
Rinconete and Cortadillo

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES



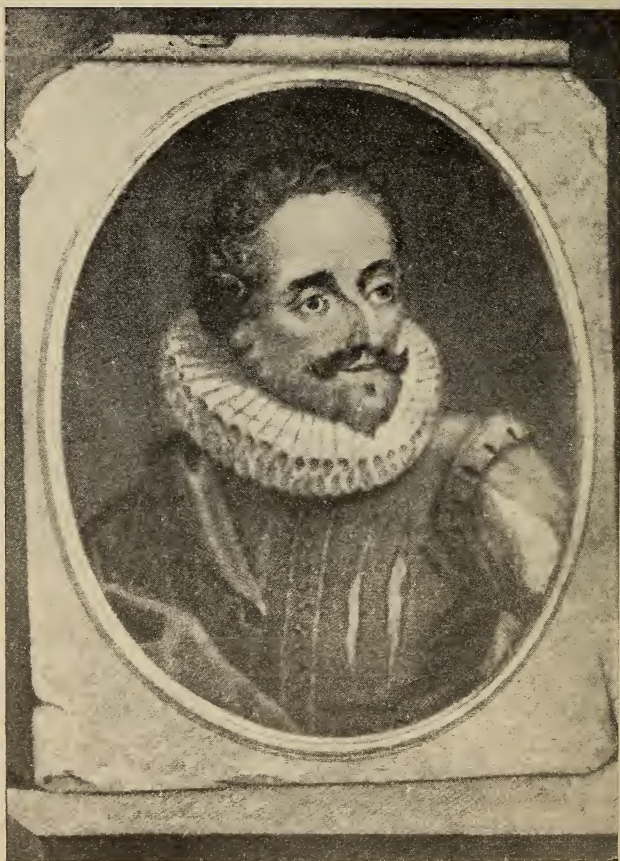
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RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO



From a rare print

CERVANTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH WITH AN
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
MARIANO J. LORENTE

WITH A PREFACE BY
R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM



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This translation is dedicated
TO MY MOTHER

NOTE.

In view of the controversial nature of my introduction to this translation, it is only fair on my part that I should record the fact that when Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham wrote his preface he had not seen either the introduction or the translation itself. He is, therefore, in no way accountable for any of my statements. The responsibility for them rests entirely on myself. He kindly wrote it at my request, and for his characteristically elegant preface I can thank him in no better way—nor in one which he will better understand—than by quoting the beggars of Spain and saying: “Hermano, Dios se lo pague.”

For many valuable suggestions I wish to thank a Spanish scholar, as brilliant as he is modest, Dr. J. J. Mangan.

M. J. L.

PREFACE

TO DISCREET CERVANTOPHILES

CERVANTES excelled in prefaces. Hence anyone who dares to write a preface to a translation of any of his works should bear in mind what he says in the preface to the Exemplary Novels, amongst which *Rinconete and Cortadillo* occurs.

“No more, except God save you, and may he give me patience to bear the evil which more than four sly and stiff-starched fellows are sure to say of me.” Yet in that preface is contained the picture of himself, rendered in right Toledan, and in unfading ink, which shows him to us, as well as if it had been painted by Velazquez, for the method of Cervantes was as realistic as was that of his compeers.

“He that you see here with an aquiline face, with chestnut hair, smooth and open forehead, with cheerful eyes, hooked nose, though it is well proportioned, his beard of silver, though twenty years ago it was of gold...is called commonly Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

“He was a soldier many years, and for five years and a half a captive, during which he learned the art of patience in adversity...”

Even after he had penned this preface, a masterpiece of modesty tempered with a due sense of his own worth, he yet was certain that he would not escape the breath of calumny, the envy of the dull, censure of fools, and the detraction of those who read a book, not to admire its beauties, but to pick out its faults.

If he who wrote the noble prologue to the second part of his *Don Quixote*, and penned, an hour or two before his death, the touching, humorously contrived foreword to his *Persiles*, which few can laugh at without feeling that their laughter is so near to tears, that they are never certain where the laughter finishes and the tears begin, was well aware that he would have detractors, what is the case of us, his humble fellow laborers with the pen.

Your preface-monger, what is he after all? At best but a mere stalking horse behind whose cover the writer of the book may shelter for a moment ere he steps out into the public view. Hardly a stalking horse, for rightly apprehended your stalking horse serves for the fowler to take aim behind when he advances on his game. In this case, the writer is the game himself, and when the flimsy shield is drawn aside, the fusillade begins.

So your poor preface-writer runs a double danger; firstly he has to justify himself, with an apology for

his brief, transient literary life, and next be careful that he does not give his principal away. Scattered throughout the prefaces Cervantes wrote are sayings, proverbs, incidents, and traits of Spanish life, with the author's moralisings on all that he had seen and undergone. All are so various and so brilliant that other preface writers must perforce appear dull dogs, seen in comparison.

No one in all the field of letters, but himself, with his foot as he puts it, in the stirrup, a few hours before his death could possibly have told the story of the brown-clad student that he met upon the road.

One sees Cervantes jogging on his horse which as he tells us was a fast walker (*era algo pasilargo*), and hears the student calling to them from the rear. He comes up seated on a sorry mule, clad all in brown, with cloak-bag and with wallet, hears quite by accident his fellow traveller's name, alights incontinently. Then seizing hold of the left hand, marred in the battle of Lepanto, he kisses it, and launches into rhapsody. This is the "Manco-Sano", the festive writer, and finally the Darling of the Muses—he pours out, until Cervantes, having drawn away his hand, tells him that he is none of these things, and he had better get upon his mule. He does so, and happening to be a "medical," straight diagnoses the malady Cervantes suffered from,

which he pronounces dropsy, and past the skill of any one to cure. Cervantes recognizes he is doomed, and with a few words that go straight to the heart, spurs on his horse, upon the road.

You will perceive, oh discreet reader, that so far I have used Cervantes, to approach you warily, for I too fear what sly and stiff-starched men may say. Thus you will see a Mexican *vaquero* walk up in a corral, towards a half tame horse, seeming not to look at him, till he is near enough to put the end of the *mecate* over his withers and then slipping it up towards his ears, catch hold of it below his neck; and then the trick is done.

There comes a time at which even a man who writes a preface, has to essay to look the reader in the face. The *Exemplary Novels*, so says their author, were so contrived, that there is none of them from which you cannot take some good example.

He goes on to say, "the love-making that you will find in them is all so honest, so compassed round with reason and with Christian discourse, that any reader careless or careful may read it and be stirred to no bad thoughts."

'Tis well, and yet it seems to me that men of military age used not, in my time, to have much use for love-making alloyed with Christian discourse. Few women

either, I remember vaguely, seemed to care much for reason in the matter, but let that pass, I have no quarrel with Cervantes for his conclusion, for to confuse love-making with bad thoughts is Puritan and base.

If *Rinconete and Cortadillo* has been translated into English or how many times, I do not know, nor shall I look the matter up in any dictionary, or in the ponderous catalogues of the museum now closed for fear of many aerial attacks.

What I do know is that an idiomatic version of a classic is never out of season, for there are turns and intricacies of the Spanish tongue, hard to present in English and still preserve their salt. The same applies to English and it will be an interesting experience to read the version of a Spanish classic done into Anglo-Saxon speech by a countryman of the immortal novelist, soldier and captive, who if report be true penned his best flights of fancy in a gaol.

The little masterpiece gives perhaps the best sketch of Spanish low-life that has come down to us. It is, I think, more intimate than even *Lazarillo de Tormes*, truer to nature than *Guzmán de Alfarache*, and mercifully, not so dull as is *La Pícaro Justina*, and I suppose, because Cervantes says so, that it is exemplary. It certainly contains little, as far as I can see, of Christian discourse; but then Cervantes says (and he is right)

“I know one is not aways in the churches, nor is one always occupied with business...there are hours of recreation in which the afflicted spirit rests.” Certainly *Rinconete and Cortadillo* is a work of recreation, and the afflicted spirit reading it may rest and smile at all the humors it contains. The meeting of the two vagrant boys, their entering into the confraternity of thieves, with the picture of the house in which dwelt Monipodio, the arch-thief of Seville, all are touched in as only Cervantes could touch in such scenes. He uses but few words and yet in the short sketch there are a dozen portraits which once read are as indelible in the mind’s eye as is a picture of El Greco, nay as the heads in the Burial of the Conde de Orgaz. The description of the patio in which el Señor Monipodio gave audience to his adherents cannot be surpassed in paint. In many a house in Spain to-day there are such patios, with their brick floor and clean fresh-painted walls; the three legged bench, and the cracked water jar with a drinking cup balanced upon its mouth, the mat of bass fibre and the pot of basil, all are familiar objects to any one who knows a house upon the outskirts of a Spanish town. The wooden chest, without a top, the image of Our Lady, badly executed (*de mala estampa*) and the esparto basket, with the little holy water stoup of earthenware, all still adorn such patios

in such towns. Only the foils and the cork bucklers have disappeared, and in their place a single barrelled gun, or a bent sword given by some bull-fighter, now hang from the four nails from which Cervantes says the foils and bucklers hung. Into this patio come a strange company of bravos, harlots and of thieves. First comes an ancient lady who flops down upon her knees before the badly painted image of Our Lady; then two swash-bucklers, and next two "bonnets" dressed up as serious citizens, whose mission is to find out which houses are worth the while to rob. They all do homage to the great Monipodio, a thick-set man, of about five and forty, black-eyed and bearded, dressed in a cloak of baize that hung down to his heels. This worthy, girt with a short broad-sword, administered his justice after the fashion of a Moorish Cadi, admitting no reply to anything he said, and though of rustic bearing and unlettered, being obeyed quite as implicitly as if he had studied either at Salamanca or at Alcalá. The two boys Rinconete and Cortadillo, who had previously thought thieving was a trade (or art) free to mankind to practice without let, or hindrance, now were surprised to find it had its hierarchy and apprenticeship exactly like all other ways of life. Two ladies of the town, one Cariharta and her friend La Escalanta, also appear, and one of them straight falls amoralising

on love, a subject of which she had considerable experience, for certainly her virtue was so easy that it could not have been a burden to her to carry it about.

This, oh discreet Cervantophiles, is all I have to tell about the matter, and if you do not like what I have written, all I can say is, the remedy is yours, for as you are aware, snakes that come out into the high road, come out in order to be slain.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

INTRODUCTION

Estimable reader:

Before I let you pass on to read in the language of Shakespeare the novel of Cervantes which I have translated, I feel strongly tempted to imitate the actors of the Greece of old, and, removing the mask of obscurity which at present hides my personality, take you into my confidence by telling you: "I am so and so." Only one fear prevents me from yielding to temptation, that my statements about my own self might be taken with a pinch of salt—not necessarily Attic.

It is true that, in place of blowing my trumpet, I might have asked one of the gentlemen of high degree, or of several academic degrees, who honor me with their friendship, to enlighten you about my unworthy person, but let me—after the fashion of Cervantes—tell you a story.

When the MS. of the present translation was completed, I bethought myself of a Scottish baronet of my acquaintance who dabbles in promiscuous literature. The lettered baronet had favored me, while I was in that country, with the hospitality for which Scotland is deservedly famous, and on several occasions had evinced great interest in my welfare. And so, I wrote

him as polite a note as I was able, asking his permission to send him my MS. for his criticisms and advice.

A Spanish proverb says that "donde menos se piensa, salta la liebre," which is a more picturesque way of expressing the fact that "the unexpected always happens." My baronet answered me in the following terms:

"Dear Don Mariano:

In reply to your note, I consider A's editorship of B's translation of *Rinconete* a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. A is a member of the Spanish Academy.

I am

Yours truly."

Apart from the fact that A is not a member of the Spanish Academy, the baronet's note was "canny" enough for any Caledonian, though hardly sufficiently courteous for a man who has Spanish blood in his veins. His note, however, was beneficial in the extreme to me, for it caused me to make an important resolution, viz., to dispense with the editorship of any bespectacled and erudite scholar. And this, amiable reader, is another reason why I must remain in obscurity. . . . unless you find me out some other way. For I refuse to be made the frame of any professorial stalking-horse behind whose cover some fool may shoot the dum-dum bullets

of his ignorance at any honest toiler who ventures into the field of Cervantine study.

If anyone should feel—you perhaps, oh reader!—that my translation could be easily improved, and I have not the slightest doubt that there is ample room for improvement, let him by all means make the improvements, and from no one will he receive more hearty applause than from this, his humble servant. For in translating *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, I seek not fame nor wealth, being perfectly aware as I am, that neither falls to the lot of the translator. I have undertaken the task with the praiseworthy intention of offering to the English-reading public a tolerable rendering of Cervantes' best Exemplary Novel.

When the Ingenious Knight of La Mancha visited the printer's shop at Barcelona, he expressed his views on translations generally, comparing them with the reverse side of a tapestry where the figures of the face are indistinctly discerned, covered as they are with a tangle of threads. Who knows but that Cervantes had a premonition that his marvellous tapestries would be exhibited wrongside foremost to an expectant public? Perhaps he did; for in his lifetime, though fickle Fortune denied him the enjoyment of wordly goods, he tasted of the bitter fruits of celebrity. He found he

had imitators and, naturally, he must have assumed that he would have translators.

Cervantes—except, perhaps, in his *Don Quixote*—has fared badly at the hands of his English exponents. No American, as far as I am aware, has ever honored himself by translating him.

James Mabbie, under the pseudonym of "Don Diego Puede-Ser," published, in 1640, a translation of six of the Novels which, however, did not include *Rinconete and Cortadillo*. His translation was qualified by Godwin as "perhaps the most perfect specimen of prose in the English language," which statement goes to show that the phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon is as subject to hysterics as the more highly strung Latin; for Mabbie's translation is anything but excellent.

Twelve years later, "R. C., Gent."—we will take his word for it—surpassed Mabbie's excellence. . . . by not translating at all, and, having woven in his fertile imagination some worthless yarns, dubbed them "The Troublesome and Hard Adventures in Love. A Work very Delightfull and Acceptable to All. Written in Spanish by that Excellent and Famous Gentleman, Michael Cervantes; and exactly translated into English, by R. C., Gent."

Both Mabbie and "R. C."—let us not forget the "Gent."—had imitators, for some attempted to trans-

late, and others saved themselves the trouble; but the first to translate all of the Exemplary Novels into English was Walter Keating Kelly who published them in 1846, and reprinted them—with the addition of *La Tía Fingida*, of unknown authorship, and *El Buscapié*, known not to have come from Cervantes at all—in 1855.

W. K. Kelly fully deserves the Italian dictum of “Traduttore traditore.” He began by using a corrupt text for his translation, and, perhaps because he feared the inaccuracy of his text, suppressed, changed, and added *ad libitum*, and, finally, couched his version in phrases so widely divergent from those of Cervantes that his work has deservedly received the most emphatic condemnation of such a complacent critic as Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly.

For almost half a century W. K. Kelly held the field, and then, in 1902, appeared a new English version of the complete Novels by Norman MacColl. His translation was edited by Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, who, in a very interesting introduction, bestowed on it the most extravagant praise. “Mr. MacColl, as a matter of course,” said Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, “has adopted the only sound plan in such undertakings (translations): though the *editio princeps* of 1613 (sic) has never been reprinted. . . . he has taken it as the basis

of his rendering. . . . Mr. MacColl, then, starts with the same superiority over all other translators of the *Novelas exemplares* that Mr. Ormsby has over all other translators of *Don Quixote*: while not despising the light thrown on defective passages by other editions, both are alone in choosing an authentic text on scientific principles, and keeping to it as closely as the genius of our speech allows. To render Cervantes's text as he wrote it, without either additions or suppressions, is in itself an exceeding merit. And there is another point upon which stress should be laid. It is an almost incredible fact—but a fact none the less, and one highly discreditable to Cervantes's professed admirers in Spain and out of it—that there exists no annotated edition of the *Novelas*, and consequently the translator of these stories is at an immense disadvantage as compared with the translator of *Don Quixote*. He has no convenient, patient Clemencín who will submit to be alternately plundered and derided, who will explain the intrinsic difficulties of the text, the countless odd expressions, the thousand and one obscure allusions, the numerous obsolete slang words which perplex and often baffle the best native scholars of Spain. He must solve all his puzzles alone and unaided. All the more, therefore, is Mr. MacColl to be congratulated on his very successful achievement. His rendering of Cer-

vantes's verse (and this would have pleased the author more than all the rest) is singularly happy; his translation of the prose is vivid, fluent, almost invariably faithful to the letter and the spirit; his notes are sufficient and to the point. To say that his is by far the best version of the *Novelas exemplares* in the English language is to say too little; it is one of the best translations made from the Spanish in our time. And those who are acquainted with the work of Trench, Fitzgerald, Ormsby, Gibson, and Mr. Symons, will know that this is high praise."

