

PART THREE  
The Renaissance

# WORLD LITERATURE I

*Beginnings to 1650*

LAURA GETTY, PhD

RHONDA KELLEY, PhD

KYOUNGHEE KWON, PhD

DOUGLASS THOMSON, PhD



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Dahlonega, GA



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# Introduction

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A literature class is, of course, a perfect place to learn critical thinking skills. When interpreting a text, pretend that you are a lawyer in a courtroom arguing a case. Not all cases have smoking guns; most are won or lost on circumstantial evidence alone. The interpretation needs to be based primarily on evidence from the text; therefore, there can be more than one possible approach, but some interpretations can be wrong if there is no support in the text for the generalizations that the student uses. Evidence is the key; based on what the text tells us, what do we actually know? Expert opinions (secondary sources) may help, but remember that both sides in a court case usually can call some expert who will agree with them. Authorial intention is not entirely out of bounds in such an argument, but it operates on the same principles: What can we actually argue, based on the evidence? For instance, any knowledge of Hemingway's personal history makes it unlikely that the story "Soldier's Home" could be interpreted as unsupportive of soldiers. Alternately, there are cases when the author's life is of little or no help. Faulkner refused to tell an interviewer what the meaning of "A Rose for Emily" was, preferring perhaps that the reader not be limited by a simple (or simplistic) explanation of meaning.

In every interpretation, remember to distinguish between the views of the original audience and the views of the modern reader. While a text may remind students about their grandfathers, that association does not often help when interpreting a story written by someone years ago who did not know their grandfather. (It may, of course, help students interpret their interpretations, but, except for the very best reader response theorists out there, that approach is more commonly found in a different field of study.) If the story is about a grandfather in ancient Greece, the comparison with their grandfather would be most useful if it helped focus them on what the characters in that time period in Greek society thought about grandfathers (or treated them, or talked to them, etc.) back then that is similar to or different from modern expectations. In other words, what does the work tell us about the expectations of the original audience? Without at least a solid guess about what the original audience thought about the work, it is impossible to discuss whether the author is writing something that conforms to society's expectations or argues against them, let alone what the original audience was expected to learn from the story, or how it expected to be entertained.

The expectations of the audience bring us full circle to the issue of culture shock once again. Students in U.S. universities often feel more comfortable with American or British literature, since the K-12 school system in the U.S. usually emphasizes those works. Even if some students have not lived through the 1960s in the U.S., there is still a sense of familiarity to students raised in the U.S., although they might not understand as much of the deeper social context as they think they do. A world literature class may be the first place that some students have encountered European works, let alone non-Western texts. The emphasis in this anthology, therefore, is on non-Western and European works, with only the British authors who were the most influential to European and non-Western authors (such as Shakespeare, whose works have influenced authors around the world to the present day). In a world literature class, there is no way that a student can be equally familiar with all of the societies, contexts, time periods, cultures, religions, and languages that they will encounter; even though the works presented here are translated,

students will face issues such as unfamiliar names and parts of the story (such as puns) that may not translate well or at all. Since these stories are rooted in their cultures and time periods, it is necessary to know the basic context of each work to understand the expectations of the original audience. The introductions in this anthology are meant to be just that: a basic overview of what students need to know before they begin reading, with topics that students can research further. An open access literature textbook cannot be a history book at the same time, but history is the great companion of literature: The more history students know, the easier it is for them to interpret literature.

These works can help students understand the present, as well. In an electronic age, with this text available to anyone with computer access around the world, it has never been more necessary to recognize and understand differences among nationalities and cultures. The literature in this anthology is foundational, in the sense that these works influenced the authors who followed them. For Western literature, it is necessary to know something about the Trojan War (and the Trojan Horse) to understand everything from literary references to them (for almost three thousand or so years) to why a computer virus would be named a “Trojan Horse” because of what it does. In India, the characters in the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* still show up in regular conversations, and it would be impossible to read modern Indian literature without a basic knowledge of these texts, which are referenced frequently. Chinese literature is infused with Confucian concepts, which influenced Chinese culture for thousands of years. These are just a few of the examples of why these texts are important to this day, and the introductions will explain the influence of each work.

A word to the instructor: The texts have been chosen with the idea that they can be compared and contrasted, using common themes. Rather than numerous (and therefore often random) choices of texts from various periods, these selected works are meant to make both teaching and learning easier. Students often learn better when there is a theme or a set of themes that they can use to make sense of the stories. For example, the differences among cultures and time periods in the definition of a hero are found throughout the anthology. As the time periods progress, the type of hero changes as well: warriors in the ancient world, knights and samurai in the medieval period, and soldiers in works set in the Renaissance. Many of the works examine the role of women in society, and each time period contains numerous works of social commentary. There are epics across world literature to compare, belief systems from the Greek pantheon of gods to Native American origin stories, and philosophical questions about ethical and moral behavior.

It is by comparing similar topics and themes that students are most easily able to see the significant differences in the cultures. If I ask students to discuss a work such as the *Analects* of Confucius, they often do not know where to begin or what to say. If I ask students to suggest what would happen if Gilgamesh were dropped into the environment of the *Analects*, they immediately see the problems: Gilgamesh is not a “gentleman” by Confucian standards, nor does he have the temperament to attract gentlemen retainers, who would expect courteous and proper behavior from him.

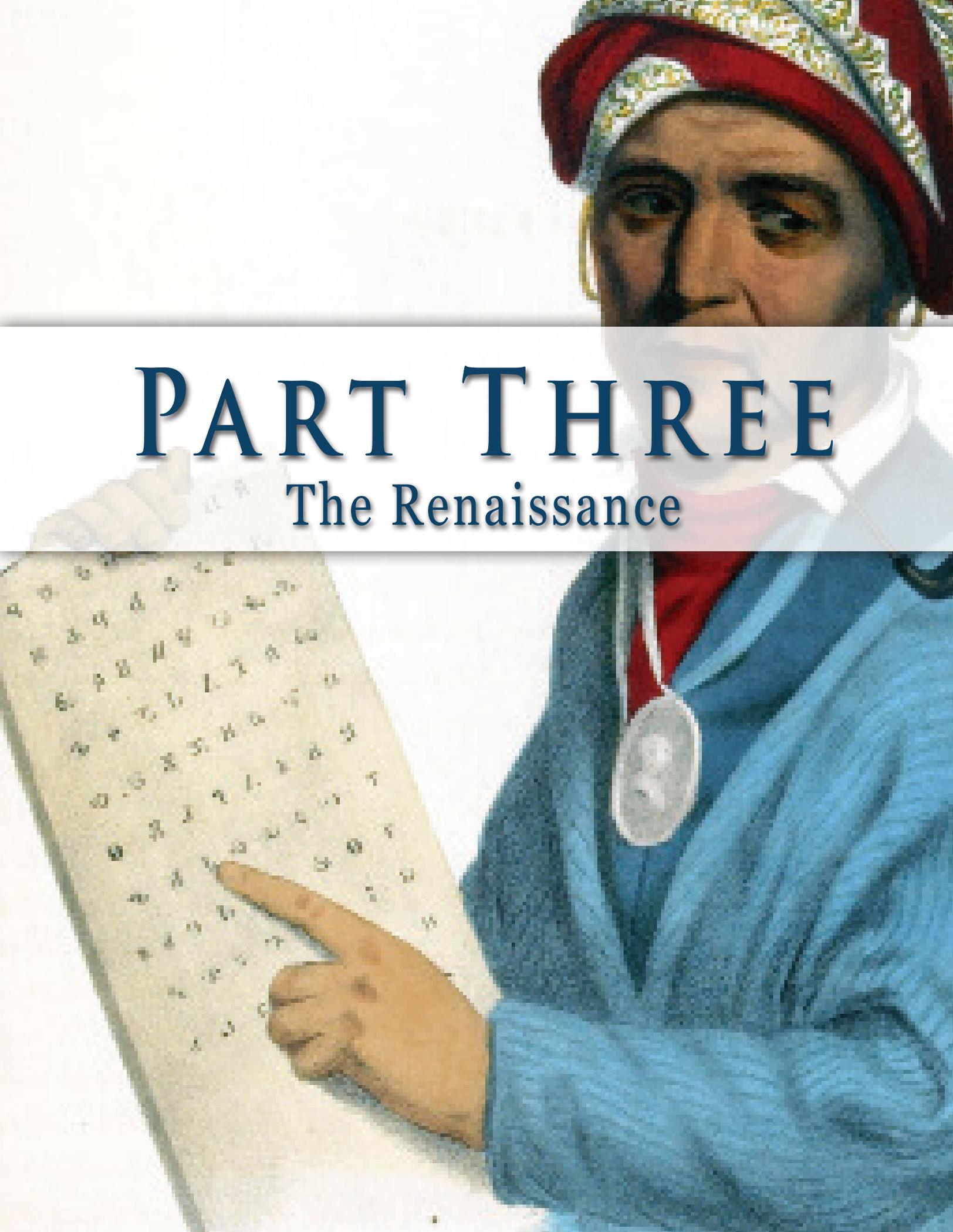
While cultural expectations are not universal, many of the themes found in these works are. Human beings have always cared about friendship, love, and finding their place in the world; we still read and watch stories of heroic journeys, bravery in its many forms, family relationships (good and bad), and the triumphs and tragedies of people who are not so different from ourselves.

As an example, the following assignment is one possible way to compare the texts in the Ancient World section.

Culture Shock Essay: take a character such as Achilles and place him in a story with a culture that would be completely foreign to him (such as the *Mahabharata*). How would he react to the people around him, and what would they think about him/his behavior? This topic could be mixed and matched: Hector in *Gilgamesh*, Arjuna in the *Aeneid*, Aeneas in the *Art of War*, etc.

Again, by asking the students to compare cultures, it is easier for them to identify differences. Obviously, a similar type of essay would work in the medieval period and the Renaissance, and Ancient World texts could be compared to medieval or Renaissance texts as the term progresses.

A note about calendar systems: The anthology uses B.C.E. (Before Common Era) and C.E. (Common Era). As a world literature text, it seeks to be as inclusive as possible of belief systems around the world. Of course, the numbering system used comes from the Christian calendar’s B.C. (Before Christ) and A.D. (Anno Domini—in the year of our Lord); basically, Christianity is the determiner of what is Common Era and before. Since there needs to be a way of comparing time periods across these cultures, and today’s world uses the numbering system that stems from the Christian calendar, it is the system used throughout. It would be too unwieldy to use all of the relevant calendar systems, although it is worth noting to students that they exist. For instance, 2015 C.E. is the year 5776 in the Hebrew calendar, the year 4713 in the Chinese calendar, and 1436 in the Islamic calendar. For Hinduism, the current Epoch of this cycle of the universe (which is destroyed and remade numerous times) started in 3012 B.C.E., and the current Era in that Epoch started in 78 C.E. Obviously, it would be both difficult and confusing to employ more than one system.

A man with a beard, wearing a blue robe and a red turban with a gold band, is pointing his right index finger at a scroll. The scroll is held in his left hand and contains a grid of small black dots on a light background. The background is a plain, light color.

# PART THREE

## The Renaissance

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-naisance* (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*?



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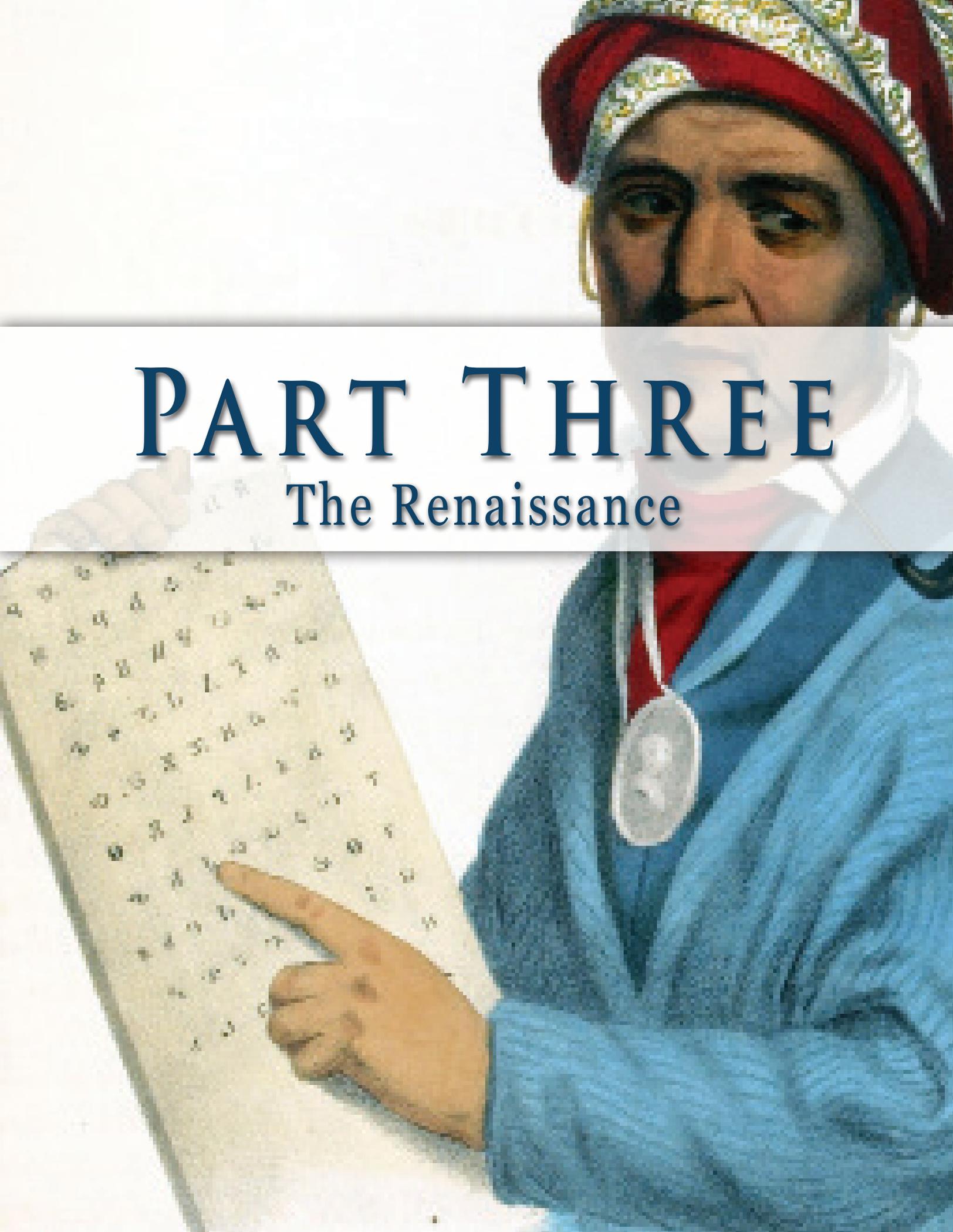
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# PART THREE

## The Renaissance

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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*?

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*

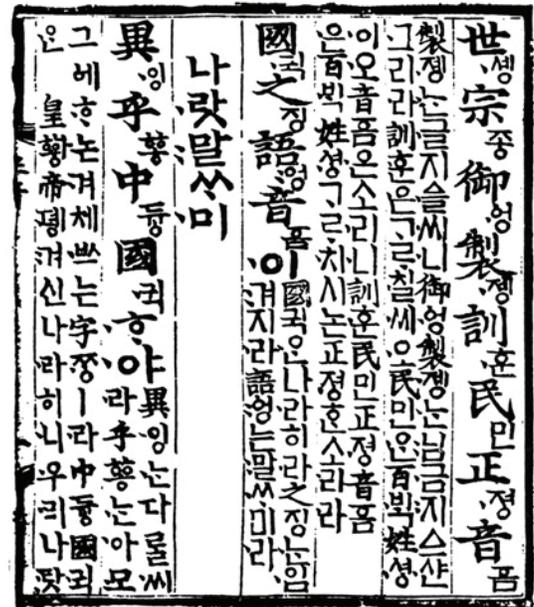


IMAGE 10.2: HUNMIN JEONG-EUM | A Korean writing manual for teaching the language's native.

Author: User "PuzzletChung"  
Source: Wikimedia Commons  
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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 POETRY

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Hwang Jin-I, Translated by David R. McCann

I will break the back of this long, midwinter night,	동지달 지나긴 밤을 한 허리를 버혀 내어
Folding it double, cold beneath my spring quilt,	춘풍 이불 아래 서리허리 넣었다가
That I may draw out the night, should my love return.	어른 님 오신 날 밤이여드란 구부구비 펴리라

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

Yun Seondo, translated by Larry Gross

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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 Sŏndo)’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

Yun Seondo, translated by Larry Gross

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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 Dyansty (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 though the eyes of one of the earliest Westerners to reside in Korea.

*Written by Kyoungnye 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?"

### 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 go" 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 be 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  
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## 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?

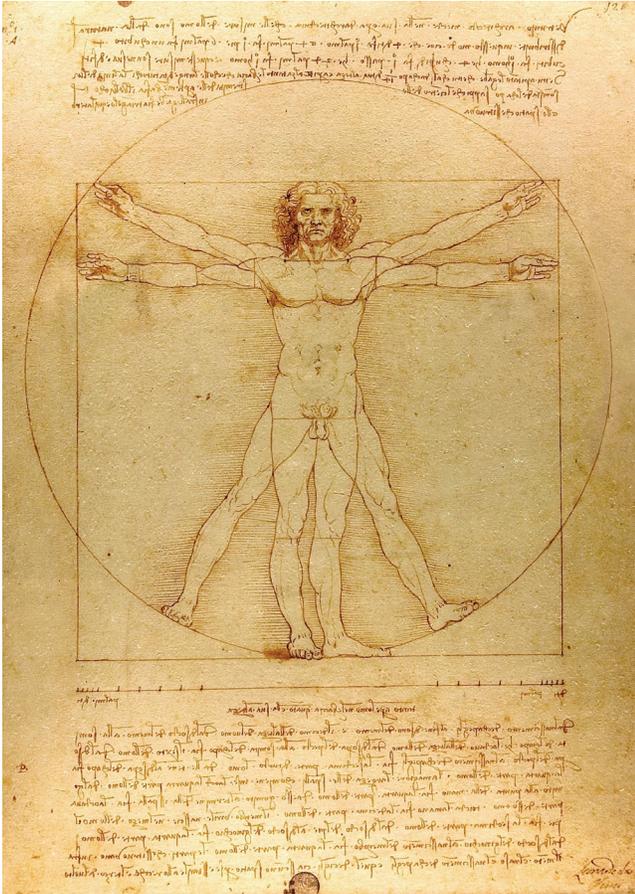
**FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEE THE FOLLOWING SOURCES:**

- 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>



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

**Author:** Leonardo da Vinci  
**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.

## DON QUIXOTE

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Miguel de Cervantes [Saavedra], translated by John Ormsby

Edited by Rhonda L. Kelley and Doug Thomson

### 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,<sup>1</sup> and a greyhound for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton,<sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>3</sup> 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<sup>4</sup> 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<sup>5</sup> 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<sup>6</sup> 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



**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.

**Author:** Gustave Doré

**Source:** Wikimedia Commons

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1 "A lean hack" would be a skinny ill-bred horse.

2 An "olla" is a cooking pot; this pot contains beef more often than mutton, because beef is cheaper.

3 The apparent concern for his surname is meant to draw attention to Don Quixote's physical appearance: a "quixada" is a jawbone, and, presumably, Don Quixote's was rather prominent, hence the confusion with his name.

4 Feliciano de Silva (1491-1554) was a popular Spanish writer of chivalric romance novels. Cervantes does not intend Quixote's admiration of de Silva as complimentary.

5 Famed Greek philosopher (384-322 BCE).

6 Don Belianis was a Spanish knight and the hero of the romance *Don Belianis of Greece* by Geronimo Fernandez (1632-1680). The novel was a sequel of *Amadis of Gaul*.

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<sup>7</sup>) as to which had been the better knight, Palmerin of England<sup>8</sup> or Amadis of Gaul.<sup>9</sup> Master Nicholas, the village barber, however, used to say that neither of them came up to the Knight of Phoebus,<sup>10</sup> 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<sup>11</sup> knight, nor lachrymose<sup>12</sup> 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<sup>13</sup> 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,<sup>14</sup> availing himself of the artifice of Hercules when he strangled Antaeus the son of Terra in his arms.<sup>15</sup> He approved highly of the giant Morgante,<sup>16</sup> 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,<sup>17</sup> 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<sup>18</sup> which, as his history says, was entirely of gold. To have a bout of kicking at that traitor of a Ganelon<sup>19</sup> 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<sup>20</sup> 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

7 "Sigüenza was one of the *Universidades menores*, the degrees of which were often laughed at by the Spanish humorists" (Ormsby).

8 *Palmerin of England* is another Amadis sequel by the Portuguese author Francisco de Moraes Cabral (1500-1572).

9 *Amadis of Gaul* by Garci Rodríguez de Montalvo (1450-1504) was a Castilian chivalric romance recounting the adventures of Amadis, a knight errant. *Amadis of Gaul* is full of knights in shining armor and damsels in distress.

10 From *El caballero del Febo el troyano* (*The Knight of Phoebus, the Trojan*) by Esteban Corbera (16<sup>th</sup> c.).

11 Finikin: fastidious or finicky.

12 Lachrymose: weepy; cries a lot.

13 "El Cid" (a.k.a. Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar) (1043 – 1099) was a legendary Castilian aristocrat and general. The Knight of the Burning Sword is the eponymous hero of *Amadis of Greece* (a sequel to *Amadis of Gaul*) written by Silva. The joke here is that Quixote has lost touch with reality to the point that he considers the fictional Amadis a greater knight than the real-life El Cid.

14 Bernardo del Carpio, another legendary Castilian Christian knight comparable to El Cid, defended Spain against the Frankish Emperor Charlemagne's army at the Battle of Roncesvalles Pass; Carpio is credited with having killed the paladin Roland. A fictional account of that battle is recorded in the *Song of Roland* which notably omits the presence of the Spanish Christian forces and instead substitutes a Muslim army. Note that the French epic makes non-European Muslims the enemy, and the Spanish legends cast the Christian French forces in that role.

15 The 11<sup>th</sup> of Hercules' 12 Labors was the wrestling match with the giant Antaeus.

16 The eponymous hero of *Morgante* an Italian romantic epic by Luigi Pulci (1432-1484) recounts the adventures of the giant Morgante and his friendship with Orlando (another name for Roland, Paladin of Charlemagne).

17 Another of Charlemagne's Paladins, friend of Orlando, and character in *Morgante*.

18 Mohammad, prophet of God and founder of Islam.

19 Orlando's traitorous uncle.

20 The Trebizond Empire followed the Byzantine Empire.

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,<sup>21</sup> that "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,"<sup>22</sup> surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus of Alexander or the Babieca of the Cid.<sup>23</sup> 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,<sup>24</sup> 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 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,<sup>25</sup> 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,<sup>26</sup> 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

21 "Gonela, or Gonnella, was a jester in the service of Borso, Duke of Ferrara (1450-1470). A book of the jests attributed to him was printed in 1568, the year before Cervantes went to Italy" (Ormsby).

22 *tantum pellis et fossa fuit*: "it was all skin and bones".

23 Bucephalus and Babieca were the war horses of Alexander the Great and El Cid.

24 "Rocin" is Spanish for "hack" (a work-horse; less valuable than a show-horse or a war-horse); "ante" means "before" or "once"; thus Rocinante means "used to be a hack" of "formerly a hack".

25 Names made up by Don Quixote.

26 A peasant known to be strong and sturdy. In renaming her Dulcinea (Sweet Lady), Don Quixote idealizes her as a dainty noble-woman.

