork of the water spider, found on Fain's Island, Tennessee.

**Author:** Aaron Walden  
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down that the string could be plainly seen.

The hunters got together for the pursuit. They followed it along a ridge to the east until they came near where Franklin now is, when, on looking across the valley to the other side, they saw the nest of the U'la'gû' in a large cave in the rocks. On this they raised a great shout and made their way rapidly down the mountain and across to the cave. The nest had the entrance below with tiers of cells built up one above another to the roof of the cave. The great U'la'gû' was there, with thousands of smaller ones, that we now call yellow-jackets. The hunters built fires around the hole, so that the smoke filled the cave and smothered the great insect and multitudes of the smaller ones, but others which were outside the cave were not killed, and these escaped and increased until now the yellow-jackets, which before were unknown, are all over the world. The people called the cave Tsgâgûn'yi, "Where the yellow-jacket was," and the place from which they first saw the nest they called A'tahi'ta, "Where they shouted," and these are their names today.

They say also that all the fish and frogs came from a great monster fish and frog which did much damage until at last they were killed by the people, who cut them up into little pieces which were thrown into the water and afterward took shape as the smaller fishes and frogs.

#### 14. *The Deluge*

A long time ago a man had a dog, which began to go down to the river every day and look at the water and howl. At last the man was angry and scolded the dog, which then spoke to him and said: "Very soon there is going to be a great freshet and the water will come so high that everybody will be drowned; but if you will make a raft to get upon when the rain comes you can be saved, but you must first throw me into the water." The man did not believe it, and the dog said, "If you want a sign that I speak the truth, look at the back of my neck." He looked and saw that the dog's neck had the skin worn off so that the bones stuck out.

Then he believed the dog, and began to build a raft. Soon the rain came and he took his family, with plenty of provisions and they all got upon it. It rained for a long time, and the water rose until the mountains were covered and all the people in the world were drowned. Then the rain stopped and the waters went down again, until at last it was safe to come off the raft. Now there was no one alive but the man and his family, but one day they heard a sound of dancing and shouting on the other side of the ridge. The man climbed to the top and looked over; everything was still, but all along the valley he saw great piles of bones of the people who had been drowned, and then he knew that the ghosts had been dancing.

### **AW-AW-TAM INDIAN NIGHTS: THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE PIMAS**

Compiled by J. William Lloyd (1857-1940 C.E.)

Published in 1911 C.E.

Pima (Native America)

The Pima are North American Indians who traditionally lived along the Gila and Salt rivers in Arizona, U.S., which was the location of the Hohokam culture (200 to 1400 C.E.). Pima Indians call themselves the "River People," speak a Uto-Aztecan language, and are usually considered to be the descendants of the Hohokam whose settlements were abandoned probably because of the Great Drought (1276-99) and the subsequent sparse and unpredictable rainfall that lasted until 1450. The Pima were traditionally sedentary farmers utilizing the rivers for irrigation and supplementing their diet with some hunting and gathering. The active farming led the Pima to develop larger communities than their neighboring tribes, along with complex political organizations. From the time of their early encounter with European and American colonizers, Pima Indians have been seen as a friendly people. As of the early 21<sup>st</sup> century, there are about 11,000 Pima descendants. J. William Lloyd, an amateur ethnographer who lived with the Pima people for two months in 1903, collected and transcribed Comalk-hawk-kih (Thin Buckskin)'s traditional Pima stories via the interpretation of Edward Hubert Wood, but these stories can be traced back to the time of or even before the arrival of the Europeans. The stories are organized as Stories of the First Night, the Second Night, the Third Night, and the Fourth Night.

*Written by Kyoungnye Kwon*

## SELECTIONS FROM AW-AW-TAM INDIAN NIGHTS: BEING THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE PIMAS OF ARIZONA

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J. William Lloyd

### The Story of These Stories

WHEN I was at the Pan-American Fair, at Buffalo, in July, 1901, I one day strolled into the Bazaar and drifted naturally to the section where Indian curios were displayed for sale by J. W. Benham. Behind the counter, as salesman, stood a young Indian, whose frank, intelligent, good-natured face at once attracted me. Finding me interested in Indian art, he courteously invited me behind the counter and spent an hour or more in explaining the mysteries of baskets and blankets.

How small seeds are! From that interview came everything that is in this book.

Several times I repeated my visits to my Indian friend, and when I had left Buffalo I had earned that his name was Edward Hubert Wood, and that he was a full-blooded Pima, educated at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Afterward we came into a pleasant correspondence, and so I came to know that one of my Indian friend's dreams was that he should be the means of the preservation of the ancient tales of his people. He had a grand-uncle, Comalk-Hawk-Kih, or Thin Buckskin, who was a *see-nee-yaw-kum*, or professional traditionalist, who knew all the ancient stories, but who had no successor, and with whose death the stories would disappear. He did not feel himself equal to putting these traditions into good English, and so did not quite know what to do.

We discussed this matter in letters; and finally it was decided that I should visit the Gila River Reservation, in Arizona, where the Pimas were, and get the myths from the old *see-neeyawkum* in person, and that Mr. Wood should return home from Pyramid Lake, Nevada, where he was teaching carpentry to the Pai-utes, and be my host and interpreter.

So, on the morning of July 31st, 1903, I stepped from a train at Casa Grande, Arizona, and found myself in the desert land of which I had so long dreamed. I had expected Mr. Wood to meet me there, but he was not at the station and therefore I took passage with the Irish mail-carrier whose stage was in daily transit between Casa Grande and Sacaton, the Agency village of the Pima Reservation.

We had driven perhaps half the distance, and my Irish friend was beguiling the tedium by an interminable series of highly spiced yarns, calculated to flabbergast the tenderfoot, when my anxious eyes discerned in the distance the oncoming of a neat little open buggy, drawn by two pretty ponies, one of which was a *pinto*, and in which sat Mr. Wood. Just imagine: It was the last day of July, a blazing morning in the open desert, with the temperature soaring somewhere between 100 and 120 degrees, yet here was my Indian friend, doubtless to do me honor, arrayed in a "pepper-and-salt" suit, complete with underclothes; vest buttoned up; collar and necktie, goggles and buckskin driving gloves. And this in an open buggy, while the Irishman and I, under our tilt, were stripped to our shirts, with sleeves rolled above elbows, and swigging water, ever and anon, from an enormous canteen swathed in wet flannel to keep it cool. Truly Mr. Wood had not intended that I should take him for an uncivilized Indian, if clothes could give the lie; but the face was the same kindly one of my "Brother Ed," and it did not take me long to greet him and transfer myself to his care.

We came to Sacaton (which Ed said was a Mexican name meaning "much tall grass"—reminding me that Emory, of the "Army of the West," who found the Pimas in 1846, reported finding fine meadows there—but which the Pimas call Tawt-sit-ka, "the Place of Fear and Flight," because of some Apache-caused panic) but we did not stop there, but passed around it, to the Northwest, and on and over the Gila, Akee-mull, The River, as the Pimas affec-



**IMAGE 12.5: PIMA MEN AND WOMEN** | A collage of Native Americans, mostly of Pima ancestry, from the Southwest United States region.

**Author:** User "Robfergusonjr"

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tionately call it, for to them it is as the Nile to Egypt. The famous Gila is not a very imposing stream at any time, and now was no stream at all, but a shallow dry channel, choked with desert dust, or paved with curling flakes of baked mud which cracked like bits of broken pottery under our ponies' feet. But I afterwards many times saw it a turbid torrent of yellow mud, rushing and foaming from the mountain rains; perilous with quicksand and snag, the roaring of its voice heard over the chapparal for miles to windward.

The Pimas live in villages, each with its sub-chief, and we were bound for the village of Lower San-tan. But in these villages the houses are now seldom aggregated, as in old days of Apache and Yuma war, but scatter out for miles in farm homesteads.

Brother Ed had lately sold his neat farmstead, near Sacaton, and when I came to his home I found he was temporarily living under a *vachtœ* (pronounce first syllable as if German), or arbor-shed, made of mezquite forks, supporting a flat roof of weeds and brush for shade. Near by he was laying the foundations of a neat little adobe cottage, which was finally completed during my stay.

Ed introduced me to his mother, a matronly Indian woman of perhaps fifty-five, who must have been quite a belle in her day, and whose features were still regular and strong, and his step-father, "Mr. Wells," who deserves more than a passing word from me, for his kindness was unremitting (bless his good-natured, smiling face!) and his solicitude for my comfort constant. These were all the family, for Ed himself was a widower. Fifty yards or so to the northwest were the huts of two old and wretchedly poor Pimas (the man was blind) who had been allowed to settle there temporarily by Mr. Wood, owing to some difficulty about their own location on their adjoining land. One or two hundred yards in the other direction were two old *caw-seens*, or storehouses, square structures of a sort of wattlework of poles, weeds and brush, plastered over with adobe and roofed with earth. In one of these I placed my trunk, and on its flat roof I slept, rolled in my blankets, most of the nights of the two months of my stay. I came to know it as "my Arizona Bedstead," and I shall never forget it and its quaint, crooked ladder.

My Indian brother was not slow in shedding his dress-parade garments, and in getting down to the comfort of outing shirt and overalls, neck handkerchief and sombrero. Then I had my first meal with Indians in Arizona. Mrs. Wells, or as I prefer to call her, Sparkling-Soft-Feather (her Indian name) was a good cook of her kind, and gave us a meal of *tortillas*, *frijole* beans, peppers (*kaw-awl-kull*), coffee, and *choo-oo-kook* or jerked beef. Ed and I were given the dignity of chairs and a table, but the elder Indians squatted on the ground in the good old Pima way, with their dishes on a mat. There were knives and spoons, but no forks, and the usefulness of fingers was not obsolete. A waggish, pale-eyed pup, flabbily deprecative and good-natured, and a big-footed Mexican *choo-chool*, or chicken, were obtrusively familiar. Neither of the older Indians could speak a word of English, but chatted and laughed away together in Pima. The hot, soft wind of the desert kissed our faces as we ate, and off in the back ground rose the stately volcanic pile of Cheoff-skaw-mack, the nearest mountain, and all around the horizon other bare volcanic peaks burned into the blue. Sometimes a whirlwind of dust travelled rapidly over the plain, making one ponder what would happen should it gyrate into the *vachtœ*.

The old woman from the near-by *kee* slunk by as we ate, going to the well. She wore *gah-kai-gey-aht-kum-soosk* (literally string-shoes), or sandals, of rawhide, on her feet, and was quite the most wretched-looking hag I ever saw among the Pimas. Her withered body was hung with indescribable rags and her gray hair was a tangled mat. Yet I came to know that that wretched creature had a heart and a good one. She was kind and cheerful, industrious and uncomplaining, and devotion itself to her old blind husband; who did nothing all day long but move out of the travelling sun into the shade, rolling nearly naked in the dust.

After dinner we got our guns and started out to go to the farm of old Thin Buckskin ("William Higgins," if you please!) the *seeneeyawkum* I had come so far to see. Incidentally we were to shoot some *kah-kai-cheu*, or plumed quails, and *taw-up-pee*, or rabbits, for supper.

We found the old man plowing for corn in his field. The strong, friendly grasp he gave my hand was all that could be desired. Tall, lean, dignified, with a harsh, yet musical voice; keen, intelligent black eyes, and an impressive manner, he was plainly a gentleman and a scholar, even if he could neither read nor write, nor speak a sentence of English.

The next afternoon he came, and under Ed's *vachtœ* gave me the first installment of the coveted tales. It was slow work. First he would tell Ed a paragraph of tradition, and Ed would translate it to me. Then I would write it down, and then read it aloud to Ed again, getting his corrections. When all was straight, to his satisfaction, we would go on to another paragraph, and so on, till the old man said enough. As these Indians are all Christianized now, and mostly zealous in the faith, I could get no traditions on Sunday. And indeed, when part way thru, this zeal came near balking me altogether. A movement started to stop the recovery of these old heathen tales; the sub-chief had a word with Comalk, who became suddenly too busy to go on with his narrations, and it took increased shekels and the interposition of the Agent, Mr. J. B. Alexander, who was very kind to me, before I could get the wheels started again.

Sometimes the old man came at night, instead of afternoon, and I find this entry in my journal: "Sept. 6.—We

sat up till midnight in the old *cawseen* getting the traditions. It was a wild, strange scene—the old *cawseen* interior, the mesquite forks that supported the roof, the poles overhead, and weeds above that, the mud-plastered walls with loop-hole windows; bags, boxes, trunks, *ollas*, and *vahs-hrom* granary baskets about. Ed sitting on the ground, against the wall, nodding when I wrote and waking up to interpret; the old man bent forward, both hands out, palms upward, or waving in strange eloquent gestures; his lean, wrinkled features drawn and black eyes gleaming; telling the strange tales in a strange tongue. On an old olla another Indian, Miguel, who came in to listen, and in his hand a gorgeously decorated *quee-a-kote*, or flute, with which, while I wrote, he would sometimes give us a few wild, plaintive, thrilling bars, weird as an incantation. And finally myself, sitting on a mattress on my trunk, writing, fast as pencil could travel, by the dim light of a lantern hung against a great post at my right. Outside a cold, strong wind, for the first time since I came to Arizona, bright moonlight, and some drifting white clouds telling the last of the storm.”

Again, on Sept. 12th: “Traditions, afternoon and until midnight. I shall never forget how the half-moon looked, rising over *Vah-kee-woldt-kee*, or the Notched Cliffs, toward midnight, while the coyotes laughed a chorus somewhere off toward the Gila, and we sat around, outdoors, in the wind, and heard the old seeneeyawkum tell his weird, incoherent tales of the long ago.”

My interpreter was eager and willing, and well-posted in the meaning of English, and was a man of unusual intelligence and poetry of feeling, but was not well up in grammar, and in the main I had to edit and recast his sentences; yet just as far as possible I have kept his words and the Indian idiom and simplicity of style. Sometimes he would give me a sentence so forceful and poetic, and otherwise faultless, that I have joyfully written it down exactly as received. I admit that in a very few places, where the Indian simplicity and innocence of thought caused an almost Biblical plainness of speech on family matters, I have expurgated and smoothed a little for prudish Caucasian ears, but these changes are few, and mostly unimportant, leaving the meaning unimpaired. And never once was there anything in the spirit of what was told me that revealed foulness of thought. All was grave and serious, as befitted the scriptures of an ancient people.