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

The above is high praise indeed, coming from the pen of such an authority as Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. It is so high that the worthy editor might have saved himself a deal of trouble, if instead of writing the paragraphs quoted, he had printed as a colophon to Norman MacColl's translation the Pillars of Hercules and the motto "Nec plus ultra," for, after all, that is what he meant.

Unfortunately, however, there is not the slightest foundation for the encomium which Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly heaped on Norman MacColl's version, and I regret that it should have fallen to my lot to have to say so. Norman MacColl did use the *editio princeps*, but he made a very poor use of it, and his translation

is hardly better than that of his predecessor W. K. Kelly.

To any one acquainted with both Spanish and English, Norman MacColl's version discloses the following facts: that he had a very imperfect knowledge of Spanish; that his acquaintance with the Spain of Cervantes was extremely superficial; that his English—as regards both grammar and style—was very poor indeed; and that he was extremely careless in the performance of his self-imposed task.

As I am not, as yet, a recognized authority on these matters, and as I neither want nor expect any one to take my bare word for them, I shall substantiate my statements with examples culled from *Rinconete and Cortadillo*.

Referring to the shoes worn by one of the boys, Norman McColl styles them "rotten" instead of "fancy." The "bag" carried by one of the boys becomes a "sleeve." The "Walloon collar" is turned into a "starched Walloon" and, later on, the playing cards, from being carried in the "collar," are transferred to the "neck" of the boy. Cortado's father, from being a "hosier" is transformed into a "cobbler." The "mules" on which the travellers take the boys to Seville are changed into "horses." Cortado is made to say "shoulders" instead of "back." Old Pipota is called a "beggar

woman" in lieu of an "old woman in flowing robes" and the two blackguards who followed her are termed "stout" in place of "handsome." For "appeasing their hunger" Norman MacColl says "cutting short their anger." And so on—*ad nauseam*.

Norman MacColl did not know what "medias calzas," "medios mantos," and "gente de barrio" meant, thereby showing that he was imperfectly acquainted with the Spain of Cervantes.

As a sample of Norman MacColl's lucid and grammatical English, the following phrase will do very nicely: "So and so, son of so and so, native of such and such a place, such a day they hanged them or flogged them."

His carelessness will be fully demonstrated by the following examples. In translating the phrase "gente de barrio" in *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, Norman MacColl forgot that Cervantes himself had explained the obscure sentence in his novel of *El Celeso Estremeno*—which he translated at the same time—and, drawing on his imagination, rendered it by "quite plainly dressed," thereby giving it a meaning diametrically opposed to its real one. Again, although he mentions in the first page of his *Rinconete and Cortadillo* that the playing cards were carried in a "collar," two pages further on he forgot that "cuello" means "collar"

and says that the boy carried the cards "at his neck," instead of "in the collar." This, Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly would have us believe, is translating "on scientific principles."

The notes to Norman MacColl's version are quite in keeping with it, Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly to the contrary notwithstanding. In over a quarter of them, he follows the extremely aggravating practice of referring the reader to some other book. In one note he is rather cautious and explains the allusion to a bride's handkerchief as "A reference to a custom at Spanish weddings." In another he makes the inconceivable blunder of thinking that when Cervantes wrote Teba he meant Thebes.

Much has been said by the critics about Cervantes' short-comings as a poet, and some of them have dealt rather harshly with the immortal author of *Don Quixote*, but the unkindest cut of all is Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's assertion that Norman MacColl's rendering of the verses in the Exemplary Novels "would have pleased the author." As a sample of such renderings—*Rinconete and Cortadillo* has hardly any verses—I quote the following from *La Gitanilla*:

"When Preciosa on the timbrel plays,
And the light airs are pierced by the sound,

Pearls be they truly that she flings around,
And flowers she scatters with the hand of fays.
The soul is prisoner, prudence captive stays,
For by her magic feats it feels spell-bound,
And honest hearts and sober minds are found
Her fame extolling 'bove th' heavenly ways.

By hair drawn upwards slender as a wire,
A thousand souls she raises; at her feet
Love lays his golden and his leaden dart.
With her two suns he'll blind, or fire the soul,
And for her exercise dominion sweet;
And still more greatness doth suspect the heart."

It passes my comprehension how a countryman of Shakespeare and Milton—and a literary critic withal—could say that those miserable lines would please any one . . . even a poetaster such as Cervantes!

To a certain extent there is no truth in Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's statement that Norman MacColl "had no patient Clemencín, etc." Had Norman MacColl read Clemencín's notes to *Don Quixote*, he would not have translated "Boorish science" where Cervantes wrote "science of Vilhan," meaning the art of playing cards; for Clemencín has a rather lengthy note on the subject, and refers his reader to *Rinconete and Cortadillo*. So that, after all, Norman MacColl did have

Clemencín but did not choose to avail himself of his assistance.

In view of the foregoing indisputable facts, Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's encomiastic harangue on behalf of Norman MacColl's translation, instead of the sober judgment of a literary critic, becomes more like the inflated peroration of a circus manager introducing a highly civilized gorilla to an open-mouthed audience.

The best that could have been said about Norman MacColl's translation is what the translator himself expressed in his own succinct prefatory note:

"I am much indebted to Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly and M. Morel-Fatio for the readiness with which they have answered my questions, and the valuable assistance they have given me in difficult passages. I am also under great obligations to the publishers of this edition (Gowans & Gray, Glasgow, Feb. 1902). Mr. Gowans has devoted much time and unremitting care to the correction of the proofs, and his admirable knowledge of Spanish has enabled him to point out many erroneous renderings. *When so much has been successfully questioned, one's confidence in what remains is naturally shaken.*"

But Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly overreached himself in lauding his friend's work. Such excellence as he claims for it is altogether *superhuman* and he has done

but little favor to his protege, although his intentions were above reproach.

It is deplorable that Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly should have seen fit to forget that he is a critic, and that a critic owes it to his readers not to permit Friendship to tamper with the balance in which he weighs literary wares. Highly deplorable to me, for it has forced me to the distasteful task of exposing the blunders of Norman MacColl, a man for whose memory I have nothing but the greatest esteem. He did his best, and that is all we can expect, or are entitled to expect from any man.

The mediocrity of Norman MacColl's translation coupled with Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's fantastic praise of it moved me to attempt the performance of something better.

I will not speak of the almost insuperable obstacles which barred my way to an accurate rendering of Cervantes' little masterpiece. The uninitiated would not understand me, while, on the other hand, the scholars require no jeremiades to appreciate my difficulties. As for the "sly and stiff starched fellows"—the critics—who find fault with my version, I might imitate the illustrious Cervantist, Sr. Rodríguez Marín, by saying that there are several other works of Cervantes on which they might try their supernatural

powers, but I would rather tell them that they can go ahead and prove their mettle by improving my translation, and that I wish them "godspeed" with all my heart.

How far my translation has fallen short of the mark which I set myself when I began my work, no one knows better than I do. Yet, kind-hearted reader, do not waste any pity on my poor self; for I feel satisfied that my translation is by far the most accurate that has ever appeared in English, and I am proud of the fact that such a translation has been done by a Spaniard. My countrymen—and the world at large—owe much to the famous author of *Don Quixote*, and, though the work of interpreting his novel to the English-reading public has proved arduous in the extreme, my labor has been considerably lightened by the thought that I was privileged enough to repay—even in an infinitesimal measure—my part of the debt.

Having explained the *raison d'être* of my translation, the time is ripe to talk about the original, and although I have been prevented from carrying out, to any extent, research work of my own, I trust I will be able to throw some light on the novel of *Rinconete and Cortadillo*.

The very earliest mention of *Rinconete and Cortadillo* occurs in Chapter XLVII of *Don Quixote*,

Part I. When the unfortunate Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance was being carried away from the famous inn where Maritones made herself generally useful to the guests: "The landlord approached the priest and handed him some papers, saying that he had discovered them in the lining of the hand bag where he had found the novel of 'El Curioso Impertinente' and, as their owner had never come back to the inn, he could take them all away; for himself was unable to read and did not want them. The priest thanked him, and, looking them over, saw that at the beginning of the MS. it said: 'Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo.'"

It is evident, therefore, that *Rinconete and Cortadillo* was written before the first part of *Don Quixote* had been finished, and on this all critics are agreed. But, apart from this evidence furnished by Cervantes himself, Don Francisco Rodríguez Marín in his most excellent critical edition of *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, has called attention to the similarity of certain expressions in *Rinconete and Cortadillo* and in the first part of *Don Quixote*. Similarities of the same kind occur in *Persiles and Sigismunda* and in the second part of *Don Quixote*, which are positively known to have been written simultaneously and, hence, Don Francisco Rodríguez Marín infers that *Rinconete and Cortadillo* and the first part of *Don*

Quixote must also have been penned at about the same time.

With these facts in view, I make bold to assert—and may the supercilious forgive me for it—that *Rinconete and Cortadillo* was written between Chapter XXXII and XLVII of the first part of *Don Quixote*; and I base my opinion on the curious behaviour of the already mentioned innkeeper.

Clemencín, who in his famous Commentary dealt so harshly with Cervantes, did not notice—at least, omitted to mention—the glaring contradiction in the conduct of the innkeeper and, to my knowledge, no one else remarked upon it.

In Chapter XXXII of the first part of *Don Quixote*, at the post-prandial dissertation on books of Knight Errantry which took place at the inn, the landlord mentioned that a guest of his had left a hand bag containing a few books of Chivalry and some papers, and that during harvest time there was always some reaper who could read, to the great edification of the company. The priest having expressed a desire to see the books, the landlord produced the bag and gave him the books and MS. “which was written in a very good hand.” The latter proved to be the novel of *El Curioso Impertinente*. The priest, greatly incensed at all books of Chivalry, wanted to burn the volumes, to the indig-

nation of mine host, who prevented him from carrying out his nefarious intention, but, his curiosity having been aroused by a perusal of the MS., he asked the landlord to let him have it. To which the innkeeper made answer: "Well may your reverence read it; for I must let you know that some of my guests, who have read it here, have been highly pleased with it and have earnestly begged me to give it to them; *but I always refused to let them take it as I intend to return it to him who left the hand bag forgotten here with those books and those papers. It may well be that their rightful owner may turn up in course of time, and although I know I shall sorely miss them, faith, I shall return them to him; for, though an innkeeper, I am still a Christian.*"

As we have already seen, in Chapter XLVII of the first part of *Don Quixote*, the worthy innkeeper threw his Christianity to the winds without the slightest excuse and, although the priest did not ask—far less entreat—for it, he handed him the priceless MS. of *Rinconete and Cortadillo*.

What is the meaning of this apparently inexplicable contradiction? Simply this: that Cervantes, who never was very careful in the composition of his works but never missed an opportunity of mentioning them, had not written *Rinconete and Cortadillo* when he pen-

ned Chapter XXXII, but that by the time he arrived at Chapter XLVII of the first part of *Don Quixote* he had already conceived and put in black and white his little masterpiece.

There can be no question, therefore, as to the comparative time in which *Rinconete and Cortadillo* was written. It is contemporaneous with the first part of *Don Quixote*. But there is a question, in spite of all the critics, as to the time when the latter work was written.

Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, in his "Chapters on Spanish Literature," expressed the opinion that the first part of *Don Quixote* was not finished till "just before Cervantes' departure to Valladolid at the beginning of 1603. . .". He asserts that "Lope de Vega was constantly in Seville from 1600 to 1604" and that "Cervantes wrote a complimentary sonnet for the edition of the *Dragontea* issued by Lope in 1602," and he infers that the two writers must have been on friendly terms at that date, and that "it is therefore incredible that Cervantes had written—or even contemplated writing—the sharp attack on Lope in the forty-seventh chapter of *Don Quixote*. In the year 1602 Cervantes and Lope must have fallen out, and Cervantes then wrote the chapter in question, and therefore, the first

part of *Don Quixote* was not finished till the end of that year. Q. E. D.

To begin with, the forty-seventh chapter contains nothing whatsoever which might have been suspected of being an attack upon Lope. It undoubtedly must be the forty-eighth chapter he means, for therein appears an acrimonious criticism of the Spanish theatre, which is what Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has taken as an attack on Lope de Vega.

There is among the critics—as it appears to me—a decided tendency to magnify molehills into mountains when they come to consider the unfriendly relations of famous men. A case in point is that of the celebrated New Englander George Ticknor when commenting on the spurious second part of *Don Quixote*. Referring to Cervantes' declaration that his immortal work was conceived in a gaol, "Avellaneda says the same thing in his preface," comments Ticknor in a foot-note, "but says it contemptuously: Pero disculpan los yerros de su Primera Parte en esta materia, el haberse escrito entre *los* de una carcel, etc. (the italics are Ticknor's.) A base insinuation seems implied in the use of the relative article *los*." There is nothing of the kind. Avellaneda merely perpetrated a miserable pun, for the "los" stands for "hierros," which is pronounced the same as "yerros." But Ticknor knew that Avellaneda

was Cervantes' foe, and therefore, everything the former said must be derogatory to the latter.

Something similar happens to Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly.

There is no doubt that the friendship which united Lope de Vega and Cervantes came to end in the early years of the seventeenth century. But if we know this to be a fact, it is not through Cervantes, but through Lope. Cervantes, as far as I am aware, never censured Lope openly, whereas Lope did cast aspersions on Cervantes, deliberately naming him, incidentally demonstrating that a man of genius may, on occasion, be a confounded ass, for did he not say that there would be no one foolish enough to praise *Don Quixote*?

Don Francisco Rodríguez Marín is satisfied that Cervantes alluded to Lope in the verses of Urganda and in the Prologue of the first part of *Don Quixote* and Clemencín and Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly are equally sure that the forty-eighth chapter of the same book is a criticism of Lope. Sr. Rodríguez Marín, I think, is right, but Clemencín and Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly are, in my opinion, decidedly wrong.

It is admitted by all that Lope's Comedias, though infinitely superior to anything that had appeared on the Spanish boards, were marred by the same faults from which their predecessors and contemporaries suffered, so that, even although Cervantes' remarks could be

applied to Lope, they were yet more applicable to all other dramatists, including Cervantes himself. The cap fitted Lope perfectly, but, obviously, that was Lope's fault. There is something else in the same chapter which shows conclusively that the severe criticisms were far from being intended solely for Lope's benefit. There is high praise, and lavished with the generosity which was characteristic of Cervantes, and the praise is all for Lope. For, though Lope is never mentioned by name, it is almost impossible to mistake the identity of the "ingenio de esta corte" of whom Cervantes speaks so encomiastically.

Clemencín was uncharitable enough to imagine that this unlimited praise was only a ruse of Cervantes to appease Lope and his admirers! Which is tantamount to saying that Cervantes was an idiot; for what would have been the use of attacking Lope in such a way that he would not feel the attack? I for one, refuse to believe that the hero of Lepanto and the no less heroic captive of Algiers was either a fool or a knave.

If we remember that Cervantes had been an unsuccessful dramatist; that but a short time previous to the publication of his *Don Quixote* he had made a contract to write several plays of which no one has ever heard anything to this day, probably because the actor manager refused to accept them, and that in the chap-

ter in question he says by the mouth of the priest: "Your worship...has touched upon a subject (plays) which has awakened in me an old grudge against the comedies which are represented nowadays"; if we bear all this in mind, we will easily perceive that Cervantes unburdened his bosom, not against any one individual in particular, but against a whole system or school. And, if I should be right in my interpretation, it follows that the forty-eighth chapter of the first part of *Don Quixote* is of little—if any—chronological value to determine when the first part of *Don Quixote*—and, consequently, *Rinconete and Cortadillo*—was written. That chapter might very well have been written before Cervantes gave Lope the eulogistic sonnet for the *Dragontea*. The *Dragontea*, as well as the *Hermosura de Angélica*, the *Arcadia* and the *Isidro*, praised in the sonnet, are not dramatic pieces, and there would be no inconsistency in eulogizing them even after berating the comedies.