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 Riaran, 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,<sup>27</sup> 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.

<sup>27</sup> "The localities here mentioned were, and some of them still are, haunts of the rogue and vagabond, or, what would be called in Spain, the *picaro* class. ... As Fermin Caballero says in a queer little book called the *Geographical Knowledge of Cervantes*, it is clear that Cervantes knew by heart the 'Mapa picaresco de España.'" (Ormsby).

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.<sup>28</sup> 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

28 "That is, inflicting two cuts that formed a cross" (Ormsby).

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,<sup>29</sup> 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

29 The lady-miller.

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 bar-

ber—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 VI.

### OF THE DIVERTING AND IMPORTANT SCRUTINY WHICH THE CURATE AND THE BARBER MADE IN THE LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

He was still sleeping; so the curate asked the niece for the keys of the room where the books, the authors of all the mischief, were, and right willingly she gave them. They all went in, the housekeeper with them, and found more than a hundred volumes of big books very well bound, and some other small ones. The moment the housekeeper saw them she turned about and ran out of the room, and came back immediately with a saucer of holy water and a sprinkler, saying, “Here, your worship, senor licentiate, sprinkle this room; don’t leave any magician of the many there are in these books to bewitch us in revenge for our design of banishing them from the world.”

The simplicity of the housekeeper made the licentiate laugh, and he directed the barber to give him the books one by one to see what they were about, as there might be some to be found among them that did not deserve the penalty of fire.

“No,” said the niece, “there is no reason for showing mercy to any of them; they have every one of them done mischief; better fling them out of the window into the court and make a pile of them and set fire to them; or else carry them into the yard, and there a bonfire can be made without the smoke giving any annoyance.” The housekeeper said the same, so eager were they both for the slaughter of those innocents, but the curate would not agree to it without first reading at any rate the titles.

The first that Master Nicholas put into his hand was “The four books of Amadis of Gaul.” “This seems a mysterious thing,” said the curate, “for, as I have heard say, this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and from this all the others derive their birth and origin; so it seems to me that we ought inexorably to condemn it to the flames as the founder of so vile a sect.”

“Nay, sir,” said the barber, “I too, have heard say that this is the best of all the books of this kind that have been

written, and so, as something singular in its line, it ought to be pardoned.”

“True,” said the curate; “and for that reason let its life be spared for the present. Let us see that other which is next to it.”

“It is,” said the barber, “the ‘Sergas de Esplandian,’ the lawful son of Amadis of Gaul.”

“Then verily,” said the curate, “the merit of the father must not be put down to the account of the son. Take it, mistress housekeeper; open the window and fling it into the yard and lay the foundation of the pile for the bonfire we are to make.”

The housekeeper obeyed with great satisfaction, and the worthy “Esplandian” went flying into the yard to await with all patience the fire that was in store for him.

“Proceed,” said the curate.

“This that comes next,” said the barber, “is ‘Amadis of Greece,’ and, indeed, I believe all those on this side are of the same Amadis lineage.”

“Then to the yard with the whole of them,” said the curate; “for to have the burning of Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel and his eclogues, and the bedevilled and involved discourses of his author, I would burn with them the father who begot me if he were going about in the guise of a knight-errant.”

“I am of the same mind,” said the barber.

“And so am I,” added the niece.

“In that case,” said the housekeeper, “here, into the yard with them!”

They were handed to her, and as there were many of them, she spared herself the staircase, and flung them down out of the window.

“Who is that tub there?” said the curate.

“This,” said the barber, “is ‘Don Olivante de Laura.’”

“The author of that book,” said the curate, “was the same that wrote ‘The Garden of Flowers,’ and truly there is no deciding which of the two books is the more truthful, or, to put it better, the less lying; all I can say is, send this one into the yard for a swaggering fool.”

“This that follows is ‘Florismarte of Hircania,’” said the barber.

“Senor Florismarte here?” said the curate; “then by my faith he must take up his quarters in the yard, in spite of his marvellous birth and visionary adventures, for the stiffness and dryness of his style deserve nothing else; into the yard with him and the other, mistress housekeeper.”

“With all my heart, senor,” said she, and executed the order with great delight.

“This,” said the barber, “is The Knight Platir.”

“An old book that,” said the curate, “but I find no reason for clemency in it; send it after the others without appeal;” which was done.

Another book was opened, and they saw it was entitled, “The Knight of the Cross.”

“For the sake of the holy name this book has,” said the curate, “its ignorance might be excused; but then, they say, ‘behind the cross there’s the devil; to the fire with it.’”

Taking down another book, the barber said, “This is ‘The Mirror of Chivalry.’”

“I know his worship,” said the curate; “that is where Senor Reinaldos of Montalvan figures with his friends and comrades, greater thieves than Cacus, and the Twelve Peers of France with the veracious historian Turpin; however, I am not for condemning them to more than perpetual banishment, because, at any rate, they have some share in the invention of the famous Matteo Boiardo, whence too the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto wove his web, to whom, if I find him here, and speaking any language but his own, I shall show no respect whatever; but if he speaks his own tongue I will put him upon my head.”

“Well, I have him in Italian,” said the barber, “but I do not understand him.”

“Nor would it be well that you should understand him,” said the curate, “and on that score we might have excused the Captain if he had not brought him into Spain and turned him into Castilian. He robbed him of a great deal of his natural force, and so do all those who try to turn books written in verse into another language, for, with all the pains they take and all the cleverness they show, they never can reach the level of the originals as they were first produced. In short, I say that this book, and all that may be found treating of those French affairs, should be thrown into or deposited in some dry well, until after more consideration it is settled what is to be done with them; excepting always one ‘Bernardo del Carpio’ that is going about, and another called ‘Roncesvalles;’ for these, if they come into my hands, shall pass at once into those of the housekeeper, and from hers into the fire without any re-prieve.”

To all this the barber gave his assent, and looked upon it as right and proper, being persuaded that the curate was so staunch to the Faith and loyal to the Truth that he would not for the world say anything opposed to them. Opening another book he saw it was “Palmerin de Oliva,” and beside it was another called “Palmerin of England,”

seeing which the licentiate said, "Let the Olive be made firewood of at once and burned until no ashes even are left; and let that Palm of England be kept and preserved as a thing that stands alone, and let such another case be made for it as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius and set aside for the safe keeping of the works of the poet Homer. This book, gossip, is of authority for two reasons, first because it is very good, and secondly because it is said to have been written by a wise and witty king of Portugal. All the adventures at the Castle of Miraguarda are excellent and of admirable contrivance, and the language is polished and clear, studying and observing the style befitting the speaker with propriety and judgment. So then, provided it seems good to you, Master Nicholas, I say let this and 'Amadis of Gaul' be remitted the penalty of fire, and as for all the rest, let them perish without further question or query."

"Nay, gossip," said the barber, "for this that I have here is the famous 'Don Belianis.'"

"Well," said the curate, "that and the second, third, and fourth parts all stand in need of a little rhubarb to purge their excess of bile, and they must be cleared of all that stuff about the Castle of Fame and other greater affectations, to which end let them be allowed the over-seas term, and, according as they mend, so shall mercy or justice be meted out to them; and in the mean time, gossip, do you keep them in your house and let no one read them."

"With all my heart," said the barber; and not caring to tire himself with reading more books of chivalry, he told the housekeeper to take all the big ones and throw them into the yard. It was not said to one dull or deaf, but to one who enjoyed burning them more than weaving the broadest and finest web that could be; and seizing about eight at a time, she flung them out of the window.

In carrying so many together she let one fall at the feet of the barber, who took it up, curious to know whose it was, and found it said, "History of the Famous Knight, Tirante el Blanco."

"God bless me!" said the curate with a shout, "'Tirante el Blanco' here! Hand it over, gossip, for in it I reckon I have found a treasury of enjoyment and a mine of recreation. Here is Don Kyrieleison of Montalvan, a valiant knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the knight Fonseca, with the battle the bold Tirante fought with the mastiff, and the witticisms of the damsel Placerdemivida, and the loves and wiles of the widow Reposada, and the empress in love with the squire Hipolito—in truth, gossip, by right of its style it is the best book in the world. Here knights eat and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before dying, and a great deal more of which there is nothing in all the other books. Nevertheless, I say he who wrote it, for deliberately composing such fooleries, deserves to be sent to the galleys for life. Take it home with you and read it, and you will see that what I have said is true."

"As you will," said the barber; "but what are we to do with these little books that are left?"

"These must be, not chivalry, but poetry," said the curate; and opening one he saw it was the "Diana" of Jorge de Montemayor, and, supposing all the others to be of the same sort, "these," he said, "do not deserve to be burned like the others, for they neither do nor can do the mischief the books of chivalry have done, being books of entertainment that can hurt no one."

"Ah, señor!" said the niece, "your worship had better order these to be burned as well as the others; for it would be no wonder if, after being cured of his chivalry disorder, my uncle, by reading these, took a fancy to turn shepherd and range the woods and fields singing and piping; or, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which they say is an incurable and infectious malady."

"The damsel is right," said the curate, "and it will be well to put this stumbling-block and temptation out of our friend's way. To begin, then, with the 'Diana' of Montemayor. I am of opinion it should not be burned, but that it should be cleared of all that about the sage Felicia and the magic water, and of almost all the longer pieces of verse: let it keep, and welcome, its prose and the honour of being the first of books of the kind."

"This that comes next," said the barber, "is the 'Diana,' entitled the 'Second Part, by the Salamancan,' and this other has the same title, and its author is Gil Polo."

"As for that of the Salamancan," replied the curate, "let it go to swell the number of the condemned in the yard, and let Gil Polo's be preserved as if it came from Apollo himself: but get on, gossip, and make haste, for it is growing late."

"This book," said the barber, opening another, "is the ten books of the 'Fortune of Love,' written by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."

"By the orders I have received," said the curate, "since Apollo has been Apollo, and the Muses have been Muses, and poets have been poets, so droll and absurd a book as this has never been written, and in its way it is the best and the most singular of all of this species that have as yet appeared, and he who has not read it may be sure he has never read what is delightful. Give it here, gossip, for I make more account of having found it than if they had given me a cassock of Florence stuff."

He put it aside with extreme satisfaction, and the barber went on, "These that come next are 'The Shepherd of Iberia,' 'Nymphs of Henares,' and 'The Enlightenment of Jealousy.'"

"Then all we have to do," said the curate, "is to hand them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper, and ask

me not why, or we shall never have done.”

“This next is the ‘Pastor de Filida.’”

“No Pastor that,” said the curate, “but a highly polished courtier; let it be preserved as a precious jewel.”

“This large one here,” said the barber, “is called ‘The Treasury of various Poems.’”

“If there were not so many of them,” said the curate, “they would be more relished: this book must be weeded and cleansed of certain vulgarities which it has with its excellences; let it be preserved because the author is a friend of mine, and out of respect for other more heroic and loftier works that he has written.”

“This,” continued the barber, “is the ‘Cancionero’ of Lopez de Maldonado.”

“The author of that book, too,” said the curate, “is a great friend of mine, and his verses from his own mouth are the admiration of all who hear them, for such is the sweetness of his voice that he enchants when he chants them: it gives rather too much of its eclogues, but what is good was never yet plentiful: let it be kept with those that have been set apart. But what book is that next it?”

“The ‘Galatea’ of Miguel de Cervantes,” said the barber.

“That Cervantes has been for many years a great friend of mine, and to my knowledge he has had more experience in reverses than in verses. His book has some good invention in it, it presents us with something but brings nothing to a conclusion: we must wait for the Second Part it promises: perhaps with amendment it may succeed in winning the full measure of grace that is now denied it; and in the mean time do you, senor gossip, keep it shut up in your own quarters.”

“Very good,” said the barber; “and here come three together, the ‘Araucana’ of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the ‘Austriada’ of Juan Rufo, Justice of Cordova, and the ‘Montserrat’ of Christobal de Virues, the Valencian poet.”

“These three books,” said the curate, “are the best that have been written in Castilian in heroic verse, and they may compare with the most famous of Italy; let them be preserved as the richest treasures of poetry that Spain possesses.”

The curate was tired and would not look into any more books, and so he decided that, “contents uncertified,” all the rest should be burned; but just then the barber held open one, called “The Tears of Angelica.”

“I should have shed tears myself,” said the curate when he heard the title, “had I ordered that book to be burned, for its author was one of the famous poets of the world, not to say of Spain, and was very happy in the translation of some of Ovid’s fables.”

## 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,<sup>30</sup> 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 infants."

"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, senor," 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 UN-DREAMT-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,<sup>31</sup> 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

30 Saddle-bags and canteen.

31 From Greek mythology, Briareus had 50 heads and 100 arms; he is known by the name Aegaeon in Virgil's *Aeneid* (10.566-67).

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 shivered 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 wind-mills? 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 Freston<sup>32</sup> 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,<sup>33</sup> 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<sup>34</sup> 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<sup>35</sup> 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

32 El Sabio Frestón is a magician and a figment of Quixote’s imagination.

33 Spanish Muslims.

34 saddle-bags.

35 canteen.

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 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, senor; 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 Agraes,”<sup>36</sup> 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.



**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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## 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.

<sup>36</sup> Quixote quotes from *Amadis of Gaul*; Agraes was a great knight and a cousin of Amadis.

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 XLIX.

### WHICH TREATS OF THE SHREWD CONVERSATION WHICH SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE

“Aha, I have caught you,” said Sancho; “this is what in my heart and soul I was longing to know. Come now, senor, can you deny what is commonly said around us, when a person is out of humour, ‘I don’t know what ails so-and-so, that he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor gives a proper answer to any question; one would think he was enchanted’? From which it is to be gathered that those who do not eat, or drink, or sleep, or do any of the natural acts I am speaking of—that such persons are enchanted; but not those that have the desire your worship has, and drink when drink is given them, and eat when there is anything to eat, and answer every question that is asked them.”

“What thou sayest is true, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “but I have already told thee there are many sorts of enchantments, and it may be that in the course of time they have been changed one for another, and that now it may be the way with enchanted people to do all that I do, though they did not do so before; so it is vain to argue or draw inferences against the usage of the time. I know and feel that I am enchanted, and that is enough to ease my conscience; for it would weigh heavily on it if I thought that I was not enchanted, and that in a faint-hearted and cowardly way I allowed myself to lie in this cage, defrauding multitudes of the succour I might afford to those in need and distress, who at this very moment may be in sore want of my aid and protection.”

“Still for all that,” replied Sancho, “I say that, for your greater and fuller satisfaction, it would be well if your

worship were to try to get out of this prison (and I promise to do all in my power to help, and even to take you out of it), and see if you could once more mount your good Rocinante, who seems to be enchanted too, he is so melancholy and dejected; and then we might try our chance in looking for adventures again; and if we have no luck there will be time enough to go back to the cage; in which, on the faith of a good and loyal squire, I promise to shut myself up along with your worship, if so be you are so unfortunate, or I so stupid, as not to be able to carry out my plan.”

“I am content to do as thou sayest, brother Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and when thou seest an opportunity for effecting my release I will obey thee absolutely; but thou wilt see, Sancho, how mistaken thou art in thy conception of my misfortune.”

The knight-errant and the ill-errant squire kept up their conversation till they reached the place where the curate, the canon, and the barber, who had already dismounted, were waiting for them. The carter at once unyoked the oxen and left them to roam at large about the pleasant green spot, the freshness of which seemed to invite, not enchanted people like Don Quixote, but wide-awake, sensible folk like his squire, who begged the curate to allow his master to leave the cage for a little; for if they did not let him out, the prison might not be as clean as the propriety of such a gentleman as his master required. The curate understood him, and said he would very gladly comply with his request, only that he feared his master, finding himself at liberty, would take to his old courses and make off where nobody could ever find him again.

“I will answer for his not running away,” said Sancho.

“And I also,” said the canon, “especially if he gives me his word as a knight not to leave us without our consent.”

Don Quixote, who was listening to all this, said, “I give it;—moreover one who is enchanted as I am cannot do as he likes with himself; for he who had enchanted him could prevent his moving from one place for three ages, and if he attempted to escape would bring him back flying.”—And that being so, they might as well release him, particularly as it would be to the advantage of all; for, if they did not let him out, he protested he would be unable to avoid offending their nostrils unless they kept their distance.

The canon took his hand, tied together as they both were, and on his word and promise they unbound him, and rejoiced beyond measure he was to find himself out of the cage. The first thing he did was to stretch himself all over, and then he went to where Rocinante was standing and giving him a couple of slaps on the haunches said, “I still trust in God and in his blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we shall soon see ourselves, both of us, as we wish to be, thou with thy master on thy back, and I mounted upon thee, following the calling for which God sent me into the world.” And so saying, accompanied by Sancho, he withdrew to a retired spot, from which he came back much relieved and more eager than ever to put his squire’s scheme into execution.

The canon gazed at him, wondering at the extraordinary nature of his madness, and that in all his remarks and replies he should show such excellent sense, and only lose his stirrups, as has been already said, when the subject of chivalry was broached. And so, moved by compassion, he said to him, as they all sat on the green grass awaiting the arrival of the provisions:

“Is it possible, gentle sir, that the nauseous and idle reading of books of chivalry can have had such an effect on your worship as to upset your reason so that you fancy yourself enchanted, and the like, all as far from the truth as falsehood itself is? How can there be any human understanding that can persuade itself there ever was all that infinity of Amadis in the world, or all that multitude of famous knights, all those emperors of Trebizond, all those Felixmarts of Hircania, all those palfreys, and damsels-errant, and serpents, and monsters, and giants, and marvellous adventures, and enchantments of every kind, and battles, and prodigious encounters, splendid costumes, love-sick princesses, squires made counts, droll dwarfs, love letters, billings and cooings, swashbuckler women, and, in a word, all that nonsense the books of chivalry contain? For myself, I can only say that when I read them, so long as I do not stop to think that they are all lies and frivolity, they give me a certain amount of pleasure; but when I come to consider what they are, I fling the very best of them at the wall, and would fling it into the fire if there were one at hand, as richly deserving such punishment as cheats and impostors out of the range of ordinary toleration, and as founders of new sects and modes of life, and teachers that lead the ignorant public to believe and accept as truth all the folly they contain. And such is their audacity, they even dare to unsettle the wits of gentlemen of birth and intelligence, as is shown plainly by the way they have served your worship, when they have brought you to such a pass that you have to be shut up in a cage and carried on an ox-cart as one would carry a lion or a tiger from place to place to make money by showing it. Come, Senor Don Quixote, have some compassion for yourself, return to the bosom of common sense, and make use of the liberal share of it that heaven has been pleased to bestow upon you, employing your abundant gifts of mind in some other reading that may serve to benefit your conscience and add to your honour. And if, still led away by your natural bent, you desire to read books of achievements and of chivalry, read the Book of Judges in the Holy Scriptures, for there you will find grand reality, and deeds as true as they are heroic. Lusitania had a Viriatus, Rome a Caesar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernan Gonzalez, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Jerez a Garci Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilaso, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon, to read of whose valiant deeds will entertain

and instruct the loftiest minds and fill them with delight and wonder. Here, Senor Don Quixote, will be reading worthy of your sound understanding; from which you will rise learned in history, in love with virtue, strengthened in goodness, improved in manners, brave without rashness, prudent without cowardice; and all to the honour of God, your own advantage and the glory of La Mancha, whence, I am informed, your worship derives your birth.”

Don Quixote listened with the greatest attention to the canon’s words, and when he found he had finished, after regarding him for some time, he replied to him:

“It appears to me, gentle sir, that your worship’s discourse is intended to persuade me that there never were any knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous and useless to the State, and that I have done wrong in reading them, and worse in believing them, and still worse in imitating them, when I undertook to follow the arduous calling of knight-errantry which they set forth; for you deny that there ever were Amadis of Gaul or of Greece, or any other of the knights of whom the books are full.”

“It is all exactly as you state it,” said the canon; to which Don Quixote returned, “You also went on to say that books of this kind had done me much harm, inasmuch as they had upset my senses, and shut me up in a cage, and that it would be better for me to reform and change my studies, and read other truer books which would afford more pleasure and instruction.”

“Just so,” said the canon.

“Well then,” returned Don Quixote, “to my mind it is you who are the one that is out of his wits and enchanted, as you have ventured to utter such blasphemies against a thing so universally acknowledged and accepted as true that whoever denies it, as you do, deserves the same punishment which you say you inflict on the books that irritate you when you read them. For to try to persuade anybody that Amadis, and all the other knights-adventurers with whom the books are filled, never existed, would be like trying to persuade him that the sun does not yield light, or ice cold, or earth nourishment. What wit in the world can persuade another that the story of the Princess Floripes and Guy of Burgundy is not true, or that of Fierabras and the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne? For by all that is good it is as true as that it is daylight now; and if it be a lie, it must be a lie too that there was a Hector, or Achilles, or Trojan war, or Twelve Peers of France, or Arthur of England, who still lives changed into a raven, and is unceasingly looked for in his kingdom. One might just as well try to make out that the history of Guarino Mezquino, or of the quest of the Holy Grail, is false, or that the loves of Tristram and the Queen Yseult are apocryphal, as well as those of Guinevere and Lancelot, when there are persons who can almost remember having seen the Dame Quintanona, who was the best cupbearer in Great Britain. And so true is this, that I recollect a grandmother of mine on the father’s side, whenever she saw any dame in a venerable hood, used to say to me, ‘Grandson, that one is like Dame Quintanona,’ from which I conclude that she must have known her, or at least had managed to see some portrait of her. Then who can deny that the story of Pierres and the fair Magalona is true, when even to this day may be seen in the king’s armoury the pin with which the valiant Pierres guided the wooden horse he rode through the air, and it is a trifle bigger than the pole of a cart? And alongside of the pin is Babieca’s saddle, and at Roncesvalles there is Roland’s horn, as large as a large beam; whence we may infer that there were Twelve Peers, and a Pierres, and a Cid, and other knights like them, of the sort people commonly call adventurers. Or perhaps I shall be told, too, that there was no such knight-errant as the valiant Lusitanian Juan de Merlo, who went to Burgundy and in the city of Arras fought with the famous lord of Charny, Mosen Pierres by name, and afterwards in the city of Basle with Mosen Enrique de Remesten, coming out of both encounters covered with fame and honour; or adventures and challenges achieved and delivered, also in Burgundy, by the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada (of whose family I come in the direct male line), when they vanquished the sons of the Count of San Polo. I shall be told, too, that Don Fernando de Guevara did not go in quest of adventures to Germany, where he engaged in combat with Micer George, a knight of the house of the Duke of Austria. I shall be told that the jousts of Suero de Quinones, him of the ‘Paso,’ and the emprise of Mosen Luis de Falces against the Castilian knight, Don Gonzalo de Guzman, were mere mockeries; as well as many other achievements of Christian knights of these and foreign realms, which are so authentic and true, that, I repeat, he who denies them must be totally wanting in reason and good sense.”

The canon was amazed to hear the medley of truth and fiction Don Quixote uttered, and to see how well acquainted he was with everything relating or belonging to the achievements of his knight-errantry; so he said in reply:

“I cannot deny, Senor Don Quixote, that there is some truth in what you say, especially as regards the Spanish knights-errant; and I am willing to grant too that the Twelve Peers of France existed, but I am not disposed to believe that they did all the things that the Archbishop Turpin relates of them. For the truth of the matter is they were knights chosen by the kings of France, and called ‘Peers’ because they were all equal in worth, rank and prowess (at least if they were not they ought to have been), and it was a kind of religious order like those of Santiago and Calatrava in the present day, in which it is assumed that those who take it are valiant knights of distinction and good birth; and just as we say now a Knight of St. John, or of Alcantara, they used to say then a Knight of the Twelve Peers, because twelve equals were chosen for that military order. That there was a Cid, as well as a Bernardo

del Carpio, there can be no doubt; but that they did the deeds people say they did, I hold to be very doubtful. In that other matter of the pin of Count Pierres that you speak of, and say is near Babieca's saddle in the Armoury, I confess my sin; for I am either so stupid or so short-sighted, that, though I have seen the saddle, I have never been able to see the pin, in spite of it being as big as your worship says it is."