Occasionally I have added a word or sentence to make the meaning stand out clearer, but otherwise I have taken no liberties with the original.

As a rule the seeneeyawkum told these tales in his own words, but the parts called speeches were learned by heart and repeated literally. These parts gave us much trouble. They were highly poetic, and manifestly mystic, and therefore very difficult to translate with truthfulness to the involved meanings and startling and obscure metaphors. Besides they contained many archaic words, the meaning of which neither seeneeyawkum nor interpreter now knew, and which they could only translate by guess, or leave out altogether. But we did the best we could.

The stories were also embellished with songs, some of which I had translated. They were chants of from one to four lines each, seldom more than two, many times repeated in varying cadence; weird, somber, thrillingly passionate in places, and by no means unmusical, but, of course, monotonous. I obtained phonograph records of a number, and the translations given are as literal as possible.

As to the meaning of the tales I got small satisfaction. The Indians seemed to have no explanations to offer. They seemed to regard them as fairy tales, but admitted they had once been believed as scriptures.

My own theory came to be that they had been invented, from time to time, by various and successive *mah-kais* to answer the questions concerning history, phenomena, and the origin of things, which they, as the reputed wisest of the tribe, were continually asked. My chief reason for supposing this is because in almost every tale the hero is a mahkai of some sort. The word mah-kai (now translated doctor, or medicine-man) seems to have been applied in old time to every being capable of exerting magical or supernatural and mysterious power, from the Creator down; and it is easy to see how such use of the word would apparently establish the divine relationship and bolster the authority of the medicine men, while the charm of the tale would focus attention upon them. The temptation was great and, I think, yielded to.

I doubt if much real history is worked in, or that it is at all reliable.

All over the desert, where irrigation was at all practicable, in the Gila and Salt River valleys, and up to the edge of the mountains, among the beautiful giant cactus and flatbean trees, you will ride your bronco over evidences of a prehistoric race:—old irrigating ditches, lines of stone wall; or low mounds of adobe rising above the grease, wood and cacti, and littered over profusely with bits of broken and painted pottery, broken cornmills and grinders, perhaps showing here and there a stone ax, arrowhead, or other old stone implement. These mounds (*vah-ahk-kee* is the Pima word for such a ruin) are the heaps caused by the fallen walls of what were once pueblos of stone and clay. In some places there must have been populous cities, and at the famous site of Casa Grande one finds one of the buildings still standing—a really imposing citadel, with walls four or five feet thick, several stories high, and habitable since the historic period.

Now according to these traditions it was the tribes now known as Pimas, Papagoes, Yumas and Maricopas, that invaded the land, from some mythic underworld, and overthrew the vahahkkees & killed all their inhabitants, and

this is the most interesting part of the tales from a historic point of view. Fewkes, and other ethnologists, think the ancestors of the Pimas built the Casa Grande & other vahahkkees, but I doubt this. Is it reasonable to suppose that if a people as intelligent & settled as the Pimas had once evolved far enough in architecture & fortification to erect such noble citadels and extensive cities as those of Casa Grande & Casa Blanca, that they, while still surrounded by the harassing Apaches, would have descended to contentment with such miserable & indefensible hovels as their present kees and cawseens? To me it is not. They are as industrious as any of the pueblo-building Indians, not otherwise degenerate, and had they once ever builded pueblos I do not think would have abandoned the art. But it is easy to understand that a horde of desert campers, overthrowing a more civilized nation, might never rebuild or copy after its edifices. So far, then, I am inclined to agree with the traditions and disagree with the ethnologists.

But these traditions are evidently very ancient. They appear to me to have originated from the aborigines of this country; people who knew no other land. Every story is saturated with local color. From the top of Cheoffskawmack, I believe I could have seen almost every place mentioned in the traditions, except the Rio Colorado & the ocean, and the ocean was to them, I believe, little more than a name. They never speak of it with their usual sketchy & graphic detail, and the fact that in the ceremony of purification it is spoken of as a source of drinking water shows they really knew nothing of it. The Indian is too exact in his natural science to speak of salt water as potable. And these stories certainly say that the dwellers in the vahahkkees were the children of Ee-ee-toy, created right here. And that the army that carried out Ee-ee-toy's revenge upon his rebellious people were the children of Juhwerta Mahkai, who had been somewhere else since the flood, but who were also originally created here.

Now, for what it is worth, I will give a theory to reconcile these differences. I assume that their flood was a real event, but a local one, and the greater part of the people destroyed by it. A minority escaped by flight into the desert, and neither they nor their descendants, for many generations, returned to the place where the catastrophe occurred. Another remnant escaped by floating on various objects & climbing mountains. The first were those of whom it is fabled that Juhwerta Mahkai let them escape thru a hole in the earth. These became nomadic, desert dwellers. The second remained in the Gila country, became agricultural & settled in habit, irrigating their land & building pueblos, growing rich, effeminate & inapt at war. At length the

desert fugitives, also grown numerous, and warlike & fierce with the wild, wolf-like existence they had led, and moved by we know not what motives of revenge or greed, returned & swept over the land, in a sudden invasion, like a swarm of locusts; ruthlessly destroying the vahahkkees and all who dwelt therein; breaking even the *ma-ta-tes* & every utensil in their vandal fury; dividing the region thus taken among themselves. According to these traditions the Apaches were already dwellers in the outlying deserts & mountains, and were not affected especially by this invasion.

Is it now unreasonable to suppose that some of the invaders kept up, to a great extent, their old habits of desert wandering (Papagoes for instance), and that others adopted to some extent the agricultural habits of those they had conquered, and yet retained, with slight change, the little brush & mud houses & arbors they had grown accustomed to in their wanderings? These last would be our present Pimas.

If it is considered strange that these adopted the habits, to any extent, of those they supplanted it may be urged that they almost certainly, in conquering the vahahkkee people, spared and married many of the women, and adopted many of the children; this being in accordance with their custom in historic times. And this infusion of the gentler blood may have been very large. And these women would naturally go on, and would be required by their new husbands to go on, with the agricultural methods to which they were accustomed & would teach them to their new masters. And their children, being wholly or partly of the old stock, would have a natural tendency to the same work, to some extent.

This theory not only explains & agrees with the main parts of the old traditions, but seems confirmed by other things. Thus the Pimas, Papagoes, Quojatas, and the "Rabbit-Eaters" of Mexico, speak about the same language, which would seem to prove them originally the same people. But some have kept the old ways, some have become agricultural, and some are in manners between, and thus have become classed as different tribes. And, judging from the remains, the life of the old vahahkkee dwellers was in many ways like that of the modern Pima, only less primitive.

But the real value of these stories is as folklore, and in their literary merit. They throw a wonderful side-light on the old customs, beliefs and feelings. I consider them ancient, in the main, but do not doubt that in coming down thru many seeneeyawkums they have been much modified by the addition of embellishment, the subtraction of forgetfulness. As proof I adduce the accounting for the origin of the white people, who use pens & ink, in the story of Van-daih. The ancient Pimas knew neither white men, nor pens, nor ink, therefore this passage is clearly an interpolation by some later narrator, if the story is really ancient, as I suppose it is. In the story of Noo-ee's meeting the sun, the word used by old Comalk, for the sun's weapon, was *vai-no-ma-gaht* (literally iron-bow) which is the modern Pima's name for the white man's gun, and it was translated as gun by my interpreter. But iron and guns were both unknown to ancient Pimas, therefore this term must have been first used by some seeneeyawkum after



the white man came, who thought a gun more appropriate than a bow for the sun's shooting.

How much has been lost by forgetfulness we can never know; but at least I found that the meaning of many ancient words had disappeared, that the mystic meaning of the highly symbolic speeches seemed all gone, and I felt certain that the last part of the Story of the Gambler's War had been lost by forgetting; for it stops short with the preliminary speeches, instead of going on with a detailed account of the battles as does the Story of Paht-ahn-kum's war.

Another proof that these tales were changed by different narrators is afforded by the variants of some of them published by Emory, Grossman, Cook, and other writers about the Pimas.

As to the mystic meaning I can only guess. The mystic number four, so constantly used, probably refers to the four cardinal points, but my Indians seemed not aware of this. In the stories, West is black, East is white or light, South is blue, North is yellow, and Above is green. Of course the west is black because there night swallows up the sun, and the east is light because it gives the sun, but why south is blue and north is yellow I do not know. But south is the nearest way to the ocean, and as in one story the word ocean seems used in place of south, I infer the blue color was derived from that. And the desert lying north of the ocean may suggest the desert tint, yellow, as the color of the north. As to the sky being green, I find this in my journal: "August 29-Last evening, after sunset, there were the most wonderful sky effects-there was a line of light clouds across the sky, in the west, about half way up to the zenith, and suddenly the white part of these was washed over, as tho by a paint brush, with a strong but delicate pea-green, while under this spread a mist or haze of dainty pink, changing to a rich, delicate mauve. Lasted quarter of an hour or more. Never saw anything like it in nature before." Again, on September 6, I saw nearly the same phenomenon. The green was very strong and vivid, and could not fail to attract an Indian's eye, and something of the sort, I fancy, made him make the strange choice of green for the sky color.

Those who like to compare myths and folktales and ancient scriptures will find a rich field here. And the interesting thing is that these tales come straight from a line of Indians who could neither read nor write nor speak English, therefore adulteration by white man's literature seems improbable.

As to the literary merit of these tales, after all that is lost by a double interpretation, I consider it still very high. You must come to them as a little child, for they are intensely child-like, and to expect them to be like a white man's narrative is absurd. But they are sketched in such clear, bold lines, with such a sure touch and delicate expressiveness of salient points; there are such close-fitting, shrewd bits of human nature; such real yet startling touches of poetry in metaphor; such fertile and altogether Indian imagination in plot and incident, that the interest never fails. No two stories are alike, and if surprise is a literary charm of high value, and I think it is, then these tales are certainly charming, for they constantly bring surprise.

And the poetry, in Eeetoy's speech for example, is so rich and strong; and in such parts as the story of the *Nah-vah-choo* the mysticism seems to challenge one like a riddle.

When these old tales were told with all proper ceremony and respect, they were told on four successive nights. This could not be in the giving of them to me, for many practical reasons, but I have endeavored to give them that form for my reader and hence the title of my book. But I did not discover how many or what ones were told on any one night, so my division is arbitrary, and only aims at reasonable equality. The naming, too, of the different stories is try own, for the old man did not appear to have any set names for them. I fancy the old man was rusty and out of practice, and forgot some of the tales in their proper sequence, and brought them in afterward as they recurred to him.. For instance, the story of Tcheu-nas-set Seven's singing away another chief's wives evidently belongs among the early stories of the vahahkkee people, and before the account of his death, when the vahahkkees were destroyed. But I have given the stories in the order in which they were told to me, leaving all responsibility on the old see-neeyawkum's shoulders.

I lived a little more than two months with these Indians, collecting these stories, enjoying their kindly hospitality, living as they lived, eating their food, riding their ponies, sleeping on their roofs under the splendid Arizona stars.

I shall never forget that day, before I left, when Ed and I saddled our ponies in the early morning and rode twenty mils to the Casa Grande ruins. On the way we crossed the dry bed of the Gila; and passed thru the Agency village of Sacaton and the village of Blackwater; skirting the Maricopa Slaughter mountains, where once some unfortunate Maricopias were waylaid and massacred by a band of Apaches, almost in sight of Sacaton. The Casa Grande ruins are imposing enough, but sadly belittled in effect by the well-meant roof which the government has erected over them to preserve them. This kills all the poetry and gives them the ludicrous aspect of a museum specimen. Had the old walls been skillfully capped with a waterproof cement and the walls coated with some weath-erproof and transparent wash, all necessary security could have been effected with perhaps less expense than this absurd roof, and all the romance of impression preserved. Let us hope the genial and manly young custodian, Mr. Frank Pinckly, to whose warm-hearted hospitality and that of his parents I owe grateful thanks, will consider this suggestion favorably and earn the blessing of future travellers. A storm broke on us while we were at the ruins, and

riding home that evening we found the Gila flooded. I shall always remember how its muddy torrent looked to me, plunging along at my feet, where that morning I had crossed dry shod; its yellow waves shot with blood-red reflections from the last colors of sunset.

“You better see that Pinto’s cinch is tight, or she may try to get you off in the river,” warned Ed, in my ear, as he jumped off to cinch. up “Georgie.”

It was always exciting to me to ford the treacherous Gila, the tawny waters were so sweeping, and the ponies plunged so when their feet felt the quicksands, but we got across all right, and galloped home on the slippery, muddy roads.

When I left these people it was with a genuine regard for their virtues. I found them in the main kind, honest, simple-minded, industrious, surprisingly clean, considering their obstacles of scant water and ever-present dust., and the calmest tempered people I have ever known.

I remember the second day of my stay we were going to ride to the Casa Blanca ruins. In watering the ponies at the well, “Georgie’s” loosened saddle turned and swung under his belly. Such bucking and frantic kicking as that half-broken colt indulged in for a few moments would have made a congress of cow-boys applaud, and when it was over the beautiful colt stood exhausted on the far side of a twenty acre field, with the saddle fragments somewhere between. Now to poor Indians the loss of a saddle is not small, and I fancy most frontiersmen, under the provocation, would have made the air blue with oaths, but Ed only sadly said: “I’m afraid that spoils Georgie,” and the stepfather laughed and started patiently out on the trail of the colt “to save the pieces,” while the mother took one of her bowl-shaped Pima baskets, with beans in it, and coaxed the colt till she caught him. Then he was patted and soothed and fed with sugar, the saddle patched up and replaced, and we rode eighteen miles that day and never another mishap. And from first to last never a harsh or complaining word.

I at no time encountered a beggar among the Pimas, and tho they were mostly very poor I had not a pin’s worth stolen. I never heard an oath, or saw a brutal or violent act, or a child slapped or scolded, or a woman treated with disrespect or tyranny, nor any drunkenness or cruelty to animals. Perhaps I was especially fortunate, but I can only speak of what I saw. Their self-respect and serenity continually aroused my admiration.