In the very interesting critical edition already mentioned, Don Francisco Rodríguez Marín states that such authorities as Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, Don Ramón León Máinez and Sr. Cortejón are of opinion that Cervantes must have been in gaol—for the second time—in 1601, or more likely, in 1602. This opinion is based

on the facts that "as in 1597 the Licenciado Gaspar de Vallejo set Cervantes free, and as there is a reference in a report of the accountants (Valladolid, 24th of January 1603) to the effect that Sr. Bernabé de Pedroso, purveyor general to the fleet, had been ordered 'to release him (Cervantes) from the gaol where he was in Seville'; provided that he should promise, under bond, to appear, in a certain period of time, to render an account of the balance against him which had been verified in 1601, it is evident that he was imprisoned again in that city in 1601 or 1602."

Sr. Rodríguez Marín goes on to say that, as the immortal *Don Quixote* was conceived in a gaol and that as the Sevillian penitentiary, of all those where the great genius had pined, was the only one worthy of that name, it follows that *Don Quixote* was composed in the gaol of Seville, and in the year 1601 or 1602.

I am unable to follow Sr. Rodríguez Marín to the conclusions which to him are so evident, and it may be that the fault is entirely mine, but from the evidence before me, I am inclined to believe that *Don Quixote* was conceived, not in 1601 or 1602 but in 1595, that is to say, the first time that Cervantes was locked up in what Sr. Rodríguez Marín calls "a branch office of Hell."

When, through the failure of the merchant Simón Freire de Lima, Cervantes was unable to pay into the treasury certain sums he had collected as taxes, and which he had entrusted to the merchant, the unfortunate writer was confined in the gaol at Seville by royal warrant of the 6th. of September 1597. To enable Cervantes to repair to Madrid and render an account of his collections, bail was fixed at a sum which proved prohibitive to the flaccid pockets of the unhappy tax gatherer. He remonstrated, and bail was forthwith lowered to an amount equal to the balance against him, namely, two-thousand six-hundred and forty-one *reales*. Accordingly, by another royal warrant issued the first of December of the same year, Cervantes was liberated after having furnished bond, and with the understanding that he was to present himself at the court within a short time, failing which his bondsmen would have to settle the account. But Cervantes did not go to Madrid and Sr. Rodríguez Marín says: "Why should he, until he had money to pay the debt?" Nothing else is known about this affair, except the above mentioned report.

We should carefully note that Cervantes does not seem to have had any difficulty in furnishing bond, as indeed he did not have any on several subsequent occasions when he required it. Evidently he had some

very good friend, or friends, in Seville, probably one Tomás Gutierrez in whose house he lodged.

We should also bear in mind that Cervantes did not bother himself about journeying to Madrid. Sr. Rodríguez Marín suggests lack of funds as an excuse.

Little or nothing is known about Cervantes' doings till he appears in Valladolid early in 1603. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly surmises that he must have been busy writing in some "naked garret," for, of course, who is the great writer who did not write, at some time or other, in a naked garret? However, if I may use my own imagination, I should imagine that a "naked garret" would truly be a very scarce commodity in Seville.

Be that as it may, there is reason to believe that Cervantes' fortunes had improved during his last two years residence in Seville. Supposing that the accountant's report referred to recent happenings, and that Cervantes had been imprisoned in the Sevillian gaol a second time, he was liberated on condition that he would appear at the court in a short time, and he did go to Valladolid towards the end of 1602, or the first month of 1603. It is evident that Cervantes furnished bond before he left the gaol, and not only was he able to do this but, moreover, he found somewhere the actual hard cash wherewith to effect the journey to

Valladolid. This is more than he was able to do the first time he was imprisoned, and therefore, there is no reason to assume that he was in gaol for any protracted period, at any rate not any longer than the first time, which was only three months. This is altogether too short a time in which to have written the first part of *Don Quixote* and *Rinconete and Cortadillo* and, perhaps, some other pieces. From internal evidence it is clear that the first part of *Don Quixote* was written at different intervals of time, and it is more than reasonable to suppose that it took Cervantes more than three months to complete it, especially as he was not a gentleman of leisure and must have been rather busy keeping the wolf from the door.

Again, if as Sr. Rodríguez Marín points out, Cervantes himself handed to the Licenciado Porras de la Cámara a copy of *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, which, as I have shown, must have been written between Chapters XXXII and XLVII of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, it seems to me improbable that he should have done so just as he was about to leave Seville. It is more likely that Cervantes tried to ingratiate himself with the Licenciado while he had no intention of leaving that city.

My own conclusions are, that whether or not Cervantes was imprisoned a second time in Seville, the first

part of *Don Quixote* was conceived or planned in the gaol of Seville during the last months of 1597; that in the following years, and previous to his departure for Valladolid, he continued to work on his *Don Quixote*, and wrote *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, and *El Celoso Estremeno*, copies of which he gave the *Licenciado* Porras de la Cámara, and that with the invaluable MSS. he left the city of the Guadalquivir and went to that of the Pisuerga and the Esgueva. It is clear to me that—rather than in answer to judicial summons—he repaired to the court because he must have had some new interests therein. Otherwise, why did he follow the court to Madrid as soon as it was removed thither?

So much as to the date and place when and where *Rinconete and Cortadillo* was written.

Rinconete and Cortadillo first appeared in print in the *Exemplary Novels* published at Madrid by Juan de la Cuesta in 1613. It occupies the third place in the collection.

The *editio princeps*, like the first edition of *Don Quixote*, which came also from the press of Juan de la Cuesta, contains innumerable errata. It was followed the next year by an edition purporting to come from the same press as the first edition, but which now most critics hold to have been spurious, and is generally

attributed to Antonio Alvarez, who had his press in Lisbon.

The Portuguese edition considerably improved the *princeps* for, not only were typographical errors eliminated almost entirely, but suppressions and additions were carried out in several places with so much skill as to lead the critics to the belief that Cervantes himself made the corrections. I will not dispute the fact, but it is exceedingly puzzling that Cervantes should have corrected the first edition, and allowed such improvements to fall into fraudulent hands. Besides, though Cervantes, and no one else, could have written *Don Quixote* and the *Exemplary Novels*, it does not require a genius to correct the mistakes which he repeatedly made in his works. A Clemencin could do that.

The two editions I have mentioned, were closely followed by several others published not only in Spain but in foreign countries, till now it would be a hard task to catalogue them all.

As if the divergent texts of the 1613 and 1614 editions were not enough to keep the critics and students busy, the Librarian Don Isidoro Bosarte discovered and published in 1788 the text of a draught which the Licenciado Porras de la Cámara made for the delectation of the Archbishop of Seville, the Cardinal Niño de

Guevara, early in the seventeenth century. The draught, besides *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, contained *El Celoso Estremeno*, one of the Exemplary Novels, and *La Tía Fingida*, a story of uncertain authorship which had been attributed to Cervantes by some critics.

The text of *Rinconete and Cortadillo* published by Bosarte differs widely in many passages from that of the *editio princeps* and, though some of the variants must undoubtedly be attributed to Cervantes himself, it is safe to assume that the worthy Lincenciate must be held responsible for a good many of the changes.

Porras de la Cámara was an accomplished litterateur who was perfectly conscious of his abilities. So much so that, at least on one occasion, he rewrote and "improved" some one else's work. It is only natural, that while he was transcribing Cervantes' novels, he should have felt inclined to effect some "improvements." His text, though extremely interesting, does not throw much light on the one published by Cervantes, except in two important points.

In the title to Porras de la Cámara's text the year is mentioned when Rinconete and his friend Cortadillo flourished in Seville, namely 1569. The Licenciate, however, must have made a mistake in copying the date; for by reference to *El Coloquio de Cipion y Ber*

ganza—another one of the Exemplary Novels—Sr. Rodríguez Marín has shown that the correct date must be 1589.

Again, Porras de la Cámara's text, when compared with that of the *editio princeps*, makes it clear that Cervantes must have written *Rinconete and Cortadillo* in Seville; for, whereas in the former we read "coming from Castile to Andalusia," in the latter the direction is reversed and Cervantes says: "going from Castile to Andalusia," showing that when Cervantes wrote *Rinconete and Cortadillo* he was in Andalusia and when he revised his MS. for the press he was already in Castile.

Much has been said about the appropriateness of entitling the novels "Exemplary." "I have dubbed them Exemplary," says Cervantes, "and if you look well into it, there is not one from which you could not derive a profitable example." But—in spite of Cervantes' words—it would be difficult to derive a profitable moral example from *Rinconete and Cortadillo*. Yet, of all the Exemplary Novels, none has a better right to the appellation of "exemplary." It is indeed "exemplary" in the sense of being a "model"; for nothing of its kind has ever been written which surpasses it. It is a most finished example of realistic literature, a won-

derful pen picture, pre-raphaelistic in its details, faultless in its vivid coloring.

In *Rinconete and Cortadillo* Cervantes portrays a brotherhood of Sevillian thieves, and although the members of the gang are all steeped in vice, so masterful and delicate are the strokes of his pen, that the characters, so far from being repulsive, become highly attractive. Yet, they are perfectly true to life.

Ticknor, who was but imperfectly acquainted with Seville, was so impressed with the realism of *Rinconete and Cortadillo* that he felt sure Cervantes must have written it in Seville. And Sr. Rodríguez Marín, than whom no one knows Seville better, has collected a mass of irrefutable evidence which proves that Cervantes was thoroughly familiar with Seville, its people and their manners and language, and that every detail and turn of speech in *Rinconete and Cortadillo* could not have been more faithfully recorded by the camera or the phonograph.

Sir Walter Scott once told Lockhart that the reading of the *Exemplary Novels* aroused in him the ambition of becoming a novelist. Because of this, Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has stated that Scott imitated Cervantes in the description of Alsatia in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, which is obviously suggested by *Rinconete and Cortadillo*. Such may have been the case, but I

strongly doubt it. The inhabitants of Alsatia differed from the Sevillian troupe as night differs from day. The Alsatians were a tribe of outcasts, confined to a particular quarter of the town, where they lived with the knowledge and consent of the authorities, who left them unmolested. If we are to believe the Laird of Abbotsford, they were a conglomeration of renegadoes, gamesters, thieves and murderers, devoid of all religion, philosophy or any common interest, who hung together because otherwise they would be hanged separately. Their one aim in life was to keep away from the gallows, and to satisfy their brutal appetites. What few laws they had worked mainly to the benefit of the self-styled "Duke" Jacob Hildebrod and his senate. The "Duke" was an ignoble character devoid of any graces which might have counterbalanced his inordinate lust for money, and his unquenchable thirst for wine and ale.

The worthy Monipodio and his "children" were people of a different race. They were by no means ordinary criminals. They were not penned into any particular district, and although the police were not supposed to countenance them at all, and this regard for appearances is really more Anglo-Saxon than Spanish, they roamed Seville at will. They, individually, had no one vice in particular, but shared them

all in so far as they contributed to *la joie de vivre*. They drank, without becoming drunkards; they ate, without turning gluttons; they must perforce have music and poetry at their feasts. Their crimes were of a most impersonal nature, for seldom, if ever, was one perpetrated for the exclusive benefit of one of the members of the brotherhood, and as this incentive was lacking, their "jobs" were cleanly and cleverly executed, albeit sometimes they made mistakes, being free from the brutality which often characterises the infractions of the law committed by one single individual, acting solely on his own impulses. Moreover, they carried out their crimes on commission as agents for cowardly, though no doubt, respectable church-going citizens of Seville, who dared not do their own dirty work. Their laws and regulations were democratic in the extreme, and barring the absolute, but far from despotic authority of Monipodio, recognised no favorites. In dress they were cleanly and picturesque, and in carriage and manners displayed a certain nobility which was not aped, but perfectly natural. Hypocritical as their religion may appear at first sight, it was far from being so. Their distorted minds cannot be held responsible for their failure to perceive that their lives belied the tenets of the Christianity which they professed, so that we should not question old Pipota's

sincerity when she used to kneel down before the image, and deposited the ill-gotten alms into the box.

When Don Benito Pérez Galdós, the greatest of modern Spanish novelists, was gathering materials for his novel *Misericordia*, he made a thorough inspection of the slums of Madrid. He had previously visited Whitechapel, and other hotbeds of wretchedness in the British metropolis. Comparing the two in a preface to *Misericordia* he says: "Of the London wretchedness and that of low Madrid, I do not know which is worse. That of Madrid is certainly more picturesque, owing to the splendid sun which shines upon it."

It may be that the sun—and it has been blamed for much—has also something to do with the difference between Alsatia and Monipodio's court, but the fact remains that they resemble each other very slightly. Scott could imitate better than that when he wanted. Those very *Fortunes of Nigel* originated in a series of letters imitated from the Jacobean that left little to be desired.

As the late Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo remarked in a lecture on "Cervantes y el Quijote": "There runs through the pages of *Rinconete* an intense happiness, a sparkling gayety, a sort of esthetic tolerance which glosses over everything there is of ugly and criminal in the model, and which, without detriment to morality, converts the novel into an amusing and

witty performance." And Don Francisco Rodríguez Marín states that Cervantes, in his *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, has given us a series of pictures full of life and charm, brilliant in color, and faithfully adjusted as to detail to the originals. These pictures, moreover, were not studied through a psychological prism or through an ethical lens, but were contemplated with the naked eye of a true artist.

Both learned critics have been very happy in their remarks. Nevertheless, Avellaneda—he of the spurious second part of *Don Quixote*—hit the mark when, in his preface, he taunted Cervantes with saying that his novels were rather satirical than exemplary. Cervantes, instead of refuting the imputation, replied in the preface to his own second part of *Don Quixote*: "But, in fact, I thank this author (Avellaneda) for saying that my novels are rather satirical than exemplary, but that they are good. . . ."

I am perfectly satisfied that *Rinconete and Cortadillo* is a satirical novel. It could not be otherwise.

Faithful in every detail to the life it depicts, and dealing, as it does, with an organization of human beings, it is only natural that it should portray the failings and idiosyncrasies of mankind in general, somewhat accentuated in such abnormal individuals, and therein lies its satire.

That Cervantes did not intend his *Rinconete and Cortadillo* to be a satire is highly plausible, and that his novel gained thereby is more than likely. For had he set out to write a satire, the philosopher might possibly have got the better of the artist, and the matchless picture he has given us would probably have deteriorated. As it is, we have both the matchless picture and the satire, proving that a true artist is worth more than a philosopher.

I may have taxed the patience of my readers with my somewhat lengthy—and mayhap tedious—disquisition, but I see no reason for tendering an apology. Enough cannot be said about Cervantes and his works. The illustrious Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo—himself a luminary of the first magnitude—earnestly pleaded for more light on Cervantes' writings, and if it be that in the ashes of my discourse there is but one tiny spark—and I am conceited enough to think that there is one—which may throw a little light on such an important subject, my reader's time has not been entirely wasted.

And so, patient—or impatient—reader, I bid you *au revoir*; for, following Cervantes' habit of promising another work when issuing each of his books, I must confide to you that I intend to publish a translation of the remaining *Exemplary Novels*, and I hope to be

more successful in the fulfilment of my promise than was Cervantes in that of his own, though I am mindful of Rabbie Burns' lines to the effect that

“The best-laid schemes o' Mice an' Men
Gang aft a-gley.”

MARIANO J. LORENTE

PROLOGUE TO THE EXEMPLARY NOVELS

I WISH I could, if it were possible, beloved reader, excuse myself from writing this prologue; for I did not fare so well with the one I put to my *Don Quixote* that I should be willing to make a second attempt.

For this one, I must blame a certain friend, of the many which in the course of my life I have made rather through my disposition than through my genius. Which friend could easily have had my picture engraved and printed on the first page of this book; for the famous Don Juan de Jáuregui would have given him my portrait.