"For all that it is there, without any manner of doubt," said Don Quixote; "and more by token they say it is inclosed in a sheath of cowhide to keep it from rusting."

"All that may be," replied the canon; "but, by the orders I have received, I do not remember seeing it. However, granting it is there, that is no reason why I am bound to believe the stories of all those Amadis and of all that multitude of knights they tell us about, nor is it reasonable that a man like your worship, so worthy, and with so many good qualities, and endowed with such a good understanding, should allow himself to be persuaded that such wild crazy things as are written in those absurd books of chivalry are really true."

## CHAPTER L.

### OF THE SHREWD CONTROVERSY WHICH DON QUIXOTE AND THE CANON HELD, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

"A good joke, that!" returned Don Quixote. "Books that have been printed with the king's licence, and with the approbation of those to whom they have been submitted, and read with universal delight, and extolled by great and small, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, gentle and simple, in a word by people of every sort, of whatever rank or condition they may be—that these should be lies! And above all when they carry such an appearance of truth with them; for they tell us the father, mother, country, kindred, age, place, and the achievements, step by step, and day by day, performed by such a knight or knights! Hush, sir; utter not such blasphemy; trust me I am advising you now to act as a sensible man should; only read them, and you will see the pleasure you will derive from them. For, come, tell me, can there be anything more delightful than to see, as it were, here now displayed before us a vast lake of bubbling pitch with a host of snakes and serpents and lizards, and ferocious and terrible creatures of all sorts swimming about in it, while from the middle of the lake there comes a plaintive voice saying: 'Knight, whosoever thou art who beholdest this dread lake, if thou wouldst win the prize that lies hidden beneath these dusky waves, prove the valour of thy stout heart and cast thyself into the midst of its dark burning waters, else thou shalt not be worthy to see the mighty wonders contained in the seven castles of the seven Fays that lie beneath this black expanse;' and then the knight, almost ere the awful voice has ceased, without stopping to consider, without pausing to reflect upon the danger to which he is exposing himself, without even relieving himself of the weight of his massive armour, commending himself to God and to his lady, plunges into the midst of the boiling lake, and when he little looks for it, or knows what his fate is to be, he finds himself among flowery meadows, with which the Elysian fields are not to be compared.

"The sky seems more transparent there, and the sun shines with a strange brilliancy, and a delightful grove of green leafy trees presents itself to the eyes and charms the sight with its verdure, while the ear is soothed by the sweet untutored melody of the countless birds of gay plumage that flit to and fro among the interlacing branches. Here he sees a brook whose limpid waters, like liquid crystal, ripple over fine sands and white pebbles that look like sifted gold and purest pearls. There he perceives a cunningly wrought fountain of many-coloured jasper and polished marble; here another of rustic fashion where the little mussel-shells and the spiral white and yellow mansions of the snail disposed in studious disorder, mingled with fragments of glittering crystal and mock emeralds, make up a work of varied aspect, where art, imitating nature, seems to have outdone it.

"Suddenly there is presented to his sight a strong castle or gorgeous palace with walls of massy gold, turrets of diamond and gates of jacinth; in short, so marvellous is its structure that though the materials of which it is built are nothing less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, the workmanship is still more rare. And after having seen all this, what can be more charming than to see how a bevy of damsels comes forth from the gate of the castle in gay and gorgeous attire, such that, were I to set myself now to depict it as the histories describe it to us, I should never have done; and then how she who seems to be the first among them all takes the bold knight who plunged into the boiling lake by the hand, and without addressing a word to him leads him into the rich palace or castle, and strips him as naked as when his mother bore him, and bathes him in lukewarm water, and anoints him all over with sweet-smelling unguents, and clothes him in a shirt of the softest sendal, all scented and perfumed, while another damsel comes and throws over his shoulders a mantle which is said to be worth at the very least a city, and even more? How charming it is, then, when they tell us how, after all this, they lead him to another chamber where he finds the tables set out in such style that he is filled with amazement and wonder; to see how they pour out water for his hands distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers; how they seat him on an ivory chair; to see how the damsels wait on him all in profound silence; how they bring him such a variety of dainties so temptingly prepared that the appetite is at a loss which to select; to hear the music that resounds while he is at table, by whom or whence produced he knows not. And then when the repast is over and the tables removed, for the knight to recline in the

chair, picking his teeth perhaps as usual, and a damsel, much lovelier than any of the others, to enter unexpectedly by the chamber door, and herself by his side, and begin to tell him what the castle is, and how she is held enchanted there, and other things that amaze the knight and astonish the readers who are perusing his history.

“But I will not expatiate any further upon this, as it may be gathered from it that whatever part of whatever history of a knight-errant one reads, it will fill the reader, whoever he be, with delight and wonder; and take my advice, sir, and, as I said before, read these books and you will see how they will banish any melancholy you may feel and raise your spirits should they be depressed. For myself I can say that since I have been a knight-errant I have become valiant, polite, generous, well-bred, magnanimous, courteous, dauntless, gentle, patient, and have learned to bear hardships, imprisonments, and enchantments; and though it be such a short time since I have seen myself shut up in a cage like a madman, I hope by the might of my arm, if heaven aid me and fortune thwart me not, to see myself king of some kingdom where I may be able to show the gratitude and generosity that dwell in my heart; for by my faith, senor, the poor man is incapacitated from showing the virtue of generosity to anyone, though he may possess it in the highest degree; and gratitude that consists of disposition only is a dead thing, just as faith without works is dead. For this reason I should be glad were fortune soon to offer me some opportunity of making myself an emperor, so as to show my heart in doing good to my friends, particularly to this poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best fellow in the world; and I would gladly give him a county I have promised him this ever so long, only that I am afraid he has not the capacity to govern his realm.”

Sancho partly heard these last words of his master, and said to him, “Strive hard you, Senor Don Quixote, to give me that county so often promised by you and so long looked for by me, for I promise you there will be no want of capacity in me to govern it; and even if there is, I have heard say there are men in the world who farm seigniories, paying so much a year, and they themselves taking charge of the government, while the lord, with his legs stretched out, enjoys the revenue they pay him, without troubling himself about anything else. That’s what I’ll do, and not stand haggling over trifles, but wash my hands at once of the whole business, and enjoy my rents like a duke, and let things go their own way.”

“That, brother Sancho,” said the canon, “only holds good as far as the enjoyment of the revenue goes; but the lord of the seigniorie must attend to the administration of justice, and here capacity and sound judgment come in, and above all a firm determination to find out the truth; for if this be wanting in the beginning, the middle and the end will always go wrong; and God as commonly aids the honest intentions of the simple as he frustrates the evil designs of the crafty.”

“I don’t understand those philosophies,” returned Sancho Panza; “all I know is I would I had the county as soon as I shall know how to govern it; for I have as much soul as another, and as much body as anyone, and I shall be as much king of my realm as any other of his; and being so I should do as I liked, and doing as I liked I should please myself, and pleasing myself I should be content, and when one is content he has nothing more to desire, and when one has nothing more to desire there is an end of it; so let the county come, and God he with you, and let us see one another, as one blind man said to the other.”

“That is not bad philosophy thou art talking, Sancho,” said the canon; “but for all that there is a good deal to be said on this matter of counties.”

To which Don Quixote returned, “I know not what more there is to be said; I only guide myself by the example set me by the great Amadis of Gaul, when he made his squire count of the *Insula Firme*; and so, without any scruples of conscience, I can make a count of Sancho Panza, for he is one of the best squires that ever knight-errant had.”

The canon was astonished at the methodical nonsense (if nonsense be capable of method) that Don Quixote uttered, at the way in which he had described the adventure of the knight of the lake, at the impression that the deliberate lies of the books he read had made upon him, and lastly he marvelled at the simplicity of Sancho, who desired so eagerly to obtain the county his master had promised him.

By this time the canon’s servants, who had gone to the inn to fetch the sumpter mule, had returned, and making a carpet and the green grass of the meadow serve as a table, they seated themselves in the shade of some trees and made their repast there, that the carter might not be deprived of the advantage of the spot, as has been already said. As they were eating they suddenly heard a loud noise and the sound of a bell that seemed to come from among some brambles and thick bushes that were close by, and the same instant they observed a beautiful goat, spotted all over black, white, and brown, spring out of the thicket with a goatherd after it, calling to it and uttering the usual cries to make it stop or turn back to the fold. The fugitive goat, scared and frightened, ran towards the company as if seeking their protection and then stood still, and the goatherd coming up seized it by the horns and began to talk to it as if it were possessed of reason and understanding: “Ah wanderer, wanderer, Spotty, Spotty; how have you gone limping all this time? What wolves have frightened you, my daughter? Won’t you tell me what is the matter, my beauty? But what else can it be except that you are a she, and cannot keep quiet? A plague on your humours and the humours of those you take after! Come back, come back, my darling; and if you will not be so happy, at any rate you will be safe in the fold or with your companions; for if you who ought to keep and lead them, go wandering astray, what will become of them?”

The goatherd's talk amused all who heard it, but especially the canon, who said to him, "As you live, brother, take it easy, and be not in such a hurry to drive this goat back to the fold; for, being a female, as you say, she will follow her natural instinct in spite of all you can do to prevent it. Take this morsel and drink a sup, and that will soothe your irritation, and in the meantime the goat will rest herself;" and so saying, he handed him the loins of a cold rabbit on a fork.

The goatherd took it with thanks, and drank and calmed himself, and then said, "I should be sorry if your worships were to take me for a simpleton for having spoken so seriously as I did to this animal; but the truth is there is a certain mystery in the words I used. I am a clown, but not so much of one but that I know how to behave to men and to beasts."

"That I can well believe," said the curate, "for I know already by experience that the woods breed men of learning, and shepherds' harbour philosophers."

"At all events, senor," returned the goatherd, "they shelter men of experience; and that you may see the truth of this and grasp it, though I may seem to put myself forward without being asked, I will, if it will not tire you, gentlemen, and you will give me your attention for a little, tell you a true story which will confirm this gentleman's word (and he pointed to the curate) as well as my own."

To this Don Quixote replied, "Seeing that this affair has a certain colour of chivalry about it, I for my part, brother, will hear you most gladly, and so will all these gentlemen, from the high intelligence they possess and their love of curious novelties that interest, charm, and entertain the mind, as I feel quite sure your story will do. So begin, friend, for we are all prepared to listen."

"I draw my stakes," said Sancho, "and will retreat with this pasty to the brook there, where I mean to victual myself for three days; for I have heard my lord, Don Quixote, say that a knight-errant's squire should eat until he can hold no more, whenever he has the chance, because it often happens them to get by accident into a wood so thick that they cannot find a way out of it for six days; and if the man is not well filled or his alforjas well stored, there he may stay, as very often he does, turned into a dried mummy."

"Thou art in the right of it, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go where thou wilt and eat all thou canst, for I have had enough, and only want to give my mind its refreshment, as I shall by listening to this good fellow's story."

"It is what we shall all do," said the canon; and then begged the goatherd to begin the promised tale.

The goatherd gave the goat which he held by the horns a couple of slaps on the back, saying, "Lie down here beside me, Spotty, for we have time enough to return to our fold." The goat seemed to understand him, for as her master seated himself, she stretched herself quietly beside him and looked up in his face to show him she was all attention to what he was going to say, and then in these words he began his story.

## CHAPTER LI.

### WHICH DEALS WITH WHAT THE GOATHERD TOLD THOSE WHO WERE CARRYING OFF DON QUIXOTE

Three leagues from this valley there is a village which, though small, is one of the richest in all this neighbourhood, and in it there lived a farmer, a very worthy man, and so much respected that, although to be so is the natural consequence of being rich, he was even more respected for his virtue than for the wealth he had acquired. But what made him still more fortunate, as he said himself, was having a daughter of such exceeding beauty, rare intelligence, gracefulness, and virtue, that everyone who knew her and beheld her marvelled at the extraordinary gifts with which heaven and nature had endowed her. As a child she was beautiful, she continued to grow in beauty, and at the age of sixteen she was most lovely. The fame of her beauty began to spread abroad through all the villages around—but why do I say the villages around, merely, when it spread to distant cities, and even made its way into the halls of royalty and reached the ears of people of every class, who came from all sides to see her as if to see something rare and curious, or some wonder-working image?

Her father watched over her and she watched over herself; for there are no locks, or guards, or bolts that can protect a young girl better than her own modesty. The wealth of the father and the beauty of the daughter led many neighbours as well as strangers to seek her for a wife; but he, as one might well be who had the disposal of so rich a jewel, was perplexed and unable to make up his mind to which of her countless suitors he should entrust her. I was one among the many who felt a desire so natural, and, as her father knew who I was, and I was of the same town, of pure blood, in the bloom of life, and very rich in possessions, I had great hopes of success. There was another of the same place and qualifications who also sought her, and this made her father's choice hang in the balance, for he felt that on either of us his daughter would be well bestowed; so to escape from this state of perplexity he resolved to refer the matter to Leandra (for that is the name of the rich damsel who has reduced me to misery), reflecting that as we were both equal it would be best to leave it to his dear daughter to choose according to her inclination—a course that is worthy of imitation by all fathers who wish to settle their children in life. I do not mean that they ought to leave them to make a choice of what is contemptible and bad, but that they should place before them what is good and then allow them to make a good choice as they please. I do not know which Leandra chose; I only know her

father put us both off with the tender age of his daughter and vague words that neither bound him nor dismissed us. My rival is called Anselmo and I myself Eugenio—that you may know the names of the personages that figure in this tragedy, the end of which is still in suspense, though it is plain to see it must be disastrous.

About this time there arrived in our town one Vicente de la Roca, the son of a poor peasant of the same town, the said Vicente having returned from service as a soldier in Italy and divers other parts. A captain who chanced to pass that way with his company had carried him off from our village when he was a boy of about twelve years, and now twelve years later the young man came back in a soldier's uniform, arrayed in a thousand colours, and all over glass trinkets and fine steel chains. To-day he would appear in one gay dress, to-morrow in another; but all flimsy and gaudy, of little substance and less worth. The peasant folk, who are naturally malicious, and when they have nothing to do can be malice itself, remarked all this, and took note of his finery and jewellery, piece by piece, and discovered that he had three suits of different colours, with garters and stockings to match; but he made so many arrangements and combinations out of them, that if they had not counted them, anyone would have sworn that he had made a display of more than ten suits of clothes and twenty plumes. Do not look upon all this that I am telling you about the clothes as uncalled for or spun out, for they have a great deal to do with the story. He used to seat himself on a bench under the great poplar in our plaza, and there he would keep us all hanging open-mouthed on the stories he told us of his exploits. There was no country on the face of the globe he had not seen, nor battle he had not been engaged in; he had killed more Moors than there are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more single combats, according to his own account, than Garcilaso, Diego Garcia de Paredes and a thousand others he named, and out of all he had come victorious without losing a drop of blood. On the other hand he showed marks of wounds, which, though they could not be made out, he said were gunshot wounds received in divers encounters and actions. Lastly, with monstrous impudence he used to say “you” to his equals and even those who knew what he was, and declare that his arm was his father and his deeds his pedigree, and that being a soldier he was as good as the king himself. And to add to these swaggering ways he was a trifle of a musician, and played the guitar with such a flourish that some said he made it speak; nor did his accomplishments end here, for he was something of a poet too, and on every trifle that happened in the town he made a ballad a league long.

This soldier, then, that I have described, this Vicente de la Roca, this bravo, gallant, musician, poet, was often seen and watched by Leandra from a window of her house which looked out on the plaza. The glitter of his showy attire took her fancy, his ballads bewitched her (for he gave away twenty copies of every one he made), the tales of his exploits which he told about himself came to her ears; and in short, as the devil no doubt had arranged it, she fell in love with him before the presumption of making love to her had suggested itself to him; and as in love-affairs none are more easily brought to an issue than those which have the inclination of the lady for an ally, Leandra and Vicente came to an understanding without any difficulty; and before any of her numerous suitors had any suspicion of her design, she had already carried it into effect, having left the house of her dearly beloved father (for mother she had none), and disappeared from the village with the soldier, who came more triumphantly out of this enterprise than out of any of the large number he laid claim to. All the village and all who heard of it were amazed at the affair; I was aghast, Anselmo thunderstruck, her father full of grief, her relations indignant, the authorities all in a ferment, the officers of the Brotherhood in arms. They scoured the roads, they searched the woods and all quarters, and at the end of three days they found the flighty Leandra in a mountain cave, stript to her shift, and robbed of all the money and precious jewels she had carried away from home with her.

They brought her back to her unhappy father, and questioned her as to her misfortune, and she confessed without pressure that Vicente de la Roca had deceived her, and under promise of marrying her had induced her to leave her father's house, as he meant to take her to the richest and most delightful city in the whole world, which was Naples; and that she, ill-advised and deluded, had believed him, and robbed her father, and handed over all to him the night she disappeared; and that he had carried her away to a rugged mountain and shut her up in the eave where they had found her. She said, moreover, that the soldier, without robbing her of her honour, had taken from her everything she had, and made off, leaving her in the cave, a thing that still further surprised everybody. It was not easy for us to credit the young man's continence, but she asserted it with such earnestness that it helped to console her distressed father, who thought nothing of what had been taken since the jewel that once lost can never be recovered had been left to his daughter. The same day that Leandra made her appearance her father removed her from our sight and took her away to shut her up in a convent in a town near this, in the hope that time may wear away some of the disgrace she has incurred. Leandra's youth furnished an excuse for her fault, at least with those to whom it was of no consequence whether she was good or bad; but those who knew her shrewdness and intelligence did not attribute her misdemeanour to ignorance but to wantonness and the natural disposition of women, which is for the most part flighty and ill-regulated.

Leandra withdrawn from sight, Anselmo's eyes grew blind, or at any rate found nothing to look at that gave them any pleasure, and mine were in darkness without a ray of light to direct them to anything enjoyable while Leandra was away. Our melancholy grew greater, our patience grew less; we cursed the soldier's finery and railed at

the carelessness of Leandra's father. At last Anselmo and I agreed to leave the village and come to this valley; and, he feeding a great flock of sheep of his own, and I a large herd of goats of mine, we pass our life among the trees, giving vent to our sorrows, together singing the fair Leandra's praises, or upbraiding her, or else sighing alone, and to heaven pouring forth our complaints in solitude. Following our example, many more of Leandra's lovers have come to these rude mountains and adopted our mode of life, and they are so numerous that one would fancy the place had been turned into the pastoral Arcadia, so full is it of shepherds and sheep-folds; nor is there a spot in it where the name of the fair Leandra is not heard. Here one curses her and calls her capricious, fickle, and immodest, there another condemns her as frail and frivolous; this pardons and absolves her, that spurns and reviles her; one extols her beauty, another assails her character, and in short all abuse her, and all adore her, and to such a pitch has this general infatuation gone that there are some who complain of her scorn without ever having exchanged a word with her, and even some that bewail and mourn the raging fever of jealousy, for which she never gave anyone cause, for, as I have already said, her misconduct was known before her passion. There is no nook among the rocks, no brookside, no shade beneath the trees that is not haunted by some shepherd telling his woes to the breezes; wherever there is an echo it repeats the name of Leandra; the mountains ring with "Leandra," "Leandra" murmur the brooks, and Leandra keeps us all bewildered and bewitched, hoping without hope and fearing without knowing what we fear. Of all this silly set the one that shows the least and also the most sense is my rival Anselmo, for having so many other things to complain of, he only complains of separation, and to the accompaniment of a rebeck, which he plays admirably, he sings his complaints in verses that show his ingenuity. I follow another, easier, and to my mind wiser course, and that is to rail at the frivolity of women, at their inconstancy, their double dealing, their broken promises, their unkept pledges, and in short the want of reflection they show in fixing their affections and inclinations. This, sirs, was the reason of words and expressions I made use of to this goat when I came up just now; for as she is a female I have a contempt for her, though she is the best in all my fold. This is the story I promised to tell you, and if I have been tedious in telling it, I will not be slow to serve you; my hut is close by, and I have fresh milk and dainty cheese there, as well as a variety of toothsome fruit, no less pleasing to the eye than to the palate.

## 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 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 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, señor," 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:



**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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**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 SANCHE 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.**

## **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

## 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 Urvhart of Cromarty and Peter Antony Motteux

### Chapter 1: XIV

#### *How Gargantua was taught Latin by a Sophister*



**IMAGE 11.7: PANTAGRUEL** | The giant Pantagruel looks down at small humans, with a gloomy background and statues surrounding them.

**Author:** Gustave Doré  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
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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 Billionio, 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 condisciples, 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 pronunciation 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 flesh, 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 papgay 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 Lasca- ris 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-Hualx. 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 encloistered 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.

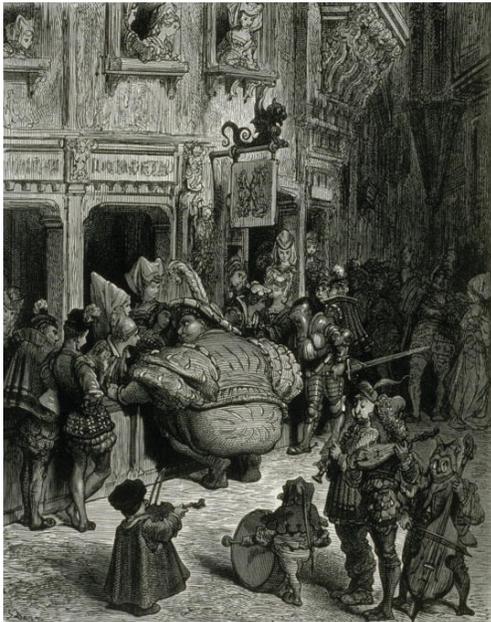
Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth, it was therefore enacted that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

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*



**IMAGE 11.8: GARGANTUA** | The giant Gargantua walks through a crowd.

**Author:** Gustave Doré  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
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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 Bonnavet, Chambourg, 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 wise 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 scaliere 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 lusks, 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, gerfalcons, 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 purpled 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 glistening 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 Tuscan, 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 Pantagruel 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 Pantagruel 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 Pantagruel, being at Paris, received letters from his father Gargantua, and the copy of them*

Pantagruel 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 learn-

ing. 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 abysses, 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

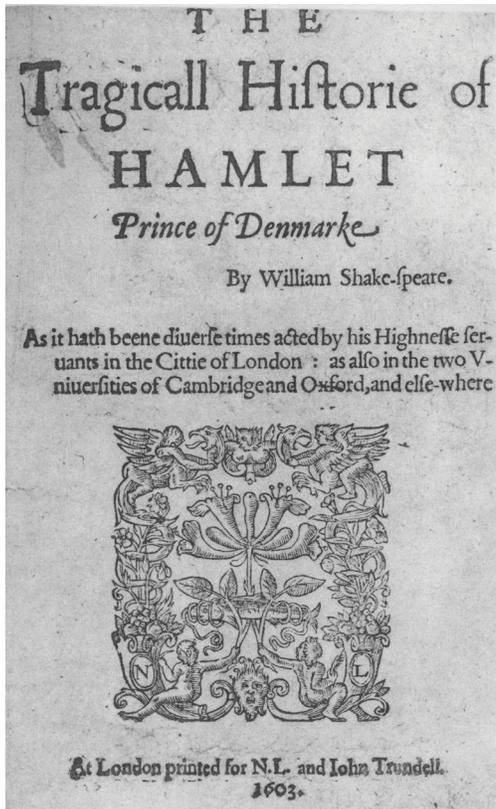
### PERSONS REPRESENTED:

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

ACT I

*Scene I—Elsinore—A platform before the Castle*



**IMAGE 11.9: HAMLET TITLE PAGE** | The frontispiece of William Shakespeare's Hamlet, with title and introduction.

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[Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.]