I must say that they appeared to me to excel any average white neighborhood in good behavior.

It is a strange land, that in which the Pimas dwell; a desert overgrown with strange soft-tinted weeds, “salt weeds,” pink, red, green, gray, blue, purple; the rich-green yellow-flowering greasewood; odd cacti, and all manner of thornbearing bushes. The soil is inexhaustibly rich, were there water enough, but the white people, settling above the Indians, on the Gila, have so withdrawn the water that crop failures from lack of sufficient irrigation are the rule, now, instead of the exception, and the once ever-flowing Gila is more often a dry channel, as sun-baked as the desert around it.

All around their valley, and rising here and there from the plain, are low volcanic peaks, mere dead masses of rock except where in places a giant cactus stands candelabra-like among the slopes of stone. About the feet of these mountains, and along the channels where the torrents rush down in times of rain, are weird forests of desert growths, mesquite, cat-claw, flat-beans, screw-beans, greasewood, giant-cactus, cane-cactus, white-cactus, cholla-cactus, and a host of others, almost everything bristling with innumerable thorns.

On this strange pasture of weed and thorn the Indian’s ponies & his few cattle graze.

Here in summer the sun beats down till the mercury registers 118 to 120 degrees in the shade, and dust storms & dust whirlwinds travel over the burning plain.

## STORIES OF THE FIRST NIGHT

### *The Traditions of the Pimas*

The old man, Comalk Hawk-Kih, (Thin Buckskin) began by saying that these were stories which he used to hear his father tell, they being handed down from father to son, and that when he was little he did not pay much attention, but when he grew older he determined to learn them, and asked his father to teach him, which his father did, and now he knew them all.

### The Story of Creation

In the beginning there was no earth, no water—nothing. There was only a Person, *Juh-wert-a-Mah-kai* (The Doctor of the Earth).

He just floated, for there was no place for him to stand upon. There was no sun, no light, and he just floated about in the darkness, which was Darkness itself.

He wandered around in the nowhere till he thought he had wandered enough. Then he rubbed on his breast and rubbed out *moah-haht-tack*, that is perspiration, or greasy earth. This he rubbed out on the palm of his hand

and held out. It tipped over three times, but the fourth, time it staid straight in the middle of the air and there it remains now as the world.

The first bush he created was the greasewood bush.

And he made ants, little tiny ants, to live on that bush, on its gum which comes out of its stem.

But these little ants did not do any good, so he created white ants, and these worked and enlarged the earth; and they kept on increasing it, larger and larger, until at last it was big enough for himself to rest on.

Then he created a Person. He made him out of his eye, out of the shadow of his eyes, to assist him, to be like him, and to help him in creating trees and human beings and everything that was to be on the earth.

The name of this being was *Noo-ee* (the Buzzard).

Nooe was given all power, but he did not do the work he was created for. He did not care to help Juhwertamahkai, but let him go by himself.

And so the Doctor of the Earth himself created the mountains and everything that has seed and is good to eat. For if he had created human beings first they would have had nothing to live on.

But after making Nooe and before making the mountains and seed for food, Juhwertamahkai made the sun.

In order to make the sun he first made water, and this he placed in a hollow vessel, like an earthen dish (*hwas-hah-ah*) to harden into something like ice. And this hardened ball he placed in the sky. First he placed it in the North, but it did not work; then he placed it in the West, but it did not work; then he placed it in the South, but it did not work; then he placed it in the East and there it worked as he wanted it to.

And the moon he made in the same way and tried in the same places, with the same results.

But when he made the stars he took the water in his mouth and spurted it up into the sky. But the first night his stars did not give light enough. So he took the Doctor-stone (diamond), the *tone-dum-haw-teh*, and smashed it up, and took the pieces and threw them into the sky to mix with the water in the stars, and then there was light enough.

And now Juhwertamahkai, rubbed again on his breast, and from the substance he obtained there made two little dolls, and these he laid on the earth. And they were human beings, man and woman.

And now for a time the people increased till they filled the earth. For the first parents were perfect, and there was no sickness and no death. But when the earth was full, then there was nothing to eat, so they killed and ate each other.

But Juhwertamahkai did not like the way his people acted, to kill and eat each other, and so he let the sky fall to kill them. But when the sky dropped he, himself, took a staff and broke a hole thru, thru which he and Nooe emerged and escaped, leaving behind them all the people dead.

And Juhwertamahkai, being now on the top of this fallen sky, again made a man and a woman, in the same way as before. But this man and woman became grey when old, and their children became grey still younger, and their children became grey younger still, and so on till the babies were gray in their cradles.

And Juhwertamahkai, who had made a new earth and sky, just as there had been before, did not like his people becoming grey in their cradles, so he let the sky fall on them again, and again made a hole and escaped, with Nooe, as before.

And Juhwertamahkai, on top of this second sky, again made a new heaven and a new earth, just as he had done before, and new people.

But these new people made a vice of smoking. Before human beings had never smoked till they were old, but now they smoked younger, and each generation still younger, till the infants wanted to smoke in their cradles.

And Juhwertamahkai did not like this, and let the sky fall again, and created everything new again in the same way, and this time he created the earth as it is now.

But at first the whole slope of the world was westward, and tho there were peaks rising from this slope there were no true valleys, and all the water that fell ran away and there was no water for the people to drink. So Juhwertamahkai sent Nooe to fly around among the mountains, and over the earth, to cut valleys with his wings, so that the water could be caught and distributed and there might be enough for the people to drink.

Now the sun was male and the moon was female and they met once a month. And the moon became a mother and went to a mountain called *Tahs-my-et-tahn Toe-ahk* (sun striking mountain) and there was born her baby. But she had duties to attend to, to turn around and give light, so she made a place for the child by tramping down the weedy bushes and there left it. And the child, having no milk, was nourished on the earth.

And this child was the coyote, and as he grew he went out to walk and in his walk came to the house of Juhwertamahkai and Nooe, where they lived.

And when he came there Juhwertamahkai knew him and called him *Toe-hahvs*, because he was laid on the weedy bushes of that name.

But now out of the North came another powerful personage, who has two names, *See-ur-huh* and *Ee-ee-toy*.

Now Seeurhuh means older brother, and when this personage came to Juhwertamahkai, Nooe and Toehahvs he called them his younger brothers. But they claimed to have been here first, and to be older than he, and there

was a dispute between them. But finally, because he insisted so strongly, and just to please him, they let him be called older brother.

### *Juhwerta Mahkai's Song Of Creation*

Juhwerta mahkai made the world—  
Come and see it and make it useful!  
He made it round—  
Come and see it and make it useful!

### *Notes on "The Story of Creation"*

The idea of creating the earth from the perspiration and waste cuticle of the Creator is, I believe, original.

The local touch in making the greasewood bush the first vegetation is very strong.

In the tipping over of the earth three times, and its standing right the fourth time, we are introduced to the first of the mystic fours in which the whole scheme of the stories is cast. Almost everything is done four times before finished.

The peculiar Indian idea of type-animals, the immortal and supernatural representatives of their respective animal tribes, appears in Nooee and Toehahvs, and here again the local color is rich and strong in making the buzzard and the coyote, the most common and striking animals of the desert, the particular aides on the staff of the Creator.

Might not the creation of Nooee out of the shadow of the eyes of the Doctor of the Earth be a poetical allusion to the flying shadow of the buzzard on the sun-bright desert?

In the creation of sun and moon we find the mystic four referred to the four corners of the universe, North, South, East and West, and this, I am persuaded, is really the origin of its sacred significance, for most religions find root and source in astronomy.

In the dropping of the sky appears the old idea of its solid character.

In the "slope of the world to the Westward" there is something curiously significant when we remember that both the Gila and Salt Rivers flow generally westward.

Nooee cuts the valleys with his wings. It would almost appear that Nooee was Juhwertamahkai's agent in the air and sky, Toehahvs on earth.

The night-prowling coyote is appropriately and poetically mothered by the moon.

And here appears Eeetoy, the most active and mysterious personality in Piman mythology. Out of the North, apparently self-existent, but little inferior in power to Juhwertamahkai, and claiming greater age, he appears, by pure "bluff" and persistent push and wheedling, to have induced the really more powerful, but good-natured and rather lazy Juhwertamahkai to give over most of the real work and government of the world to him. In conversing with Harry Azul, the head chief's son, at Sacaton, I found he regarded Eeetoy and Juhwertamahki as but two names for the same. And indeed it is hard to fix Eeetoy's place or power.

### The Story of the Flood

Now Seeurhuh was very powerful, like Juhwerta Mahkai, and as he took up his residence with them, as one of them, he did many wonderful things which pleased Juhwerta Mahkai, who liked to watch him.

And after doing many marvelous things he, too, made a man.

And to this man whom he had made, Seeurhuh (whose other name was Ee-ee-toy) gave a bow & arrows, and guarded his arm against the bow string by a piece of wild-cat skin, and pierced his ears & made ear-rings for him, like turquoises to look at, from the leaves of the weed called *quah-wool*. And this man was the most beautiful man yet made.

And Ee-ee-toy told this young man, who was just of marriageable age, to look around and see if he could find any young girl in the villages that would suit him and, if he found her, to see her relatives and see if they were willing he should marry her.

And the beautiful young man did this, and found a girl that pleased him, and told her family of his wish, and they accepted him, and he married her.

And the names of both these are now forgotten and unknown.

And when they were married Ee-ee-toy, foreseeing what would happen, went & gathered the gum of the greasewood tree.

Here the narrative states, with far too much plainness of circumstantial detail for popular reading, that this young man married a great many wives in rapid succession, abandoning the last one with each new one wedded,

and had children with abnormal, even uncanny swiftness, for which the wives were blamed and for which suspicion they were thus heartlessly divorced. Because of this, Juhwerta Mahkai and Ee-ee-toy foresaw that nature would be convulsed and a great flood would come to cover the world. And then the narrative goes on to say:

Now there was a doctor who lived down toward the sunset whose name was Vahk-lohv Mahkai, or South Doctor, who had a beautiful daughter. And when his daughter heard of this young man and what had happened to his wives she was afraid and cried every day. And when her fattier saw her crying he asked her what was the matter? was she sick? And when she had told him what she was afraid of, for every one knew and was talking of this thing, he said yes, he knew it was true, but she ought not to be afraid, for there was happiness for a woman in marriage and the mothering of children.

And it took many years for the young man to marry all these wives, and have all these children, and all this time Ee-ee-toy was busy making a great vessel of the gum he had gathered from the grease bushes, a sort of olla which could be closed up, which would keep back water. And while he was making this he talked over the reasons for it with Juhwerta Mahkai, Nooe, and Toehahvs, that it was because there was a great flood coming.

And several birds heard them talking thus—the woodpecker, *Hick-o-vick*; the humming-bird, *Vee-pis-mahl*; a little bird named *Gee-ee-sop*, and another called *Quota-veech*.

Eeetoy said he would escape the flood by getting into the vessel he was making from the gum of the grease bushes or *ser-quoy*.

And Juhwerta Mahkai said he would get into his staff, or walking stick, and float about.

And Toehahvs said he would get into a cane-tube.

And the little birds said the water would not reach the sky, so they would fly up there and hang on by their bills till it was over.

And Nooe, the buzzard, the powerful, said he did not care if the flood did reach the sky, for he could find a way to break thru.

Now Ee-ee-toy was envious, and anxious to get ahead of Juhwerta Mahkai and get more fame for his wonderful deeds, but Juhwerta Mahkai, though really the strongest, was generous and from kindness and for relationship sake let Ee-ee-toy have the best of it.

And the young girl, the doctor's daughter, kept on crying, fearing the young man, feeling him ever coming nearer, and her father kept on reassuring her, telling her it would be all right, but at last, out of pity for her fears & tears, he told her to go and get him the little tuft of the finest thorns on the top of the white cactus, the *haht-sahn-kahm*, and bring to him.

And her father took the cactus-tuft which she had brought him, and took hair from her head and wound about one end of it, and told her if she would wear this it would protect her. And she consented and wore the cactus-tuft.

And he told her to treat the young man right, when he came, & make him broth of corn. And if the young man should eat all the broth, then their plan would fail, but if he left any broth she was to eat that up and then their plan would succeed.

And he told her to be sure and have a bow and arrows above the door of the *kee*, so that he could take care of the young man.

And after her father had told her this, on that very evening the young man came, and the girl received him kindly, and took his bows & arrows, and put them over the door of the *kee*, as her father had told her, and made the young man broth of corn and gave it to him to eat.

And he ate only part of it and what was left she ate herself.

And before this her father had told her: "if the young man is wounded by the thorns you wear, in that moment he will become a woman and a mother and you will become a young man."

And in the night all this came to be, even so, and by day-break the child was crying.

And the old woman ran in and said: "*Mossay!*" which means an old woman's grandchild from a daughter.

And the daughter, that had been, said: "It is not your *moss*, it is your *cah-um-maht*," that is an old woman's grandchild from a son.

And then the old man ran in and said: "*Bah-ahm-ah-dah!*" that is an old man's grandchild from a daughter, but his daughter said: "It is not your *bah-ahm-maht*, but it is your *voss-ahm-maht*," which is an old man's grandchild from a son.

And early in the morning this young man (that had been, but who was now a woman & a mother) made a *wawl-kote*, a carrier, or cradle, for the baby and took the trail back home.

And Juhwerta Mahkai told his neighbors of what was coming, this young man who had changed into a woman and a mother and was bringing a baby born from himself, and that when he arrived wonderful things would happen & springs would gush forth from under every tree and on every mountain.

And the young man-woman came back and by the time of his return Ee-ee-toy had finished his vessel and had placed therein seeds & everything that is in the world.

And the young man-woman, when he came to his old home, placed his baby in the bushes and left it, going in without it, but Ee-ee-toy turned around and looked at him and knew him, for he did not wear a woman's dress, and said to him: "Where is my Bahahmmaht? Bring it to me. I want to see it. It is a joy for an old man to see his grand-child.

I have sat here in my house and watched your going, and all that has happened you, and foreseen some one would send you back in shame, although I did not like to think there was anyone more powerful than I. But never mind, he who has beaten us will see what will happen."