Thus would have been satisfied my own ambition and the desire of some who would like to know the looks and figure of him who dares to come out in the world's mart, placing so many inventions before the eyes of the public. And he could have written under my portrait:

“He that you see here with an aquiline face, with chestnut hair, smooth and open forehead, with cheerful eyes, hooked nose, though it is well proportioned, his beard of silver, though twenty years ago it was of gold, his moustaches large, his mouth small, his teeth scanty, for he has only six, and even they do not match,

his body between two extremes, neither large nor small, his complexion healthy, rather fair than brown, somewhat round at the shoulders, and not very smart on his feet; he, I say, is the image of the author of *La Galatea* and of *Don Quixote*, he who composed the *Viaje al Parnaso*, in imitation of the one written by Cesar Caporal of Perugia, and of many other scattered works which perhaps do not even bear the name of their author, and who is called commonly Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

“He was a soldier many years, and for five and a half years a captive, during which he learned the art of patience in adversity. He lost his left hand, from the shot of an arquebuse, at the naval battle of Lepanto and his wound, though it seems ugly, he holds to be handsome, for he received it in the highest and most memorable occasion which past ages have seen, or future ages hope to see, fighting under the victorious standards of the son of the thunderbolt of war, Charles V., of happy memory.”

And even if other things about myself than those I have mentioned, should not have occurred to this friend, of whom I complain, I could have concocted two dozen testimonials to myself, telling them to him secretly, so that he would have advertised my name and proclaimed my genius; for to imagine that such panegyrics are punctiliously true is absolute nonsense,

as neither praises nor vituperations have any real or exact foundation.

In short, seeing that the opportunity has been wasted, and that I am left in the lurch, and without a portrait, I must of necessity make use of my own tongue, which, although it usually stammers, will not do so when it comes to speaking truths, for as a rule these are understood even by signs. And so I tell you, again, beloved reader, that with these novels I offer you, you will in no way be able to make a spicy dish; for they have neither head, nor tail nor anything resembling them. I mean to say that the love-making that you will find in them is all so honest, so compassed round with reason and with Christian discourse that any reader, careless or careful, may read it, and be stirred to no bad thoughts. I have dubbed them Exemplary, and if you look well into it, there is not one from which you could not derive a profitable example.

If I did not fear to lengthen the subject too much, I would perhaps show you the tasty and honest fruit you might pluck from each and all of them. My intention has been to bring into the mart of our republic a sort of billiard table, where each one may find amusement without the slightest danger; that is to say, without danger to soul or body; for honest and pleasant exercise is rather beneficial than harmful. For I know one

is not always in the churches, nor is one always occupied with business, however important it might be; there are hours of recreation in which the afflicted spirit rests.

It is for this purpose that promenades are shaded with poplars, springs are much sought after, hills are levelled and gardens cultivated with great care.

One thing I shall dare to say: that if the reading of these novels could possibly engender in the reader one single bad wish or thought, I would rather cut off the hand with which I wrote them than give them to the public. At my age, one does not care to make fun of the next life; for I am more than nine years beyond five-and-fifty.

To this work my genius has been devoted, and along this path my inclinations lead me, all the more as I understand, and it is so, that I am the first to write novels in the Castilian tongue; for the many novels which in it are printed are all translated from foreign languages, whereas these are my very own, neither imitated nor stolen. My genius begat them, my pen brought them forth and they are thriving in the arms of the press.

After them, if life does not forsake me, I shall offer you the *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*, a book which will dare to compete with Heliodorus, if its

daring does not earn for it a broken head. And you will see first, and within a very short time, a continuation of the wonderful deeds of Don Quixote and of the witticisms of Sancho Panza, and then the *Semanas del Jardin*.

It is rather much that I promise with such a feeble strength as mine, but who can rein up his own desires?

I only wish you to consider one thing: that if I have the audacity to dedicate these novels to the great Count of Lemos, it is because therein lies hidden some mystery which gives them merit.

No more, except God keep you, and may He give me patience to bear the evil which more than four sly and stiff starched fellows are bound to speak of me.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO

ON ONE of the hot days of the Summer, two lads happened to find themselves in the tavern of "The Little Mill," which is situated, as we go from Castile to Andalusia, at the end of the famous plains of Alcutia.

One of them was from fourteen to fifteen years of age while the other was not over seventeen. Both were of pleasant countenance, but very ragged and dilapidated. They had no cloak, their breeches were of linen, and their stockings their very flesh. It is true that their shoes remedied these defects, for those of one were *alpargates* worn and torn, and those of the other fancy and without soles; so that they served him more as fetters than as shoes. One wore a green hunter's cap; the other a hat without band, low of crown, and broad of brim. On his back, and fastened round his breast, one carried a shirt of chamois color rolled and tied in a small bag. The other was free from encumbrances and had no *alforjas*, but he seemed to carry a big parcel in his bosom, which—as it turned out afterwards—was a collar of the kind called Walloon, starched with grease and so torn and threadbare that it was nothing but threads. In it were wrapped and preserved some playing-cards of an

oval shape: for with constant use the corners had been worn out, and, in order to make them last longer, they had been trimmed, and the cards remained of that shape.

Both lads were sunburnt, their nails were uncut, and their hands not very clean. One had the half of a sword and the other a knife with a yellow handle, usually called a *vaquero*. The two came out to spend the siesta in a porch or shed in front of the tavern and, sitting down opposite each other, he who seemed to be the elder said to the younger:

"To what part of the country does your worship, sir Knight, belong, and whither is he journeying?"

"My country, sir Knight, I know not; neither do I know whither I am going," answered he to whom the question was addressed.

"Troth," said the elder, "your grace does not seem to come from Heaven, and as this place is not such that one could fix his abode in it, perforce you must pass on."

"Quite right!" answered the younger. "But I told you the truth in what I said, for my country is not mine—since I have nothing in it but a father who does not own me for his son, and a step-mother who treats me like a step-son. My journey is haphazard, and I would put an end to it wherever I could find

someone to give me enough to support this miserable life.”

“And does your worship know any trade?” queried the bigger lad; and the smaller one replied:

“I know no other except that I run like a hare, jump like a deer, and can wield the scissors with great dexterity.”

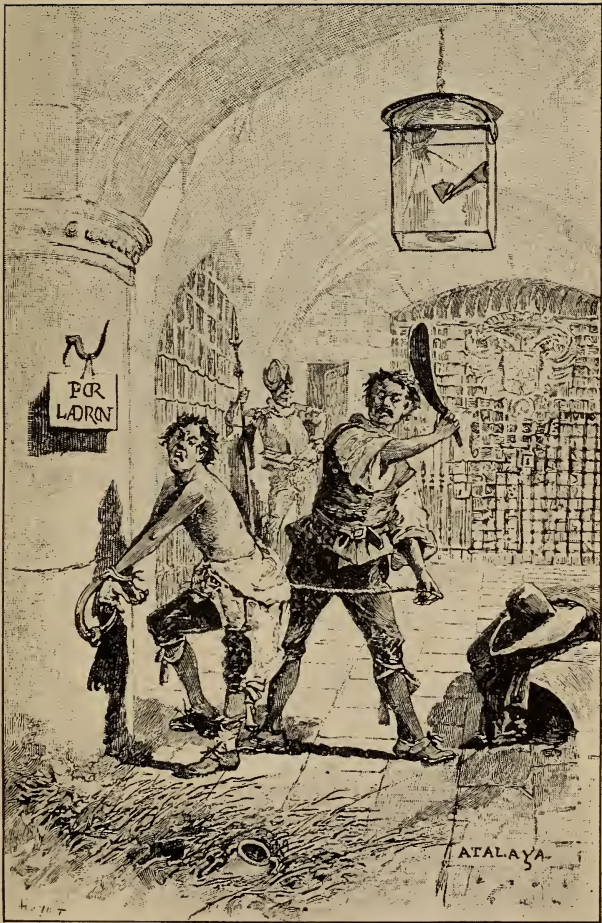
“All that is very good, useful and profitable,” said the bigger lad, “for there may be some sacristan who will give your grace the offering of All Saints, if by Maundy Thursday you cut some paper flowers for the monument.”

“My cutting is not after that fashion,” retorted the smaller boy, “for my father, by the grace of Heaven, is a tailor and hosier, and he taught me to cut *antiparas* which, as your grace well knows, are stockings without soles, which—to give them their proper name—are usually called gaiters. And I cut them so well that, truly, I could pass an examination for a master’s certificate, only, an unkind fate keeps me in a corner.”

“All of that and more happens to honest folks,” said the elder one, “and I have always heard it said that great talents are often lost, but, still, your grace is of an age to mend his luck. Yet, if I make no mistake and my eye tells me no lies, your grace has other secret gifts and does not wish to mention them.”

“Yes, I have,” answered the younger one, “but not to be made public, as your honor has very well observed.”

To which the bigger lad replied: “Well, I have no hesitation in telling you that I am one of the most discreet youths that may be found anywhere; and to induce your worship to unburden his bosom and reveal himself to me, I wish to oblige him by opening my own breast first, for I imagine that not without some mysterious reason has fate brought us here together, and I think that we shall remain—from this to the last day of our lives—true friends. I, sir Knight, am a native of Fuenfrida, a village well known and famous for the illustrious travellers who continually pass through it. My name is Peter del Rincon; my father is a person of quality, for he is an official of the Holy Crusade. I mean to say, he sells bulls or is a *buldero*, as the vulgar call him. For some days, I accompanied him in his trade, and I learned it so well that in the matter of selling bulls I could give odds to the greatest expert. But having one day interested myself, more in the money derived from the bulls than in the bulls themselves, I clasped my arms round one of the money bags and landed with it in Madrid, where, with the facilities which ordinarily present themselves there, in a few days I disemboweled the bag and left it with



“ . . . HAVING MY BACK LEATHERED . . . ”

more creases than a bride's handkerchief. The man responsible for the money followed me; I was arrested and met with little favor, although the magistrates, considering my youthful age, contented themselves with having me tied to an iron ring, and having my back leathered for a time, and sent me away, banished from the capital, for four years. I was patient, shrugged my shoulders, stood the leathering and thrashing, and left to do the term of banishment in such a hurry that I had no time to look for a mount. I took my jewels as many as I could, and, especially, those that seemed to me most necessary, and among them, I brought away these cards"—and at this moment he produced the ones already mentioned, which he carried in the collar—"and with them I have earned my living in the taverns and inns between Madrid and this place, playing at *veintiuna*; and, although your worship beholds them so filthy and ill used, they have a marvellous virtue for those who understand them, for one could not cut the pack without leaving an ace below. And, if your worship be versed in the game, he will see what an advantage one has who knows for a certainty that the first card is an ace, which may serve him for one point or for eleven; and with this advantage, the *veintiuna* having been challenged, the money remains at home.

“Apart from this, I learned from an ambassador’s cook certain tricks at reversis and at a kind of lansquenet, which is also called *andaboba*; for, just as your honor could pass an examination in the cutting of his *antiparas*, so can I be a master in the science of Vilhan. With these accomplishments, I am safe from dying of hunger, for, on arriving even at a farm house, there is always someone willing to kill time playing a little, and of this both of us shall have the experience later on. Let us spread our net and we will see if we can trap some bird of these muleteers who are hereabouts. I mean to say that we two shall play at *veintiuna*, as if we had stakes, and, if someone wishes to take a third hand, he will be the first to leave his pelf.”

“May it be in an auspicious hour,” said the other, “and I hold it as a great favor the honor your worship has bestowed on me by giving me an account of his life, whereby he has compelled me not to conceal my own, which, briefly told, is this: I was born at El Pedroso, a village between Salamanca and Medina del Campo. My father is a tailor and taught me his trade. From cutting cloth, thanks to my wonderful ingenuity, I passed on to cutting purses. The narrow life of the village and the unloving behaviour of my step-mother worried me. I left my village and went

to Toledo to practise my profession and I have performed marvels, for there hangs not a reliquary from a headdress, nor is there a pocket ever so hidden that my fingers do not visit or my scissors cut, even though it be watched with all the eyes of Argus. And in four months which I spent in that town, I was never locked up, nor surprised, nor harried by policemen, nor denounced by an informer. All the same, it is true that about eight days ago a double spy brought my abilities to the notice of the magistrate, and he, becoming interested in my bright talents, wished to see me. But as I am of a humble disposition and dislike having intercourse with people of such a high station, I endeavored to avoid seeing him, and so I abandoned the city in such a hurry that I had no opportunity for finding a mount, or brass, or a chaise, or even a cart."

"Let us forget that," said Rincon, "and, since we have already made each other's acquaintance, there is no need for this bombast and arrogance. Let us plainly confess that we don't possess a copper, nor even shoes."

"Be it so," replied James Cortado—for such, as he himself said, was the name of the younger one—"and since our friendship, as your worship, señor Rincon, has remarked, is to be perpetual, let us commence it with holy and praiseworthy ceremonies."

Getting up, James Cortado embraced Rincon and

Rincon embraced him tenderly and closely and, immediately, the two of them settled down to play at *veintiuna* with the already mentioned cards, clean of dust and straw, but not of grease and trickery, and after a few hands Cortado was cutting above the ace with as much skill as Rincon his teacher.

As they were playing, a muleteer came out to the porch for a breath of fresh air, and asked them to be allowed to take a third hand. They welcomed him with a good will, and in less than half an hour they gained from him twelve reals and twenty-two *maravedis*, which was like giving him twelve stabs and twenty-two thousand blows. The muleteer, thinking that, being boys, they could not prevent it, attempted to take the money from them, but they, drawing the one his half sword and the other his yellow-handled knife, gave him so much to do that, had not his companions sallied forth, he would undoubtedly have had a bad time of it.

At this juncture, there happened to come riding along the road a group of travellers who were going to spend the siesta at the tavern of "The Mayor," situated half a league further on, and seeing the quarrel between the muleteer and the two boys, appeased them and asked the boys—if perchance they were going to Seville—to come along with them.



“ . . . CORTADO AND RINCON WERE SO ADROIT IN
SERVING THE TRAVELLERS . . . ”

“That’s where we are going to,” said Rincon, “and we shall serve your honors in all they should command us.”

And without more delay they jumped in front of the mules and went away with the travellers, leaving the muleteer aggrieved and furious and the landlady astonished at the good breeding of the two rogues. She had been listening to their chatter without their noticing it, and when she told the muleteer that she had heard them say that the cards were marked, he plucked his beard and wanted to go to the tavern after them to recover his money. For, he said, it was a great affront and a mean trick that two boys should have cheated such a big man as he was. His companions, however, counselled him not to go, as it would only make public his idiocy and simplicity. In fine, such were the arguments they brought forth that, although they did not console him, they induced him to remain where he was.

Meanwhile Cortado and Rincon were so adroit in serving the travellers, that for most of the road they carried them on the cruppers of their mules; and, although many opportunities presented themselves for picking the bags of their temporary masters, they did not avail themselves of them, so as not to lose such

a good chance of travelling to Seville where they were very anxious to be.

For all this, on entering the city—which they did at the hour of the Angelus and through the gate of the Custom House, owing to the examination of baggage and the payment of import duties which are exacted—Cortado could no longer resist the temptation to cut open the bag or valise which a Frenchman in the company carried behind the saddle. And so, with his yellow-handled knife, he inflicted upon it such a wide and deep wound that its bowels could clearly be seen, and skilfully extracted therefrom two good shirts, a sundial, and a book of memoranda. Which articles, when they beheld them, did not give them great pleasure; and thinking that, since the Frenchman carried his bag behind the saddle, he would not have filled it with such worthless objects, they wanted to try again, but they did not do it, imagining that the travellers must have missed the stolen articles and put in safety those that were left.

They had taken leave—previous to committing the theft—of their employers, and next day they sold the shirts in the *malbaratillo* which is held outside the gate of the Arenal, and made twenty reals out of them. This business transacted, they went to see the city, and were astonished by the grandeur and sumptuous-

ness of its cathedral, and by the great throng at the river side. For it was the time for loading the fleet, and there were six galleys in the river, whose sight made them sigh and even fear the day when their ill-doings would bring them to dwell aboard for life.

They noticed many lads moving about carrying baskets, and they enquired of one of them what kind of a trade was theirs and if it was very laborious, and what were the earnings. An Asturian boy, to whom they had addressed their questions, replied that the work was light, free from taxes, and that some days he earned from five to six reals with which he ate and drank and treated himself like a king, free from having to seek a master, who would be sure to ask for references, and able to dine at any hour he wished, for in any tavern—and there were many and good ones in the city—even in the very lowest, they served dinner at all times.

The account of the little Asturian did not seem bad at all to the two friends, nor did the occupation displease them. For it appeared to them that it was admirably suited to the pursuit of their own calling under cover and with safety, as it offered them an opportunity for entering all houses, and they immediately decided to buy the necessary implements to

carry on the business, since they could take it up without passing any examinations.