BER.  
 Who's there? 1

FRAN.  
 Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.  
 BER.

Long live the king!  
 FRAN.  
 Bernardo?

BER.  
 He. 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? 15  
 [Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]

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.  
 [Exit.]

	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
	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.		75
'Tis strange.		
	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, 85  
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: 90  
Who is't that can inform me?

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, 95  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
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



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  
 This present object made probation. 170

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 220  
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress  
 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.  
 [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

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, 245  
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,  
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

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 250  
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:  
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

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.

[*Aside.*] 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. 260  
 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.

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, 270  
 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; 275  
 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.

KING

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,  
 To give these mourning duties to your father; 280  
 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 285

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;  
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;  
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;  
 An understanding simple and unschool'd;  
 For what we know must be, and is as common 290  
 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.

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  
 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.  
 [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

315

320

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  
 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:  
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him  
 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  
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—

325

330

335

340

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;  
 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;  
 But break my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!  
 [*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*]

345

350

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.

I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—  
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

360

HOR.

A truant disposition, good my Lord

HAM.

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.

365

HOR.

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM.

I prithee do not mock me, fellow-student.  
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

370

HOR.

Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAM.

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.		375
	HOR.	
Where, my lord?		
	HAM.	
In my mind's eye, Horatio.		
	HOR.	
I saw him once; he was a goodly king		380
	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,		395
		400
		405

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes: I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

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

HAM.

'Tis very strange.

HOR.

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.

420

HAM.

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to-night?

MAR. AND BER.

We do, my Lord

425

HAM.

Arm'd, say you?

BOTH.

Arm'd, my Lord

HAM.

From top to toe?

BOTH.

My lord, from head to foot.

HAM.

Then saw you not his face?

430

HOR.

O, yes, my lord: he wore his beaver up.

HAM.

What, look'd he frowningly?

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.	
Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?	HAM.	440
While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.	HOR.	
Longer, longer.	MAR. AND BER.	
Not when I saw't.	HOR.	
His beard was grizzled,—no?	HAM.	
It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd.	HOR.	445
I will watch to-night; Perchance 'twill walk again.	HAM.	
I warr'nt it will.	HOR.	
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, 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.	HAM.	450 455

Our duty to your honour. 460

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; 475  
No more.

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, 480  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;  
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; 485  
For he himself is subject to his birth:  
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 490  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,  
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 495

- Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
 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: 505  
 Virtue itself scopes not calumnious strokes:  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd:  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent. 510  
 Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:  
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
- 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.  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. 530  
 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  
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, 535  
 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,  
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy: 540  
 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: 560  
 '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 565  
 You do not understand yourself so clearly  
 As it behooves my daughter and your honour.  
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

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, 600

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,

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. [ <i>A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.</i> ]		
What does this mean, my lord?		
	HAM.	615
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.		
	HOR.	620
Is it a custom?		
	HAM.	
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.	625 630 635 640 645	
	HOR.	
Look, my lord, it comes! [ <i>Enter Ghost</i> ]		
	HAM.	
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,		650

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 655  
 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, 660  
 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? 665  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do?  
 [*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

HOR.

It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

MAR.

Look with what courteous action 670  
 It waves you to a more removed ground:  
 But do not go with it!

HOR.

No, by no means.

HAM.

It will not speak; then will I follow it.

HOR.

Do not, my Lord 675

HAM.

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. 680

HOR.

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, 685  
 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. 690

HAM.

It waves me still.—  
 Go on; I'll follow thee.





'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
 Is by a forged process of my death  
 Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth, 750  
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
 Now wears his crown.

HAM.

O my prophetic soul!  
 Mine uncle!

GHOST

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, 755  
 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 785  
 All my smooth body.  
 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? 805  
 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! 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

HOR.

[*Within.*] My lord, my lord,—

MAR.

[*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

HOR.

[*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

HAM.

So be it!

MAR.

[*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord! 830

HAM.

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.  
 [*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*]

MAR.

How is't, my noble lord?

HOR.

What news, my lord?

HAM.

O, wonderful!

Good my lord, tell it.	HOR.	835
No; you'll reveal it.	HAM.	
Not I, my lord, by heaven.	HOR.	
Nor I, my Lord	MAR.	
How say you then; would heart of man once think it?— But you'll be secret?	HAM.	840
Ay, by heaven, my Lord	HOR. AND MAR.	
There's néer a villain dwelling in all Denmark But he's an arrant knave.	HAM.	
There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave To tell us this.	HOR.	845
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.	HAM.	850
These are but wild and whirling words, my Lord	HOR.	
I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, faith, heartily.	HAM.	855
There's no offence, my Lord	HOR.	
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.	HAM.	860
What is't, my lord? we will.	HOR.	

Never make known what you have seen to-night.	HAM.	865
My lord, we will not.	HOR. AND MAR.	
Nay, but swear't.	HAM.	
In faith, My lord, not I.	HOR.	
Nor I, my lord, in faith.	MAR.	870
Upon my sword.	HAM.	
We have sworn, my lord, already.	MAR.	
Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.	HAM.	
[ <i>Beneath.</i> ] Swear.	GHOST	
Ha, ha boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?— Come on!—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,— Consent to swear.	HAM.	875
Propose the oath, my Lord	HOR.	
Never to speak of this that you have seen, Swear by my sword.	HAM.	880
[ <i>Beneath.</i> ] Swear.	GHOST	
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.	HAM.	885
[ <i>Beneath.</i> ] Swear.	GHOST	
Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast? A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good friends.	HAM.	

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! 890

HAM.

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, 895  
 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; 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: 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?		925           930
	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: 960  
 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 965  
 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. 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; 980  
 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: 985  
 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? 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.

Well, my Lord	REY.	
Farewell! [Exit Reynaldo.] [Enter Ophelia.] How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?	POL.	
Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!	OPH.	1000
With what, i' the name of God?	POL.	
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; 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.	OPH.	1005
Mad for thy love?	POL.	1010
My lord, I do not know; But truly I do fear it.	OPH.	
What said he?	POL.	
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,— 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; For out o' doors he went without their help, And to the last bended their light on me.	OPH.	1015 1020 1025
Come, go with me: I will go seek the king This is the very ecstasy of love; Whose violent property fordoes itself, And leads the will to desperate undertakings,	POL.	1030

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.

No, my good lord; but, as you did command,  
I did repel his letters and denied  
His access to me.

1035

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,  
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:  
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move  
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.  
[*Exeunt.*]

1040

1045

*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  
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  
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  
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.

1050

1055

1060

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,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

1070

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.

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: 1095  
 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.

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  
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,  
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,  
So levied as before, against the Polack:  
With an entreaty, herein further shown,  
[*Gives a paper.*]

1115

1120

1125

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise,  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set down.

1130

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:  
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:  
Most welcome home!  
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

1135

POL.

This business is well ended.—  
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
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:  
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,  
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

1140

1145

QUEEN

More matter, with less art.

POL.

1150

Madam, I swear I use no art at all  
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;  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause:  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

1155

Perpend.

I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

1160

[*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;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.

1170

'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,  
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
All given to mine ear.

1180

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, 1205  
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
 And all we wail for.

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 1215  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
 Within the centre.

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. 1230  
 [*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]  
 [*Enter Hamlet, reading.*]  
 How does my good Lord Hamlet?

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?—

[*Aside.*]

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,  
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. 1260

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  
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. 1270

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.

[ <i>To Polonius.</i> ] God save you, sir! [ <i>Exit Polonius.</i> ]	ROS.	1280
My honoured lord!	GUIL.	
My most dear lord!	ROS.	
My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?	HAM.	
As the indifferent children of the earth.	ROS.	1285
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?	HAM.	1290
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?	HAM.	1295
Prison, my lord!	GUIL.	
Denmark's a prison.	HAM.	
Then is the world one.	ROS.	1300
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.

HAM.

Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow  
 for your mind.

ROS.

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.

HAM.

Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance  
 of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

GUIL.

1305

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.

HAM.

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?

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.

ROS.

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.

GUIL.

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, 1335  
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.
- 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 majestic  
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.  
[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

1405

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, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, 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.	
[ <i>Aside.</i> ] 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 that I love passing well.		1445
	HAM.	
Nay, that follows not.		
	POL.	
What follows, then, my lord?		
	HAM.	
Why— 'As by lot, God wot,' and then, you know, '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.		1450
[ <i>Enter four or five Players.</i> ] You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see 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 anything we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.		1455
		1460

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. 1470

I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to  
make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase 1470

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: 1475

'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:— 1475

The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,—

it is not so:— it begins with Pyrrhus:—

'The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms, 1480

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 1485

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 o'ersized with coagulate gore, 1490

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. 1495

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; 1500

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, 1505

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. 1510

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, 1515  
 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, 1535  
 About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,  
 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 1550  
 well bestowed? Do you hear? Let them be well used;  
 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 1565  
a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would  
set down and insert in't? could you not?
- 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. 1575  
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, 1580  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!  
For Hecuba?  
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do, 1585  
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, 1590  
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.  
 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?

He does confess he feels himself distracted, But from what cause he will by no means speak.	ROS.	
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.	GUIL.	1640
Did he receive you well?	QUEEN	
Most like a gentleman.	ROS.	
But with much forcing of his disposition.	GUIL.	1645
Niggard of question; but, of our demands, Most free in his reply.	ROS.	
Did you assay him To any pastime?	QUEEN	
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.	ROS.	1650  1655
'Tis most true; And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties To hear and see the matter.	POL.	
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.	KING	1660
We shall, my Lord [ <i>Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.</i> ]	ROS.	
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,—	KING	1665

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. 1670

QUEEN

I shall obey you:—  
 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish  
 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. 1675

OPH.

Madam, I wish it may.  
 [*Exit Queen*] 1680

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  
 And pious action we do sugar o'er  
 The Devil himself. 1685

KING

[*Aside.*]  
 O, 'tis too true!  
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!  
 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
 Than is my deed to my most painted word:  
 O heavy burden! 1690

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:—  
 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  
 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,  
 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,  
 1695  
 1700  
 1705



HAM.

That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

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.  
 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?

POL.

And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM.

Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

1870

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

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

1875

HOR.

O, my dear lord,—

HAM.

Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

1880

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

1885

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

Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those

1890

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

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

1895

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:

I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,

1900

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;  
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.

1905

HOR.

Well, my lord:  
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

1910

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

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

1915

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.

No, nor mine now. My lord, you play'd once i' the university,  
you say?  
[*To Polonius.*]

1920

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.

It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.  
—Be the players ready?

1925

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.

O, ho! do you mark that? [ <i>To the King</i> ]	POL.	1930
Lady, shall I lie in your lap? [ <i>Lying down at Ophelia's feet.</i> ]	HAM.	
No, my Lord	OPH.	
I mean, my head upon your lap?	HAM.	
Ay, my Lord	OPH.	
Do you think I meant country matters?	HAM.	1935
I think nothing, my Lord	OPH.	
That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.	HAM.	
What is, my lord?	OPH.	
Nothing.	HAM.	
You are merry, my Lord	OPH.	1940
Who, I?	HAM.	
Ay, my Lord	OPH.	
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.	HAM.	1945
Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord	OPH.	
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!'	HAM.	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 wooes 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

1975

- 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.  
 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:  
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree; 2005  
 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.  
 This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange 2015  
 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? Tropicallly. 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 gall'd jade wince; our withers are unwrung. [Enter Lucianus.] This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King		2055
	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! [ <i>Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.</i> ]		
	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! [ <i>Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.</i> ]		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?		

Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.	GUIL.	2110
With drink, sir?	HAM.	
No, my lord; rather with choler.	GUIL.	
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.	HAM.	2115
Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.	GUIL.	
I am tame, sir:—pronounce.	HAM.	
The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.	GUIL.	2120
You are welcome.	HAM.	
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.	GUIL.	2125
Sir, I cannot.	HAM.	
What, my lord?	GUIL.	
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,—	HAM.	2130
Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.	ROS.	
O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother! —But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?	HAM.	2135
She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.	ROS.	

Hamlet

HAM.

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.  
Have you any further trade with us?

ROS.

My lord, you once did love me.

2140

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.

Sir, I lack advancement.

2145

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.  
[*Re-enter the Players, with recorders.*]  
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.

My lord, I cannot.

2155

HAM.

I pray you.

GUIL.

Believe me, I cannot.

HAM.

I do beseech you.

GUIL.

I know, no touch of it, my Lord

HAM.

'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.

2160

	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, 2220  
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
 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: 2230

Behind the arras I'll convey myself  
 To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:  
 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  
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy 2250  
 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  
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offence? 2260  
 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  
To heaven. 2280  
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:  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. 2300  
[*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.

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.	QUEEN	
Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.	HAM.	
Why, how now, Hamlet!	QUEEN	
What's the matter now?	HAM.	2315
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.	QUEEN	2320
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.	HAM.	
What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?— Help, help, ho!	QUEEN	2325
[ <i>Behind.</i> ] What, ho! help, help, help!	POL.	
How now? A rat? [ <i>Draws.</i> ] Dead for a ducat, dead! [ <i>Makes a pass through the arras.</i> ]	HAM.	
[ <i>Behind.</i> ] O, I am slain! [ <i>Falls and dies.</i> ]	POL.	
O me, what hast thou done?	QUEEN	2330
Nay, I know not: is it the king? [ <i>Draws forth Polonius.</i> ]	HAM.	
O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!	QUEEN	

HAM.

A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king and marry with his brother.

QUEEN

As kill a king!

2335

HAM.

Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—  
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
[*To Polonius.*]  
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.

2340

QUEEN

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

2345

HAM.

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.

2350

2355

QUEEN

Ah me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

2360

HAM.

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,

2365

2370



HAM.  
 Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
 The important acting of your dread command?  
 O, say! 2420

GHOST  
 Do not forget. This visitation  
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
 But, look, amazement on thy mother sits: 2425  
 O, step between her and her fighting soul,—  
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—  
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

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, 2430  
 Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,  
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
 Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?

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; 2440  
 Lest with this piteous action you convert  
 My stern effects: then what I have to do  
 Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

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

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath, 2515  
 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 engineer 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?

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  
 Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit  
 Behind the arras hearing something stir, 2545  
 Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'  
 And in this brainish apprehension, kills  
 The unseen good old man.

KING  
 O heavy deed!  
 It had been so with us, had we been there: 2550  
 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  
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt 2555  
 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  
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone? 2560

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.

ROS.

My lord, you must tell us where the body is

2605

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.

Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.  
[*Exeunt.*]

2610

*Scene III—Another room in the Castle*

[*Enter King, attended.*]

KING

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  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,  
Or not at all

2615

[*Enter Rosencrantz.*]

How now! what hath befall'n?

2620

ROS.

Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
We cannot get from him.

KING

But where is he?

2625

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.

At supper.

2630

KING

At supper! Where?

HAM.

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.

2635

KING

Alas, alas!

HAM.

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat  
 of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

2640

KING

What dost thou mean by this?

HAM.

Nothing but to show you how a king may go  
 a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING

Where is Polonius?

2645

HAM.

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.

2650

KING

Go seek him there.  
 [*To some Attendants.*]

HAM.

He will stay till you come.  
 [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

KING

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.

2655

HAM.

For England!

2660

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

FOR.

Go softly on.  
[*Exeunt all For. and Forces.*]  
[*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.*]

HAM.

Good sir, whose powers are these?

CAPT.

They are of Norway, sir.

HAM.

How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

2695

CAPT.

Against some part of Poland.

HAM.

Who commands them, sir?

CAPT.

The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAM.

Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

2700

CAPT.

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.

2705

HAM.

Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

CAPT.

Yes, it is already garrison'd.

HAM.

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.

2710

CAPT.

God b' wi' you, sir.  
[Exit.]

ROS.

Will't please you go, my lord?

2715

HAM.

I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[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 beauteous 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!

OPH.

[*Sings.*]  
 Larded all with sweet flowers;  
 Which bewept to the grave did go 2790  
 With true-love showers.

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.

2800

Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber door,  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

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.

2810

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

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  
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions! First, her father slain:

2825

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'erbears 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!  
 [*A noise within.*]

KING

The doors are broke.  
 [*Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.*]

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. [ <i>They retire without the door.</i> ]		
	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

Hamlet

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.

[*Within*]  
Let her come in.

LAER.

How now! What noise is that?  
[*Re-enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.*]  
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.

[*Sings.*]  
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,  
remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

2935

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  
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,—

2940

[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  
 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  
 them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou  
 knowest thine, HAMLET? 3000

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. 3005

[*Exeunt.*] 3010

*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 3040  
 For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

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.

Ay, my lord; 3075  
 So you will not oërrule me to a peace.

	KING	
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.		3080
	LAER.	3085
My lord, I will be rul'd; The rather if you could devise it so That I might be the organ.		
	KING	
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.		3090
	LAER.	3095
What part is that, my lord?		
	KING	
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.	3100	
	LAER.	3105
A Norman was't?		3110
	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 3120  
 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 3125  
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
 Now, out of this,—

LAER.

What out of this, my lord?

KING

Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, 3130  
 A face without a heart?

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, 3135  
 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, 3140  
 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, 3145  
 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?

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 cunning,—  
 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 crowflowers, 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;  
 When down her weedy trophies and herself 3200  
 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 3215  
 It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
 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;  
 How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
 Now fear I this will give it start again;  
 Therefore let's follow. 3220  
 [*Exeunt.*]



IMAGE 11.10: OPHELIA | Ophelia drowns, having committed suicide in grief.

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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 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.

3230

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 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.

3245

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: 3255  
could he dig without arms? I'll put another question  
to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose,  
confess thyself,—

2 CLOWN  
Go to.

1 CLOWN  
What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, 3260  
the shipwright, or the carpenter?

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 3265  
than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee.  
To't again, come.

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 quillets, 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.

What woman then?	HAM.	3340
For none neither.	1 CLOWN	
Who is to be buried in't?	HAM.	
One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.	1 CLOWN	
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?	HAM.	3345
Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.	1 CLOWN	3350
How long is that since?	HAM.	
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.	1 CLOWN	
Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?	HAM.	3355
Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.	1 CLOWN	
Why?	HAM.	
'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.	1 CLOWN	
How came he mad?	HAM.	3360
Very strangely, they say.	1 CLOWN	
How strangely?	HAM.	
Faith, e'en with losing his wits.	1 CLOWN	

Hamlet

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 corses now-a-days that will  
scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some  
eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

3370

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.  
Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain in the earth  
three-and-twenty years.

3375

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  
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

3390

merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?  
 Not one now, to mock your own grinning?  
 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.

3395

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  
 not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till  
 he find it stopping a bung-hole?

3405

HOR.

'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

HAM.

No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with  
 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?

3410

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

3415

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  
 For do it own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

LAER.

What ceremony else?

3425

HAM.

That is Laertes,  
 A very noble youth: mark.

Hamlet

LAER.

What ceremony else?

1 PRIEST

Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd  
As we have warranties: her death was doubtful; 3430  
And, but that great command o'ersways 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, 3435  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

LAER.

Must there no more be done?

1 PRIEST

No more be done;  
We should profane the service of the dead 3440  
To sing a requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted souls.

LAER.

Lay her i' the earth;—  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest, 3445  
A ministering angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest howling.

HAM.

What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN

Sweets to the sweet: farewell.  
[*Scattering flowers.*]  
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife; 3450  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAER.

O, treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense 3455  
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:  
[*Leaps into the grave.*]  
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head 3460  
Of blue Olympus.

HAM.

[*Advancing.*]  
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, Hamlet the Dane. <i>[Leaps into the grave.]</i>		3465
	LAER.	
The devil take thy soul! <i>[Grappling with him.]</i>		
	HAM.	
Thou pray'st not well. I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat; For, though I am not splenetic and rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous, Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy hand!		3470
	KING	
Pluck them asunder.		
	QUEEN	
Hamlet! Hamlet!		
	ALL	
Gentlemen!—		3475
	HOR.	
Good my lord, be quiet. <i>[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]</i>		
	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 Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?		3480
	KING	
O, he is mad, Laertes.		
	QUEEN	
For love of God, forbear him!		
	HAM.	
'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do: 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: And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us, till our ground, Singeing his pate against the burning zone,		3485
		3490

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,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark 3525

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 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,— That, on the supervise, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off.	3530
	HOR.
Is't possible?	
	HAM.
Here's the commission: read it at more leisure. But wilt thou bear me how I did proceed?	3540
	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; 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 The effect of what I wrote?	3545  3550
	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; 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, He should the bearers put to sudden death, Not shriving-time allow'd.	3555  3560
	HOR.
How was this seal'd?	
	HAM.
Why, even in that was heaven ordinant. I had my father's signet in my purse, Which was the model of that Danish seal:	3565

Folded the writ up in the form of the other;  
 Subscrib'd it: gave'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 damn'd 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 Osric.*]

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, 'tis 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  
bade me signify to you that he has laid a great  
wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,— 3615
- 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

3670

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. 3690  
 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 3695  
 opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the  
 bubbles are out.  
 [*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 3700  
 pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

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.

LORD 3705  
 The King and Queen and all are coming down.

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. 3710  
 You will lose this wager, my Lord

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. 3715  
 Nay, good my lord,—

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. 3720  
 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;  
 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 3725  
 Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.  
 [*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*]

HAM. 3730  
 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.  
 What I have done 3730  
 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,  
 And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes, 3735  
 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.  
 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. 3745  
 I am satisfied in nature,  
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
 To my revenge. But in my terms of honour  
 I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation  
 Till by some elder masters of known honour  
 I have a voice and precedent of peace 3750  
 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. 3755  
 I embrace it freely;  
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.—  
 Give us the foils; come on.

LAER.  
 Come, one for me.

HAM. 3760  
 I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance  
 Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,  
 Stick fiery off indeed.



Judgment!	HAM	
A hit, a very palpable hit.	OSR.	3790
Well;—again.	LAER.	
Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine; Here's to thy health.— [ <i>Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.</i> ] Give him the cup.	KING	
I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.— Come.—Another hit; what say you? [ <i>They play.</i> ]	HAM.	3795
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: The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.	QUEEN	3800
Good madam!	HAM.	
Gertrude, do not drink.	KING	
I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.	QUEEN	
[ <i>Aside.</i> ] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.	KING	3805
I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.	HAM.	
Come, let me wipe thy face.	QUEEN	
My lord, I'll hit him now.	LAER.	
I do not think't.	KING	



**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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LAER.

[*Aside.*]  
And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience. 3810

HAM.

Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;  
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. 3830
- 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 envenom'd: the foul practice  
 Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie, 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.

O, I die, Horatio; 3875  
 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, 3880  
 Which have solicited.—the rest is silence.  
 [*Dies.*]

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.

Where is this sight? 3885

HOR.

What is it you will see?  
 If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORT.

This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death,  
 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
 That thou so many princes at a shot 3890  
 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 3895  
 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:  
 Where should we have our thanks?

HOR.