And when the young man-woman went to get his baby, Ee-ee-toy got into his vessel, and built a fire on the hearth he had placed therein, and sealed it up.

And the young man-woman found his baby crying, and the tears from it were all over the ground, around. And when he stooped over to pick up his child he turned into a sand-snipe, and the baby turned into a little teeter-snipe. And then that came true which Juhwerta Mahkai had said, that water would gush out from under every tree & on every mountain; and the people when they saw it, and knew that a flood was coming, ran to Juhwerta Mahkai; and he took his staff and made a hole in the earth and let all those thru who had come to him, but the rest were drowned.

Then Juhwerta Mahkai got into his walking stick & floated, and Toehahvs got into his tube of cane and floated, but Ee-ee-toy's vessel was heavy & big and remained until the flood was much deeper before it could float.

And the people who were left out fled to the mountains; to the mountains called *Gah-kote-kih* (Superstition Mts.) for they were living in the plains between Gahkotekih and Cheoffskawmack (Tall Gray Mountain.)

And there was a powerful man among these people, a doctor (mahkai), who set a mark on the mountain side and said the water would not rise above it.

And the people believed him and camped just beyond the mark; but the water came on and they had to go higher. And this happened four times.

And the mahkai did this to help his people, and also used power to raise the mountain, but at last he saw all was to be a failure. And he called the people and asked them all to come close together, and he took his doctor-stone (*mahkai-haw-teh*) which is called Tonedumhawteh or Stone-of-Light, and held it in the palm of his hand and struck it hard with his other hand, and it thundered so loud that all the people were frightened and they were all turned into stone.

And the little birds, the woodpecker, Hickovick; the humming-bird, Veepismahl; the little bird named Ge-ee-sop, and the other called Quotaveech, all flew up to the sky and hung on by their bills, but Nooee still floated in the air and intended to keep on the wing unless the floods reached the heavens.

But Juhwerta Mahkai, Ee-ee-toy and Toehahvs floated around on the water and drifted to the west and did not know where they were.

And the flood rose higher until it reached the woodpecker's tail, and you can see the marks to this day.

And Quotaveech was cold and cried so loud that the other birds pulled off their feathers and built him a nest up there so he could keep warm. And when Quotaveech was warm he quit crying.

And then the little birds sang, for they had power to make the water go down by singing, and as they sang the waters gradually receded.

But the others still floated around.

When the land began to appear Juhwerta Mahkai and Toehahvs got out, but Ee-ee-toy had to wait for his house to warm up, for he had built a fire to warm his vessel enough for him to unseal it.

When it was warm enough he unsealed it, but when he looked out he saw the water still running & he got back and sealed himself in again.

And after waiting a while he unsealed his vessel again, and seeing dry land enough he got out.

And Juhwerta Mahkai went south and Toehahvs went west, and Ee-ee-toy went northward. And as they did not know where they were they missed each other, and passed each other unseen, but afterward saw each other's tracks, and then turned back and shouted, but wandered from the track, and again passed unseen. And this happened four times.

And the fourth time Juhwerta Mahkai and Ee-ee-toy met, but Toehahvs had passed already.

And when they met, Ee-ee-toy said to Juhwerta Mahkai "My younger brother!" but Juhwerta Mahkai greeted him as younger brother & claimed to have come out first. Then Ee-ee-toy said again: "I came out first and you can see the water marks on my body." But Juhwerta Mahkai replied: "I came out first and also have the water marks on my person to prove it."

But Ee-ee-toy so insisted that he was the eldest that Juhwerta Mahkai, just to please him, gave him his way and let him be considered the elder.

And then they turned westward and yelled to find Toehahvs, for they remembered to have seen his tracks, and they kept on yelling till he heard them. And when Toehahvs saw them he called them his younger brothers, and

they called him younger brother. And this dispute continued till Ee-ee-toy again got the best of it, and although really the younger brother was admitted by the others to be Seeurhuh, or the elder.

And the birds came down from the sky and again there was a dispute about the relationship, but Ee-ee-toy again got the best of them all.

But Quotaveech staid up in the sky because he had a comfortable nest there, and they called him *Vee-ick-koss-kum Mahkai*, the Feather-Nest Doctor.

And they wanted to find the middle, the navel of the earth, and they sent Veepismahl, the humming bird, to the west, and Hickovick, the woodpecker, to the east, and all the others stood and waited for them at the starting place. And Veepismahl & Hickovick were to go as far as they could, to the edge of the world, and then return to find the middle of the earth by their meeting. But Hickovick flew a little faster and got there first, and so when they met they found it was not the middle, and they parted & started again, but this time they changed places and Hickovick went westward and Veepismahl went east.

And this time Veepismahl was the faster, and Hickovick was late, and the judges thought their place of meeting was a little east of the center so they all went a little way west. Ee-ee-toy, Juhwerta Mahkai and Toehahvs stood there and sent the birds out once more, and this time Hickovick went eastward again, and Veepismahl went west. And Hickovick flew faster and arrived there first. And they said : “This is not the middle. It is a little way west yet.”

And so they moved a little way, and again the birds were sent forth, and this time Hickovick went west and Veepismahl went east. And when the birds returned they met where the others stood and all cried “This is the *Hick*, the Navel of the World!”

And they stood there because there was no dry place yet for them to sit down upon; and Ee-ee-toy rubbed upon his breast and took from his bosom the smallest ants, the *O-auf-taw-ton*, and threw them upon the ground, and they worked there and threw up little hills; and this earth was dry. And so they sat down.

But the water was still running in the valleys, and Ee-ee-toy took a hair from his head & made it into a snake—*Vuck-vahmuht*. And with this snake he pushed the waters south, but the head of the snake was left lying to the west and his tail to the east.

But there was more water, and Ee-ee-toy took another hair from his head and made another snake, and with this snake pushed the rest of the water north. And the head of this snake was left to the east and his tail to the west. So the head of each snake was left lying with the tail of the other.

And the snake that has his tail to the east, in the morning will shake up his tail to start the morning wind to wake the people and tell them to think of their dreams.

And the snake that has his tail to the west, in the evening will shake up his tail to start the cool wind to tell the people it is time to go in and make the fires & be comfortable.

And they said: “We will make dolls, but we will not let each other see them until they are finished.”

And Ee-ee-toy sat facing the west, and Toehahvs facing the south, and Juhwerta Mahkai facing the east.

And the earth was still damp and they took clay and began to make dolls. And Ee-ee-toy made the best. But Juhwerta Mahkai did not make good ones, because he remembered some of his people had escaped the flood thru a hole in the earth, and he intended to visit them and he did not want to make anything better than they were to take the place of them. And Toehahvs made the poorest of all.

Then Ee-ee-toy asked them if they were ready, and they all said yes, and then they turned about and showed each other the dolls they had made.

And Ee-ee-toy asked Juhwerta Mahkai why he had made such queer dolls. “This one,” he said, “is not right, for you have made him without any sitting-down parts, and how can he get rid of the waste of what he eats?”

But Juhwerta Mahkai said: “He will not need to eat, he can just smell the smell of what is cooked.”

Then Ee-ee-toy asked again: “Why did you make this doll with only one leg—how can he run?” But Juhwerta Mahkai replied: “He will not need to run; he can just hop around.”

Then Ee-ee-toy asked Toehahvs why he had made a doll with webs between his fingers and toes—“How can he point directions?” But Toehahvs said he had made these dolls so for good purpose, for if anybody gave them small seeds they would not slip between their fingers, and they could use the webs for dippers to drink with.

And Ee-ee-toy held up his dolls and said: “These are the best of all, and I want you to make more like them.” And he took Toehahvs’s dolls and threw them into the water and they became ducks & beavers. And he took Juhwerta Mahkai’s dolls and threw them away and they all broke to pieces and were nothing.

And Juhwerta Mahkai was angry at this and began to sink into the ground; and took his stick and hooked it into the sky and pulled the sky down while he was sinking. But Ee-ee-toy spread his hand over his dolls, and held up the sky, and seeing that Juhwerta Mahkai was sinking into the earth he sprang and tried to hold him & cried, “Man, what are you doing? Are you going to leave me and my people here alone?”

But Juhwerta Mahkai slipped through his hands, leaving in them only the waste & excretion of his skin. And that is how there is sickness & death among us.

And Ee-ee-toy, when Juhwerta Mahkai escaped him, went around swinging his hands & saying: "I never thought all this impurity would come upon my people!" and the swinging of his hands scattered disease over all the earth. And he washed himself in a pool or pond and the impurities remaining in the water are the source of the malaras and all the diseases of dampness.

And Ee-ee-toy and Toehahvs built a house for their dolls a little way off, and Ee-ee-toy sent Toehahvs to listen if they were yet talking. And the *Aw-up*, (the Apaches) were the first ones that talked. And Ee-ee-toy said: "I never meant to have those Apaches talk first, I would rather have had the *Aw-aw-tam*, the Good People, speak first."

But he said: "It is all right. I will give them strength, that they stand the cold & all hardships." And all the different people that they had made talked, one after the other, but the *Awawtam* talked last.

And they all took to playing together, and in their play they kicked each other as the Maricopas do in sport to this day; but the Apaches got angry and said: "We will leave you and go into the mountains and eat what we can get, but we will dream good dreams and be just as happy as you with all your good things to eat."

And some of the people took up their residence on the Gila, and some went west to the Rio Colorado. And those who builded *vahahkkees*, or houses out of adobe and stones, lived in the valley of the Gila, between the mountains which are there now.

### *Juhwerta Mahkai's Song Before The Flood*

My poor people,  
Who will see,  
Who will see  
This water which will moisten the earth!

### *The Song Of Superstition Mountains*

We are destroyed!  
By my stone we are destroyed!  
We are rightly turned into stone.

### *Ee-Ee-Toy's Song When He Made The World Serpents*

I know what to do;  
I am going to move the water both ways.

### *Notes on "The Story of the Flood"*

In the Story of the Flood we are introduced to Indian marriage. Among the Pimas it was a very simple affair. There was no ceremony whatever. The lover usually selected a relative, who went with him to the parents of the girl and asked the father to permit the lover to marry her. Presents were seldom given unless a very old man desired a young bride. The girl was consulted and her consent was essential, her refusal final. If, however, all parties were satisfied, she went at once with her husband as his wife. If either party became dissatisfied, separation at once constituted divorce and either could leave the other. A widow or divorced woman, if courted by another suitor, was approached directly, with no intervention of relatives. Of course, on these terms there were many separations, yet all accounts agree that there was a good deal of fidelity and many life-long unions and cases of strong affection.

Polygamy was not unknown.

Grossman says that the wife was the slave of the husband, but it is difficult to see how a woman, free at any moment to divorce herself without disgrace or coercion, could be properly regarded as a slave. Certainly the men appear always to have done a large part of the hard work, and as far as I could see the women were remarkably equal and independent and respectfully treated, as such a system would naturally bring about. A man would be a fool to ill-treat a woman, whose love or services were valuable to him, if at any moment of discontent she could leave him, perhaps for a rival. The chances are that he would constantly endeavor to hold her allegiance by special kindness and favors.

But today legal marriage is replacing the old system.

So far as I saw the Pimas were very harmonious and kindly in family life.

The birds, *gee-ee-sop* and *quotaveech*, were pointed out to me by the Pimas, and as near as I could tell *quotaveech* was Bendire's thrasher, or perhaps the curve-bill thrasher. It has a very sweet but timid song. I did not succeed in identifying *gee-ee-sop*, but find these entries about him in my journal: "Aug. 5—I saw a little bird which I suppose to be a *gee-ee-sop* in a mezquite today, smaller and more slender than a vireo, but like one in action, but the tail longer and carried more like a brown thrasher, nearly white below, dark, leaden gray above, top of head and



tail black." Again on Sept. 1: "What a dear little bird the gee-ee-sop is! Two of them in the *oas-juh-wert-pot* tree were looking at me a few minutes back. Dark slate-blue above and nearly white below, with beady black eyes and black, lively tails, tipped with white, they are very pretty, tame and confiding."

The faith of the Aw-aw-tam in witchcraft appears first in this story and afterwards is conspicuous in nearly all. Almost all diseases they supposed were caused by bewitching, and it was the chief business of the medicine-men to find out who or what had caused the bewitching. Sometimes people were accused and murders followed. This was the darkest spot in Piman life. Generally, however, some animal or inanimate object was identified. Grossman's account in the Smithsonian Report for 1871 is interesting. In the stories, however, witchcraft appears usually as the ability of the mahkai to work transformations in himself or others, in true old fairy-tale style.

Superstition Mountain derives its name from this story, It is a very beautiful and impressive mountain, with terraces of cliffs, marking perhaps the successive pausing places of the fugitives, and the huddled rocks on the top represent their petrified forms. Some of the older Indians still fear to go up into this mountain, lest a like fate befall them.

What beautiful poetic touches are the wetting of the woodpecker's tail, and the singing of the little birds to subdue the angry waters.

The resemblances to Genesis will of course be noted by all in these two first stories. Yet after all they are few and slight in any matter of detail.

In Ee-ee-toy's serpents, that pushed back the waters, there is a strong reminder of the Norse Midgard Serpent.

The making of the dolls in this story is one of the prettiest and most amusing spots in the traditions.

The waste and perspiration of Juhwerta Mahkai's skin again comes into play, but this time as a malign force instead of a beneficent one. It would also appear from this that the more intelligent Pimas had a glimmering of the fact that there were other causes than witchcraft for disease.

I have generally used the word Aw-aw-tam (Good People, or People of Peace) as synonymous with Pima, but it is sometimes used to embrace all Indians of the Piman stock and may be so understood in this story.

And perhaps this is as good a place as any to say a few descriptive words about these Pimas of Arizona, and their allies, who have from prehistoric times inhabited what the old Spanish historian, Clavigero, called "Pimeria," that is, the valleys of the Gila and Salt Rivers.