Having asked the Asturian what they would have to buy, he answered that they would need two small linen bags clean or new, and three palm-leaf baskets each, two large ones and a small one, to carry meat, fish, and fruit—the bags were for carrying bread. He took them where the articles were sold, and—with the money obtained from robbing the Frenchman—they purchased all the requisites, and within two hours they could have graduated in their new trade, so well did they handle the baskets and carry the bags. Their guide counselled them as to the places they would have to attend: in the mornings, at the meat market and at the square of San Salvador; on fast days, at the fish market and at the Costanilla; every afternoon, at the river side; and, on Thursdays, at the fair.

They learned this lesson well by heart, and the next day, early in the morning, took up their stations in the square of San Salvador. They had hardly arrived when they were surrounded by other lads of the same trade; for, from the splendid condition of their bags and baskets, it could be seen that they were newcomers in the square.

They were asked a thousand questions and to all of them they replied with discretion and reserve. And

as they were talking, there arrived a man with all the appearances of being a student, and a soldier, and attracted by the cleanliness of the baskets and the neatness of the two novices, he who seemed to be a student called on Cortado, and the soldier on Rincon.

“May it be in the name of the Lord!” said the boys.

“May the business prosper,” exclaimed Rincon, “since your worship handsels me, dear sir.”

To which the soldier replied: “The handsel will not be bad; for I have won some money, and I am in love, and I am going to give a banquet to some lady friends of my sweetheart.”

“Then, let your worship load me at his pleasure, for I have will and strength enough to carry away the whole of this square, and, were it even necessary that I should help to cook it, I would do so with a very good will.”

The soldier was delighted with the engaging manners of the lad, and told him that, if he wanted to take service, he would free him from his wretched occupation. To which Rincon replied that as it was the first day he had engaged in it, he did not wish to leave it till he had, at least, found what it had of bad or good, and that, should it not please him, he gave him his word to serve him rather than serve a cannon. The soldier laughed, loaded him well, and showed him the

house of his lady, that he might know it in future, so as to save himself the trouble of accompanying him when he sent him there another time. Rincon promised fidelity and good behaviour.

The soldier gave him three *cuartos* and he immediately returned to the square so as not to miss a chance of employment. For the Asturian had also advised them to be smart. He had told them, besides, that when they were carrying small fish, such as dace, sardines, or flounders, they could well take some and keep them for the day's fare, but that they must act with sagacity and caution lest they should lose their good names, as a good reputation was the most essential asset in their profession.

Quickly as Rincon returned, he found Cortado already at his post. Cortado accosted Rincon and asked him how he had fared. Rincon opened his hand and showed him the three *cuartos*. Cortado thrust his hand in his bosom and produced a little purse which showed signs of having been perfumed in former days with amber. It was somewhat swollen, and Cortado said: "With this and with two *cuartos* more his reverence, the student, paid me. Take it, Rincon, for goodness only knows what may happen."

He had just transferred it secretly to him when, lo and behold! the student came sweating and deathly

pale. Having perceived Cortado, he asked him if perchance he had seen a purse of such and such description which he had lost with fifteen gold *escudos*, three reals of two, and so many *maravedis* in *cuartos* and *ochavos*, and asked him to tell him if he had stolen it while he had been about purchasing with him. To which, Cortado answered with great dissimulation and without altering his expression in the least: "All I can tell you about that purse is that it would not have been lost unless your worship had kept it in an unsafe place."

"That is so, sinner that I am," exclaimed the student, "I must have put it in an unsafe place since they have stolen it from me."

"That is what I say," rejoined Cortado. "But, *there is a remedy for everything, except Death*, and the first and best remedy your worship can take is to have patience, *for God made us of little account and one day follows another*, and *where they give they take*, and it might happen that, in time, he who stole the purse from you may come to repent of it and may return it to your worship purified with incense."

"We would forgive him the incense," interrupted the student.

"All the more," continued Cortado, "as there are letters of excommunication, *paulinas*, and great dil-

igence which is the mother of good luck. And, truly, I would not care to be the person who carried off your purse, for, if it be that your worship holds some sacred order, it would seem to me that I had committed some great incest or sacrilege."

"I should say he has committed an incest or sacrilege," replied the distressed student, "for, although I am not a priest, but only the sacristan of some nuns, the money in the purse belongs to the third of a chaplaincy which a priest friend of mine gave me to collect, and is money sacred and blessed."

"That's his own affair," said Rincon at this point, "I don't envy him his profit, for there will be a day of judgment when everything will come out in the washing, and then we shall know who Callejas was and who the rogue who dared to take, steal or lessen the third of the chaplaincy. And, what income does it yield each year? tell me, Mister Sacristan, I pray you."

"Damn the income! Do you think I am going to stand here and tell you what it yields?" replied the sacristan in a burst of passion. "Tell me, brother, if you know anything about the purse. If not, be with God, for I want to have it cried."

"That does not seem to me to be a bad remedy," said Cortado. "But let your worship note that he must not forget the marks of the purse, nor the exact quan-



“THERE HE BEGAN TO TELL HIM SO MUCH
NONSENSE . . .”



tity of money there is in it, for, if he errs in one doit, it will never turn up in all the days of the world, and I hold this to be fate."

"There is no fear of that," replied the sacristan, "for I have it imprinted on my memory better than the peal of my own bells. I shall not err in one atom."

At this, he took out of his pocket a handkerchief bordered with lace, to wipe off the perspiration which issued from his face as from a still, and hardly had Cortado seen it when he decided to make it his own.

The sacristan having departed, Cortado followed him, overtook him on the steps, called him and led him aside. There he began to tell him so much nonsense, of the kind called bernardinas, about the theft and the finding of his purse, giving him good hopes, but without ever finishing a sentence, that the poor sacristan stood dumbfounded listening to Cortado. And as he did not manage to understand what the lad was saying, he made him repeat his sentences two or three times. Cortado kept staring fixedly at his face and did not take his eyes off those of the sacristan, who was looking at him in the same way and was, as it were, hanging on his words. This rapture gave Cortado an opportunity for finishing his work, and slyly he subtracted the handkerchief from the sacristan's pocket, and bidding him good-bye told him to try and meet him in the

afternoon in the same place, for he suspected that a lad of the same occupation and the same size as himself, who was somewhat of a thief, had stolen the purse, and he undertook to find out in few or many days.

With this the sacristan consoled himself a little and took leave of Cortado, who went to rejoin Rincon. The latter, standing a little aside, had witnessed everything. Lower down stood another lad with the baskets who had seen all that had taken place and how Cortado was giving the handkerchief to Rincon; and coming up to them he said: "Tell me, young fops, are your honors of bad or good entry?"

"We do not understand your words, gentle sir," answered Rincon.

"What! do you not follow, *senores murcianos?*" replied the other.

"We belong neither to Teba nor to Murcia," said Cortado. "If you wish anything else, say it; if not, God go with you."

"You do not understand!" exclaimed the youth, "then I shall give it to you to understand and to drink with a silver spoon. I mean to say, sirs, are your worships thieves? But I wonder why I am asking you this question, for I know already that you are.

And tell me, how does it happen that you have not gone to the custom house of Señor Monipodio?"

"Do they, then, exact a duty on thieves in this country, gentle sir?" asked Rincon.

"If they do not pay it, at least they register themselves with Señor Monipodio who is their father, their teacher, and their protector; and, therefore, I advise you to come with me and to pay him obeisance and, unless you do that, do not dare to steal without his sanction, or it will cost you dear."

"I thought," said Cortado, "that stealing was a free profession, exempt from levies and taxes, and that if one pays, it is at once, giving as pledges your throat and your back; but, since it is not so, and every country has its own usages, let us observe those of this land, which, being the most important in the world, must have the most proper customs. So, your worship may guide us to where that gentleman you speak of resides. Already I suspect that he is well qualified and very generous, and, besides, quite clever at his profession."

"Of course he is qualified, clever and able!" replied the youth. "So much so that in the four years during which he has held the post of our chief and father, only four of us have suffered in the *finibusterre*, some thirty have been *embesados*, and sixty-two placed *en gurapas*."

"Truly, sir," said Rincon, "we understand those words as well as flying."

"Let us be walking and I shall explain them to you along the road," replied the youth, "together with some others with which you need to be as much acquainted as your mouth needs to be acquainted with bread."

And so, during the course of his speech, which was not at all short—for the road was long—he went on telling them and explaining other words of the kind called *germanescos* or belonging to the *germania*.

While they were walking, Rincon asked their guide:

"Is your worship, perchance, a thief?"

"Yes," replied he, "to serve God and honest people, but I am not an expert one, as I am still serving my year's apprenticeship."

To which Cortado rejoined:

"It is news to me that there are thieves in the world to serve God and honest people."

To this the youth replied:

"Sir, I do not bother much with theology, but this much I know: that each one in his own profession may praise God, and especially with the good rule which Monipodio has issued to his children."

"Without doubt," said Rincon, "it must be good and holy, for it makes thieves serve God."

"It is so holy and so good," replied the youth, "that

I do not know if it could be improved upon in our profession. He has ordered that, of everything we steal, we give alms or something for the oil of the lamp of an image in this town, which is greatly venerated, and, in truth, we have seen great things happen through this good action. Just the other day, they gave three *ansias* to a *cuatrero* who had *murciado* two *roznos* and, although he was thin and suffering from a quartan fever, he bore them without singing and as if they had been nothing at all, and this, we of the profession, attribute to his great devotion, for his own strength was not enough to endure the first *desconcierto* of the executioner. And as I know you will question me about some of the words I have used, I shall apply the remedy before the malady and explain before you ask me. Your worships shall know that *cuatrero* is a horse and cattle thief, *ansia* means torture, *roznos* are asses—begging your pardon—and first *desconcierto* means the first turns of the rope that the executioner gives. Furthermore, we say our rosary divided throughout the week, and many of us do not steal on a Friday, nor hold conversation on a Saturday with any woman of the name of Mary.”

“All that seems very excellent to me,” said Cortado, “but will your worship tell me if there are any other

restitutions made, or penances done besides those you have mentioned?"

"There is no use talking about restitution," answered the youth, "for it is an impossible thing to perform owing to the numerous parts into which a theft is divided, each of the leaders and perpetrators taking his share. And so it is that the first thief can not restore anything, all the more as there is no one to order us to do this service; for we never go to confession; and if the victims obtain letters of excommunication, they never come to our notice, for we never go to church when they are read, except on days of jubilee—for then the great concourse of people offers us a large haul."

"And by doing only that, those gentlemen tell us," said Cortado, "that theirs is a good and holy life?"

"And why not? What is there of evil in it?" retorted the youth. "Is it not worse to be a heathen or a renegade, or to kill one's father and mother, or to be a solomite?"

"Sodomite is what your worship means," answered Rincon.

"That's it," said the youth.

"All that is bad," exclaimed Cortado. "But, since fate has willed that we join this brotherhood, pray let

your worship hasten his step, for I am dying to meet señor Monipodio of whom so many virtues are related."

"Your wish shall soon be gratified," said the youth, "for from this very spot you can already see his house. Let your worships remain at the door and I will go in and see if he is disengaged, as this is the time when he usually grants audience."

"May it be in an auspicious hour!" exclaimed Rincon, and the boy—having advanced a little—entered a house, not of good but, indeed, of very bad appearance.

The two lads remained waiting at the door.

Presently, the youth came out and called them. They went in and their guide ordered them to wait in a little court paved with bricks, so clean and polished that it seemed to have been painted with the purest of carmines. On one side there was a three-legged stool, and on the other a large pitcher with a broken mouth, and on top of it a little jug no less defective than the pitcher. Elsewhere there was a mat of rushes, and in the middle of the court a large flower-pot, called in Seville a "sweet basil pot."

While señor Monipodio was coming down, the lads were carefully surveying the furnishings of the house, and, seeing that he was rather long, Rincon ventured to enter one of two low chambers which opened on to the court, and in it he saw two fencing swords and two

cork shields hanging from four nails, a large chest without lid or any other covering, and other three rush-mats spread on the floor. Stuck on the wall, facing the door, there was an image of Our Lady—a very bad print; hanging below, there was a little basket of palm leaf, and encased in the wall a white basin. From all these, Rincon inferred that the basket served the purpose of an alms-box, and that the basin was used to hold holy water, which was really the case.

While the boy was inspecting the room, two young men—each of about twenty years of age and dressed like students—entered the house, followed in a little while by two basket carriers and a blind man; and without any of them uttering a word, they began to walk up and down the court. Not long afterwards came two old men in baize, wearing spectacles—which gave them an air of stateliness and respectability—and carrying in their hands a rosary of jingling beads each. After them came an old woman in flowing robes and, without saying a word, went into the room, and, dipping her fingers in holy water with great reverence, knelt down before the image. After a rather long interval she kissed the floor three times, raised her eyes and arms to heaven as many times, and rose up. She dropped an alms in the basket, left the chamber and joined the company in the court.

Before long there gathered in the court as many as fourteen people of different occupations and garbs. Among the later arrivals came two handsome young gallants with long moustaches, wearing hats of wide brim, Walloon collars, colored hose, showy garters, swords of more than ordinary length, pistols—instead of daggers—and bucklers hanging from their belts. As soon as they entered the court they looked askance at Rincon and Cortado, showing that they did not know them, and thought they were strangers. Walking up to the boys, the two gallants asked them if they belonged to the brotherhood, and Rincon replied :

“Yes, and we are your worship’s most humble servants.”

At this very moment señor Monipodio—as anxiously expected as he was greatly admired by all that virtuous company—came downstairs. He seemed to be forty-five or forty-six years old, and was tall of stature and dark of complexion. His eyebrows met, his beard was bushy and black, and his eyes sunken. He wore neither jacket nor vest, and through the aperture in front of his shirt one could see a veritable forest—so much hair had he on his breast. Hanging from his shoulders he wore a baize cloak reaching almost down to his feet, which were shod with shoes worn in slipper-like fashion. His legs were covered—down to his ankles—

by linen *zaragüelles* broad and long. His hat was a gypsy one, with a bell-shaped top and a straight brim. Across his breast and back he wore a shoulder-belt from which hung a short broadsword, like those marked with a little dog. His hands were short and hairy, his fingers fat, and his nails broad and uncut. His legs could not be seen, but his feet were enormously broad and had bunions. In fact, he was the picture of the most rustic and ill-shapen barbarian in the world.

With him came the guide of the boys who, taking them by the hand, introduced them to Monipodio, saying:

“These are the two good lads of whom I have spoken to your worship, my lord Monipodio. Pray, let your worship examine them, and he will see that they fully merit being admitted into our brotherhood.”

“I shall do that with a good will,” replied Monipodio.

I was forgetting to mention that, as soon as Monipodio descended the stairs, all those who were waiting for him made a profound and prolonged reverence, except the two gallants who, *á medio mogate* (carelessly), as they say among themselves, took off their hats and continued their walk on one side of the court, while Monipodio began to walk on the opposite.

He questioned the novices as to their profession, country, and parentage, and Rincon replied:

“Our profession is evident, since we have come before your worship. Our country does not seem to me to be important enough to mention it, nor our parents either, since there will never be any inquiries made in order to confer upon us some honorable order.”

To this Monipodio rejoined:

“You are right, my son. It is a very judicious policy to conceal the things you have mentioned; for, should your luck not run as it ought to, it would be a pity that it should be recorded over a lawyer’s signature or in the registrar’s book that: ‘So and so, son of so and so, and native of such and such a place, was hanged or flogged on such and such a date,’ or a similar statement which, at least, jars honest ears, and so I tell you again that it is a judicious policy to make no mention of one’s country, to conceal one’s parents, and to change one’s own name. Yet, among us, nothing must be concealed and now, all I wish to know is the names of you two.”

Rincon told his, as also did Cortado.

“Well then,” said Monipodio, “henceforth, I desire and it is my will that you, Rincon, shall be called Rinconete, and you, Cortado, Cortadillo, which are names that fit like a glove your ages and our ordinances, under which it is a duty to know the names of the parents of our brethren. For we are in the habit each year of having certain masses said for the souls of our

dead members and benefactors, taking a portion of that which is stolen for the stupor or fee for him who says them, and these same masses, said and paid for, are supposed to benefit the said souls by way of sufferance. Among our benefactors are included the procurator who defends us, the constable who warns us, the executioner who has pity on us, and the man who, when one of us is fleeing down the street with a mob at his heels shouting: 'Thief! Thief! Stop him! Stop him!' stands in the middle of the street and tries to stem the flood of followers, saying: 'Leave the wretch alone; for his luck is hard enough! Leave him alone with his own conscience, and his sin shall be his punishment!' We have also our benefactresses, the sisters of charity, who by the sweat of their brow help us as well in court as in jail. There are also our fathers and mothers who brought us into the world, and the lawyer; for if he be in a good mood, there is no breach of the law which is rated as crime and no crime which meets with much punishment, and for all these I have mentioned, our brotherhood celebrates yearly their adversary with the greatest poop and solidity we are able to."