Not from his mouth,  
 Had it the ability of life to thank you:  
 He never gave commandment for their death. 3900  
 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 3905  
 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 3910  
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I  
 Truly deliver.
- FORT.
- Let us haste to hear it,  
 And call the noblest to the audience.  
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune: 3915  
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,  
 Which now, to claim my vantage doth invite me.
- 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, 3920  
 Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mischance  
 On plots and errors happen.
- FORT.
- Let four captains  
 Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;  
 For he was likely, had he been put on, 3925  
 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. 3930  
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*]  
 [*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after the which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

## 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 Kyounghee 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.

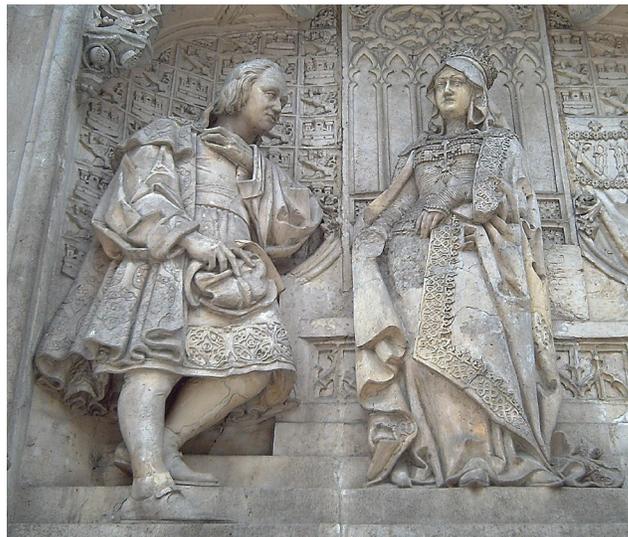
BECAUSE, O most Christian, and very high, very excellent, and puissant Princes, King and Queen of the Spains and of the islands of the Sea, our Lords, in this present year of 1492, after your Highnesses had given an end to the war with the Moors who reigned in Europe, and had finished it in the very 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 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.



**IMAGE 11.12: MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS** | Statues of Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella in Madrid.

**Author:** Luis García

**Source:** Wikimedia Commons

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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

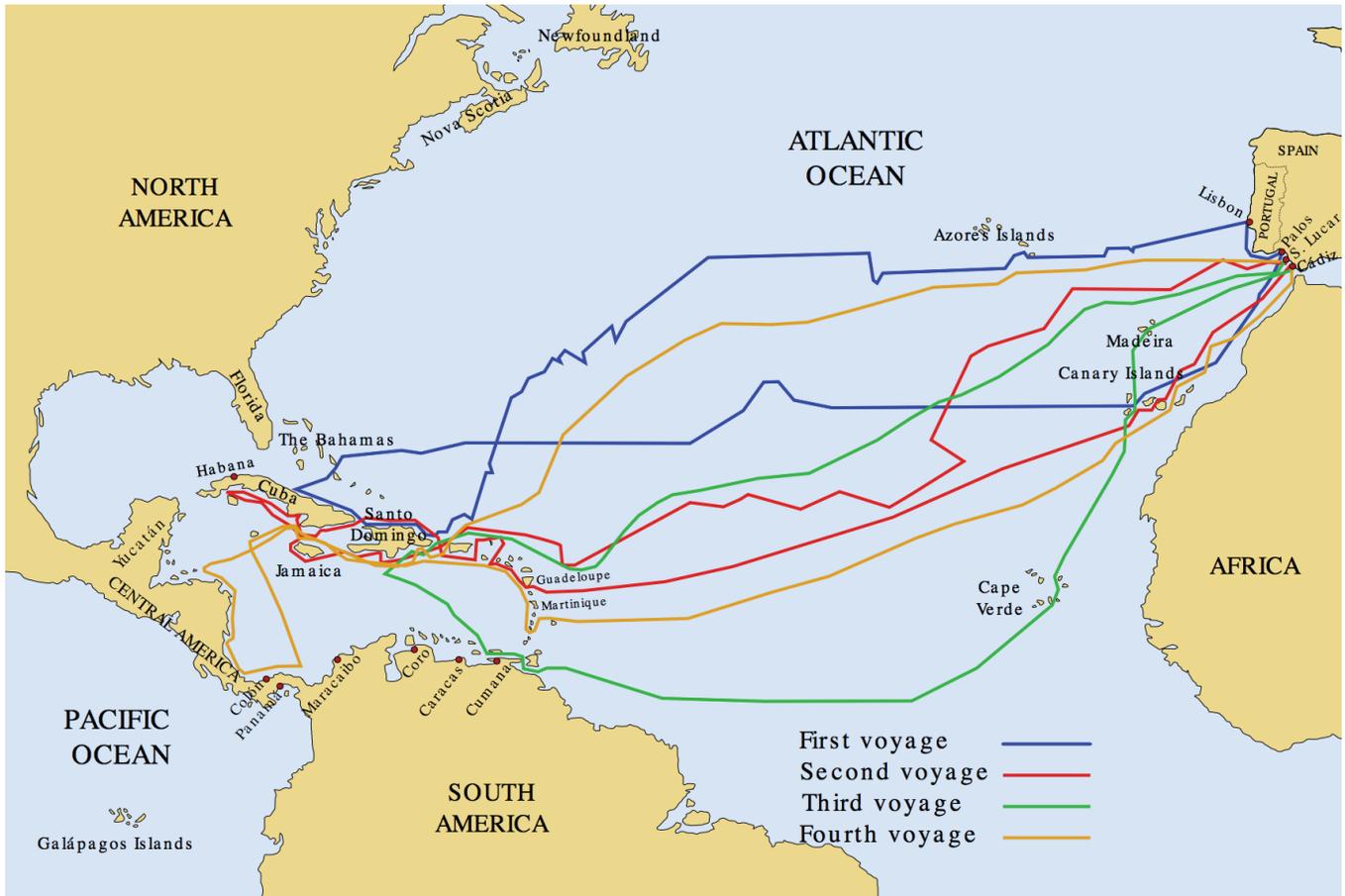
They shaped a course W.N.W. more or less, her head turning from one to the other point, and made 30 leagues. Scarcely any weed was seen. They saw some sandpipers and another bird. Here the Admiral says: "This contrary wind was very necessary for me, because my people were much excited at the thought 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 VV. 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 fore-castle, 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, Guanahani. 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 towards 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 Samaot, 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 Feroso, 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 chestnuts; 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 got under weigh before sunrise, in a calm. In the afternoon there was some wind from the east, and he 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 east, 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 In-

dian 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 cast, 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 scarped 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 Martinino, 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, Martinino, 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 increased 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 for-

bade, 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 suited for all profit and commerce, to which I have given the name of the Nativity of our Lord; and there I ordered a fort of 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



**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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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 Kyounghye Kwon*

### SELECTIONS FROM THE PRINCE

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Niccolo Machiavelli, translated by W. K. Marriott

#### INTRODUCTION

Niccolo Machiavelli was born at Florence on 3rd May 1469. He was the second son of Bernardo di Nicolo Machiavelli, a lawyer of some repute, and of Bartolommea di Stefano Nelli, his wife. Both parents were members of the old Florentine nobility.

His life falls naturally into three periods, each of which singularly enough constitutes a distinct and important era in the history of Florence. His youth was concurrent with the greatness of Florence as an Italian power under the guidance of Lorenzo de' Medici, Il Magnifico. The downfall of the Medici in Florence occurred in 1494, in which year Machiavelli entered the public service. During his official career Florence was free under the government of a Republic, which lasted until 1512, when the Medici returned to power, and Machiavelli lost his office. The Medici again ruled Florence from 1512 until 1527, when they were once more driven out. This was the period of Machiavelli's literary activity and increasing influence; but he died, within a few weeks of the expulsion of the Medici, on 22nd June 1527, in his fifty-eighth year, without having regained office.

W. K. Marriott

#### DEDICATION

To the Magnificent Lorenzo Di Piero De' Medici:

Those who strive to obtain the good graces of a prince are accustomed to come before him with such things as they hold most precious, or in which they see him take most delight; whence one sees horses, arms, cloth of gold, precious stones, and similar ornaments presented to princes, worthy of their greatness.

Desiring therefore to present myself to your Magnificence with some testimony of my devotion towards you, I have not found among my possessions anything which I hold more dear than, or value so much as, the knowledge of the actions of great men, acquired by long experience in contemporary affairs, and a continual study of antiquity; which, having reflected upon it with great and prolonged diligence, I now send, digested into a little volume, to your Magnificence.



IMAGE 11.15: MACHIAVELLI PRINCIPE COVER PAGE | The cover of Machiavelli's *The Prince*.

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And although I may consider this work unworthy of your countenance, nevertheless I trust much to your benignity that it may be acceptable, seeing that it is not possible for me to make a better gift than to offer you the opportunity of understanding in the shortest time all that I have learnt in so many years, and

with so many troubles and dangers; which work I have not embellished with swelling or magnificent words, nor stuffed with rounded periods, nor with any extrinsic allurements or adornments whatever, with which so many are accustomed to embellish their works; for I have wished either that no honour should be given it, or else that the truth of the matter and the weightiness of the theme shall make it acceptable.

Nor do I hold with those who regard it as a presumption if a man of low and humble condition dare to discuss and settle the concerns of princes; because, just as those who draw landscapes place themselves below in the plain to contemplate the nature of the mountains and of lofty places, and in order to contemplate the plains place themselves upon high mountains, even so to understand the nature of the people it needs to be a prince, and to understand that of princes it needs to be of the people.

Take then, your Magnificence, this little gift in the spirit in which I send it; wherein, if it be diligently read and considered by you, you will learn my extreme desire that you should attain that greatness which fortune and your other attributes promise. And if your Magnificence from the summit of your greatness will sometimes turn your eyes to these lower regions, you will see how unmeritedly I suffer a great and continued malignity of fortune.

## CHAPTER X

### *CONCERNING THE WAY IN WHICH THE STRENGTH OF ALL PRINCIPALITIES OUGHT TO BE MEASURED*

It is necessary to consider another point in examining the character of these principalities: that is, whether a prince has such power that, in case of need, he can support himself with his own resources, or whether he has always need of the assistance of others. And to make this quite clear I say that I consider those who are able to support themselves by their own resources who can, either by abundance of men or money, raise a sufficient army to join battle against any one who comes to attack them; and I consider those always to have need of others who cannot show themselves against the enemy in the field, but are forced to defend themselves by sheltering behind walls. The first case has been discussed, but we will speak of it again should it recur. In the second case one can say nothing except to encourage such princes to provision and fortify their towns, and not on any account to defend the country. And whoever shall fortify his town well, and shall have managed the other concerns of his subjects in the way stated above, and to be often repeated, will never be attacked without great caution, for men are always adverse to enterprises where difficulties can be seen, and it will be seen not to be an easy thing to attack one who has his town well fortified, and is not hated by his people.

The cities of Germany are absolutely free, they own but little country around them, and they yield obedience to the emperor when it suits them, nor do they fear this or any other power they may have near them, because they are fortified in such a way that every one thinks the taking of them by assault would be tedious and difficult, seeing they have proper ditches and walls, they have sufficient artillery, and they always keep in public depots enough for one year's eating, drinking, and firing. And beyond this, to keep the people quiet and without loss to the state, they always have the means of giving work to the community in those labours that are the life and strength of the city, and on the pursuit of which the people are supported; they also hold military exercises in repute, and moreover have many ordinances to uphold them.

Therefore, a prince who has a strong city, and had not made himself odious, will not be attacked, or if any one should attack he will only be driven off with disgrace; again, because that the affairs of this world are so changeable, it is almost impossible to keep an army a whole year in the field without being interfered with. And whoever should reply: If the people have property outside the city, and see it burnt, they will not remain patient, and the long siege and self-interest will make them forget their prince; to this I answer that a powerful and courageous prince will overcome all such difficulties by giving at one time hope to his subjects that the evil will not be for long, at another time fear of the cruelty of the enemy, then preserving himself adroitly from those subjects who seem to him to be too bold.

Further, the enemy would naturally on his arrival at once burn and ruin the country at the time when the spirits of the people are still hot and ready for the defence; and, therefore, so much the less ought the prince to hesitate; because after a time, when spirits have cooled, the damage is already done, the ills are incurred, and there is no longer any remedy; and therefore they are so much the more ready to unite with their prince, he appearing to be under obligations to them now that their houses have been burnt and their possessions ruined in his defence. For it is the nature of men to be bound by the benefits they confer as much as by those they receive. Therefore, if everything is well considered, it will not be difficult for a wise prince to keep the minds of his citizens steadfast from first to last, when he does not fail to support and defend them.

CHAPTER XI*CONCERNING ECCLESIASTICAL PRINCIPALITIES*

It only remains now to speak of ecclesiastical principalities, touching which all difficulties are prior to getting possession, because they are acquired either by capacity or good fortune, and they can be held without either; for they are sustained by the ancient ordinances of religion, which are so all-powerful, and of such a character that the principalities may be held no matter how their princes behave and live. These princes alone have states and do not defend them; and they have subjects and do not rule them; and the states, although unguarded, are not taken from them, and the subjects, although not ruled, do not care, and they have neither the desire nor the ability to alienate themselves. Such principalities only are secure and happy. But being upheld by powers, to which the human mind cannot reach, I shall speak no more of them, because, being exalted and maintained by God, it would be the act of a presumptuous and rash man to discuss them.

Nevertheless, if any one should ask of me how comes it that the Church has attained such greatness in temporal power, seeing that from Alexander backwards the Italian potentates (not only those who have been called potentates, but every baron and lord, though the smallest) have valued the temporal power very slightly—yet now a king of France trembles before it, and it has been able to drive him from Italy, and to ruin the Venetians— although this may be very manifest, it does not appear to me superfluous to recall it in some measure to memory.

Before Charles, King of France, passed into Italy<sup>37</sup>, this country was under the dominion of the Pope, the Venetians, the King of Naples, the Duke of Milan, and the Florentines. These potentates had two principal anxieties: the one, that no foreigner should enter Italy under arms; the other, that none of themselves should seize more territory. Those about whom there was the most anxiety were the Pope and the Venetians. To restrain the Venetians the union of all the others was necessary, as it was for the defence of Ferrara; and to keep down the Pope they made use of the barons of Rome, who, being divided into two factions, Orsini and Colonnese, had always a pretext for disorder, and, standing with arms in their hands under the eyes of the Pontiff, kept the pontificate weak and powerless. And although there might arise sometimes a courageous pope, such as Sixtus, yet neither fortune nor wisdom could rid him of these annoyances. And the short life of a pope is also a cause of weakness; for in the ten years, which is the average life of a pope, he can with difficulty lower one of the factions; and if, so to speak, one people should almost destroy the Colonnese, another would arise hostile to the Orsini, who would support their opponents, and yet would not have time to ruin the Orsini. This was the reason why the temporal powers of the pope were little esteemed in Italy.

Alexander the Sixth arose afterwards, who of all the pontiffs that have ever been showed how a pope with both money and arms was able to prevail; and through the instrumentality of the Duke Valentino, and by reason of the entry of the French, he brought about all those things which I have discussed above in the actions of the duke. And although his intention was not to aggrandize the Church, but the duke, nevertheless, what he did contributed to the greatness of the Church, which, after his death and the ruin of the duke, became the heir to all his labours.

Pope Julius came afterwards and found the Church strong, possessing all the Romagna, the barons of Rome reduced to impotence, and, through the chastisements of Alexander, the factions wiped out; he also found the way open to accumulate money in a manner such as had never been practised before Alexander's time. Such things Julius not only followed, but improved upon, and he intended to gain Bologna, to ruin the Venetians, and to drive the French out of Italy. All of these enterprises prospered with him, and so much the more to his credit, inasmuch as he did everything to strengthen the Church and not any private person. He kept also the Orsini and Colonnese factions within the bounds in which he found them; and although there was among them some mind to make disturbance, nevertheless he held two things firm: the one, the greatness of the Church, with which he terrified them; and the other, not allowing them to have their own cardinals, who caused the disorders among them. For whenever these factions have their cardinals they do not remain quiet for long, because cardinals foster the factions in Rome and out of it, and the barons are compelled to support them, and thus from the ambitions of prelates arise disorders and tumults among the barons. For these reasons his Holiness Pope Leo<sup>38</sup> found the pontificate most powerful, and it is to be hoped that, if others made it great in arms, he will make it still greater and more venerated by his goodness and infinite other virtues.

CHAPTER XIV*THAT WHICH CONCERNS A PRINCE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE ART OF WAR*

A prince ought to have no other aim or thought, nor select anything else for his study, than war and its rules and discipline; for this is the sole art that belongs to him who rules, and it is of such force that it not only upholds

37 Charles VIII invaded Italy in 1494.

38 Pope Leo X was the Cardinal de' Medici.

those who are born princes, but it often enables men to rise from a private station to that rank. And, on the contrary, it is seen that when princes have thought more of ease than of arms they have lost their states. And the first cause of your losing it is to neglect this art; and what enables you to acquire a state is to be master of the art. Francesco Sforza, through being martial, from a private person became Duke of Milan; and the sons, through avoiding the hardships and troubles of arms, from dukes became private persons. For among other evils which being unarmed brings you, it causes you to be despised, and this is one of those ignominies against which a prince ought to guard himself, as is shown later on. Because there is nothing proportionate between the armed and the unarmed; and it is not reasonable that he who is armed should yield obedience willingly to him who is unarmed, or that the unarmed man should be secure among armed servants. Because, there being in the one disdain and in the other suspicion, it is not possible for them to work well together. And therefore a prince who does not understand the art of war, over and above the other misfortunes already mentioned, cannot be respected by his soldiers, nor can he rely on them. He ought never, therefore, to have out of his thoughts this subject of war, and in peace he should addict himself more to its exercise than in war; this he can do in two ways, the one by action, the other by study.

As regards action, he ought above all things to keep his men well organized and drilled, to follow incessantly the chase, by which he accustoms his body to hardships, and learns something of the nature of localities, and gets to find out how the mountains rise, how the valleys open out, how the plains lie, and to understand the nature of rivers and marshes, and in all this to take the greatest care. Which knowledge is useful in two ways. Firstly, he learns to know his country, and is better able to undertake its defence; afterwards, by means of the knowledge and observation of that locality, he understands with ease any other which it may be necessary for him to study hereafter; because the hills, valleys, and plains, and rivers and marshes that are, for instance, in Tuscany, have a certain resemblance to those of other countries, so that with a knowledge of the aspect of one country one can easily arrive at a knowledge of others. And the prince that lacks this skill lacks the essential which it is desirable that a captain should possess, for it teaches him to surprise his enemy, to select quarters, to lead armies, to array the battle, to besiege towns to advantage.

Philopoemen,<sup>39</sup> Prince of the Achaeans, among other praises which writers have bestowed on him, is commended because in time of peace he never had anything in his mind but the rules of war; and when he was in the country with friends, he often stopped and reasoned with them: "If the enemy should be upon that hill, and we should find ourselves here with our army, with whom would be the advantage? How should one best advance to meet him, keeping the ranks? If we should wish to retreat, how ought we to pursue?" And he would set forth to them, as he went, all the chances that could befall an army; he would listen to their opinion and state his, confirming it with reasons, so that by these continual discussions there could never arise, in time of war, any unexpected circumstances that he could not deal with.

But to exercise the intellect the prince should read histories, and study there the actions of illustrious men, to see how they have borne themselves in war, to examine the causes of their victories and defeat, so as to avoid the latter and imitate the former; and above all do as an illustrious man did, who took as an exemplar one who had been praised and famous before him, and whose achievements and deeds he always kept in his mind, as it is said Alexander the Great imitated Achilles, Caesar Alexander, Scipio Cyrus. And whoever reads the life of Cyrus, written by Xenophon, will recognize afterwards in the life of Scipio how that imitation was his glory, and how in chastity, affability, humanity, and liberality Scipio conformed to those things which have been written of Cyrus by Xenophon. A wise prince ought to observe some such rules, and never in peaceful times stand idle, but increase his resources with industry in such a way that they may be available to him in adversity, so that if fortune chances it may find him prepared to resist her blows.

## 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

39 Philopoemen, "the last of the Greeks," born 252 B.C., died 183 B.C.

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.<sup>40</sup> 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:

“Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt  
Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.”<sup>41</sup>

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

<sup>40</sup> During the rioting between the Cancellieri and Panciatichi factions in 1502 and 1503.

<sup>41</sup> . . . against my will, my fate / A throne unsettled, and an infant state, / Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs, / And guard with these severities my shores. (trans. Christopher Pitt)

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 XVIII

### *CONCERNING THE WAY IN WHICH PRINCES SHOULD KEEP FAITH<sup>42</sup>*

Every one admits how praiseworthy it is in a prince to keep faith, and to live with integrity and not with craft. Nevertheless our experience has been that those princes who have done great things have held good faith of little account, and have known how to circumvent the intellect of men by craft, and in the end have overcome those who have relied on their word. You must know there are two ways of contesting,<sup>43</sup> the one by the law, the other by force; the first method is proper to men, the second to beasts; but because the first is frequently not sufficient, it is necessary to have recourse to the second. Therefore it is necessary for a prince to understand how to avail himself of the beast and the man. This has been figuratively taught to princes by ancient writers, who describe how Achilles and many other princes of old were given to the Centaur Chiron to nurse, who brought them up in his discipline; which means solely that, as they had for a teacher one who was half beast and half man, so it is necessary for a prince to know how to make use of both natures, and that one without the other is not durable. A prince, therefore, being compelled knowingly to adopt the beast, ought to choose the fox and the lion; because the lion cannot defend himself against snares and the fox cannot defend himself against wolves. Therefore, it is necessary to be a fox to discover the snares and a lion to terrify the wolves. Those who rely simply on the lion do not understand what they are about. Therefore a wise lord cannot, nor ought he to, keep faith when such observance may be turned against him, and when the reasons that caused him to pledge it exist no longer. If men were entirely good this precept would not hold, but because they are bad, and will not keep faith with you, you too are not bound to observe it with them. Nor will there ever be wanting to a prince legitimate reasons to excuse this non-observance. Of this endless modern examples could be given, showing how many treaties and engagements have been made void and of no effect through the faithlessness of princes; and he who has known best how to employ the fox has succeeded best.

But it is necessary to know well how to disguise this characteristic, and to be a great pretender and dissembler; and men are so simple, and so subject to present necessities, that he who seeks to deceive will always find someone who will allow himself to be deceived. One recent example I cannot pass over in silence. Alexander the Sixth did nothing else but deceive men, nor ever thought of doing otherwise, and he always found victims; for there never was a man who had greater power in asserting, or who with greater oaths would affirm a thing, yet would observe it less; nevertheless his deceits always succeeded according to his wishes,<sup>44</sup> because he well understood this side of mankind.

Therefore it is unnecessary for a prince to have all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is very necessary to appear to have them. And I shall dare to say this also, that to have them and always to observe them is injurious, and that to appear to have them is useful; to appear merciful, faithful, humane, religious, upright, and to be so, but with a mind so framed that should you require not to be so, you may be able and know how to change to the opposite.

And you have to understand this, that a prince, especially a new one, cannot observe all those things for which men are esteemed, being often forced, in order to maintain the state, to act contrary to fidelity,<sup>45</sup> friendship, human-

42 "The present chapter has given greater offence than any other portion of Machiavelli's writings." Burd, "Il Principe," p. 297.

43 "Contesting," i.e. "striving for mastery." Mr Burd points out that this passage is imitated directly from Cicero's "De Officiis": "Nam cum sint duo genera decertandi, unum per disceptationem, alterum per vim; cumque illud proprium sit hominis, hoc beluarum; confugiendum est ad posterius, si uti non licet superiore."