Their faces seemed to me to be of almost Caucasian regularity and rather of an English or Dutch cast, that is rather heavily moulded. The forehead is vertical and inclined to be square; and the chin, broad, heavy and full, comes out well to its line. The nose is straight, or a little irregular, or rounded, at the end, but not often very aquiline, never flat or wide-nostriled. The mouth is large but well shaped, with short, white, remarkably even teeth, seldom showing any canine projection. The whole face is a little heavy and square, but the cheek bones are not especially prominent. The eyes are level, frank and direct in glance, with long lashes and strong black brows. In the babies a slight uptilt to the eye is sometimes seen, like a Japanese, which indeed the babies suggest. The head of almost all adults is well-balanced and finely poised on a good neck.

Another type possesses more of what we call the Indian feature. The forehead retreats somewhat, so does the chin, while the upper lip is larger, longer, more convex and the nose, above is more aquiline, with wider nostrils. Consequently this face in profile is more convex thru out. The cheek-bones are much more prominent, too, and the head not generally so well-balanced and proportional.

While I have seen no striking beauty I believe the average good looks is greater than among white men, taken as they come.

The women as a rule, however, do not carry themselves gracefully, are apt to be too broad, fat and dumpy in figure, with too large waists, and often loose, ungracefully-moving hips. This deformity of the hips, for it almost amounts to that, I observe among Italian peasant women, too, and some negresses, and, I take it, is caused by carrying too heavy loads on the head at too early an age. There seems to be a settling down of the body into the pelvis, with a loose alternate motion of the hips. There are exceptions, of course, and I have seen those of stately figure and fine carriage. Sometimes the loose-hip motion appears in a man.

A slight tattooing appears on almost all Pima faces not of the last generation. In the women this consists of two blue lines running down from each corner of the mouth, under the chin, crossing, at the start, the lower lip, and a single blue line running back from the outer angle of each eye to the hair.

In the men it is usually a single zigzag blue line across the forehead.

The pigment used is charcoal.

The men are generally erect and of good figure, with good chests and rather heavy shoulders, the legs often a little bowed. Strange to say I never saw one who walked "Pigeon-toed." All turned the toes out like white men. The hands are often small and almost always well-shaped; and the feet of good shape, too, not over large, with a well-arched instep.

Emory and his comrades found the Pimas wearing a kind of breech-cloth and a cotton *serape* only for garments; the women wearing only a serape tied around the waist and falling to the knee, being otherwise nude. Today the average male Pima dresses like a white workman, in hat, shirt, trousers and perhaps shoes, and his wife or daughter wears a single print gown, rather loose at the waist and ruffled at the bottom, which reaches only to the ankles. Both sexes are commonly barefooted, but the old sandals, once universal, are still often seen. These *gah-kai-gey-aht-kum-soosk*, or string-shoes, as the word means, were made in several different ways, and often projected somewhat around the foot as a protection against the frequent and formidable thorns of the country.

Sometimes a wilder or older Indian will be seen, even now, with only a breech-cloth on, and some apology for a garment on his shoulders.

The skin is often of a very beautiful rich red-bronze tint, or perhaps more like old mahogany.

Except the tattooing both sexes are remarkable for their almost entire absence of any marked adornment or ornament of person. Even a finger-ring, or a ribbon on the hair, is not common, and the profuse bead-work and embroidery of the other tribes is never seen.

The exceedingly thick and intensely black hair was formerly worn very long, even to the waist, being banged off just over the eyes of the women and over the eyes and ears of the men and allowed to hang perfectly loose. But the women seldom wore: as long hair as the men. This long hair is still sometimes seen and is exceedingly picturesque, especially on horseback, and it is a great pity so slightly a fashion should ever die out. I have seen Maricopas roll theirs in ringlets. Sometimes the men braided the hair into a cue, or looped up the ends with a fillet. But the Government discourages long and loose hair, and now most men cut it short, and women part theirs and braid it. Like all Indians, the men have scant beards, and the few whiskers that grow are shaved clean or resolutely pinched off with an old knife or pulled out by tweezers.

Their hair appears to turn gray as early as ours, tho I saw no baldness except on one individual. In old times (and even now to some extent) the hair was dressed with a mixture of mud and mezquite gum, at times, which was left on long enough for the desired effect and then thoroly washed off. This cleansed it and made it glossy and the gum dyed the gray hair quite a lasting, jet black, tho several applications might be needed.

Women still carry their ollas and other burdens on their heads and are exceedingly strong and expert in the art, balancing great and awkward weights with admirable dexterity.

The convenient and even beautiful *gyih-haw* (a word very difficult to pronounce correctly), or burden basket, of the old time Pima woman, seems to have entirely disappeared. It was not only picturesque, but an exceedingly useful utensil.

The *wawl-kote*, or carrying-cradle for the baby, is obsolete, too, now. Strange to say, tho in shape like most papoose-cradles, it was carried poised on the head, instead of slung on the back in the usual way.

The Pimas are fond of conversation and often come together in the evening and have long talks. Their voices are low, rapid, soft and very pleasant and they laugh, smile and joke a great deal. They are remarkable for calmness and evenness of temper and the expression of the face is nearly always intelligent, frank, and good-natured.

They are noticeably devoid of hurry, worry, irritability or nervousness.

Unlike most Indians these have not been removed from the soil of their fathers and, indeed, such an act would have been cruelly unjust, for, true to their name, the Pimas have maintained an unbroken peace with the whites.

Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Emory, of "The Army of the West," who visited them in 1846, was perhaps the first American to observe and describe these people. He says: "Both nations (Pimas and Maricopas) cherished an aversion to war and a profound attachment to all the peaceful pursuits of life. This predilection arose from no incapacity for war, for they were at all times able and willing to keep the Apaches, whose hands are raised against all other people, at a respectful distance, and prevent depredations by those mountain robbers who held Chihuahua, Sonora and a part of Durango in a condition approaching almost to tributary provinces."

As observed by Emory and the other officers of the "Army of the West" they were an agricultural people raising at that time "cotton, wheat, maize, beans, pumpkins and water melons." I found them raising all these in 1903, except cotton, and I think he might have added to his list, peppers, gourds, tobacco and the pea called *cah-lay-vahs*.

Emory says: "We were at once impressed with the beauty, order, and disposition of the arrangements made for irrigating the land . . . the fields are subdivided by ridges of earth into rectangles of about 200x100 feet, for the convenience of irrigating. The fences are of sticks, matted with willow and mezquite." I found this still comparatively correct. The fields are still irrigated by *acequias* or ditches from the Gila, and still fenced by forks of trees set closely in the ground and reinforced with branches of thorn or barbed wire. Some of these fences with their antler-like effect of tops are very picturesque.

From the description given by Emory, and Captain A. R. Johnson of the same army, of their *kees* or winter lodges, they were essentially the same as I found some of them still inhabiting. There is the following entry in my journal: "I have been examining the old kee next door, since the old couple left it. It is quite neatly and systematically made. Four large forks are set in the ground, and these support a square of large poles, covered with other poles,

arrow-weeds, chaff and earth, for the roof. The walls are a neat arrangement of small saplings, about 10 inches apart curving up from the ground on a bending slant to the roof, so that the whole structure comes to resemble a turtle-shell or rather an inverted bowl. These side sticks arc connected by three lines of smaller sticks tied across them with withes, all the way around the kee. Against these arrow-weeds are stood, closely and neatly, tops down (perhaps thatched on) and kept in place by three more lines of small sticks, bound on and corresponding to those within. Then the whole structure is plastered over with adobe mud till rain-proof. No window, and only one small door, about 2½ feet square, closed by a slat-work.”

This kee of the Pima was not to his credit. The most friendly must admit it dirty, uncomfortable and unpicturesque. It was too low to stand erect in, the little fire was made in the center, the smoke escaping at last from the low doorway after trying everywhere else and festooning the ceiling with soot.

The establishment of the Pima was most simple. He sat, ate and slept on the earth, consequently a few mats and blankets, baskets, bowls and pots included his furniture. A large earthen olla, called by the Pimas *hah-ah*, stood in a triple fork under the shade of the vachtoe and being porous enough to permit a slight evaporation kept the drinking water cool.

The arbor-shed or vachtoe pertains to almost every Piman home and consists of a flat roof of poles and arrow-weeds supported by stout forks. Sometimes earth is added to the roof to keep off rain. Sometimes the sides are enclosed with a rude wattle work of weeds and bushes, making a grateful shade, admitting air freely; screening those within from view, while permitting vision from within outward in any direction. Sometimes this screen of weeds and bushes, in a circular form, was made without any roof and was then called an *o-num*. Sometimes after the vachtoe had been inclosed with wattle work the whole structure was plastered over with adobe mud and then became a caws-seen, or storehouse. All these structures were used at times as habitations, but now the Pima is coming more and more to the white man's adobe cottage as a house and home. But the vachtoe, attached or detached, is still a feature of almost every homestead.

Under the vachtoe usually stood the matate, or mill (called by the Pimas *mah-choot*) which was a large flat or concave stone, below, across which was rubbed an oblong, narrow stone (*vee-it-kote*), above, to grind the corn or wheat. Other important utensils were a *vatcheeho*, or wooden trough, for mixing, and a *chee-o-pah*, or mortar, of wood or stone, for crushing things with a pestle. The *nah-dah-kote*, or fire-place, was an affair of stones and adobe mud to support the earthen pots for cooking or to support the earthen plates on which the thin cakes of corn or wheat meal were baked. These were what the Mexicans call tortillas. Perhaps the staple food of the Pima even more than corn (*hohn*) or wheat (*payl-koon*) is frijole beans—these of two kinds, the white (*bah-fih*) the brown (*mohn*). A sort of meal made of parched corn or wheat; ground on the mahchoot and eaten, or perhaps one might say drank, with water and brown sugar (*panoche*) was the famous *pinole*, the food carried on war trips when nutrition, lightness of weight and smallness of bulk were all desired. It has a remarkable power to cool and quench thirst. *Taw-mahls*, or corn-cakes of ground green corn, wrapped in husks and roasted in the ashes, or boiled, were also favorites. Peppers (*kaw-aw-kull*) were a good deal used for seasoning and relishes.

Today the country of the Pima is very destitute of large game but he adds to the above bill of fare all the small game, especially rabbits, quail and doves, that he can kill. In the old days when the Gila always had water it held fine fish and the Indians caught them with their hands or swept them up on the banks by long chains of willow hurdles or faggots, carried around the fish by waders. I could not learn that they ever had any true fish-nets or fish-hooks; nor any rafts, canoes or other boats. But owing to the frequent necessity of crossing the treacherous Gila the men, and many of the women, were good swimmers.

The Toe-hawn-awh Aw-aw-tam, or Papagoes, whose reservation is in Pima County, near Tucson (and called St. Xavier) are counted “blood brothers” of the Pimas, speak essentially the same language, are on the most cordial terms with them, and are under the same agency.

The Maricopas are a refugee tribe, related to the Yumas, who once threatened them with extermination because of an inter-tribal feud. They were adopted by the Pimas and protected by them, and have ever since lived with them as one people, having however a different language, identical with that of the Yumas.

The Quojatas are a small tribe, of the Piman stock, living south of the Casa Grande.

The total number of Pimas, Papagoes and Maricopas in the U. S. is now estimated at about 8000, the Pimas alone as 4000.

I am not a linguist, or a philologist, and my time was short with these people, and I did not go to any extent into their language, or study its grammar. Their voices were soft and pleasant, and I was continually surprised at the low tones in which they generally conversed and the quickness with which they heard. But their words were most awkward to my tongue. There were German sounds, and French sounds, too, I would say, in their language, and there were letters that seemed to disappear as they uttered them, or never to come really forth, and syllables that were swallowed like spoonfuls of hot soup. But I trust that I am substantially correct in the words that I have retained in the stories and that I have written them so that the English reader can pronounce them in a way to be understood.

The accent is generally on the first syllable.

### The Story of Ah-Ahn-He-Eat-Toe-Pahk Mah-Mahkai

And there was an orphan named *Ah-ahn-he-eat-toe-pahk Mahkai* (which means Braided-Feather Doctor) who lived at a place called Two Reservoirs (*Go-awk-Vahp-itchee-kee*) north of Cheoff-Skawmack, or Tall Gray Mountain.

And his only relative was an old grandmother. And she used to go and get water in earthen vessels, a number of them in her carrying basket. And when she neared home she would call to her grandson, saying: "Come, help me wrestle with it!" meaning to help her down with her load. And he would jump and run, and wrestle so roughly he would break all the vessels in her basket.

And thus was he mean and mischievous, a bad boy in many ways. And one day his grandmother sent him to get some of the vegetable called "owl's-feathers," which the Awawtam cook by making it into a sort of tortilla, baked on the hot ground where a fire has just been. And he went and found an owl and pulled its feathers out & brought them to the old woman, and she said: "This is not what I want! It is a vegetable that I mean!"

And so he went off again and got the vegetable owl's-feathers for her.

After that she sent him for the vegetables named "crow's-feet" and "black bird's-eyes," saying to him that they were very good cooked together. And the mischievous orphan went & got the feet of some real crows and the eyes of real blackbirds and brought them to her. And she said: "This is not what I mean! I want the vegetables named after these things!"

And the boy, who was then about twelve years old, went and got what she wanted and she cooked them.

And this orphan boy had a dream which he liked and wished to have come true, and went to a dance that was being danced in the neighborhood, a ceremonial dance such as is celebrated when a young girl arrives at womanhood, and he went to see it, hoping it would in some way be like his dream, but when he saw it he was disgusted.

And he went to hear the song of a singing doctor, a mahkai or medicine-man, but when he heard his singing he was disgusted with that too.

And he left his home and on his way found a little house, or kee, made of rough bushes. And the one who lived therein invited him to stay awhile and see all the different people who would arrive there.

And he did so, and in the early evening they came—all the fiercest animals, cougars, bears, eagles, and they were bewitching each other, but nobody bewitched him, and in the morning he went on.

And he went along until he came to another kee, and the owner invited him to stay over night and see all the people who came there. And he did so, and in the early evening came the same creatures and did the same as before, but he was not bewitched.

And he went on again till he came to a desert place, utterly barren, without trees or bushes and there a wind came to meet him, a whirlwind, *Seev-a-lick*, and it caught him up and carried him to the East & then back again, and to the North and back again; and to the West & back again; and then South & back again. And so it got possession of his soul and carried it off to its own place.

And Seevalick, the whirlwind, said to him: "You shall be like me."