"Truly," said Rinconete (already confirmed with his new name) "it is a work worthy of the great and very profound intellect which, we have heard it said, your



“ THIEF! THIEF! STOP HIM! STOP HIM! ”

worship, señor Monipodio, possesses, but it happens that our parents still enjoy life. However, should we survive them, we shall at once give notice to this most happy and powerful brotherhood, in order that for the benefit of their souls may be made that shipwreck or tempest, or that adversary your worship mentioned, with the accustomed solemnity and pomp, if it is not with poop and solidity, as your worship also remarked in his discourse."

"So it shall be, or there will be not a piece left of me," replied Monipodio; and calling to the guide, he said to him: "Come here, Ganchuelo, are the sentinels at their posts?"

"Yes," answered the guide—for Ganchuelo was his name—"there are three sentinels on the look-out, and there is no fear that we might be taken by surprise."

"Coming back to our subject, then," said Monipodio, "I would like to learn, my sons, what you know, in order that I may give you occupation and employment suitable to your inclinations and abilities."

"I," said Rinconete, "am somewhat versed in cards; I can keep a card up my sleeve; I can mark cards so that no one will know the difference; I can slip a card here and there at will; I can mark cards and can tell each one by feeling them with my fingers; I can cut the pack by any card I please; I would join in a trick rather

than join a regiment in Naples, and I would more readily swindle a man than give him the loan of two reals."

"That is all right for a start," said Monipodio, "but all the things you mention are like flowers of lavender, so old and withered that there is no novice but knows them, and they are useful only to some greenhorn who would allow himself to be killed after midnight. Yet, time will tell, and we shall see; for, basing half a dozen lessons on those foundations, I trust in God you shall become a famous artist and perhaps even a master."

"All shall be done to serve your worship and the gentlemen of the brotherhood," replied Rinconete.

"And you, Cortadillo, what do you know?" asked Monipodio.

"I," answered Cortadillo, "know the trick by which—as the saying goes—you put in two and take out five, and I know how to pick a pocket with great quickness and dexterity."

"Do you know anything else?" asked Monipodio.

"No, for my great sins," replied Cortadillo.

"Do not grieve, my son," said Monipodio, "for you have come to a good port and a good school where you will not be drowned, neither will you fail to leave them vastly improved in all that may be useful to you. And, in regard to courage, how do you feel, my son?"

"How else could we feel," answered Rinconete, "but

very well? Courage we have to attempt any enterprise dealing with our art and profession."

"That is fine," replied Monipodio, "but I would like you to have courage to suffer, were it necessary, half a dozen *ansias*, without opening your lips or saying one single word."

"We know already," said Cortadillo, "what you mean here, señor Monipodio, by *ansias*. We have courage for everything and we are not so ignorant as not to know that what the tongue speaks the neck has to pay for. Heaven has amply honored the daring man—to give him no other title—by leaving his life or his death dependent on his tongue, as if 'nay' had more letters than 'yea.' "

"Enough! There is no need to say any more!" exclaimed Monipodio at this moment. "I say that such an answer as yours, convinces me, constrains me, persuades me, and forces me to grant you at once the rights of full fledged brethren and to let you off the year of apprenticeship."

"I am of the same opinion," said one of the gallants, and with one voice, those present confirmed the decision, for they had been listening to all the conversation, and they asked Monipodio to forthwith confer upon the boys, and allow them to enjoy the immunities of the

brotherhood, as their pleasing appearance and good talk deserved everything.

Monipodio replied that, to please everybody, he would grant the immunities, and told the lads to hold them in great esteem; for it meant that they would not have to pay any tithe from the first theft committed, nor would they need—during the whole of that year—to perform any menial duties, such as taking levies, from his contributories, to any older brother who was either in prison or at the brothel. They would be entitled to drink wine neat and to hold a banquet when, how, and where they pleased, without asking leave of their squad chief. They could share in whatever their elder brothers should steal, as if they were also elders, and several other things which they held as great gifts and for which they thanked those present with very courteous words.

When they were thus busy, a lad came in running and out of breath, and he said: “The constable of the vagabonds is walking towards this house, but he brings no policemen with him.”

“Let no one be alarmed,” said Monipodio; “for he is a friend and never comes here for our ill. Be quiet and I shall go out to speak to him.”

Although somewhat alarmed at first, they all calmed down and Monipodio went to the door, where he met

the constable and remained talking to him for a while. Then Monipodio came back and asked :

“Who was on duty to-day at the square of San Salvador?”

“I,” answered the guide.

“Then, how is it,” asked Monipodio, “that no account has been given me of an amber scented purse which, along with fifteen gold *escudos*, two reals of two and I do not know how many *cuartos*, disappeared this morning in that place?”

“It is true that such a purse went astray to-day,” said the guide, “but I did not take it, nor can I imagine who could have taken it.”

“No tricks with me,” replied Monipodio, “the purse must turn up, for the Constable—who is a friend and does us a thousand good turns every year—is asking for it.”

The youth again swore that he knew nothing about it.

At this, Monipodio began to get into such a passion that his eyes were flashing forth living fire, and he said :

“Let no one make jest by breaking the least regulation of our order, for it will cost him his life. Let the purse be produced and, if it was hidden in order to avoid the duties, I shall give to the one who committed

it every bit of his lawful share, and I shall pay it out of my own pocket for, by all means, the Constable must go away satisfied."

The youth began to swear anew and cursed himself, saying that he had not stolen the purse, nor even seen it with his own eyes.

All this was like adding fuel to Monipodio's wrath and gave occasion for the whole company to get excited, seeing that their statutes and good regulations were being broken.

Rinconete, considering the great disturbance and uproar, thought it would be well to put a stop to it and, at the same time, give pleasure to his chief who was bursting with rage, and, having consulted his friend Cortadillo, with common consent produced the sacristan's purse and said:

"Let all argument cease, gentlemen! This is the purse, without wanting in one single item of those mentioned by the Constable; for to-day my comrade Cortadillo stole it along with a handkerchief which he took into the bargain from the same owner."

Immediately Cortadillo produced the handkerchief and exhibited it.

On seeing this, Monipodio said:

"Let Cortadillo the Good—for with this title and surname he shall be known henceforth—keep the

handkerchief. I undertake to reward this service fittingly, and let the purse be taken to the Constable, for it belongs to a sacristan who is some relative of his. It is advantageous that the proverb should be fulfilled which says: 'It is not unreasonable to give a leg of the hen to him who presented you with the whole fowl.' This good Constable overlooks more in one day than we could give him, or do usually give him, in one hundred."

They unanimously approved of the honesty of the two new-comers and of the sentence and opinion of their leader, who went out to deliver the purse to the Constable, and Cortadillo remained confirmed in his surname of 'the Good' as if he had been Don Alonso Perez de Guzman 'the Good,' who flung his dagger over the walls of Tarifa that his only son's throat might be cut with it.

When Monipodio returned—which he did presently—there came into the court with him two young women, their faces daubed with pomade, their lips full of color and their bosoms smeared with white paint. They were wrapped up in short mantles of serge and were very impertinent and immodest; clear signs these by which Rinconete and Cortadillo, on seeing them, recognized that they belonged to a brothel—and they were not mistaken in the least. As soon as they en-

tered, they went over with open arms, one to Chiquiznaque and the other to Maniferro; for these were the names of the two gallants. Maniferro's name was derived from the fact that he had an iron hand instead of his own, which he had had cut off by the executioner. The gallants embraced the women with great joy and asked them if they had brought anything with which to wet their throats.

"Of course; how could we forget it?" exclaimed one of them called Gananciosa, "your servant Silbatillo will not be long in coming with the basket of the washing packed full of what God has been pleased to grant us." And so it was; for immediately a boy entered bringing a washing basket covered with a sheet.

When Silbato entered, they all rejoiced and at once Monipodio ordered that one of the rush mats, which were in the chamber, be brought out and spread in the middle of the court. He also told them to sit around, in order that having appeased their appetites, they should next deal with some important things.

At this, the old woman who had been praying to the image in the chamber, said: "Monipodio, my son, I am not for any banquetings, as in the last few days I have had such a fearful headache that it almost drives me mad. Besides I must go before midday to say my prayers and place some tapers in front of Our Lady



"THE GALLANTS EMBRACED THE WOMEN WITH
JOY . . ."

of the Waters and of the Holy Crucifix at St. Augustine. What I came here for, was to say that last night Renegado and Centopies brought into my house a wash basket larger than the present one, full of white linen and, may God bless my soul! it came with *cernada* and all, as the poor beggars probably had no opportunity of throwing it away. They arrived dripping with sweat. It was pitiful to see them coming in panting and with the perspiration pouring from their faces. In fact, they looked like two little angels. They told me they were after a drover who had been weighing some rams at the slaughter house, to see if they could steal a very big purse of reals which he carried with him. They did not unpack the linen nor count it, trusting to the integrity of my conscience, and—may God grant me all my good wishes and deliver us all from the hangman—I have not touched the basket and it is now as whole as on the day it was born.”

“We believe all that, my good mother,” said Monipodio. “Let the basket remain as it is. I shall go to your house towards evening, examine and inspect its contents, and give every one his dues, equitably and faithfully, as is my custom.”

“Be it as you will, my son,” said the old woman, “and, as it is getting late, give me a drop, if you have

it, to console this stomach of mine which is continually getting faint."

"You shall drink it of the best, mother mine," said Escalanta, for such was the name of Gananciosa's companion; and, uncovering the basket, there appeared a leathern *bota* containing about eight gallons of wine, and a jar which could hold comfortably and without overflowing about half-a-gallon. Escalanta filled the jar to the brim and handed it to the very pious old woman, who took it with both hands and, having blown off a little froth, said:

"You poured a lot, my daughter Escalanta, but God will give me strength for it all." And pressing it to her lips, at one draught, and without taking breath, she transferred the wine from the jar to her stomach and finished up by saying:

"It is from Guadalcanal, and the little gentleman somewhat smacks of gypsum. May God comfort you, my daughter, for you have comforted me thus. Only, I am afraid it will do me harm, for I have not had my breakfast yet."

"It will not, mother," said Monipodio, "for it is two years old."

"I hope so in the Virgin," answered the old woman, and she added: "Look here, girls, have you some *cuartos* with which to buy the tapers for my prayers?"

Because with the hurry and anxiety to bring the news about the basket, I forgot my purse at home."

"I have some, *señora Pipota*"—for this was the good old woman's name—replied Gananciosa. "Here you are; I am giving you two *cuartos*. With one of them I wish to buy a taper for myself and to place it in front of my Lord St. Michael, and, if you can buy two, place the other in front of my Lord St. Blaise; for they are my patrons. I would like you to place another before my Lady St. Lucy, for whom I have great devotion as she is the advocate of the eyes, but I have no more change. I shall have more some other day and then I shall settle with them all."

"You will do perfectly right, my daughter. And see and be not stingy, and remember it is of the very greatest importance to take the candles and place them personally before one dies, and not wait for the heirs or trustees to place them."

"Mother Pipota says well," rejoined Escalanta, and thrusting her hand into her purse, she gave her another *cuarto* and begged her to offer other two tapers to those saints whom she considered more useful and grateful.

With this, Pipota went away saying: "Make merry, my children, now that you are in your prime, for old age will come and you will moan for the hours you lost in your youth, as I bewail them now. And commend

me to God in your prayers, for I am going to do likewise for my sake and for your own, in order that He may guard and keep us in our perilous profession without any surprises by the police." And with these words she left.

When the old woman had gone away, they all sat round the mat. Gananciosa spread the sheet by way of table cloth, and the first things she took out of the basket were a bundle of radishes and over a dozen oranges and lemons, and then an earthen pan full of slices of fried cod. She afterwards produced half a Flemish cheese, a pot of superior olives, a plate of shrimps, a great quantity of craw-fish with their savory of large capers covered with chillis, and three big and very white loaves of bread from Gandul.

There might have been fourteen people to lunch and none of them failed to bring out a yellow-handled knife, excepting Rinconete who produced his half sword. To the two old men in baize and to the guide, fell the duty of distributing the wine with the jar. But hardly had they begun to tackle the oranges, when they were all startled by some knocks at the door. Monipodio ordered them to be calm, and going into the low chamber, took down a shield, grasped his sword, and, walking to the door, asked in a hollow fearsome voice: "Who knocks?"



“ . . . SHE FELL TO THE GROUND IN A FAINT.”

“It is I, or rather, nobody, señor Monipodio. I am Tagarote, who has stood watch since this morning, and I come to say that Juliana, the Cariharta, is walking hither, so dishevelled and tearful that some disaster must have befallen her.”

At this moment the woman whom he had mentioned arrived sobbing and, hearing her, Monipodio opened the door and ordered Tagarote to return to his post and that, in future, he should bring them notice of what he saw, with a little less noise and racket. The lad answered that he would do so.

Cariharta, who was a young woman of similar appearance and the same occupation as the others, came in. Her hair was torn and her face disfigured by blows, and as soon as she entered the court, she fell to the ground in a faint. Gananciosa and Escalanta ran to her assistance and, opening her bosom, they found her all black and blue, as if she were bruised. They sprinkled some water on her face and she came to herself shouting at the pitch of her voice:

“God’s and the king’s justice strike that thieving cut-throat, that cowardly rascal, that verminous rogue whom I have saved from the gallows more times than there are hairs in his beard. Woe is me! See for whom I have sacrificed and wasted my youth! For a heartless, treacherous and incorrigible brute!”

“Calm yourself, Cariharta,” interposed Monipodio, “for I am here to deal you justice. Tell us your grievance, and be sure that you will take longer in relating it than I in avenging you. Tell me if someone has shown lack of respect towards you, for, if that is the case and you desire vengeance, you need only to open your mouth.”

“What respect?” exclaimed Juliana. “May I be respected in hell if I be again respected by that lion among ewes and lamb among men. Eat bread again at the same table or lie in the same bed with him? . . . I would first see jackals tearing this flesh of mine which he has mauled in the fashion you shall now see.” And immediately raising her skirts up to her knees, or even a little higher, exposed her legs full of weals. “In this fashion,” she proceeded, “has that ungrateful Repolido treated me, owing more to me, as he does, than to the very mother who bore him. And why, do you think, has he done it? Perhaps I made him jealous and gave him occasion for it? Certainly not! He just did it because he ordered his servant Cabrillas to ask me for thirty reals—for he was gambling and losing money—and I sent him only twenty-four. And the labor and trouble I had in earning them, I pray to Heaven will be taken into account for the atonement of my sins. And in payment for this courtesy and good

service, believing that I was cheating him—according to some calculations he had made in his imagination as to the money I might have—he took me out this morning to the field behind the King’s garden and, there, among some olive trees, undressed me and with his belt, without even taking off the buckle—and for this may I see him in evil fetters and irons—he gave me so many lashes that he left me for dead; of which true history these weals you see are good witnesses.”

And here she began again to raise her voice and to clamor for justice, which Monipodio and all the gal-lants present promised her anew. Gananciosa took her hand and tried to console her, telling her that she would have willingly given up one of her best jewels in order that the same thing might have happened to her with her lover: “For I wish you to know,” she said, “sister Cariharta, in case you do not know it, that he who loves well chastises well, and when these brutes strike us, leather us and kick us, it is then that they adore us. If not, on your life, confess one truth to me: after Repolido had punished and bruised you, did he not bestow one caress on you?”

“How one?” retorted the tearful woman. “One hundred thousand he bestowed, and he would gladly give up one of his fingers were I to go with him to

his lodgings, and it even seems to me that he very nearly burst into tears after he had mauled me."

"I do not wonder at that," said Gananciosa. "And he would cry with pity to see how he had left you; for in such cases, this kind of men have hardly committed their crime, when they repent of it, and you shall see, sister, if he does not come looking for you before we move from here, and ask your forgiveness for all that has happened, submitting to you like a lamb."