44 "Nondimanco sempre gli succederono gli inganni (ad votum)." The words "ad votum" are omitted in the Testina addition, 1550. Alexander never did what he said, / Cesare never said what he did. (Italian Proverb)

45 "Contrary to fidelity" or "faith," "contro alla fede," and "tutto fede," "altogether faithful," in the next paragraph. It is noteworthy that these two phrases, "contro alla fede" and "tutto fede," were omitted in the Testina edition, which was published with the sanction of the papal authorities. It may be that the meaning attached to the word "fede" was "the faith," i.e. the Catholic creed, and not as rendered here "fidelity" and "faithful." Observe that the word "religione" was suffered to stand in the text of the Testina, being used to signify indifferently every shade of belief, as witness "the religion," a phrase inevitably employed to designate the Huguenot heresy. South in his Sermon IX, p. 69, ed. 1843, comments on this passage as follows: "That great patron and Coryphaeus of this tribe, Nicolo Machiavel, laid down this for a master rule in

ity, and religion. Therefore it is necessary for him to have a mind ready to turn itself accordingly as the winds and variations of fortune force it, yet, as I have said above, not to diverge from the good if he can avoid doing so, but, if compelled, then to know how to set about it.

For this reason a prince ought to take care that he never lets anything slip from his lips that is not replete with the above-named five qualities, that he may appear to him who sees and hears him altogether merciful, faithful, humane, upright, and religious. There is nothing more necessary to appear to have than this last quality, inasmuch as men judge generally more by the eye than by the hand, because it belongs to everybody to see you, to few to come in touch with you. Every one sees what you appear to be, few really know what you are, and those few dare not oppose themselves to the opinion of the many, who have the majesty of the state to defend them; and in the actions of all men, and especially of princes, which it is not prudent to challenge, one judges by the result.

For that reason, let a prince have the credit of conquering and holding his state, the means will always be considered honest, and he will be praised by everybody; because the vulgar are always taken by what a thing seems to be and by what comes of it; and in the world there are only the vulgar, for the few find a place there only when the many have no ground to rest on.

One prince<sup>46</sup> of the present time, whom it is not well to name, never preaches anything else but peace and good faith, and to both he is most hostile, and either, if he had kept it, would have deprived him of reputation and kingdom many a time.

## CHAPTER XIX

### *THAT ONE SHOULD AVOID BEING DESPISED AND HATED*

Now, concerning the characteristics of which mention is made above, I have spoken of the more important ones, the others I wish to discuss briefly under this generality, that the prince must consider, as has been in part said before, how to avoid those things which will make him hated or contemptible; and as often as he shall have succeeded he will have fulfilled his part, and he need not fear any danger in other reproaches.

It makes him hated above all things, as I have said, to be rapacious, and to be a violator of the property and women of his subjects, from both of which he must abstain. And when neither their property nor their honor is touched, the majority of men live content, and he has only to contend with the ambition of a few, whom he can curb with ease in many ways.

It makes him contemptible to be considered fickle, frivolous, effeminate, mean-spirited, irresolute, from all of which a prince should guard himself as from a rock; and he should endeavour to show in his actions greatness, courage, gravity, and fortitude; and in his private dealings with his subjects let him show that his judgments are irrevocable, and maintain himself in such reputation that no one can hope either to deceive him or to get round him.

That prince is highly esteemed who conveys this impression of himself, and he who is highly esteemed is not easily conspired against; for, provided it is well known that he is an excellent man and revered by his people, he can only be attacked with difficulty. For this reason a prince ought to have two fears, one from within, on account of his subjects, the other from without, on account of external powers. From the latter he is defended by being well armed and having good allies, and if he is well armed he will have good friends, and affairs will always remain quiet within when they are quiet without, unless they should have been already disturbed by conspiracy; and even should affairs outside be disturbed, if he has carried out his preparations and has lived as I have said, as long as he does not despair, he will resist every attack, as I said Nabis the Spartan did.

But concerning his subjects, when affairs outside are disturbed he has only to fear that they will conspire secretly, from which a prince can easily secure himself by avoiding being hated and despised, and by keeping the people satisfied with him, which it is most necessary for him to accomplish, as I said above at length. And one of the most efficacious remedies that a prince can have against conspiracies is not to be hated and despised by the people, for he who conspires against a prince always expects to please them by his removal; but when the conspirator can only look forward to offending them, he will not have the courage to take such a course, for the difficulties that confront a conspirator are infinite. And as experience shows, many have been the conspiracies, but few have been successful; because he who conspires cannot act alone, nor can he take a companion except from those whom he believes to be malcontents, and as soon as you have opened your mind to a malcontent you have given him the material with which to content himself, for by denouncing you he can look for every advantage; so that, seeing the gain from this course to be assured, and seeing the other to be doubtful and full of dangers, he must be a very rare friend, or a thoroughly obstinate enemy of the prince, to keep faith with you.

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his political scheme: "That the show of religion was helpful to the politician, but the reality of it hurtful and pernicious."

46 Ferdinand of Aragon. "When Machiavelli was writing 'The Prince' it would have been clearly impossible to mention Ferdinand's name here without giving offence." Burd's "Il Principe," p. 308.

And, to reduce the matter into a small compass, I say that, on the side of the conspirator, there is nothing but fear, jealousy, prospect of punishment to terrify him; but on the side of the prince there is the majesty of the principality, the laws, the protection of friends and the state to defend him; so that, adding to all these things the popular goodwill, it is impossible that any one should be so rash as to conspire. For whereas in general the conspirator has to fear before the execution of his plot, in this case he has also to fear the sequel to the crime; because on account of it he has the people for an enemy, and thus cannot hope for any escape.

Endless examples could be given on this subject, but I will be content with one, brought to pass within the memory of our fathers. Messer Annibale Bentivogli, who was prince in Bologna (grandfather of the present Annibale), having been murdered by the Canneschi, who had conspired against him, not one of his family survived but Messer Giovanni,<sup>47</sup> who was in childhood: immediately after his assassination the people rose and murdered all the Canneschi. This sprung from the popular goodwill which the house of Bentivogli enjoyed in those days in Bologna; which was so great that, although none remained there after the death of Annibale who was able to rule the state, the Bolognese, having information that there was one of the Bentivogli family in Florence, who up to that time had been considered the son of a blacksmith, sent to Florence for him and gave him the government of their city, and it was ruled by him until Messer Giovanni came in due course to the government.

For this reason I consider that a prince ought to reckon conspiracies of little account when his people hold him in esteem; but when it is hostile to him, and bears hatred towards him, he ought to fear everything and everybody. And well-ordered states and wise princes have taken every care not to drive the nobles to desperation, and to keep the people satisfied and contented, for this is one of the most important objects a prince can have.

Among the best ordered and governed kingdoms of our times is France, and in it are found many good institutions on which depend the liberty and security of the king; of these the first is the parliament and its authority, because he who founded the kingdom, knowing the ambition of the nobility and their boldness, considered that a bit to their mouths would be necessary to hold them in; and, on the other side, knowing the hatred of the people, founded in fear, against the nobles, he wished to protect them, yet he was not anxious for this to be the particular care of the king; therefore, to take away the reproach which he would be liable to from the nobles for favouring the people, and from the people for favouring the nobles, he set up an arbiter, who should be one who could beat down the great and favour the lesser without reproach to the king. Neither could you have a better or a more prudent arrangement, or a greater source of security to the king and kingdom. From this one can draw another important conclusion, that princes ought to leave affairs of reproach to the management of others, and keep those of grace in their own hands. And further, I consider that a prince ought to cherish the nobles, but not so as to make himself hated by the people.

It may appear, perhaps, to some who have examined the lives and deaths of the Roman emperors that many of them would be an example contrary to my opinion, seeing that some of them lived nobly and showed great qualities of soul, nevertheless they have lost their empire or have been killed by subjects who have conspired against them. Wishing, therefore, to answer these objections, I will recall the characters of some of the emperors, and will show that the causes of their ruin were not different to those alleged by me; at the same time I will only submit for consideration those things that are noteworthy to him who studies the affairs of those times.

It seems to me sufficient to take all those emperors who succeeded to the empire from Marcus the philosopher down to Maximinus; they were Marcus and his son Commodus, Pertinax, Julian, Severus and his son Antoninus Caracalla, Macrinus, Heliogabalus, Alexander, and Maximinus.

There is first to note that, whereas in other principalities the ambition of the nobles and the insolence of the people only have to be contended with, the Roman emperors had a third difficulty in having to put up with the cruelty and avarice of their soldiers, a matter so beset with difficulties that it was the ruin of many; for it was a hard thing to give satisfaction both to soldiers and people; because the people loved peace, and for this reason they loved the un-ambitious prince, whilst the soldiers loved the warlike prince who was bold, cruel, and rapacious, which qualities they were quite willing he should exercise upon the people, so that they could get double pay and give vent to their own greed and cruelty. Hence it arose that those emperors were always overthrown who, either by birth or training, had no great authority, and most of them, especially those who came new to the principality, recognizing the difficulty of these two opposing humours, were inclined to give satisfaction to the soldiers, caring little about injuring the people. Which course was necessary, because, as princes cannot help being hated by someone, they ought, in the first place, to avoid being hated by every one, and when they cannot compass this, they ought to endeavour with the utmost diligence to avoid the hatred of the most powerful. Therefore, those emperors who through inexperience had need of special favour adhered more readily to the soldiers than to the people; a course which turned out advantageous to them or not, accordingly as the prince knew how to maintain authority over them.

<sup>47</sup> Giovanni Bentivogli, born in Bologna 1438, died at Milan 1508. He ruled Bologna from 1462 to 1506. Machiavelli's strong condemnation of conspiracies may get its edge from his own very recent experience (February 1513), when he had been arrested and tortured for his alleged complicity in the Boscoli conspiracy.

From these causes it arose that Marcus, Pertinax, and Alexander, being all men of modest life, lovers of justice, enemies to cruelty, humane, and benignant, came to a sad end except Marcus; he alone lived and died honoured, because he had succeeded to the throne by hereditary title, and owed nothing either to the soldiers or the people; and afterwards, being possessed of many virtues which made him respected, he always kept both orders in their places whilst he lived, and was neither hated nor despised.

But Pertinax was created emperor against the wishes of the soldiers, who, being accustomed to live licentiously under Commodus, could not endure the honest life to which Pertinax wished to reduce them; thus, having given cause for hatred, to which hatred there was added contempt for his old age, he was overthrown at the very beginning of his administration. And here it should be noted that hatred is acquired as much by good works as by bad ones, therefore, as I said before, a prince wishing to keep his state is very often forced to do evil; for when that body is corrupt whom you think you have need of to maintain yourself—it may be either the people or the soldiers or the nobles—you have to submit to its humours and to gratify them, and then good works will do you harm.

But let us come to Alexander, who was a man of such great goodness, that among the other praises which are accorded him is this, that in the fourteen years he held the empire no one was ever put to death by him unjudged; nevertheless, being considered effeminate and a man who allowed himself to be governed by his mother, he became despised, the army conspired against him, and murdered him.

Turning now to the opposite characters of Commodus, Severus, Antoninus Caracalla, and Maximinus, you will find them all cruel and rapacious—men who, to satisfy their soldiers, did not hesitate to commit every kind of iniquity against the people; and all, except Severus, came to a bad end; but in Severus there was so much valour that, keeping the soldiers friendly, although the people were oppressed by him, he reigned successfully; for his valour made him so much admired in the sight of the soldiers and people that the latter were kept in a way astonished and awed and the former respectful and satisfied. And because the actions of this man, as a new prince, were great, I wish to show briefly that he knew well how to counterfeit the fox and the lion, which natures, as I said above, it is necessary for a prince to imitate.

Knowing the sloth of the Emperor Julian, he persuaded the army in Sclavonia, of which he was captain, that it would be right to go to Rome and avenge the death of Pertinax, who had been killed by the praetorian soldiers; and under this pretext, without appearing to aspire to the throne, he moved the army on Rome, and reached Italy before it was known that he had started. On his arrival at Rome, the Senate, through fear, elected him emperor and killed Julian. After this there remained for Severus, who wished to make himself master of the whole empire, two difficulties; one in Asia, where Niger, head of the Asiatic army, had caused himself to be proclaimed emperor; the other in the west where Albinus was, who also aspired to the throne. And as he considered it dangerous to declare himself hostile to both, he decided to attack Niger and to deceive Albinus. To the latter he wrote that, being elected emperor by the Senate, he was willing to share that dignity with him and sent him the title of Caesar; and, moreover, that the Senate had made Albinus his colleague; which things were accepted by Albinus as true.

But after Severus had conquered and killed Niger, and settled oriental affairs, he returned to Rome and complained to the Senate that Albinus, little recognizing the benefits that he had received from him, had by treachery sought to murder him, and for this ingratitude he was compelled to punish him. Afterwards he sought him out in France, and took from him his government and life. He who will, therefore, carefully examine the actions of this man will find him a most valiant lion and a most cunning fox; he will find him feared and respected by every one, and not hated by the army; and it need not be wondered at that he, a new man, was able to hold the empire so well, because his supreme renown always protected him from that hatred which the people might have conceived against him for his violence.

But his son Antoninus was a most eminent man, and had very excellent qualities, which made him admirable in the sight of the people and acceptable to the soldiers, for he was a warlike man, most enduring of fatigue, a despiser of all delicate food and other luxuries, which caused him to be beloved by the armies. Nevertheless, his ferocity and cruelties were so great and so unheard of that, after endless single murders, he killed a large number of the people of Rome and all those of Alexandria. He became hated by the whole world, and also feared by those he had around him, to such an extent that he was murdered in the midst of his army by a centurion. And here it must be noted that such-like deaths, which are deliberately inflicted with a resolved and desperate courage, cannot be avoided by princes, because any one who does not fear to die can inflict them; but a prince may fear them the less because they are very rare; he has only to be careful not to do any grave injury to those whom he employs or has around him in the service of the state. Antoninus had not taken this care, but had contumeliously killed a brother of that centurion, whom also he daily threatened, yet retained in his bodyguard; which, as it turned out, was a rash thing to do, and proved the emperor's ruin.

But let us come to Commodus, to whom it should have been very easy to hold the empire, for, being the son of Marcus, he had inherited it, and he had only to follow in the footsteps of his father to please his people and soldiers; but, being by nature cruel and brutal, he gave himself up to amusing the soldiers and corrupting them, so that he

might indulge his rapacity upon the people; on the other hand, not maintaining his dignity, often descending to the theatre to compete with gladiators, and doing other vile things, little worthy of the imperial majesty, he fell into contempt with the soldiers, and being hated by one party and despised by the other, he was conspired against and was killed.

It remains to discuss the character of Maximinus. He was a very warlike man, and the armies, being disgusted with the effeminacy of Alexander, of whom I have already spoken, killed him and elected Maximinus to the throne. This he did not possess for long, for two things made him hated and despised; the one, his having kept sheep in Thrace, which brought him into contempt (it being well known to all, and considered a great indignity by every one), and the other, his having at the accession to his dominions deferred going to Rome and taking possession of the imperial seat; he had also gained a reputation for the utmost ferocity by having, through his prefects in Rome and elsewhere in the empire, practised many cruelties, so that the whole world was moved to anger at the meanness of his birth and to fear at his barbarity. First Africa rebelled, then the Senate with all the people of Rome, and all Italy conspired against him, to which may be added his own army; this latter, besieging Aquileia and meeting with difficulties in taking it, were disgusted with his cruelties, and fearing him less when they found so many against him, murdered him.

I do not wish to discuss Heliogabalus, Macrinus, or Julian, who, being thoroughly contemptible, were quickly wiped out; but I will bring this discourse to a conclusion by saying that princes in our times have this difficulty of giving inordinate satisfaction to their soldiers in a far less degree, because, notwithstanding one has to give them some indulgence, that is soon done; none of these princes have armies that are veterans in the governance and administration of provinces, as were the armies of the Roman Empire; and whereas it was then more necessary to give satisfaction to the soldiers than to the people, it is now more necessary to all princes, except the Turk and the Soldan, to satisfy the people rather the soldiers, because the people are the more powerful.

From the above I have excepted the Turk, who always keeps round him twelve thousand infantry and fifteen thousand cavalry on which depend the security and strength of the kingdom, and it is necessary that, putting aside every consideration for the people, he should keep them his friends. The kingdom of the Soldan is similar; being entirely in the hands of soldiers, it follows again that, without regard to the people, he must keep them his friends. But you must note that the state of the Soldan is unlike all other principalities, for the reason that it is like the Christian pontificate, which cannot be called either an hereditary or a newly formed principality; because the sons of the old prince are not the heirs, but he who is elected to that position by those who have authority, and the sons remain only noblemen. And this being an ancient custom, it cannot be called a new principality, because there are none of those difficulties in it that are met with in new ones; for although the prince is new, the constitution of the state is old, and it is framed so as to receive him as if he were its hereditary lord.

But returning to the subject of our discourse, I say that whoever will consider it will acknowledge that either hatred or contempt has been fatal to the above-named emperors, and it will be recognized also how it happened that, a number of them acting in one way and a number in another, only one in each way came to a happy end and the rest to unhappy ones. Because it would have been useless and dangerous for Pertinax and Alexander, being new princes, to imitate Marcus, who was heir to the principality; and likewise it would have been utterly destructive to Caracalla, Commodus, and Maximinus to have imitated Severus, they not having sufficient valour to enable them to tread in his footsteps. Therefore a prince, new to the principality, cannot imitate the actions of Marcus, nor, again, is it necessary to follow those of Severus, but he ought to take from Severus those parts which are necessary to found his state, and from Marcus those which are proper and glorious to keep a state that may already be stable and firm.

## 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.

## 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 Alonso 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  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
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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]

Boatswain! MAST. 1

Here, master: what cheer? BOATS.

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run  
ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.]  
[Enter Mariners.] MAST.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare!  
Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.  
Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!  
[Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.] BOATS. 5

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?  
Play the men. ALON.

I pray now, keep below. BOATS. 10

Where is the master, boatswain? ANT.

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep  
your cabins: you do assist the storm. BOATS.

Nay, good, be patient. GON.

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for  
the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not. BOATS. 15

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. GON.

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.] BOATS. 20

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks GON. 25

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.*] 30  
[*Re-enter Boatswain.*]

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? 35  
Have you a mind to sink?

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 unstanched 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, 55

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!”

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.*]

MIR.

If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin’s cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer’d  
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,  
 Dash’d all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
 Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish’d!  
 Had I been any god of power, I would  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere  
 It should the good ship so have swallow’d and  
 The fraughting souls within her.

65

70

75

PROS.

Be collected:  
 No more amazement: tell your piteous heart  
 There’s no harm done.

80

MIR.

O, woe the day!

PROS.

No harm.  
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who  
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
 And thy no greater father.

85

MIR.

More to know  
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

90

PROS.

'Tis time  
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
 And pluck my magic garment from me.—So: [*Lays down his mantle.*]  
 Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.  
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd 95  
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
 I have with such provision in mine art  
 So safely order'd, that there is no soul,  
 No, not so much perdition as an hair  
 Betid to any creature in the vessel 100  
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;  
 For thou must now know farther.

MIR.

You have often  
 Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,  
 And left me to a bootless inquisition, 105  
 Concluding "Stay: not yet."

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? 110  
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
 Out three years old.

MIR.

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROS.

By what? by any other house or person?  
 Of any thing the image tell me that 115  
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

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 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 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— Dost thou attend me?	145 150 155	
	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 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, And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.	160 165	
	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 190  
 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 195  
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—  
 To most ignoble stooping.

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 205  
 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, 210  
 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. 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  
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends. 230

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  
 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. 235

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,  
 Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me  
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue. 245

MIR.

How came we ashore?

PROS.

By Providence divine. 250  
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,



**IMAGE 11.17: PROSPERO** | Prospero sits and speaks with Miranda.

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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 260  
 But ever see that man!

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,  
 For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason 270  
 For raising this sea-storm?

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 275  
 I find my zenith doth depend upon  
 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, 280  
 And give it way: I know thou canst not choose. [*Miranda sleeps.*]  
 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, 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, Yea, his dread trident shake.	295
	PROS.
My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil Would not infect his reason?	
	ARI.
Not a soul 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,— Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty, And all the devils are here."	305
	PROS.
Why, that's my spirit! But was not this nigh shore?	
	ARI.
Close by, my master.	315
	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,	330

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. 335

PROS. 340  
 Ariel, thy charge  
 Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.  
 What is the time o' the day?

ARI.  
 Past the mid season.

PROS. 345  
 At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
 Must by us both be spent most preciously.

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.

PROS. 350  
 How now? moody?  
 What is't thou canst demand?

ARI.  
 My liberty.

PROS.  
 Before the time be out? no more!

ARI. 355  
 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.

PROS.  
 Dost thou forget  
 From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. 360  
 No.

PROS. 365  
 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.

ARI.  
 I do not, sir.

	PROS.	
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?		
No, sir.	ARI.	370
	PROS.	
Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.		
Sir, in Argier.	ARI.	
	PROS.	
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?	375	
	ARI.	
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, 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 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 A human shape.	385 390 395	
	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 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 The pine, and let thee out.	400 405	

	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, And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence! [ <i>Exit Ariel.</i> ] Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!		420
	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.	
[ <i>within</i> ] There's wood enough within.		
	PROS.	
Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee: Come, thou tortoise! when? [ <i>Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.</i> ] Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel, Hark in thine ear.		440

- My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]
- ARI.
- Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!  
[*Enter Caliban.*]
- PROS.
- As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye  
And blister you all o'er!
- CAL. 445
- 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  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.
- PROS. 450
- I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
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,  
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,  
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.
- CAL. 455  
460  
465
- Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,  
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.
- PROS. 470
- O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.
- CAL. 475
- 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  
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
- PROS. 480

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  
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
 Deservedly confined into this rock,  
 Who hadst deserved more than a prison. 485

CAL.

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
 Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
 For learning me your language! 490

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  
 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. 495

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:  
 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!  
 Bow-wow.  
 The watch-dogs bark:  
 Bow-wow.  
*Ari.* Hark, hark! I hear  
 The strain of strutting chanticleer  
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow. 505  
 510  
 515

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,  
 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. 520  
 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  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
*Burthen:* Ding-dong. 530

ARI.

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

FER.

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.  
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
 That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me. 535

PROS.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
 And say what thou seest yond.

MIR.

What is't? a spirit? 540  
 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
 It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROS.

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 545  
 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.

I might call him  
 A thing divine; for nothing natural  
 I ever saw so noble. 550

PROS.

[*Aside*]

It goes on, I see,  
 As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee  
 Within two days for this.

FER.

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! 560  
 If you be maid or no?

MIR.

No wonder, sir;  
 But certainly a maid.

FER.  
 My language! heavens!  
 I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
 Were I but where 'tis spoken. 565

PROS.  
 How? the best?  
 What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FER.  
 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. 570

MIR.  
 Alack, for mercy!

FER.  
 Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan  
 And his brave son being twain. 575

PROS.  
 [*Aside*]  
 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. [*To Fer.*] 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. 590  
 [*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business  
 I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
 Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] 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. 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 605  
 The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER.  
 No;  
 I will resist such entertainment till  
 Mine enemy has more power. [*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*] 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 615  
 Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;  
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
 And make thy weapon drop.

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! 625  
 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. 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, 640  
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. 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, 650  
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

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 660  
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 665  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALON.

Prithee, peace.