And there his dream came true and he said: "This is what I was looking for; this it is for which I was travelling."

And he wished to go back, and the wind took his soul back again into his body, and so he returned to his home.

And after his return he was the best young man in the country, kind to everybody, and everybody liked him. But he did not care to be with boys of his own age, but liked better to be with the wise old men, and went where they came together at nights. And he would sit and listen to them, but did not attempt to make any speeches himself. His reasons were that the young were often vicious, thieves, beggars, murderers, and he would rather be with the old who followed what was better.

And in the evening he would often hear the old people say: "We will go rabbit-hunting in such a place," but he stayed at home and did not go with them.

But one night, after a while, when they said: "Tomorrow we will go jack-rabbit hunting," he went home as they did, but the next morning, when they went hunting, he went and made himself a bow & arrows, as Seevalick had told him and placed them where he could find them.

And the next evening they were talking again of hunting, and appointed a place to meet, and the following morning, when they were getting ready, he got his bows & arrows, but he did not come quite up to the meeting place, but sat a little way off.

And as he sat there the people came up to him and made fun of him and asked him if he expected to kill anything with his weapons, for he had made a big bow & arrows as the Whirlwind had done. And the people handed these about among themselves, laughing, and when they were thru ridiculing them they brought back the bow and arrows and laid them down before him. But he said nothing, and when the people were thru he left the bow & arrows there, and went home and went again to look for a suitable stick to make a bow from.

And he made a new bow & arrows and left them where he could find them, and went home.

And again he went in the evening to the old people's gathering and heard them appoint a place for the hunting, and went home when they did. And in the morning, when he heard the signal cry for hunting, he went and got his bow & arrows and followed after them again, but again stayed some distance off. And again the people came about him and handled his bow & arrows and laughed at them. And again he left them lying there on the ground and went home to make a new bow & arrows.

And the fourth time this happened he was late at the place of meeting, and before he came the one at whose house the meeting was said to the others: "There is a young man who has been several times with us to the place where we come together for the hunting, and I suppose he has made a new bow & arrows today, for he has to do that whenever you handle his weapons. Now I want you not to handle his weapons any more, but to let him be till we see what he will do, for it appears to me that he is some kind of a powerful personage (mahkai).

And Toeahvys, who was listening, said: "You yourself, were the very first to handle his weapons."

And the next morning when Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai heard the signal yells for the hunting, he went to the meeting place, with his bow and arrows, and sat away off, as before, but this time nobody came to him.

And then the hunting began, and in it some one called to him: "There is a jack-rabbit (*choo-uff*) coming your way!" and he shot the rabbit with his arrow; but when he came to it he did not pick it up, but grasped the arrow and with a swinging motion threw the rabbit from it to the man nearest him.

And thus he went on all day, killing rabbits and giving them to others, keeping none for himself.

And again he was late at the place of meeting, and the man who had spoken the night before said: "Now you see what he has done! This is the fourth bow that he has made. If you people had left him alone before, he would, before, this, have been killing game for you. And now if you do not disturb him I am sure he will go on, and you will have jack-rabbits to eat all the time."

And so he killed rabbits at every hunt, and gave them away, especially to the old. Whenever he killed one he would pick it up and give it to an old man, and keep on that way.

And one night at the place of meeting the spokesman said: "Tomorrow we will surround the mountain and hunt deer, and we will put him at the place where the deer will run, and we will see how many he will kill!"

And in the morning, at the mountain, they placed him at the deer-run, and told him to "shut the valley," meaning for him to head-off and kill any deer which might run toward him. But the young man began to get big rocks and try to make a wall to close the valley up, and paid no attention to the deer running past him, and when the people came, and asked him about his shooting he said: "You did not tell me to kill the deer, you told me to 'shut the valley.'"

(Not but what he understood them, but he was acting again as he had once done with his grandmother.)

And the next day they tried another mountain and said: "We will see if the young man will kill us any deer there." So when they came to this mountain they told him to go to a certain valley, on the other side, and hang himself there. This is a form of speech which means to hang around or remain at a place; but the young hunter went there and left his bow & arrows on the ground, and hung himself up by his two hands clasped around the limb of a tree.

And after they had chased many deer in his direction they said: "Let us go now & butcher-up the deer the young man has killed, for he must have killed a good many by this time."

But when they came to where the young man was, there he hung by his hands, and when they asked him how many he had killed, he said: "I have not killed any. You did not tell me to kill any, only to hang myself here, which I did, and I have hung here and watched the deer running past.

And they tried him again, on another morning, at another valley, and this time they told him if he saw a doe big with fawn, "*snon-ham*," which is also the word used for a woman soon to become a mother, he should kill her. And he went to his place, and there came by such a woman and he shot her down and killed her.

And the next day they took him to another mountain and told him to kill the "*kurly*," which means the old, but they meant him to understand old deer. And when they came to him later to butcher-up the deer he had killed, and asked him where they were, he replied: "I have not killed any deer, you did not tell me to kill deer, but to kill the kurly, and there is the kurly I have killed!"

And it was the old man who goes ahead whom he had shot with his arrow.

And after they had buried the old man they returned to the village, and that night the man who owned the meeting place said: "Tomorrow we must give him another trial, and this time I want you to tell him straight just what you want. Tell him to kill the deer, either young or old, and he will do it. If you had done this before he would have killed us many deer. You should have understood him better by this time, but you did not tell him straight, and now he has killed two of us."

And the next morning they took him to another mountain, and placed him in a low place, and told him to kill all the deer which came his way. And, when they went after a while, after chasing many deer toward him, they asked

him where the deer were which he had killed, and he replied: "Down in the low place you will find plenty deer." And they went there and found many dead deer of all kinds, and butchered them up.

### Notes on "The Story of Ah-Ahn-He-Eat-Toe-Pahk Mah-Mahkai"

In the story of Ah-ahn-he-eat-toe-pahk Mahkai we are introduced to the Indian faith in dreams and to more witchcraft. We come, too, to the national sport of rabbit-hunting, with its picturesqueness and excitement.

In the transaction between Seevalick and the boy we have a reappearance of the world-wide belief that there is a connection between the wind and the human soul.

The strange quality of savage humor, labored, sometimes gruesome, and often tragic, appears in the latter part of the tale.

It is noticeable that they buried the old man, but no mention is made of burying the woman who was shot. The Pimas of old time buried their dead in a sitting posture, neck and knees tied together with ropes, four to six feet under ground, and covered the grave with logs and thorn-brush to keep away wolves. The interment was usually at night, with chants, but without other ceremony. Then, immediately after, the house of the deceased was burned, and all personal effects destroyed, even food; the horses and cattle being killed and eaten by the mourners, excepting such as the deceased might have given to his heirs. After the prescribed time of mourning (one month for a child or distant relative, six months or a year for husband or wife) the name of the dead was never more mentioned and everything about him treated as forgotten.

The Maricopas burn their dead.

It is noticeable, too, that no one appears to have punished the slayer for his murderous practical jokes. Indeed, while the Awawtam appear to have been people of exceptionally good character, it also appears that they seldom punished any crimes except by a sort of boycott or pressure of public disapproval.

### The Story of Vandaih, the Man-Eagle

And thus Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai became famous for the killing of game; and there was another young man, named *Van-daih*, who wanted to be his friend, So one day Vandaih made him four tube-pipes of cane, such as the Indians use for ceremonious smoking, and went to see the young hunter. But when he entered the young man was lying down, and he just looked at Vandaih and then turned his face away, saying nothing,

And Vandaih sat there and when the young man became tired of lying one way and turned over he lit up one of his pipes. But the young man took no notice of him. And this went on all night. Every time there was a chance Vandaih tried his pipe, but Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai never spoke, and in the morning Vandaih went away without the friend he desired having responded to him.

The next evening Vandaih came again and sat there all night, but the friend he courted never said a word, and in the morning he went away again.

And he slept in the daytime, and when evening came he went again, and sat all night long, but the young man spoke to him not at all.

And the third morning that this happened the wife of Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai said to him: "Why are you so mean to Vandaih as never to speak to him? Perhaps he has something important to say. He comes here every night, and sits the whole night thru before you, and you do not speak to him. And maybe he will come tonight again, and I feel very sorry for him that you never say a word to him when he comes."

And the young man said: "I know it is true, what you have said, but I know, too, very well, that Vandaih is not a good man. He gambles with the *gains-skoot*, he is a liar, thief, licentious, and is everything that is bad. I wish some other boys would come to see me instead of him, and better than he, for I know very well that he will repeat things that I say in a way that I did not mean and raise a scandal about it."

And the next night Vandaih came again and sat in the same place; and when Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai saw him he just looked at him and then turned over and went to sleep. But along in the night he awoke, and when Vandaih saw he was awake he lit one of his pipes. Then Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai got up. And when he got up Vandaih buried his pipe, but the other said: "What do you bury your pipe for? I want to smoke."

Vandaih said: "I have another pipe," and he lit one and gave it to Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai, and then he dug up own pipe, and relighted it, and they both began to smoke.

And Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai said: "When did you come?" And Vandaih replied: "O just a little while ago."

And Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai said: "I have seen you here for four nights, now, but I know you too well not to know you have a way to follow," ("a way to follow" means to have some purpose behind) "but if you will quit all the bad habits you have I will be glad to have you come; but there are many others, better than you, whom I would rather have come to see me.

And now I am going to tell you something, but I am afraid that when you go away from here you will tell what I

have said and make more of it, and then people will talk, and I shall be sorry.

I will tell you the habits you have—you are a liar, a gambler with the dice-game and the *wah-pah-tee*, a beggar, you follow after women and are a thief.

Now I want you to stop these bad habits. You may not know all that the people say about you: They say that when any hunter brings in game you are always the first to be there, and you will be very apt to swallow charcoal if you are so greedy.

Wherever you go, when the people see you coming, they say: ‘There comes a man who is a thief,’ and they hide their precious things. When you arrive they are kind to you, of course, but they do not care much about you.

I don’t know whether you know that people talk thus about you, but it is a great shame to me to know, when I have done some bad thing, that people talk about it.

Now if you quit these things you will be happy, and I want you to stop them. I am not angry with you, but I want you to know how the people are talking about you.

Now I want you to go home, but not say anything about what I have told you. Just take a rest, and tomorrow night come again.”

And the next night Vandaih came again, and Ahahnheeattoepahk Mahkai was in bed when he came, but he got right up and received him, and said: “Now after this I mean to tell you what is for your good, but I want you to keep quiet about it. There are many people that gamble with you. If they ask you again to gamble with them, do not do it. Tell them you do not gamble any more. And if they do not stop when you tell them this, but keep on asking you, come to me, and tell me, first, that you are going to play. And if I tell you, then, that I do not want you to gamble, I want you not to do it, but if I tell you you may gamble & you win once, then you may bet again, but I do not want you to keep on after winning twice. Twice is enough. But if the other man beats you at first, then I do not want you to play any more, but to quit gambling forever.”

And after this a man did want to gamble with Vandaih, but Vandaih said: “I have nothing to wager, and so cannot play with you.”

And still another man wanted to gamble with him, and he made him the same answer, but this man kept on asking, and at last Vandaih said: “Perhaps I will play with you, I will see about it. But I must have a little time first.” And he came to Ahahnheeattoepahk Mahkai and said: “There is a man who keeps on asking me to gamble with him, and I have come to tell you about it as you told me to do.”

And Ahahnheeattoepahk Mahkai told him to gamble, and gave him things to wager on the game, but said: “If he beats you I do not want you to gamble any more.”

And Vandaih took the things which had been given him, and went & played a game with this man who was so persistent, and won a game. And he played another game and won that, and then he said, “That is enough, I do not want to play any more;” but the other man kept on asking him to play.

But Vandaih refused & took the things which he had won to Ahahnheeattoepahk Mahkai and gave them all to him.

And the next morning he gambled again, and won twice, and he stopped after the second winning, as before.

And thus the young man kept on winning and Ahahnheeattoepahk Mahkai made gainskoot (dice-sticks) for him, and this was one reason why he won, for Ahahnheeattoepahk Mahkai was a powerful doctor & the dice were charmed.

And he beat every one who played against him till he had beat all the gamblers of his neighborhood, and then distant gamblers came & he beat them also. And so he won all the precious things that were in the country and gave all to Ahahnheeattoepahk Mahkai & kept nothing back. But one man went to Ee-ee-toy, who was living at the Salt River Mountain (*Mo-hah-dheck*) and asked him to let him have some things to wager against Vandaih. And Ee-ee-toy said: “You can have whatever you want, and I will go along to see the game.”

But when Ee-ee-toy got there he found the dice were not like common dice, and it would be difficult for any one to win against them, they were made by so powerful a man.

And Ee-ee-toy went westward and found a powerful doctor who had a daughter, and said to the father: “I want your daughter to go around to all the big trees and find me all the feathers she can of large birds, not of small birds, and bring them here. And I will come again & see what she may have found.”

And her father told her, and the very next morning she began to hunt the feathers, and when Ee-ee-toy came again she had a bundle, and Ee-ee-toy took them and took the pith out of their shafts and cleansed every feather which she had brought him.

And Ee-ee-toy threw away the pith and cut the shafts into small pieces and told the girl to roast them in a broken pot over a fire; and she got the broken pot & roasted them, and they curled up as they roasted till they looked like grains of corn. And then he told her to roast some real corn & mix both together and grind them all up very fine, And Ee-ee-toy told her to take some ollas of this pinole in her *syih-haw* to the reservoirs.

And she did so, and passed by where Vandaih was going to play, and Vandaih said: “Before I can play I must

drink." But the man who was playing with him said: "Get some water of some one near," but Vandaih said, "I would rather go to the reservoir."

And Ee-ee-toy had prepared the girl before this, telling her that when she passed the players Vandaih would follow her to the reservoir and want to marry her. "Be polite to him," he said "and ask him to drink some of the pinole, and to see your parents first."

And the man who was going to gamble with Vandaih asked him not to go so far, for he wanted to gamble right away, but Vandaih replied: "I would rather go there. I will come right back. You be making holes till I get back."

So the girl went to the reservoir, and Vandaih followed her and asked her to be his wife, and she said: "I want you to drink some of this pinole, and in the evening you may go and see my folks and ask them about it."