"Indeed," said Monipodio, "the cowardly felon shall not enter through these doors without first making public penance for the fault committed. How dare he put his hands on Cariharta's face, or on her flesh, being, as she is, a person who can compete in cleanliness and earnings with Gananciosa herself, who is here present, and I could not give her any higher praise?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Juliana at these words, "let not your worship, señor Monipodio, speak evil of that devil, for, bad and all as he is, I love him better than my own heart-strings, and the reasons which my friend Gananciosa has advanced in his favor have brought back my soul to my body, and I am almost ready to go and seek him."

"You shall not do that if you take my advice," replied Gananciosa; "for he will swell and grow big

with pride and he will slash you up and down as if you were a fencing dummy. Calm yourself sister; for, before long, you shall see him come as repentant as I have already told you. And if he does not come, we will write him a letter in couplets to exasperate him."

"That is a good idea," said Cariharta; "for I have a thousand things to write to him."

"I will be secretary when it will be necessary," said Monipodio, "and, although I am no poet, yet, if I set myself to it I will dare to write two thousand couplets in the winking of the eye, and, even if they did not turn out as they ought to, I have a friend—a barber—a great poet, who can complete our metre at any hour. And at the present one, let us finish what we had begun of our lunch: for, afterwards, everything will be settled."

Juliana was content to obey her chief, and so they all returned to their *gaudeamus*, and in a short time they could see the bottom of the basket and the dregs of the *bota*. The old men drank *sine fine*, the lads freely, and the ladies a good deal.

The old men asked leave to depart, and Monipodio granted it immediately, recommending to them great punctuality in bringing intelligence of anything they might see likely to be useful or profitable to the brother-

hood. They answered that they would take good care of that, and they went away.

Rinconete—who was of an inquisitive nature—begging first his pardon and leave, asked Monipodio of what use were these two gray-headed, grave, and pompous persons to the brotherhood. To which Monipodio replied that in their slang and manner of speaking, they were called *avispones* and they were useful going about town through the day *avispando* in which houses an attempt could be made at night, and in following those who took money out of the Contratacion or mint, to see where they carried it to and even to ascertain where they placed it and, on becoming acquainted with the facts, they felt the thickness of the walls of the house and sketched out the most convenient place for boring the *guzpataros* (meaning holes) in order to facilitate an entrance. In short, he said they were the most, or at least some of the most, useful persons in the brotherhood, and that, from everything which through their ingenuity was stolen, they received a fifth part—which is exactly the same amount received by His Majesty from the national coffers—and that, with all this, they were very truthful and honest men, of good life and repute, fearing God and their own consciences, and heard mass every day with extreme devotion. And there are some of them so discreet,

especially the two who have just left, that they content themselves with far less than what, according to our regulations, is their due. "There are two others who are porters," continued Monipodio, "and, as they are always engaged in removals, they know the ins and outs of every house in the city, and which should prove profitable to us, and which not."

"All that seems to me excellent," said Rinconete, "and I would like to be of some use to such a wonderful brotherhood."

"Heaven always favors worthy aspirations," replied Monipodio.

As they were thus talking, some one knocked at the door. Monipodio went out to see who it was and, having inquired, the answer came: "Let your worship open, señor Monipodio; for I am Repolido."

Cariharta heard the voice, and raising her own to heaven shouted: "Do not open, your worship, señor Monipodio! Do not open the door to that Tarpeian sailor, that tiger of Ocana!"

In spite of that, Monipodio did not fail to open to Repolido. But Cariharta, seeing that he was opening the door, got up in a hurry, fled into the chamber where the shields hung, shut the door behind her, and from inside began to say in a loud voice: "Take away from

my sight that living grimace, that slaughterer of innocents, that scare-crow which frightens tame doves!"

Maniferro and Chiquiznaque were holding back Repolido, who by all means insisted on entering the room where Cariharta had taken shelter. But, as they would not allow him, he shouted from outside: "That will do, my little fury! By your life, calm yourself and perhaps you shall see yourself married!"

"I married, you blackguard!" replied Cariharta. "See what key he is striking now! You would be delighted if I were married to you, but I would rather be married to a skeleton!"

"Come, silly woman," said Repolido, "let us end this at once; for it is late. And mind, do not grow conceited at seeing me so submissive and talking quietly, or, by God! if anger gets into my top story, the relapse will be worse than the malady. Humble yourself and let us all humble ourselves, and do not let us feed the devil."

"I would give him even a banquet," said Cariharta, "provided he would take you away where my eyes could never see you again."

"Did I not tell you?" ejaculated Repolido, "By God! I begin to see, Mistress Fire-brand, that I shall have to raise the price to twelve, if it is never sold."

To this, Monipodio said: "There must be no un-



“MANIFERRO AND CHIQUIZNAQUE WERE HOLDING
BACK REPOLIDO . . .”

seemly scenes in my presence. Cariharta shall come out, not through any threats, but for love of me, and all will end well; for quarrels between those who love each other well, only cause a greater pleasure when peace is made. Hallo, Juliana! hallo girl! Hallo, Cariharta dear! come out here for my sake, for I shall make Repolido beg your pardon on his knees!"

"If he do that," said Escalanta, "we shall all take sides with him and beg Cariharta to step out."

"If such a thing is a surrender which could be construed as a degradation of my person," said Repolido, "I shall not give in to an army of Switzers; but if it is by way of giving Cariharta pleasure, I would not only go down on my knees, but I would drive a nail through my forehead to do her a service."

At this, Chiquiznaque and Maniferro laughed heartily and in their mirth angered Repolido so much—for he thought they were making fun of him—that, showing unmistakable signs of wrath, he said:

"If anyone laughs, or should think of laughing at what Cariharta against me, or I against her have said or shall say, I say that he lies or will lie every time that he should laugh or think of laughing, as I have already stated."

Chiquiznaque and Maniferro looked at each other in a sinister fashion and Monipodio, having noticed

their looks, thought the squabble would have a bad ending, unless he interfered. And so, stepping between them, he said: "Stop, gentlemen! Let big words cease and let them pass no further than the teeth, and, since those already spoken do not come up to the belt, let no one take them to himself."

"We are quite sure," answered Chiquiznaque, "that Repolido's sermon was not, and will not, be preached for our benefit; for if anyone thought that it was addressed to us, then, the timbrel would be in those hands which know well how to play it."

"We also have a timbrel, señor Chiquiznaque," replied Repolido, "and, if necessary, we could also jingle the bells, and I have already said that he who jests lies, and whoever should think otherwise, let him follow me; for, even with a sword a span shorter, a man will make good what he has said." And so saying, he began to leave the house.

Cariharta was listening to the altercation and, when she heard that Repolido was going away in a temper, she came out shouting:

"Stop him! Do not let him go, or he will work some mischief. Can you not see that he is angry, and that in matters of valor he is a real Judas Macarelo? Come back here, bravo of the world and of mine eyes!" And, closing with him, she held him tightly by the cloak.

Monipodio came to her assistance and they succeeded in keeping him in.

Chiquiznaque and Maniferro did not know whether to be angry or not, and they remained quiet, waiting to see what Repolido would do. The latter, finding himself entreated by Cariharta and Monipodio, retraced his steps, saying:

“Good friends should never give offence to their friends, nor make fun of their friends; the more so when they see that their friends are getting angry.”

“There is no friend here,” replied Maniferro, “who wishes to vex a friend or make fun of him and, since we are all friends, let friends shake hands.” And here Monipodio said: “All your worships have spoken like good friends and, as such friends, let them shake their friends’ hands.”

All shook hands immediately and Escalanta, taking off one of her shoes, began to play on it as if it were a timbrel. Gananciosa seized a new broom of palm leaves, which happened to be there, and scratching it made a sound which, although hoarse and rough, harmonized with that of the shoe. Monipodio broke a plate and placing two of the pieces between his fingers and shaking them with great rapidity, made a counterpoint to the shoe and the broom.

Rinconete and Cortadillo were greatly astonished at

the device of the broom, for till then they had never seen it. Maniferro noticed this and said to them:

“Are you astonished at the broom? You may well be; for readier, cheaper, and more joyful music was never invented in the world, and, truly, I heard the other day a student saying the Negrofeo, who rescued Arauz from hell, or Marion, who mounted the dolphin and came out of the sea as if he were riding a hired mule, or the other great musician who built a town with one hundred gates and as many posterns, never invented a better kind of music, so easy to learn, so handy to play, so devoid of frets, pegs, and strings, and requiring so little tuning. And yet, damn it, they say it was invented by a fop of this city who fancies himself a very Hector in music!”

“I believe that,” answered Rinconete, “but let us hear what our musicians are going to sing; for it seems that Gananciosa has spat, a sign that she wishes to sing.” And such was the case, for ‘Monipodio had asked her to sing some *seguidillas* in the usual style. But the first to begin was Escalanta who, in a thin and flexible voice, sang the following:

“For a brave Sevillian, like a Goth so fair,

My poor heart doth languish and my soul despair.”

Gananciosa continued the song:

“For a lad so handsome as my swarthy lad,

Who's the lass warm-hearted that would not go mad?"

And then Monipodio putting more vigor in the shaking of the sherds, sang:

"When fond lovers settle and the quarrel's o'er,
Great if was their anger, now their joy is more."

Cariharta did not wish to remain silent, and taking up another shoe, gave vent to her joy by joining in the fun, and accompanied the rest, singing:

"Oh stop, wrathful madman, buffet me no more,
For 't is thine own flesh that thou makest sore!"

"Sing plainly," said Repolido at this juncture, "and do not allude to past histories; for there is no need of it. Let the past be past and let us follow another road, . . . and that will do."

They were showing no signs of bringing their singing to an end when they heard some one hurriedly knocking at the door, and Monipodio went to see who it was. The sentinel told him that the Chief Constable had appeared at the end of the street and that in front of him came Tordillo and Cernícalo, two neutral constables. Those in the court heard this and were greatly upset; so much so that Cariharta and Escalanta put on the other one's shoes, Gananciosa dropped the broom and Monipodio the sherds, and to the music succeeded an ominous silence. Chiquiznaque became

dumb, Repolido was astonished, and Monipodio paralysed. Then, one this way, another that way, they all disappeared, climbing to the azoteas and roofs of the houses in order to escape by them into another street. Never did an arquebuse untimely fired, or a sudden peal of thunder so scare a flock of unsuspecting doves, as the news of the arrival of the Chief Constable threw into panic and disorder all that company of honest people.

The two novices, Rinconete and Cortadillo, did not know what to do with themselves and they remained quiet, waiting to see how that sudden storm would end. But it ended only by the return of the sentinel who said that the Chief Constable had passed along without giving sign or indication that he had any evil suspicions.

As he was saying this to Monipodio, there came to the door a young gentleman dressed—as the expression commonly has it—*de barrio*. Monipodio showed him in and ordered Chiquiznaque, Maníferro, and Repolido to be called, but that none of the others should come down.

As Rinconete and Cortadillo had remained in the court, they were able to hear all the conversation that passed between Monipodio and the newly-arrived gentleman, who asked Monipodio why they had carried

out so badly what he had entrusted to them. Monipodio answered that he was not aware, as yet, of what had been done, but that the officer under whose charge his business had been placed was there, and that he would give a good account of himself.

At this moment Chiquiznaque came down and Monipodio asked him if he had carried out the commission which was entrusted to him—the gash of fourteen stitches.

“Which one?” asked Chiquiznaque. “Is it the one to the merchant at the crossway?”

“The very same,” answered the gentleman.

“Then, what happened is this,” said Chiquiznaque. “I waited for him last night at the door of his house and he came before dusk. I went up to him and surveyed his face and I saw it was so small that, of all impossibilities, it was impossible to place in it a gash of fourteen stitches, and finding myself unable to fulfil the promise, and to carry out what was in my destructions. . . .”

“Instructions is what your worship means,” interrupted the gentleman, “and not destructions.”

“That is what I meant,” said Chiquiznaque. “I was saying that, seeing the narrowness and the small surface of his face could not contain the fourteen stitches bargained for, in order that my journey would not be

in vain, I gave the gash to a footman of his and, surely, you may reckon it as being above the mark."

"I would rather," said the gentleman, "you had given seven to the master than fourteen to the footman. In reality you have not acquitted yourselves as was right; but it matters not, for the thirty ducats I left as a pledge will make little difference to me. God be with you."

And so saying he took off his hat and turned his back to go away, but Monipodio seized him by the tartan cloak he wore, saying:

"Let your worship stop and fulfil his promise; for we have fulfilled ours with great honour and dispatch. There are twenty ducats wanting and your worship shall not leave this place without giving them, or securities for that amount."

"What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "does your worship call that fulfilment of the promise—to give the gash to the servant when it should have been given to the master?"

"How absolutely mistaken the gentleman is in the reckoning!" said Chiquiznaque. "One would think that he had forgotten the proverb which says: 'Love me, love my dog.'"

"And in what way does the proverb fit in here?" asked the gentleman.



“TAKE THIS CHAIN AS A PLEDGE FOR THE TWENTY DUCATS . . .”

“Is it not the same to say: ‘Hate me, hate my dog?’ and so, ‘me’ stands for the merchant, whom your worship hates, and his footman is the ‘dog,’ and so, to strike the dog is to strike ‘me’ and thus the debt is cancelled and the contract must be carried out; therefore there is no other alternative but to pay without summons.”

“I swear to that,” added Monipodio, “for everything you have said, friend Chiquiznaque, you took out of my very mouth, and so, gentle sir, do not let your worship quarrel with his friends and servants, but take my advice and pay at once for what has been done and, if he would like that another gash—of as many stitches as his face could accomodate—should be given to the master, let him imagine that they are already dressing the wound.”

“If that be the case,” said the fop, “I shall pay fully for both gashes with good will and pleasure.”

“Doubt it not,” said Monipodio, “any more than that your worship is a Christian; for Chiquiznaque will give him a gash very neatly, in such a way that it will seem he was born with it.”

“With that assurance and promise,” replied the gentleman, “take this chain as a pledge for the twenty ducats which are due, and forty more which I offer for the future gash. It is worth, by weight, one

thousand reals and it might happen that I may not redeem it; for I have in view another fourteen stitches which shall be needed before long."

Immediately he took off his neck a long chain of small links and handed it over to Monipodio who, by its color and weight, found it was not made of alchemy. Monipodio received it with much pleasure and courtesy; for he was extremely well bred.

The execution of the business was again entrusted to Chiquiznaque who only asked for that very night as the term for carrying it out. The gentleman went away very pleased and then Monipodio called back all those who were absent and frightened. They all came back and Monipodio, standing in their midst, took out a book of memoranda which he carried in the hood of his cloak, and gave it to Rinconete to read; for he could not read himself.

Rinconete opened the book and on the first page he saw that it said:

MEMORANDUM OF THE GASHES TO BE
GIVEN THIS WEEK

The first, to the merchant at the crossway: worth fifty ducats: thirty have been received in part payment. Xecutant, Chiquiznaque.

"I do not think there are any others, my son," said

Monipodio. "Go on and read where it says: 'Memorandum of cudgellings.' "

Rinconete turned over the leaf and saw that on the other side there was written:

MEMORANDUM OF CUDGELLINGS

and lower down it said:

To the inn-keeper of the Alfalfa twelve blows of the first magnitude, at one escudo each. There have been given eight towards payment. Term: six days. Xecutant: Maniferro.

"That item could be scored off," said Maniferro, "for, to-night, I shall have done with it."

"Is there any more, my son?" asked Monipodio.

"Yes, another one," answered Rinconete, "which says thus:

To the hunch-back tailor, known by the name of Silguero, six blows of the first magnitude, by order of the lady who left the necklace. Xecutant, Desmochado."

"I am astonished," said Monipodio, "at that item still being there. Without a doubt Desmochado must be indisposed; for two days have passed beyond the term and he has not moved one finger in this business."

"I met him yesterday," said Maniferro, "and he told me that, as the hunch-back was ill and confined to the house, he had not been able to fulfil his duty."

"I believe that," said Monipodio; "for I hold Desmochado to be such an excellent lieutenant, that had it not been for this unavoidable impediment he would have carried out even greater enterprises. Is there anything else, lad?"

"No, sir," answered Rinconete.

"Then, pass on," said Monipodio, "and look where it says: 'Memorandum of petty offences.'"