He receives comfort like cold porridge.	SEB.	
The visitor will not give him o'er so.	ANT.	
Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.	SEB.	670
Sir,—	GON.	
One: tell.	SEB.	
When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—	GON.	675
A dollar.	SEB.	
Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.	GON.	
You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.	SEB.	
Therefore, my lord,—	GON.	680
Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!	ANT.	
I prithee, spare.	ALON.	
Well, I have done: but yet,—	GON.	
He will be talking.	SEB.	
Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?	ANT.	685
The old cock	SEB.	
The cockerel.	ANT.	
Done. The wager?	SEB.	

A laughter.	ANT.	
A match!	SEB.	690
Though this island seem to be desert,—	ADR.	
Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.	SEB.	
Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—	ADR.	
Yet,—	SEB.	
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.	

	SEB.	
With an eye of green in't.		
	ANT.	
He misses not much.		
	SEB.	
No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.		710
	GON.	
But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—		
	SEB.	
As many vouched rarities are.		
	GON.	
That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness 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?		

I assure you, Carthage.	GON.	
His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall, and houses too.	SEB.	
What impossible matter will he make easy next?	ANT.	735
I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.	SEB.	
And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.	ANT.	
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

	FRAN.	
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.		760      765
	ALON.	
No, no, he's gone.		770
	SEB.	
Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, 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, 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.		780
	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 chirurgeonly.		
	GON.	
It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.		
	SEB.	
Foul weather?		

Very foul.	ANT.	795
Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—	GON.	
He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.	ANT.	
Or docks, or mallows.	SEB.	
And were the king on't, what would I do?	GON.	
'Scape being drunk for want of wine.	SEB.	800
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;—	GON.	805
Yet he would be king on't.	SEB.	810
The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.	ANT.	
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.	GON.	815
No marrying 'mong his subjects?	SEB.	
None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.	ANT.	820
I would with such perfection govern, sir, To excel the golden age.	GON.	
'Save his majesty!	SEB.	

	ANT.	
Long live Gonzalo!		
	GON.	825
And,—do you mark me, sir?		
	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.	835
An it had not fallen flat-long.		
	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 ( <i>invisible</i> ) playing solemn music.]		
	SEB.	
We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.		
	ANT.	840
Nay, good my lord, be not angry. <i>Gon.</i> 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 <i>Alon.</i> , <i>Seb.</i> , and <i>Ant.</i> ]		
	ALON.	845
What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes 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, It is a comforter.		850

	ANT.	
We two, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your safety.		
	ALON.	855
Thank you.—Wondrous heavy. [ <i>Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.</i> ]		
	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.		

Well, I am standing water.	SEB.	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.	
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.		895
	ANT.	
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 As he that sleeps here swims.		900
	SEB.	
I have no hope That he's undrown'd.		
	ANT.	
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?		910
	SEB.	
He's gone.		915
	ANT.	
Then, tell me, Who's the next heir of Naples?		
	SEB.	
Claribel.		

	ANT.	
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 Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come, In yours and my discharge.		920
	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 There is some space.		930
	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,		955

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; 960  
 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, 965  
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

SEB.

Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan, 970  
 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.

ANT.

Draw together;  
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like, 975  
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB.

O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*]  
 [*Re-enter Ariel invisible.*]

ARI.

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. 980  
 [*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]  
 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: 985  
 Awake, awake!

ANT.

Then let us both be sudden.

GON.

Now, good angels  
 Preserve the king! [*They wake.*]

ALON.

Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn? 990  
 Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GON.

What's the matter?

SEB.

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. 995

ALON.

I heard nothing.

ANT.

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. 1000

ALON.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GON.

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:  
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 1020

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 1025

Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

[Enter Trinculo.]

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me 1030  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

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, 1035  
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? 1040

A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and  
fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. 1040

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  
give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;  
any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not 1045

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 1050

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, 1055  
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? 1070

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, 1075

while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

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: 1095  
open your mouth; this will shake your shaking,  
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. 1145  
 Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'  
 the moon when time was.

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. 1150  
 Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it  
 anon with new contents: swear.

TRIN.  
 By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!  
 I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i'  
 the moon! A most poor credulous monster!  
 Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CAL. 1155  
 I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;  
 And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

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. 1160  
 Come on, then; down, and swear.

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. 1165  
 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.

TRIN. 1170  
 A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder  
 of a poor drunkard!

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 1175  
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

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, 1180  
we'll fill him by and by again.

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 1195  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
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  
What I must strive to do.

1215

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;  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

1220

MIR.

It would become me  
As well as it does you: and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

1225

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,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

1235

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  
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,  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

1240

1245

- 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!  
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

1300

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  
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

1305

*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  
there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them;  
if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

1310

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  
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

1315

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

- Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.
- TRIN.
- We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.
- STE.
- Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.
- TRIN.
- Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.
- STE. 1325
- How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.
- CAL.
- Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou, 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?
- TRIN. 1330
- Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?
- CAL.
- 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!
- TRIN. 1335
- Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.
- CAL.
- 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.
- STE.
- I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee? Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.  
[Enter Ariel, invisible.]
- CAL. 1340
- As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
- CAL. 1345
- Thou liest.
- ARI.
- Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.
- CAL.

STE. 1350  
Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,  
by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRIN.  
Why, I said nothing.

STE.  
Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CAL. 1355  
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,—

STE.  
That's most certain.

CAL.  
Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STE. 1360  
How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou  
bring me to the party?

CAL.  
Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARI.  
Thou liest; thou canst not.

CAL. 1365  
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.

STE. 1370  
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.

TRIN.  
Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STE.  
Didst thou not say he lied?

ARI. 1375  
Thou liest.

STE.  
Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*] As you like this,  
give me the lie another time.

- TRIN.
- I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too?  
A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.  
A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers! 1380
- CAL.
- Ha, ha, ha!
- STE.
- Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.
- CAL.
- Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.
- STE.
- Stand farther. Come, proceed.
- CAL.
- Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him 1385  
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,  
Having first seized his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them 1390  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: they all do hate him  
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.  
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. 1395  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax 1400  
As great'st does least.
- STE.
- Is it so brave a lass?
- CAL.
- Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth brave brood.
- STE.
- Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and 1405  
I will be king and queen,—save our Graces!—and Trinculo  
and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
- TRIN.
- Excellent.
- 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, 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.		1435
	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!  
 [*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.*]

1470

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  
 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  
 Our human generation you shall find  
 Many, nay, almost any.

1480

1485

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.

PROS.

[*Aside*]  
 Praise in departing.

1495

FRAN.

They vanish'd strangely.

SEB.

No matter, since  
 They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—  
 Will't please you taste of what is here?

Not I.	ALON.	1500
Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys, Who would believe that there were mountaineers Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find Each putter-out of five for one will bring us Good warrant of.	GON.	1505
I will stand to, and feed, Although my last: no matter, since I feel The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to, and do as we. <i>[Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.]</i>	ALON.	1510
You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,— That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island, Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad; And even with such-like valour men hang and drown Their proper selves. <i>[Alon., Seb. &amp;c. draw their swords.]</i> You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of Fate: the elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths, And will not be uplifted. But remember,— For that's my business to you,—that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me: Lingering 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 Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow And a clear life ensuing. <i>[He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.]</i>	ARI.	1515 1520 1525 1530 1535 1540

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 worsen Genius can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into lust, to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration  
 When I shall think, or Phoebus' 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 1615  
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
 And they expect it from me.

ARI.

Presently?

Ay, with a twink.	PROS.	1620
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?	ARI.	1625
Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach Till thou dost hear me call.	PROS.	
Well, I conceive. [ <i>Exit.</i> ]	ARI.	
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!	PROS.	1630
I warrant you, sir; The white cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.	FER.	1635
Well. Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary, Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly! No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [ <i>Soft music.</i> ] [ <i>Enter Iris.</i> ]	PROS.	
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; Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy best betrimms, 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, 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. [ <i>Enter Ceres.</i> ]	IRIS	1640 1645 1650 1655
Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;	CER.	

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 unshrubbed 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, 1690  
 Hourly joys be still upon you!  
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

CER.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
 Barns and garners never empty;  
 Vines with clustering bunches growing; 1695  
 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. 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 1705  
My present fancies.

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; 1710  
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,  
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land 1715  
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: 1720  
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.  
*[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 1755  
 Lest I might anger thee.

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 briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
 Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them 1770  
 I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 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, For stale to catch these thieves.		1775
	ARI.	
I go, I go. [ <i>Exit.</i> ]		
	PROS.	
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, Even to roaring. [ <i>Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, &amp;c.</i> ] Come, hang them on this line. [ <i>Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.</i> ]		1780
	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. All's hush'd as midnight yet.		1795
	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 harmless fairy, monster.		1800

- 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.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker. 1805
- 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.  
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. 1825
- TRIN.  
Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.
- CAL.  
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. 1830

STE.  
 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. 1835

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. 1855  
 On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
 You said our work should cease.

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, 1860  
 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, 1865  
 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 1870  
 Would become tender.

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 1875  
 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 1880  
 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, 1885  
 And they shall be themselves.

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 1940  
 As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;  
 Thou shalt ere long be free.  
 [*Ariel sings and helps to attire him.*]  
 Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
 There I couch when owls do cry. 1945  
 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.
- PROS.
- Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee; 1950  
 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. 1955

ARI.

I drink the air before me, and return  
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*]

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. 1970

Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero  
Be living and be here? 1975

PROS.

First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measured or confined. 1980

GON.

Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROS.

You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!  
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*]  
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. 1985

SEB.

[*Aside*]  
The devil speaks in him. 1990

	PROS.	
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.		1995
	ALON.	
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.		2000
	PROS.	
I am woe for't, sir.		
	ALON.	
Irreparable is the loss; and patience Says it is past her cure.		2005
	PROS.	
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.		
	ALON.	
You the like loss!		2010
	PROS.	
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.		
	ALON.	
A daughter? 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?		2015
	PROS.	
In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords 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 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,		2020 2025 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, 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.]		2035
	MIR.	
Sweet lord, you play me false.		
	FER.	2040
No, my dear'st love, 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 A vision of the island, one dear son Shall I twice lose.		2045
	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 Of a glad father compass thee about! Arise, and say how thou camest here.		2050
	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  
 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.

2065

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  
 Which brought us hither.

2080

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  
 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  
 When no man was his own.

2085

2090

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!  
 [*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?

2095

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, 2115  
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, 2120  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

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  
Must rectify our knowledge. 2125

PROS.

Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
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: 2130  
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.	2140
Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take 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.	2145
O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! 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 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 Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.	2155       2160
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!	



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, 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	2210
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, 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 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.	2215  2220
As you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your indulgence set me free.	2225

**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*

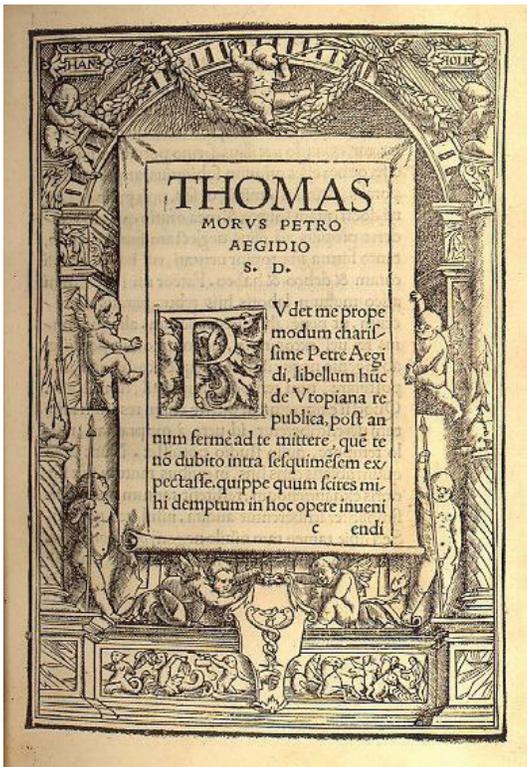
**SELECTIONS FROM UTOPIA**

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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 compan-

ion to that incomparable man Cuthbert Tostal, 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



**IMAGE 11.18: UTOPIA, MORE** | Thomas More's *Utopia*, written in Latin and decorated with cherub angels around the text.

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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 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 conveniences 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 Kyounghye Kwon*

## SELECTIONS FROM MYTHS OF THE CHEROKEE

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Compiled by James Mooney

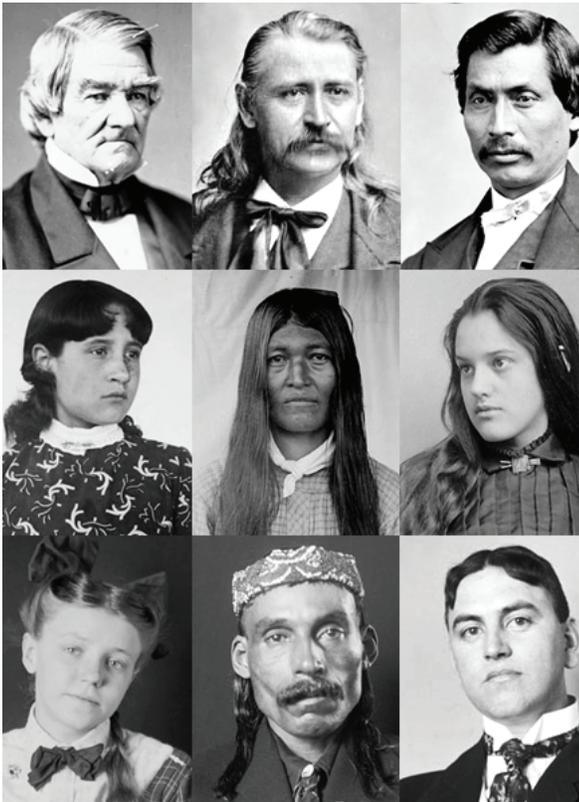
### Cherokee Cosmogonic Myths

#### 1. *How the World Was Made*

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 Däyuni'si, "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



**IMAGE 12.1: INDIVIDUALS OF CHEROKEE HERITAGE |**  
A collage of people with Cherokee ancestry.

**Author:** User "Robfergusonjr"  
**Source:** Wikimedia Commons  
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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 Dîḡâlûñ'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 (Tskilli') 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 Anäda'düntäskä. ("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 Kanati'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'î, 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'î 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 Nûñdä, one being 'Nûñdä that dwells in the day' and the other "Nûñdä 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 gatayûstî 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 gatayûstî 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 gatayûstî 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 *gatayũ'stĩ* 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'li'-utsũn'stãnũn'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 *Nũnãgũn'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' lãnũn'hi*, 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' lãnũn'hi* then asked him if he would like to have her back again, to which he eagerly answered yes.

So *Une' lãnũn'hi* 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' lã'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'gũ'*, 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'gũ'* 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'gũ'* 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'gũ'* 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'gũ'* came again and seized the deer, but this time the load was so heavy that it had to fly slowly and so low down that the string could be plainly seen.



**IMAGE 12.4: FAIN'S ISLAND SHELL GORGET** | Shell artwork of the water spider, found on Fain's Island, Tennessee.

**Author:** Aaron Walden

**Source:** Wikimedia Commons

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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

J. William Lloyd

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### 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.

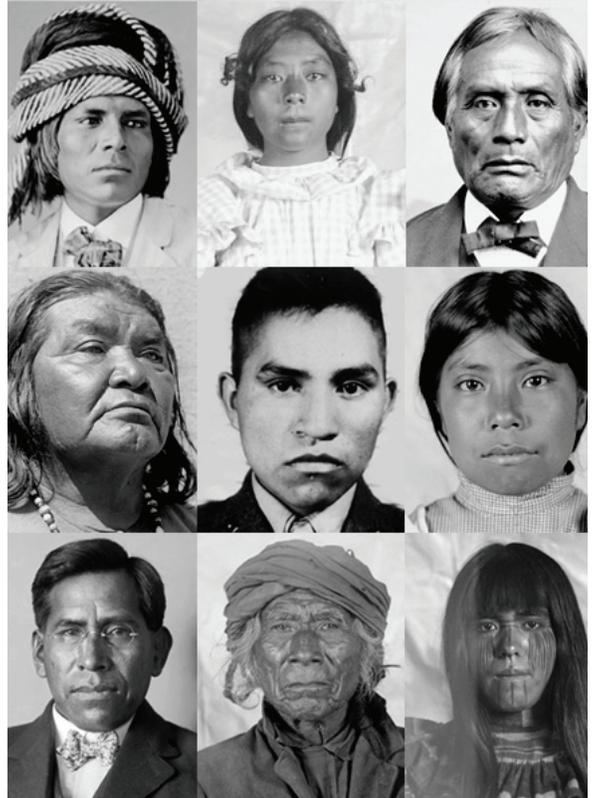
Afterward we came into a pleasant correspondence, and so I came to know that one of my Indian friend's dreams was that he should be the means of the preservation of the ancient tales of his people. He had a grand-uncle, Comalk-Hawk-Kih, or Thin Buckskin, who was a *see-nee-yaw-kum*, or professional traditionalist, 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"

**Source:** Wikimedia Commons

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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 Seeven'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 milts 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 weatherproof 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 grey 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 Seerhuh 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 Eeeetoy, 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 Eeeetoy and Juhwertamahki as but two names for the same. And indeed it is hard to fix Eeeetoy'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 grandchild.

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 Nooe 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-eetoy 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 Toehahv'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-ah-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 Toehahvs, 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-eetoy, 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-eetoy 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-ye-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 winnings.

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."

## OF CANNIBALS

Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592)

Published 1580

France

Michel de Montaigne is best known for the literary genre he largely invented: the essay. His massive *Essais*, translated by Montaigne's first English translator Charles Cotton in 1685-1686 as "Attempts," is a collection of shorter written pieces that raise questions and significant issues while often deferring to give final accounts of the subjects he treats. The *Essais* feature a frank, skeptical, and (unusual up to this time) personal consciousness, blending serious philosophical discourse with witty biographical anecdotes in a style both original and strikingly modern. His open-minded and questioning approach to his subject matter directly influenced Descartes and other thinkers who paved the way for modern scientific inquiry. When young and growing up in an aristocratic family, Montaigne received a model humanist education devised by his father, who insisted that his son learn Latin as his first language. Later as a distinguished courtier and lawyer at the court of Charles IX, Montaigne witnessed costly and violent religious conflicts pitting Protestants against Catholics, and a disdain for intolerance runs through his writings. The essay "Of Cannibals," known by Shakespeare and referenced in his late play *The Tempest* (1610-11), features a central irony one often finds in Montaigne's writings. Relying upon contemporary accounts of barbarism and savagery in the peoples of the New World, Montaigne contrasts the colonized with their European colonizers, who have their own agenda of greed and violence. Ultimately, he finds war ("the human disease") more prevalent and more selfishly motivated among the Europeans than among the allegedly uncivilized natives. In characteristic

fashion, Montaigne calls into question an accepted binary, in this case, of civilized/uncivilized, as he asks his reader to rethink the subject of inquiry.

Questions to consider while reading this selection:

- Montaigne begins his essay with a flurry of quotations from learned writers of the Classical (Greek and Roman) period. Why does he do this? What is the effect of his doing so?
- In his essay, Montaigne sets up a contrast between a “plain ignorant fellow” and “better-bred sort of men.” Aside from economics, what sets the two apart?
- Montaigne is renowned for being a “skeptic,” a questioner of accepted beliefs and customs. Give a few examples of his skeptical take on things.

*Written by Douglass Thomson*

## SELECTION FROM MONTAIGNE’S ESSAYS [OF CANNIBALS]

Michel de Montaigne, translated by John Florio

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At what time King Pirrhus came into Italie, after he had survaid the marshalling of the Armie, which the Romans sent against him: ‘I wot not,’ said he, ‘what barbarous men these are (for so were the Grecians wont to call all strange nations) ‘but the disposition of this Armie, which I see, is nothing barbarous.’ So said the Grecians of that which Flaminius sent into their countrie: And Philip viewing from a Tower the order and distribution of the Romaine camp, in his kingdome under Publius Sulpitius Galba. See how a man ought to take heed, lest he over-weeningly follow vulgar opinions, which should be measured by the rule of reason, and not by the common report. I have had long time dwelling with me a man, who for the space of ten or twelve yeares had dwelt in that other worlde which in our age was lately discovered in those parts where Villegaignon first landed, and surnamed Antartike France. This discoverie of so infinit and vast a countrie, seemeth worthy great consideration. I wot not whether I can warrant my selfe, that some other be not discovered hereafter, sithence so many worthy men, and better learned than we are, have so many ages beene deceived in this. I feare me our eies be greater than our bellies, and that we have more curiositie than capacitie. We embrace all, but we fasten nothing but wind. Plato maketh Solon to report (Plat. Tim.) that he had learn’t of the Priests of the Citie of Says in Ægypt, that whilom, and before the generall Deluge, there was a great land called Atlantis, situated at the mouth of the strait of Gibraltar, which contained more firme land than Affrike and Asia together. And that the kings of that countrie did not only possesse that Iland, but had so farre entred into the maine land, that of the bredth of Affrike, they held as farre as Ægypt; and of Europes length, as farre as Tuscanie: and that they undertooke to invade Asia, and to subdue all the nations that compasse the Mediterranean Sea, to the gulfes of Mare-Maggiore [the Black Sea], and to that end they traversed all Spaine, France and Italie, so farre as Greece, where the Athenians made head against them; but that a while after, both the Athenians themselves, and that great Iland, were swallowed up by the Deluge. It is verie likely this extreme ruine of waters wrought strange alterations in the habitations of the earth; as some hold that the Sea hath divided Sicilie from Italie,

Hæc loca vi quandam, et vasta convulsa ruina  
Dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus  
Vna foret. — Virg Æn. iii 414, 416.

Then say, sometimes this land by that forsaken,  
And that by this, we re split, and ruine-shaken,  
Whereas till then both lands as one were taken.

Cypres from Suria, the Iland of Negroponto from the maine land of Beotia, and in other places joyned lands that were sundred by the Sea, filling with mud and sand the chanelles betweene them.

----- sterilisque diu palus aptaque remis  
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum. — Hor. Art. Poet. 65.

The fenne long barren, to be row’d in, now  
Both feeds the neighbour townes, and fees the plow.