So Vandaih mixed some pinole and drank it, and it made him feet feverish, like one with a cold; and the second time he drank the gooseflesh came out on his skin; and the third time he drank feathers came out all over him; and the fourth time long feathers grew out on his arms, and the fifth time he became an eagle and went and perched on the high place, or bank of the reservoir.

Then the girl went to the place where the other man was waiting to play the game and told all the people to come and see the terrible thing which had happened to Vandaih.

And the people, when they saw him, got their bows and arrows and surrounded him and were going to shoot him.

And they fired arrows at him, and some of them struck him, but could not pierce him, and then all were afraid of him. And first he began to hop around, and then to fly a little higher, until he perched on a tree, but he broke the tree down; and he tried another tree and broke that down; and then he flew to a mountain and tumbled its rocks down its side, and finally he settled on a strong cliff. And even the cliff swayed at first as if it would fall;—but finally it settled and stood still.

And this was foretold when the earth was being made, that one of the race of men should be turned into an eagle. Vandaih was a handsome man, but he had a bad character, and ever since the beginning parents had warned their children to practice virtue lest they be turned into eagles; because it had been foretold that some good-looking bad person should be thus transformed, and it was to be seen that good-looking people were often bad and homely ones good characters.

And Vandaih took that cliff for his residence and hunted over all the country round about, killing jack-rabbits, deer and all kinds of game for his food. And when the game became scarce he turned to men and one day he killed a man and took the body to his cliff to eat. And after this manner he went on. Early in the morning he would bring home a human being, and sometimes he would bring home two.

Then the people sent a messenger to Ee-ee-toy, to his home on Mohahdheck, asking him to kill for them this man-eagle. And Ee-ee-toy said to the man: "You can go back, and in about four days I will be there." But when the fourth day came Ee-ee-toy had not arrived, as he had promised, but Vandaih was among the people, killing them, carrying them away to the cliff.

And the people again sent the messenger, saying to him: "You must tell Ee-ee-toy he *must* come and help his people or we shall all be lost."

And the man delivered his message and Ee-ee-toy said, as before, that he would be there in four days.

And this went on, the people sending to Ee-ee-toy, and Ee-ee-toy promising to come in four days, until a whole year had passed. And not only for one year, but for four years, for the people had misunderstood him, and when he said four days he meant four years, and so for four years it went on as we have said.

(Now Ee-ee-toy and Vandaih were relatives, and that was one reason why Ee-ee-toy kept the people waiting so long for his help and worked to gain time. He did not want to hurt Vandaih.)

But when the fourth year came Ee-ee-toy did go, and told the people to get him the "seed-roaster."

And the people ran around, guessing what he meant, and they brought him the charcoal, but Ee-ee-toy said: "I did not mean this, I meant the 'seed-roaster'!"

So they ran around again, and they brought him the long open earthen vessel with handles at each end, used for roasting, and with it they brought the charcoal which is made from ironwood. But he said: "I did not mean these. I mean the 'seed-roaster.'"

And they kept on guessing, and nobody could guess it right. They brought him the black stones of the nah-dahcote, or fire place, and he said: "I do not want these. I want the 'seed-roaster.'"

And the people kept on guessing, and could not guess it right, and so, at last, he told them that what he wanted was obsidian, that black volcanic stone, like glass, from which arrow heads are made. And this was what he called the "seed-roaster."

So the people got it for him.

Then he told them to bring him four springy sticks. And they ran and brought all the kinds of springy sticks they could find, but he told them he did not mean any of these.



And for many days they kept on trying to get him the sticks which he wanted. And after they had completely failed Ee-ee-toy told them what he wanted. It was a kind of stick called *vahs-iff*, which did not grow there, therefore they had not been able to find it. And beside vahsiff sticks were not springy sticks at all, but the strongest kind of sticks, very stiff.

So they sent a person to get these, who brought them, and Ee-ee-toy whittled them so that they had sharp points. And there were four of them.

And Ee-ee-toy said: "Now I am going, and I want you to watch the top of the highest mountain, and if you see a big cloud over it, you will know I have done something wonderful. But if there is a fog over the world for four days you will know I am killed."

When he started he allowed one of the dust storms of the desert to arise, and went in that, so that the man-eagle should not see him.

For many days he journeyed toward the cliff, and when sunset of the last day came he was still a good way off; but he went on and arrived at the foot of the cliff after it was dark, and hid himself there under a rock.

About daybreak the man-eagle got up and flew around the cliff four times and then flew off. And after he was gone Ee-ee-toy took one of his sticks and stuck it into a crack in the cliff, and climbed on it, and stuck another above it and so he went on to the top, pulling out the sticks behind him and putting them in above.

And when he got to the home of the man-eagle, Vandaih, on the top of the cliff, he found a woman there. And she was the same woman who had given Vandaih the pinole with eagles' feathers in it. He had found her, and carried her up there, and made her his wife.

When Ee-ee-toy came to the woman he found she had a little boy, and he asked her if the child could speak yet, and she replied that he was just beginning to talk; and he enquired further when the man-eagle would return, and she said that formerly when game was plenty he had not stayed away long, but now that game was scarce it usually took him about half a day, so he likely would not be there till noon.

And Ee-ee-toy enquired: "What does he do when he comes back? Does he sleep or not? Does he lie right down, or does he go looking around first?"

And the wife said: "He looks all around first, everywhere. And even the little flies he will kill, he is so afraid that some one will come to kill him. And after he has looked around, and finished eating, he comes to lay his head in my lap and have me look for the lice in his head. And it is then that he goes to sleep."

So Ee-ee-toy turned into a big fly and hid in a crack in the rock, and asked the woman if she could see him, and she said: "Yes, I can see you very plainly."

And he hid himself three times, and each time she could see him, but the fourth time he got into one of the dead bodies, into its lungs, and had her pile the other dead bodies over him, and then when he asked her she said: "No, I cannot see you now."

And Ee-ee-toy told her: "As soon as he goes to sleep, whistle, so that I may know that he is surely asleep."

At noon Ee-ee-toy heard the man-eagle coming. He was bringing two bodies, still living & moaning, and dropped them over the place where Ee-ee-toy lay. And the first thing the man-eagle did was to look all around, and he said to his wife: "What smell is this that I smell?" And she said: "What kind of a smell?" And he replied: "Why, it smells like an uncooked person!" "These you have just brought in are uncooked persons, perhaps it is these you smell."

Then Vandaih went to the pile of dead bodies and turned them over & over, but the oldest body at the bottom he did not examine, for he did not think there could be anyone there.

So his wife cooked his dinner, and he ate it and then asked her to look for the lice in his head. And as he lay down he saw a fly pass before his face, and he jumped up to catch it, but the fly got into a crack in the rock where he could not get it.

And when he lay down again the child said: "Father! come!" And Vandaih said: "Why does he say that? He never said that before. He must be trying to tell me that some one is coming to injure me!" But the wife said: "You know he is only learning to talk, and what he means is that he is glad that his father has come. That is very plain." But Vandaih said: "No, I think he is trying to tell me some one has come."

But at last Vandaih lay down and the woman searched his head and sang to put him to sleep. And when he seemed sound asleep she whistled. And her whistle waked him up and he said: "Why did you whistle! you never did that before?" And she said: "I whistled because I am so glad about the game you have brought. I used to feel bad about the people you killed, but now I know I must be contented & rejoice when you have a good hunt. And after this I will whistle every time when you bring game home."

And she sang him to sleep again, and whistled when he slept; and waked him up again, and said the same thing again in reply to his question.

And the third time, while she was singing, she turned Vandaih's head from side to side. And when he seemed fast asleep she whistled. And after she had whistled she turned the head again, but Vandaih did not get up, and so

she knew that this time he was fast asleep.

So Ee-ee-toy came out of the dead body he had hidden in, and came to where Vandaih was, and the woman laid his head down & left him. And Ee-ee-toy took the knife which he had made from the volcanic glass, obsidian, and cut Vandaih's throat, and beheaded him, and threw his head eastward & his body westward. And he beheaded the child, too, and threw its head westward and its body eastward.

And because of the killing of so powerful a personage the cliff swayed as if it would fall down, but Ee-ee-toy took one of his sharpened stakes and drove it into the cliff and told the woman to hold onto that; and he took another and drove that in and took hold of that himself.

And after the cliff had steadied enuf, Ee-ee-toy told the woman to heat some water, and when she had done so he sprinkled the dead bodies.

The first ones he sprinkled came to life and he asked them where their home was & when they told him he sent them there by his power.

And he had more water heated and sprinkled more bodies, and when he learned where their home was he sent them home, also, by his power.

And this was done a third time, with a third set of bodies.

And the fourth time the hot water was sprinkled on the oldest bodies of all, the mere skeletons, and it took them a long time to come to life, and when they were revived they could not remember where their homes were or where they had come from.. So Ee-ee-toy cutoff eagles' feathers slanting-wise (pens) and gave them, and gave them dried blood mixed with water (ink) and told them their home should be in the East, and by the sign of the slanting-cut feather they should know each other. And they are the white people of this day. And he sent them eastward by his power.

And in the evening he & the woman went down the cliff by the aid of the sharpened stakes, even as he had come up, and when they reached the foot of the mountain they stayed there over night. They took some of the long eagle feathers and made a kee from them, & some of the soft eagle feathers and made a bed with them. And they stayed there four nights, at the foot of the cliff.

And after a day's journey they made another kee of shorter eagle feathers, and a bed of tail feathers. And they staid at this second camp four nights.

And then they journeyed on again another day and build another kee, like the first one, & stayed there also four nights.

And they journeyed on yet another day and built again a kee, like the second one, and stayed there four nights.

And on the morning of each fourth day Ee-ee-toy took the bath of purification, as the Pimas have since done when they have slain Apaches, and when he arrived home he did not go right among the people but stayed out in the bushes for a while.

And the people knew he had killed Vandaih, the man-eagle, for they had watched and had seen the cloud over the high mountain.

And after the killing of Vandaih, for a long time, the people had nothing to be afraid of, and they were all happy.

### *Notes on "The Story of Vandaih"*

In the story of Vandaih we are given a curious glimpse into Indian friendship. The reference to smoking, too, is interesting. The Pimas had no true pipes. They used only cigarettes of tobacco and corn-husk, or else short tubes of cane stuffed with tobacco. These I have called tube-pipes. They smoked on all ceremonial occasions, but appear to have had no distinctive pipe of peace. The ceremonial pipes of cane had bunches of little birds' feathers tied to them, and in my photo of the old seeneeyawkum he holds such a ceremonial pipe in his hand.

"He gambles with the gain-skoot:" The gain-skoot were the Pima dice—two sticks so marked and painted as to represent the numerals kee-ick (four) and choat-puh (six), and two called respectively see-ick-ko, the value of which was fourteen, and gains, the value of which was fifteen. These were to be held in the hand and knocked in the air with a flat round stone. At the same time there was to be on the ground a parallelogram of holes with a sort of goal, or "home," at two corners. If the sticks all fell with face sides up they counted five, if all fell with blank sides up it was ten. If only one face side turned up it counted its full value, but if two or three turned up then they counted only as one each. If a gain was scored the count was kept by placing little sticks or stones (soy-yee-kuh) in the holes as counters. If the second player overtook the first in a hole the first man was "killed" and had to begin over. Among all Indians gambling was a besetting vice, and there was nothing they would not wager.

Sometimes instead of the gain-skoot they used waw-pah-tee, which was simply a guessing game. They guessed in which hand a certain painted stick was held, or in which of four decorated cane-tubes, filled with sand, a certain little ball was hidden and wagered on their guess. These tubes were differently marked, and one was named "Old Man," one "Old Woman," one "Black Head," and one "Black in the Middle." Sticks were given to keep count of win-

nings.

The moral advice which Ahahnheattoepahk Mahkai gives Vandaih, is very quaint, and the shrewd cunning with which he loads the dice, pockets the proceeds, and yet finally unloads all the blame on poor Vandaih, is quite of a piece with the confused morals of most folk-lore in all lands. On these points it is really very hard to understand the workings of the primitive mind. Here is certain proof that the modern conscience has evolved from something very chaotic.

It will be noticed that Vandaih drinks the pinole, which bewitches him, five times instead of the usual four. Whether this is a mistake of the seeneeyawkum, or significant I do not know. Perhaps four is a lucky and five an unlucky number.

Another variation in the numerical order is in the woman whistling only three times, in putting Vandaih to sleep.

As I have before pointed out the reference to white men, and pens and ink, is evidently a modern interpolation, not altogether lacking in flavor of sarcasm.

There are suggestions in this story of Jack the Giant Killer, of the Roc of the Arabian Nights, of the harpies, and of the frightful creatures, part human, part animal, so familiar in all ancient folk-lore.

The latter part of this tale is particularly interesting, as perhaps throwing light on the origin of that mysterious process of purification for slaying enemies, so peculiar to the Pimas.

It seems to have been held by the Awawtam that to kill an Apache rendered the slayer unclean, even tho the act itself was most valiant and praiseworthy, and must be expiated by an elaborate process of purification. From old Comalk Hawk Kih I got a careful description of the process.

According to his account, as soon as an Apache had been killed, if possible, the fact was at once telegraphed to the watchers at home by the smoke signal from some mountain. This custom is evidently referred to in E-ee-toy's cloud over a high mountain as a signal of success. The Indians apparently regarded smoke and clouds as closely related, if not the same, as is shown in their faith in the power of tobacco to make rain.

As soon as the Apache has been killed the slayer begins to fast and to look for a "father." His "father" is one who is to perform all his usual duties for him, for he is now unclean and cannot do these himself. The "father," too, must know how to perform all the ceremonial duties necessary to his office, as will be explained. If a "father" can be found among the war-party the slayer need only fast two days, but if not he must wait till he gets home again, even if it takes four or more days. It appears that this friend, who has charge of the slayer, is humorously called a "father" because his "child" is usually so restless under his long fast, and keeps asking him to do things for him and divert him.