But there is no great apparence the said Iland should be the new world world we have lately discovered; for it wellnigh touched Spaine, and it were an incredible effect of inundation to have removed the same more than twelve hundred leagues, as we see it is. Besides, our moderne Navigations have now almost discovered that it is not an Iland, but rather firme land, and a continent, with the East Indias on one side, and the countries lying under the two Poles on the other; from which if it be divided, it is with so narrow a strait and intervall, that it no way deserveth to be named an Iland: For, it seemeth there are certaine motions in these vast bodies, some naturall, and other some febricitant, as well as in ours. When I consider the impression my river of Dordoigne worketh in my time, toward the right shoare of her descent, and how much it hath gained in twentie yeares, and how many foundations of divers houses it hath overwhelmed and violently carried away; I confesse it to be an extraordinarie agitation: for, should it alwaies keepe one course, or had it ever kept the same, the figure of the world had ere this beene overthrowne: But they are subject to changes and alterations. Sometimes they overflow and spread themselves on one side, sometimes on another; and other times they containe themselves in their naturall beds or chanel: I speak not of sudden inundations, whereof we now treat the causes. In Medoc amongst the Sea-coast, my brother the Lord of Arsacke, may see a towne of his buried under the sands, which the sea casteth up before it: The tops of some buildings are yet to be discerned. His Rents and Demaines have beene changed into barren pastures. The inhabitants thereabouts affirme, that some yeares since, the Sea encrocheth so much upon them, that they have lost foure leagues of firme land: These sands are her fore-runners. And we see great hillocks of gravell moving, which march halfe a league before it, and usurpe on the firme land. The other testimonie of antiquitie, to which some will referre this discoverie, is in Aristotle (if at least that little booke of unheard of wonders be his) where he reporteth that certaine Carthaginians having sailed athwart the Atlantike Sea, without the strait of Gibraltar, after long time, they at last discovered a great fertill Iland, all replenished with goodly woods, and watred with great and deepe rivers, farre distant from al land, and that both they and others, allured by the goodnes and fertility of the same, went thither with their wives, children, and household, and there began to inhabit and settle themselves. The Lords of Carthage seeing their countrie by little and little to be dispeopled, made a law and expresse inhibition, that upon paine of death no more men should goe thither, and banished all that were gone thither to dwell, fearing (as they said) that in successe of time, they would so multiply as they might one day supplant them, and overthrow their owne estate. This narration of Aristotle hath no reference unto our new found countries. This servant I had, was a simple and rough-hewen fellow: a condition fit to yeeld a true testimonie. For, subtile people may indeed marke more curiously, and observe things more exactly, but they amplifie and glose them: and the better to perswade, and make their interpretations of more validitie, they cannot chuse but somewhat alter the storie. They never represent things truly, but fashion and maske them according to the visage they saw them in; and to purchase credit to their judgement, and draw you on to beleieve them, they commonly adorne, enlarge, yea, and hyperbolize the matter. Wherein is required either a most sincere reporter, or a man so simple, that he may, have no invention to build upon, and to give a true likelihood unto false devices, and be not wedded to his owne will. Such a one was my man; who besides his owne report, hath many times shewed me divers Mariners and Merchants, whom hee had knowne in that voyage. So am I pleased with his information, that I never enquire what Cosmographers say of it. We had need of Topographers to make us particular narrations of the places they have beene in. For some of them, if they have the advantage of us, that they have seene Palestine, will challenge a privilege, to tell us newes of all the world besides. I would have every man write what he knowes, and no more: not only in that, but in all other subjects. For one may have particular knowledge of the nature of one river, and experience of the qualitie of one fountaine, that in other things knowes no more than another man: who neverthesse to publish this little scantling, will undertake to write of all the Physickes. From which vice proceed divers great inconveniences. Now to returne to my purpose I finde (as farre as I have beene informed) there is nothing in that nation that is either barbarous or savage, unless men call that barbarisme which is not common to them. As indeed, we have no other ayme of truth and reason, than the example and Idea of the opinions and customes of the countrie we live in. There is ever perfect religion, perfect policie, perfect and compleat use of all things. They are even savage, as we call those fruits wilde which nature of her selfe and of her ordinarie progresse hath produced: whereas indeed, they are those which our selves have altered by our artificiall devices, and diverted from their common order, we should rather terme savage. In those are the true and most profitable vertues, and naturall properties most lively and vigorous, which in these we have bastardized, applying them to the pleasure of our corrupted taste. And if notwithstanding, in divers fruits of those countries that were never tilled, we shall finde that in respect of ours they are most excellent, and as delicate unto our taste; there is no reason, art should gaine the point of honour of our great and puissant mother Nature. We have so much by our inventions surcharged the beauties and riches of her workes, that we have altogether overchoaked her: yet where ever her puritie shineth, she makes our vaine and frivolous enterprises wonderfully ashamed.

Et veniunt haderæ sponte sua melius,  
 Surgit et in solis formosior arbutus antris.  
 Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt. — Propert. i El. ii. 10.

Ivies spring better of their owne accord,  
 Unhaunted spots much fairer trees afford.  
 Birds by no art much sweeter notes record.

All our endeavour or wit cannot so much as reach to represent the nest of the least birdlet, its contexture, beautie, profit and use, no nor the web of a seely spider. All things (saith Plato) are produced either by nature, by fortune, or by art. The greatest and fairest by one or other of the two first, the least and imperfect by the last. Those nations seeme therefore so barbarous unto me, because they have received very little fashion from humane wit, and are yet neere their originall naturalitie. The lawes of nature doe yet command them which are but little bastardized by ours, and that with such puritie, as I am sometimes grieved the knowledge of it came no sooner to light, at what time there were men that better than we could have judged of it. I am sorie Lycurgus and Plato had it not: for me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesie hath proudly imbellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to faine a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of Philosophy. They could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple as we see it by experience; nor ever beleve our societie might be maintained with so little art and humane combination. It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kindred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them. How dissonant would hee finde his imaginarie common-wealth from this perfection?

Hos natura modos primum dedit.

Nature at first uprising,  
 These manners did devise.

Furthermore, they live in a country of so exceeding pleasant and temperate situation, that as my testimonies have told me, it is verie rare to see a sicke body amongst them; and they have further assured me, they never saw any man there either shaking with the palsie, tooth lesse, with eies dropping, or crooked and stooping through age. They are seated along the sea-coast, encompassed toward the land with huge and steepie mountaines, having betweene both, a hundred leagues or thereabout of open and champaine ground. They have great abundance of fish and flesh, that have no resemblance at all with ours, and eat them without any sawces or skill of Cookerie, but plaine boiled or broiled. The first man that brought a horse thither, although he had in many other voyages conversed with them, bred so great a horror in the land, that before they could take notice of him, they slew him with arrowes. Their buildings are very long, and able to containe two or three hundred soules, covered with barkes of great trees, fastned in the ground at one end, enterlaced and joyned close together by the tops, after the manner of some of our Granges; the covering whereof hangs downe to the ground, and steadeth them as a flancke. They have a kinde of wood so hard, that ryving and cleaving the same, they make blades, swords, and gridirons to broile their meat with. Their beds are of a kinde of cotten cloth, fastened to the house rooffe, as our ship-cabbanes: everie one hath his severall couch for the women lie from their husbands. They rise with the Sunne, and feed for all day, as soone as they are up: and make no more meales attter that. They drinke not at meat, as Suidas reporteth, of some other people of the East, which dranke after meales but drinke many times a day, and are much given to pledge carowes. Their drinke is made of a certaine root, and of the colour of our Claret wines, which lasteth but two or three daies; they drinke it warme: It hath somewhat a sharpe taste, wholesome for the stomach, nothing heady, but laxative for such as are not used unto it, yet verie pleasing to such as are accustomed unto it. In stead of bread, they use a certaine white composition, like unto Corianders confected. I have eaten some, the taste whereof is somewhat sweet and wallowish. They spend the whole day in dancing. Their young men goe a hunting after wilde beasts with bowes and arroes. Their women busie themselves therewith'st with warming of their drinke, which is their chiefest office. Some of their old men, in the morning before they goe to eating, preach in common to all the household, walking from one end of the house to the other, repeating one selfe-same sentence many times, till he have ended his turne (for their buildings are a hundred paces in length) he commends but two things unto his auditorie. First valour against their enemies, then lovingnesse unto their wives. They never misse (for their restraints) to put men in minde of this dutie, that it is their wives whiche keepe their drinke luke-warme and well-seasoned. The forme of their beds, cords, swords blades, and wooden bracelets, wherewith they cover their hand wrists, when they fight, and great Canes open at one end, by the sound of which they keepe time and cadence in their dancing, are in many places to be seene, and namely in mine owne house. They are shaven all over, much more close and cleaner than wee are, with no other Razors than of wood or stone. They beleve their soules to be eternall, and those that have

deserved well of their Gods to be placed in that part of heaven where the Sunne riseth, and the cursed toward the West in opposition. They have certaine Prophets and Priests which commonly abide in the mountaines, and very seldome shew themselves unto the people; but when they come downe there is a great feast prepared, and a solemne assembly of manie townshipes together (each grange as I have described maketh a village, and they are about a French league one from another.) The Prophet speakes to the people in public, exhorting them to embrace vertue, and follow their dutie. All their moral discipline containeth but these two articles; first an undismayed resolution to warre, then an inviolable affection to their wives. Hee doth also Prognosticate of things to come, and what successe they shall hope for in their enterprises hee neither swadeth or disswadeth them from warre but if he chance to misse of his divination, and that it succeed otherwise than hee foretold them, if hee be taken, he is hewen in a thousand peeces, and condemned for a false Prophet. And therefore he that hath once misreckoned himselfe is never seene againe. Divination is the gift of God; the abusing whereof should be a punishable imposture. When the Divines amongst the Scythians had foretold an untruth, they were couched along upon hurdles full of heath or brushwood, drawne by oxen, and so maniced hand and foot, burned to death. Those which manage matters subject to the conduct of man's sufficiency are excusable, although they shew the utmost of their skill. But those that gull and conicatch us with the assurance of an extraordinarie facultie, and which is beyond our knowledge, ought to be double punished; first because they performe not the effect of their promise, then for the rashnesse of their imposture and unadvisednesse of their fraud. They warre against the nations that lie beyond their mountaines, to which they go naked, having no other weapons than bowes or wooden swords, sharpe at one end as our broaches are. It is an admirable thing to see the constant resolution of their combats, which never end but by effusion of blood and murther: for they know not what feare or rowts are. Every Victor brings home the head of the enemy he hath slaine as a Trophey of his victorie, and fasteneth the same at the entrance of his dwelling place. After they have long time used and entreated their prisoners well, and with all commodities they can devise, he that is the Master of them; sommining a great assembly of his acquaintance; tieth a corde to one of the prisoners armes, by the end whereof he holds him fast, with some distance from him, for fear he might offend him, and giveth the other arme, bound in like manner, to the dearest friend he hath, and both in the presence of all the assembly kill him with swords: which done, they roast and then eat him in common, and send some slices of him to such of their friends as are absent. It is not, as some imagine, to nourish themselves with it (as anciently the Scythians wont to doe), but to represent an extreme and inexpiable revenge. Which we prove thus; some of them perceiving the Portugales, who had confederated themselves with their adversaries, to use another kinde of death when they tooke them prisoners; which was, to burie them up to the middle, and against the upper part of the body to shoot arrowes, and then being almost dead, to hang them up; they supposed, that the people of the other world (as they who had sowed the knowledge of many vices amongst their neighbours, and were much more cunning in all kindes of evils and mischief than they) under-tooke not this manner of revenge without cause, and that consequently it was more smartfull and cruell than theirs, and thereupon began to leave their old fashion to follow this. I am not sorie we note the barbarous horror of such an action, but grieved, that prying so narrowly into their faults we are so blinded in ours. I thinke there is more barbarisme in eating men alive, than to feed upon them being dead; to mangle by tortures and torments a body full of lively sense, to roast him in peeces, and to make dogs and swine to gnaw and teare him in mammocks (as we have not only read, but seene very lately, yea and in our owne memorie, not amongst ancient enemies, but our neighbours and fellow-citizens; and which is worse, under pretence of pietie and religion) than to roast and eat him after he is dead. Chrysippus and Zeno, arch-pillars of the Stoicke sect, have supposed that it was no hurt at all in time of need, and to what end soever, to make use of our carrion bodies, and to feed upon them, as did our forefathers, who being besieged by Cæsar in the Citie of Alexia, resolved to sustaine the famine of the siege, with the bodies of old men, women, and other persons unserviceable and unfit to fight.

Vascones (fama est) alimentis talibus usi  
Produxere ammas. — Juven. Sat. xv. 93.

Gascoynes (as fame reports)  
Liv'd with meats of such sortes.

And Physitians feare not, in all kindes of compositions availefull to our health, to make use of it, be it for outward or inward applications. But there was never any opinion found so unnaturall and immodest, that would excuse treason, treacherie, disloyaltie, tyrannie, crueltie, and such like, which are our ordinarie faults. We may then well call them barbarous, in regard to reasons rules, but not in respect of us that exceed them in all kindes of barbarisme. Their warres are noble and generous and have as much excuse and beautie as this humane infirmitie may admit: they ayme at nought so much, and have no other foundation amongst them, but the meere jealousie of vertue. They contend not for the gaining of new lands; for to this day they yet enjoy that natural ubertie and fruitfulness, which without labouring toyle, doth in such plenteous abundance furnish them with all necessary

things, that they need not enlarge their limits. They are yet in that happy estate as they desire no more than what their naturall necessities direct them: whatsoever is beyond it, is to them superfluous. Those that are much about one age, doe generally enter-call one another brethren, and such as are younger they call children, and the aged are esteemed as fathers to all the rest. These leave this full possession of goods in common, and without division to their heires, without other claim or title but that which nature doth plainly impart unto all creatures, even as shee brings them into the world. If their neighbours chance to come over the mountaines to assaile or invade them, and that they get the victorie over them, the Victors conquest is glorie, and the advantage to be and remaine superior in valour and vertue: else have they nothing to doe with the goods and spoyles of the vanquished, and so returne into their countrie, where they neither want any necessarie thing, nor lacke this great portion, to know how to enjoy their condition happily, and are contented with what nature affoordeth them. So doe these when their turne commeth. They require no other ransome of their prisoners, but an acknowledgement and confession that they are vanquished. And in a whole age, a man shall not finde one that doth not rather embrace death, than either by word or countenance remissely to yeeld one jot of an invincible courage. There is none seene that would not rather be slaine and devoured, than sue for life, or shew any feare. They use their prisoners with all libertie, that they may so much the more hold their lives deare and precious, and commonly entertaine them with threats of future death, with the torments they shall endure, with the preparations intended for that purpose, with mangling and slicing of their members, and with the feast that shall be kept at their charge. All which is done, to wrest some remisse, and exact some faint yeelding speech of submission from them, or to possesse them with a desire to escape or run away; that so they may have the advantage to have danted and made them afraid, and to have forced their constancie. For certainly true victorie consisteth in that only point.

----- Victoria nulla est

Quam quæ confessos animo quoque subjugat hostes.

— Claud. vi. Cons. Hon. Pan. 245.

No conquest such, as to suppress

Foes hearts, the conquest to confesse.

The Hungarians, a most warre-like nation, were whilome wont to pursue their prey Tio longer than they had forced their enemy to yeeld unto their mercy. For, having wrested this confession from him, they set him at libertie without offence or ransome, except it were to make him sweare never after to beare armes against them. Wee get many advantages of our enemies, that are but borrowed and not ours: It is the qualitie of porterly-rascall, and not of vertue, to have stronger armes and sturdier legs: Disposition is a dead and corporall qualitie. It is a trick of fortune to make our enemy stoope, and to bleare his eyes with the Sunnes-light: It is a pranke of skill and knowledge to be cunning in the art of fencing, and which may happen unto a base and worthelesse man. The reputation and worth of a man consisteth in his heart and will: therein consists true honour: Constancie is valour, not of armes and legs but of minde and courage; it consisteth not of the spirit and courage of our horse, nor of our armes, but in ours. He that obstinately faileth in his courage, Si succiderit, de genu pugnabit. 'If hee slip or fall he fights upon his knee.' He that in danger of imminent death is no whit danted in his assurednesse; he that in yeelding up his ghost beholding his enemy with a scornfull and fierce looke, he is vanquished, not by us, but by fortune: he is slaine, but not conquered. The most valiant are often the most unfortunate. So are there triumphant losses in envie of victories. Not those foure sister victories, the fairest that ever the Sunne beheld with his allseeing eye, of Salamis, of Plateæ, of Mycale, and of Sicilia, durst ever dare to oppose all their glorie together to the glorie of the King Leonidas his discomfiture and of his men, at the passage of Thermopylæ: what man did ever run with so glorious an envie or more ambitious desire to the goale of a combat, than Captaine Ischolas to an evident losse and overthrow? who so ingeniously or more politikely did ever assure himselfe of his welfare than he of his ruine? he was appointed to defend a certaine passage of Peloponesus against the Arcadians, which finding himselfe altogether unable to performe, seeing the nature of the place and inequality of the forces, and resolving that whatsoever should present it selfe unto his enemy, must necessarily be utterly defeated: On the other side, deeming it unworthy both his vertue and magnanimitie, and the Lacedemonian name, to faile or faint in his charge, betweene these two extremities he resolved upon a meane and indifferent course, which was this. The youngest and best-disposed of his troupe he reserved for the service and defence of their countrie, to which hee sent them backe; and with those whose losse was least, and who might best be spared, he determined to maintaine that passage, and by their death to force the enemy to purchase the entrance of it as deare as possibly he could; as indeed it followed. For being suddenly environed round by the Arcadians, after a great slaughter made of them, both himselfe and all his were put to the sword. Is any Trophey assigned for conquerours that is not more duly due unto these conquered? A true conquest respecteth rather an undanted resolution, an honourable end, than a faire escape, and the honour of vertue doth more consist in combating than in beating. But to returne to our historie, these prisoners, howsoever they are dealt

withall, are so farre from yeelding, that contrariwise during two or three moneths that they are kept, they ever carry a cheerfull countenance, and urge their keepers to hasten their triall, they outrageously dote and injure them. They upbraid them with their cowardlinesse, and with the number of battels they have lost againe theirs. I have a song made by a prisoner, wher ein is this clause, 'Let them boldly come altogether, and flocks in multitudes, to feed on him; for with him they shall feed upon their fathers and grandfathers, that heretofore have served his body for food and nourishment: These muscles,' saith he, 'this flesh, and these veines, are your owne; fond men as you are, know you not that the substance of your forefathers limbes is yet tied unto ours? Taste them welle for in them shall you finde the relish of your owne flesh.' An invention, that hath no shew of barbarisme. Those that paint them dying, and that represent this action, when they are put to execution, delineate the prisoners spitting in their executioners faces, and making mowes at them. Verily, so long as breath is in their body they never cease to brave and defie them, both in speech and countenance. Surely in respect of us these are very savage men: for either they must be so in good sooth, or we must be so indeed; There is a wondrous difference betweene their forme and ours. Their men have many wives, and by how much more they are reputed valiant so much the greater is their number. The manner and beautie of their marriages is wondrous strange and remarkable: For, the same jealousie our wives have to keepe us from the love and affection of other women, the same have theirs to procure it. Being more carefull for their husbands honour and content than of any thing else, they endeavour and apply all their industrie to have as many rivals as possibly they can, forasmuch as it is a testimonie of their husbands vertue. Our women would count it a wonder, but it is not so: It is vertue properly Matrimoniall, but of the highest kinde. And in the Bible, Lea, Rachell, Sara, and Jacobs wives brought their fairest maiden servants into their husbands beds. And Livia seconded the lustfull appetites of Augustus to her great prejudice. And Stratonica, the wife of King Dejotarus did not only bring the most beauteous chamber-maide that served her to her husbands bed, but very carefully brought up the children he begot on her, and by all possible meanes aided and furthered them to succeed in their fathers royaltie. And least a man should thinke that all this is done by a simple and servile or awefull dutie unto their custome, and by the impression of their ancient customes authoritie, without discourse or judgement, and because they are so blockish and dull-spirited, that they can take no other resolution, it is not amisse we alleage some evidence of their sufficiencie. Besides what I have said of one of their warlike songs, I have another amorous canzonet, which beginneth in this sense: 'Adder stay, stay good adder, that my sister may by the patterne of thy partie-coloured coat drawe the fashion and worke of a rich lace, for me to give unto my love; so may thy beautie, thy nimblenesse or disposition be ever preferred before all other serpents.' The first couplet is the burthen of the song. I am so conversant with Poesie that I may judge this invention hath no barbarisme at all in it, but is altogether Anacreontike. Their language is a kinde of pleasant speech, and hath a pleasing sound, and some affinitie with the Greeke terminations. Three of that nation, ignorant how deare the knowledge of our corruptions will one day cost their repose, securitie, and happinesse, and how their ruine shall proceed from this commerce, which I imagine is already well advanced (miserable as they are to have suffered themselves to be so cosened by a desire of new-fangled novelties, and to have quit the calmnesse of their climate to come and see ours), were at Roane in the time of our late King Charles the ninth, who talked with them a great while. They were shewed our fashions, our pompe, and the forme of a faire citie; afterward some demanded their advice, and would needs know of them what things of note and admirable they had observed amongst us: they answered three things, the last of which I have forgotten, and am very sorie for it, the other two I yet remember. They said, 'First they found it very strange that so many tall men with long beards, strong and well armed, as it were about the Kings person [it is very likely they meant the Switzers of his guard] would submit themselves to obey a beardlesse childe, and that we did not rather chuse one amongst them to command the rest.' Secondly (they have a manner of phrase whereby they call men but a moytie one of another.) 'They had perceived there were men amongst us full gorged with all sorts of commodities, and others which, hunger-starved and bare with need and povertie, begged at their gates: and found it strange these moyties so needy could endure such an injustice, and that they tooke not the others by the throate, or set fire on their houses.' I talked a good while with one of them, but I had so bad an interpreter, who did so ill apprehend my meaning, and who through his foolishnesse was so troubled to conceive my imaginations, that I could draw no great matter from him. Touching that point, wherein I demanded of him what good he received by the superioritie he had amongst his councitien (for he was a Captaine and our Mariners called him King), he told me it was to march foremost in any charge of warre: further, I asked him how many men did follow him, hee shewed me a distance of place, to signifie they were as many as might be contained in so much round, which I guessed to be about 4 or 5 thousand men: moreover, demanded if when warres were ended, all his authoritie expired; he answered, that hee had only this left him, which was, that when he went on progresse, and visited the villages depending of him, the inhabitants prepared paths and high-waies athwart the hedges of their woods, for him to passe through at ease. All this is not verie ill; but what of that? They weare no kinde of breeches nor hosen.

## POPOL VUH

Transcribed 1554-1558 (almost certainly drawing from an earlier council book)

Mayan

The *Popol Vuh* (“The Book of the People”) provides a valuable record of a subject about which knowledge is quite scarce: the Mesoamerican civilization. Specifically, the *Popol Vuh* provides valuable records of the literate Mayan Quiché people, who once prospered in what is today Guatemala. One finds a sad irony in the fact that the survival of the text is due to the translation of the Spanish Dominican clergy man Francesco Ximéne, as the same group of colonists who would lead to the destruction of the Mayan empire also preserved one of its most important cultural documents. Within the *Popol Vuh*, one finds reference to the Spanish conquerors and Christians, some straightforward allusions, others oblique and debated by scholars. The text is often cited in the study of comparative literature for its Creation and Flood narratives, but *Popol Vuh* also contains stories that provide the iconic source material for certain important Mayan rituals, such as the ball games and sacrifice. Of special interest is the role played by the hero-twins, Hunahpú and Xbalanqué. The twins manage to defeat such threatening forces as Seven Macaw and the lords of the underworld not through a display of brawn and bravado but through their wit and trickery. The section of *Popol Vuh* for the reading ends with a moving prayer for future generations of the Quiché people.

Questions to consider while reading this selection:

- How do Hunahpu and Xbalanque, the heroes of Mayan myth, compare and contrast with other epic heroes that we have encountered in our studies?
- In much Western culture, human beings are set above the animal and natural world (see for example the accounts of creation in *Genesis* and *Metamorphoses*). What is the Mayan attitude toward animals and the natural world?
- Select one event from the *Popol Vuh* that you find alien, disturbing or just plain weird. Explain why you find it so, and then try to explain what it tells us about Mayan culture.
- Do you find any humorous touches in the stories of Hunahpu and Xbalanque?

*Written by Douglass Thomson*

## POPOL VUH

This selection is available at the following link:

<http://www.mesoweb.com/publications/christenson/popolvuh.pdf>



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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*

<http://faculty.sgc.edu/rkelley/don%20quixote.pdf>

\**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>

*Of Cannibals*

[https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Montaigne%27s\\_essays/book\\_I/chapter\\_XXX](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Montaigne%27s_essays/book_I/chapter_XXX)

*Popol Vuh*

<http://www.mesoweb.com/publications/christenson/popolvuh.pdf>

*The Journals of Christopher Columbus*

[https://archive.org/details/cihm\\_05312](https://archive.org/details/cihm_05312)

*The Prince*

<http://faculty.sgc.edu/rkelley/the%20prince.pdf>

*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:

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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:

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Image 12.1 Cherokee Men and Women:

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