It there is no "father" for him in the war-party, as soon as possible a messenger is sent on ahead to get some one at home to take the office for him, and to make the fires in the kee, that being a man's special duty. And the wife of the slayer is also now unclean by his act, and must purify herself as long as he, tho she must keep apart from him. And she also must have a substitute to do her usual work. She must keep close at home, and her husband, the slayer, remain out in the bushes till the purification is accomplished.

For two days the fast is complete, but on the morning of the third day the slayer is allowed one drink of pinole, very thin, and no more than he can drink at one breath. The moment he pauses he can have no more at that time.

When presenting this pinole, the "father" makes this speech:

"Your fame has come, and I was overjoyed, and have run all the way to the ocean, and back again, bringing you this water.

On my return I strengthened myself four times, and in the dish in which I carried the, water stood *See-vick-a Way-hohm*, The Red Thunder Person, the Lightning, and because of his force I fell down.

And when I got up I smelled the water in the dish, and it smelled as if something had been burned in it.

And when I got up I strengthened myself four times, and there came from the sky, and stood in the dish, *Tone-dum Bah-ahk* The Eagle of Light. And he turned the water in the dish in a circle, and because of his force I fell down, and when I rose up again and smelled the water in the dish it was stinking.

And when I had started again I strengthened myself four times, and *Vee-sick* the Chicken Hawk, came down from the sky and stood in the dish. And by his force I was thrown down. And when I stood again and smelled the water in the dish, it smelled like fresh blood.

And I started again, strengthening myself four times, and there came from the East our gray cousin, *Skaw-mack Tee-worm-gall*, The Coyote, who threw me down again, and stood in the dish, and turned the water around, and left it smelling as the coyote smells.

And when I rose up I started again, and in coming to you I have rested four times; and now I have brought you the water, and so many powerful beings have done wonderful things to it that I want you to drink it all at one time."

After the third day the "father" brings his charge a little to eat every morning and evening, but a very little.

On the morning of the fourth day, at daybreak the slayer takes a bath of purification, even if it is winter and he

has to break the ice and dive under to do it. And this is repeated on the morning of each fourth day, till four baths have been taken in sixteen days.

The slayer finds an owl and without killing him pulls long feathers out of his wings and takes them home. The slayer had cut a little lock of hair from the head of the Apache he had killed. (for in old times, at least, the Pimas often took no scalps) and now a little bag of buck-skin is made, and a ball of grease-wood gum is stuck on the end of this lock of hair which is placed in the bag, and on the bag are tied a feather of the owl and one from a chicken hawk, and some of the soft feathers of an eagle, and around the neck of the bag a string of blue beads.

(And during this time the women are carrying wood in their giyh-haws to the dancing place.)

Now the Apaches are contemptuously called children, and this bag represents a child, being supposed to contain the ghost of the dead Apache, and the slayer sits on the ground with it, and takes it in his hands as if it were a baby, and inhales from it four times as if he were kissing it. And when it is time for the dance the slayers who are a good ways off from the dancing place start before sunset, but those who are close wait till the sun is down. And the "father" goes with the slayer, through woods and bushes, avoiding roads. And before this the "Father" has dug a hole at the dancing place about ten inches deep and two feet wide, just big enough for a man to squat in with legs folded, and behind the hole planted a mezquite fork, about five feet high, on which are hung the weapons of the slayer, his shield, club, bow, quiver of arrows, perhaps his gun or lance.

(The shield was made of raw hide, very thick, able to turn an arrow and was painted jet black by a mixture of mezquite gum and charcoal, with water, which made it glossy and shiny. The design on it was in white, or red and white. The handle was of wood, curved, placed in the centre of the inside, bound down at the ends by raw hide, and the hand fended from the rough shield by a piece of sheepskin.)

In this hole the slayer sits down and behind him and the fork lies down his dancer, for the slayer himself does not dance but some stranger who represents him perhaps a Papago or a Maricopa, drawn from a distance by the fame of the exploit. Nor do the slayers sing, but old men who in their day have slain Apaches. These singers are each allowed to sing two songs of their own choice, the rest of the veterans joining in. And as soon as the first old man begins to sing, the dancers get up, take the weapons of the men they represent, and dance around the fire, which the "fathers" keep burning, keeping time with the song.

And the women cook all kinds of good things, and set them before the singers, but the bystanders jump in and snatch them away. But sometimes the wife of an old singer will get something and save it for him.

And the relatives of the slayers will bring presents for the dancers, buckskin, baskets, and anything that an Indian values. And as soon as presented some relative of the dancer runs in and takes the present and keeps it for him.

And while this big war-dance is going on the rest of the people are having dances in little separate groups, all around. And as soon as the dance is over the weapons are returned to the forks they were taken from.

By this time it is nearly morning, and the slayers get up and take their bath in the river, and return and dry themselves by the expiring fire. Then returning to the bushes they remain there again four days, and that is the last of their purification.

As this dance is on the eve of the sixteenth day, there were twenty days in all.

Grossman's account differs considerably from this, and is worth reading.

During the time of purifying, the slayers wear their hair in a strange way, like the top-knot of a white woman, somewhat, and in it stick a stick, called a *kuess-kote* to scratch themselves with, as they are not allowed to use the fingers. This is alluded to in the Story of Paht-ahn-kum's War. A picture of a Maricopa interpreter, with his hair thus arranged, is in the report of Col. W. H. Emory, before alluded to. This picture is interesting, because it shows that the Maricopas, when with the Pimas, adopted the same custom. When I showed this picture to the old see-nee-yaw-kum he was much interested, saying he himself had known this man, who was a relative of his, there being a dash of Maricopa blood in his family, and that he had been born in Mexico and had there learned Spanish enough to be an interpreter. His Mexican name, he said, was Francisco Lucas, but the Pimas called him How-app-ahl Tone-um-kum, or Thirsty Hawk, a name which has an amusing significance when we recall what Emory says about his taste for aguardiente, and that Captain Johnston says of the same man, "the dog had a liquorish tooth."

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# Appendix

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## URL LINKS FOR ORIGINAL TEXTS:

**NOTE: ITEMS MARKED WITH \* INDICATE THAT DUE TO SOURCES TERMS, WE CANNOT POST THE DIRECT LINK.**

*Aw-aw-tam Indian Nights: The Myths and Legends of the Pimas*  
<http://sacred-texts.com/nam/sw/ain/index.htm>

*Don Quixote\**  
 Google Search: Don Quixote translated by John Ormsby.

*Gargantua and Pantagruel\**  
 Google Search: Gargantua and Pantagruel

*Hamlet\**  
 Google Search: Hamlet by William Shakespeare

*"I will break in two the long strong back of this long midwinter night"*  
[http://web.archive.org/web/20060714045429/http://www.koreasociety.org/KS\\_curriculum/HS/2/2-text/2\\_141\\_2.htm](http://web.archive.org/web/20060714045429/http://www.koreasociety.org/KS_curriculum/HS/2/2-text/2_141_2.htm)

*Letter from Christopher Columbus*  
<https://www.gilderlehrman.org/sites/default/files/inline-pdfs/t-01427.pdf>

*"Myths of the Cherokee."*  
<http://sacred-texts.com/nam/cher/motc/index.htm>

*The Journals of Christopher Columbus*  
[https://archive.org/details/cihm\\_05312](https://archive.org/details/cihm_05312)

*The Prince\**  
 Google Search: The Prince by Nicolo Machiavelli and translated by W.K. Marriott.

*The Tale of Hong Gil-Dong*  
<http://chestofbooks.com/fairy-tale/Korean-2/Hong-Kil-Tong-Or-The-Adventures-Of-An-Abused-Boy.html#.VNwPavnF-hy>

*The Tempest\**  
 Google Search: The Tempest by William Shakespeare

*"Sun Lights up the hill behind, mist rises on the channel ahead."*  
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sijo>

*Utopia\**  
 Google Search: Utopia by Thomas Moore

*"You ask how many friends I have? Water and stone, bamboo and pine."*  
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sijo>

**URL LINKS FOR IMAGES:**

Image 10.1 Sejong the Great:

[http://ko.wikipedia.org/wiki/%EC%A1%B0%EC%84%A0\\_%EC%84%B8%EC%A2%85#/media/File:%E6%9C%9D%E9%B2%9C%E5%A4%AA%E5%AE%97.png](http://ko.wikipedia.org/wiki/%EC%A1%B0%EC%84%A0_%EC%84%B8%EC%A2%85#/media/File:%E6%9C%9D%E9%B2%9C%E5%A4%AA%E5%AE%97.png)

Image 10.2 *Hunmin Jeong-Eum*:

[http://ko.wikipedia.org/wiki/%EC%A1%B0%EC%84%A0\\_%EC%84%B8%EC%A2%85#/media/File:Hunmin\\_jeong-eum.jpg](http://ko.wikipedia.org/wiki/%EC%A1%B0%EC%84%A0_%EC%84%B8%EC%A2%85#/media/File:Hunmin_jeong-eum.jpg)

Image 10.3 *Hwang Jini Portrait*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Hwang\\_Jini\\_portrait\\_from\\_1910\\_text\\_book.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Hwang_Jini_portrait_from_1910_text_book.jpg)

Image 10.4 *Hong Gil-Dong Jeon*:

<http://ko.wikipedia.org/wiki/%ED%99%8D%EA%B8%B8%EB%8F%99%EC%A0%84#/media/File:Honggil-dongjeon.jpg>

Image 11.1 *Italy 1494*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Renaissance#/media/File:Italy\\_1494\\_v2.png](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Renaissance#/media/File:Italy_1494_v2.png)

Image 11.2 *The Vitruvian Man*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Renaissance#/media/File:Da\\_Vinci\\_Vitruve\\_Luc\\_Viatour.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Renaissance#/media/File:Da_Vinci_Vitruve_Luc_Viatour.jpg)

Image 11.3 *The Chandos Portrait*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Renaissance#/media/File:Shakespeare.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Renaissance#/media/File:Shakespeare.jpg)

Image 11.4 *Don Quixote goes mad from his reading of books of chivalry*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Don\\_Quixote#/media/File:Gustave\\_Dor%C3%A9\\_-\\_Miguel\\_de\\_Cervantes\\_-\\_Don\\_Quixote\\_-\\_Part\\_1\\_-\\_Chapter\\_1\\_-\\_Plate\\_1\\_%22A\\_world\\_of\\_disorderly\\_notions,\\_picked\\_out\\_of\\_his\\_books,\\_crowded\\_into\\_his\\_imagination%22.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Don_Quixote#/media/File:Gustave_Dor%C3%A9_-_Miguel_de_Cervantes_-_Don_Quixote_-_Part_1_-_Chapter_1_-_Plate_1_%22A_world_of_disorderly_notions,_picked_out_of_his_books,_crowded_into_his_imagination%22.jpg)

Image 11.5 *Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Don\\_Quixote#/media/File:Don\\_Quixote\\_and\\_Sancho\\_Panza.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Don_Quixote#/media/File:Don_Quixote_and_Sancho_Panza.jpg)

Image 11.6 *A Deceased Don Quixote*:

<http://www.gutenberg.org/zipcat2.php/5946/5946-h/images/p74a.jpg>

Image 11.7 *Pantagruel*:

<http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Pantagruel02.jpg>

Image 11.8 *Gargantua*:

<http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Gargantua02.jpg>

Image 11.9 *Hamlet Title Page*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamlet\\_Q1#/media/File:Hamlet\\_Q1\\_Frontispiece\\_1603.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamlet_Q1#/media/File:Hamlet_Q1_Frontispiece_1603.jpg)

Image 11.10 *Ophelia*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamlet#/media/File:John\\_Everett\\_Millais\\_-\\_Ophelia\\_-\\_Google\\_Art\\_Project.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamlet#/media/File:John_Everett_Millais_-_Ophelia_-_Google_Art_Project.jpg)

Image 11.11 *Claudius at Prayer*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamlet#/media/File:Claudius\\_at\\_Prayer\\_Hamlet\\_3-3\\_Delacroix\\_1844.JPG](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamlet#/media/File:Claudius_at_Prayer_Hamlet_3-3_Delacroix_1844.JPG)

Image 11.12 *Monument to Columbus*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christopher\\_Columbus#/media/File:Monumento\\_a\\_Col%C3%B3n\\_\(Madrid\)\\_02b.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christopher_Columbus#/media/File:Monumento_a_Col%C3%B3n_(Madrid)_02b.jpg)

Image 11.13 *The Voyages of Christopher Columbus*:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christopher\\_Columbus#/media/File:Viajes\\_de\\_colon\\_en.svg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christopher_Columbus#/media/File:Viajes_de_colon_en.svg)



Image 11.14 *The Death of Columbus:*

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christopher\\_Columbus#/media/File:The\\_death\\_of\\_Columbus.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christopher_Columbus#/media/File:The_death_of_Columbus.jpg)

Image 11.15 *Machiavelli Principe Cover Page:*

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Prince#/media/File:Machiavelli\\_Principe\\_Cover\\_Page.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Prince#/media/File:Machiavelli_Principe_Cover_Page.jpg)

Image 11.16 *Rowe Tempest:*

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Tempest#/media/File:Rowe\\_Tempest.JPG](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Tempest#/media/File:Rowe_Tempest.JPG)

Image 11.17 *Prospero:*

<https://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/s/shakespeare/william/tempest/images/ist06th.jpg>

Image 11.18 *Utopia, More:*

[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Utopia,\\_More,\\_1518\\_-\\_0020.jpg](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Utopia,_More,_1518_-_0020.jpg)

Image 12.1 *Cherokee Men and Women:*

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherokee#/media/File:Cherokees.jpg>

Image 12.2 *Three Cherokee Diplomats in London:*

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherokee\\_history#/media/File:Three\\_Cherokee.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherokee_history#/media/File:Three_Cherokee.jpg)

Image 12.3 *Sequoya's Arranged Syllabary:*

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherokee#/media/File:Sequoyah\\_Arranged\\_Syllabary.png](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherokee#/media/File:Sequoyah_Arranged_Syllabary.png)

Image 12.4 *Fain's Island Shell Gorget:*

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherokee\\_mythology#/media/File:Fainsislandpage35spider.png](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherokee_mythology#/media/File:Fainsislandpage35spider.png)

Image 12.5 *Pima Men and Women:*

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pima\\_people#/media/File:Pima.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pima_people#/media/File:Pima.jpg)