Rinconete turned over the leaves and on another page he found written:

MEMORANDUM OF PETTY OFFENCES

that is to say; blows with bottles, juniper ointments, nailing Sambenitos and horns, practical jokes, frights, rows, sham stabs, publication of libels, etc., etc.

"What does it say lower down?" asked Monipodio.

"It says: 'Juniper ointment in the house...'"

"Do not read the house," interrupted Monipodio; "for I know where it is and I am the originator and executant of that trifle. Four escudos have been given towards payment and the price is eight."

"That is true," said Rinconete; "for it is all written here, and a little further down it says: 'Nailing horns.'"

"Do not read either the house or where it is; for it is enough to do the job without having it mentioned in

public, as it is a great charge upon the conscience. At least, I would rather nail one hundred horns and as many *Sambenitos*, if I were paid for my work, than mention it one single time, even if it were only to the very mother who bore me."

"The executant of this," said Rinconete, "is Nari-gueta."

"That has been done and paid for," said Monipodio. "See if there is more; for, if I remember rightly, there ought to be there a fright worth twenty *escudos*. The half of it has already been paid, the executants are the whole brotherhood and the term the whole of this month, and it shall be carried out to the letter, without missing one dot, and it will be one of the best things which have happened in this city for a long time. Give me the book, lad; for I know there is nothing else, and I also know that trade is very slack. But one time will follow another and we shall have more to do than we would wish for. For even a leaf does not stir without the will of God, and we cannot very well force people to revenge themselves, all the more as each one is brave in his own case and does not care to pay other people to do the work he can do with his own hands."

"So it is," said Repolido, "but let your worship, señor Monipodio, see what he orders and commands us,

as it is getting late and the heat is increasing at the double quick."

"What is to be done," said Monipodio, "is that you all go to your posts, and let no one change places till Sunday, when we shall foregather here in this place and all that shall have fallen to us will be divided without giving offence to anyone. To Rinconete and Cortadillo, the Good, we give until Sunday the district from the Torre del Oro, outside the city, to the gate of the Alcázar where, with their accomplishments, one could work sitting down; for I have seen others of less cunning than they finish up each day with more than twenty reals in coppers, not to mention the silver, with only one pack of cards, and even that four cards short. Ganchoso will show you the district, and even if you go as far as San Sebastian and Santelmo it matters little, although it is mere justice that no one should intrude upon the domain of others."

They both kissed his hands for the favor he was conferring on them and they promised to do their duty well and faithfully and with great diligence and caution. Monipodio then produced from the hood of his cloak a paper folded up, where there was a list of the brethren, and he told Rinconete to put therein his name and that of Cortadillo, but as there was no ink, he gave him the paper to take away with him so that

at the first apothecary's he might write them down, putting: Rinconete and Cortadillo—brethren; apprenticeship—none; Rinconete—card sharper; Cortadillo—pick-pocket, and the day, the month, and the year, omitting parents and country.

As he was giving them his orders, one of the old *avispones* came in and said:

"I came to tell your worships that I met Lobillo, from Malaga, just now at the Gradass, and he tells me that he has so bettered himself in his profession that with a clean pack he would win money from Satan himself. He does not come at once to report himself and pay his obeisance because he has arrived somewhat injured, but he will be here on Sunday without fail."

"I always was of opinion," said Monipodio, "that this Lobillo would be unique in his profession; for he possesses the best and most convenient hands for it that anyone could wish. For, to be a master in one's profession, there is as much need of good tools to work with as of ingenuity to learn it."

"I also came across the Jew dressed as a clergyman," said the old man, "in one of the inns in the street of Tintores. He has gone to lodge there because he had news that two *Peruleros* live in the same house and he wanted to find out if he could induce them to play

cards with him, even if it were for a small sum, as from that they might risk a larger one. He also says that he will not fail to be at the meeting on Sunday and give an account of his person."

"That Jew," said Monipodio, "is also a great pilferer and has great knowledge. I have not seen him for some days, and that is not good enough. And, in faith, if he does not mend his ways, I shall spoil his tonsure for him; for the thief has taken no more orders than a Turk, nor does he know any more Latin than my own mother. Is there any more news?"

"None," replied the old man, "at least, that I know of."

"May it be in a good hour," said Monipodio. "Let your worships accept this trifle, (and he distributed among them about forty reals) and let no one be absent on Sunday; for there will be nothing missing of the booty."

They all returned thanks and, Repolido and Cariharta, and Gananciosa and Chiquiznaque, embraced each other again and arranged that, after leaving off work in the house, they should meet in that of Pipota, whither Monipodio said he would also go to inspect the wash basket, and that afterwards he would go to carry out and score off the commission of the juniper ointment. He embraced Rinconete and Cortadillo and

giving them his blessing, dismissed them charging them never to have fixed or permanent lodgings; for that was essential to the welfare of all.

Ganchoso accompanied them till he had shown them their posts and reminded them not to be absent on Sunday; for as he thought and firmly believed, Monipodio was going to give them a lesson concerning things pertaining to their profession. With this he went away, leaving the two chums astonished at what they had seen.

Rinconete—though only a lad—had a very good understanding and good natural inclinations and, as he had been engaged with his father in selling bulls, he knew something of correct language, and it gave him great amusement to think of the words he had heard from Monipodio and from others of his company and blessed brotherhood, especially when instead of saying *per modum suffragii*, he had said ‘by way of shipwreck,’ and that they took the ‘stupendous’ (meaning stipend) from what they stole, and also when Cariharta said that Repolido was like a Tarpeian sailor and a tiger from Ocana, instead of saying Hircania, with one thousand more impertinences like these. It especially amused him when she said that Heaven, for the atonement of her sins, should take into account the trouble she had had in earning the twenty-four reals,

but, above all, he was astonished at the firm belief and faith they had that they would go to Heaven if they said their prayers, being—as they were—full of thefts, murders, and offences against God. And he laughed at the good old woman, Pipota, who left, under lock and key in her house the stolen basket to go and place some wax tapers before the images, and, withal, she thought she would go to Heaven clad and shod.

Nor was he less astonished at the respect and obedience they showed to Monipodio, who was a rough man and a soulless barbarian. He thought of what he had read in the book of memoranda and of the exercises in which they were all engaged. Finally, he was surprised at the neglect of the police of that famous city of Seville, since people so pernicious and so contrary to Nature herself were able to live almost in the open, and he made up his mind to advise his friend to abandon a life so loose and evil, so restless, libertine, and dissolute.

But with all this, carried away by his youth and want of experience, he lived in the same manner several months, during which time several things happened to him which demand a larger narrative, and so, I leave for some other occasion the relation of his life and miracles, as well as those of his leader Monipodio and other events that befell that infamous brotherhood;

for all of them shall be of great importance and may be useful, as an example or warning, to those who should read them.

NOTES

NOTES TO RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO

PAGE 53, LINE 3

The prologue alluded to is that to the first part of *Don Quixote*, for the second part appeared after the *Exemplary Novels* had been published.

That Cervantes "did not fare so well" with his prologue to the first part of *Don Quixote* is not surprising, for in it he criticized with great wit and biting sarcasm the custom prevalent among the authors of those days of printing at the beginning of their books screeds of eulogistic verses from the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of their acquaintance, and of stuffing their books with more or less—or, perhaps, less than more—apposite quotations from the classics.

The prologue to the *Exemplary Novels* is, to a certain extent, an echo of the one to the first part of *Don Quixote*, for Cervantes again scoffs at the futility of such testimonials.

PAGE 53, LINE 10

The famous Don Juan de Jáuregui was a distinguished writer and artist.

Although Jáuregui is one of the outstanding figures in Spanish literature, and a prominent person in many other respects, the date of his birth is unknown. He is supposed to have been born in 1570.

Most writers insist that Jáuregui was a native of Seville, but of Basque parentage. Bouterwek and Ticknor say that he was of Biscayan origin, Clemencín and Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly simply state that he was a

Sevilian, or Sevillian, but, as Señor Soraluze has pointed out, Jáuregui came from Vergara, a town in Guipuzcoa—one of the Basque provinces—and he cites the testimony of Dr. Isasti, a contemporary of Jáuregui.

Jáuregui came of a noble family, was a Knight of the Order of Calatrava and an equerry to Doña Isabel de Bourbon, wife of Philip IV.

He lived in Italy for some time and during his residence in that country translated Tasso's *Aminta*. He also translated Lucan's *Pharsalia* and published several original works both in prose and poetry.

Cervantes mentions Jáuregui again in the *Viaje al Parnaso* and in the second part of *Don Quixote*. In the latter work he says of the *Aminta* that it is hard to tell which is the translation and which the original. There may be some exaggeration in this opinion, but there is no question as to the excellence of Jáuregui's version which has been highly praised by all critics. His style has been acclaimed as a model of purity and refinement.

Little or nothing is known about Jáuregui as an artist. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly doubts whether he painted Cervantes at all, and qualifies as "dubious" the passage in the prologue to the Novels to which this note refers. I am not at all surprised that Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly should not understand a fairly plain Spanish sentence, for Clemencín—a Spaniard—also misunderstood the sentence in question and in his commentary to *Don Quixote* forgot himself so far as to state that "Jáuregui must have portrayed Cervantes in his verses, as the latter himself says in the prologue to the *Exemplary Novels*." The reader will notice that Cervantes does not mention at all Jáuregui's

verses. Clemencín, like all great men from Homer downwards, had a nap occasionally and nobody would blame him for that, only—he snored also.

If the portrait by Jáuregui was “in verse,” what need was there to write anything under it?

It is rather curious that Don Miguel de Toro Gómez, who in a recent edition of *Don Quixote* “clemencined” Clemencín by commenting on his commentary, omitted to make any remarks on this important point.

PAGE 54, LINE 4

La Galatea was printed in March, 1585. It is a pastoral novel of considerable merit, though it suffers from the defects common to works of that kind.

Cervantes only wrote the first part and so the novel has remained incomplete. On several occasions Cervantes promised his readers to write a second part but, though he died thirty years after the first part appeared, he never fulfilled his promise.

PAGE 54, LINE 5

The *Viaje al Parnaso* or *Viaje del Parnaso* is a poetical composition of more value as an historical document than as a literary production, though some critics have praised it highly. In it Cervantes mentions nearly all of the contemporary writers and, as was his wont, is rather liberal with his commendations. The *Viaje al Parnaso* was published in 1614.

Cesar Caporali or, to give him his Italian name, Cesare Caporali, was a poet who imitated the style of the *cinquecentista* F. Berni. His *Viaggio di Parnaso* appeared in 1582.

PAGE 54, LINE 10

When, after several years of hard campaigning in Italy and the north of Africa, Cervantes was returning to Spain, the ship in which he sailed—the frigate “Sol”—was captured on the 26th of September, 1575, by Moorish pirates in the neighborhood of Marseilles, and was taken to Algiers, a place which the unfortunate writer did not leave until the 24th of October, 1580.

During the miserable and wretched years of his captivity, Cervantes showed that as a mere man he was even greater than as the author of *Don Quixote*. The history of his bondage in Algiers is full of almost incredible incidents in which he exhibited great fortitude and generosity of soul and a reckless disregard of his personal safety when, by exposing himself, he could alleviate the sufferings of his fellow slaves.

PAGE 54, LINE 13

The battle of Lepanto was fought on the 7th of October, 1571, by the fleets of Spain, Venice and the Holy See against the Turkish fleet. The latter was utterly routed and the defeat was perhaps the greatest check which the Ottomans ever suffered.

The combined fleets sailed under the command of Don Juan of Austria. Cervantes, who was serving in the company of Diego de Urbina, of the *tercio* of Miguel de Moncada, shipped aboard the galley “Marquesa.”

On the day of the battle, Cervantes was suffering from a fever and his comrades begged him not to join in the fray, but disregarding their entreaties, he fought like the brave man he was. When the battle ended,

he had received three wounds; two in the chest and one in the left hand. As a result of his wounds, Cervantes was in a hospital at Messina during seven long months.

PAGE 54, LINE 15

... *he received it in the highest and most memorable occasion, etc., etc.* Cervantes repeated this phrase, with slight variations, in his prologue to the second part of *Don Quixote*.

PAGE 56, LINE 17

The statement that he was the first to write novels in the Castilian tongue is hardly accurate. Cervantes was preceded by others, though none ever attained his degree of excellence.

PAGE 56, LINE 25

The *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda* appeared in 1617, when Cervantes was already dead. Undoubtedly the best part of this work is the prologue in which Cervantes mentions his meeting with the brown-clad student.

The *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda* is a romance teeming with exciting adventures on lands and seas of which some have never been charted.

PAGE 57, LINES 3 AND 4

The second part of *Don Quixote* appeared in 1615, but of the *Semanas del Jardín* nothing is known, save the title.

PAGE 57, LINE 10

"The great Count of Lemos" was Don Pedro Fernández de Castro who, besides other titles, held that of Marquis of Sarria. He was born at Madrid in 1576 and died in the same town in 1622.

Through his marriage to his cousin, Doña Catalina Sandoval—daughter of the Duke of Lerma, favorite of Philip III.—he received many favors from the king and was appointed Viceroy of Naples.

However great his services to the state may have been, none deserve to be remembered more than the generous protection which he extended to the men of letters of his time, among whom was Cervantes.

Besides the *Exemplary Novels*, Cervantes dedicated to his illustrious patron the second part of *Don Quixote* and the *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*.

PAGE 59, LINE 2

The tavern, or inn, of "The Little Mill" is mentioned by Pero Juan Villuga in his *Repertorio de todos los caminos de Espana*, (1564), which has been reproduced in facsimile by Mr. Archer M. Huntington. The inn was situated two leagues from Tartanedo and four from Almodóvar del Campo, on the road from Toledo to Córdoba.

PAGE 59, LINE 4

The Valle (vale) de Alcudia is situated in the Province of Ciudad Real—New Castile—on the boundary which divides it from the Province of Córdoba—Andalucia. La Mancha—the birth place of Don Quixote—is also in the province of Ciudad Real.

PAGE 59, LINE 11

Alpargates or *Alpargatas* are canvas shoes with hempen soles. They are light and durable, and very cheap. The infantry in the Spanish army wear them.

PAGE 59, LINE 18

Alforjas, from the Moorish *Al Horeh*, are saddle bags, although they are also carried by pedestrians. They are generally made of cotton and worsted and are embroidered in gaudy colors and curious patterns. When on foot, people carry them over one shoulder.

PAGE 59, LINE 21

Walloon collar, a linen collar, narrow at the back of the neck and broad in front.

PAGE 60, LINE 8

Vaquero. This knife was so called because it was used for slaughtering cattle. It is, in shape, like a slightly curved penknife of one blade, and it attains sometimes formidable proportions.

PAGE 61, LINE 10

The offering of All Saints, which was rather large, was made for masses to be said for the dead on the day following All Saints.

PAGE 61, LINE 12

The monument is a representation of a temple built in the nave of Spanish churches on Maundy Thursday. It is, as a rule, highly decorated.

PAGE 62, LINE 13

Fuenfrida. This place is called Fonfrida by Villuga in his Repertorio. It is now called Fuenfria (Cold spring). It is a hamlet in a mountain pass, three leagues from Segovia on the road to Toledo.

Before the pass of Navacerrada was made practicable, the kings and princes going to the royal domains of Valsain and San Ildefonso were forced to cross the mountains through Fuenfrida.

PAGE 62, LINE 15

The names of all the characters in this novel have some reference to their possessors. Thus, Rincon means corner, and alludes to the obscure village whence Peter came.

PAGE 62, LINE 17

The bull granted by Pope Innocent III. to the Spaniards who were fighting the Moors. It allowed them to eat meat during Lent and other fasting days. This bull still continues to be issued.

PAGE 63, LINE 5

In the royal gaols there used to be an iron ring to which youthful offenders condemned to be flogged were tied, instead of receiving their punishment in public, as did the older culprits.

PAGE 63, LINE 5

Vilhan, or *Bilhan*, was supposed to have been the inventor of playing cards.

PAGE 63, LINE 17

The game of veintiuna—literally twenty-one—consists in making twenty-one points with two or more cards—preferably two. The banker deals out one card to each player who then makes his stake. He then deals a second card. If the banker has made twenty-one points, or more points than any of the rest, he wins. If one of the players has made twenty-one points, the player wins, provided that the banker has not made twenty-one points at the same time. An ace counts as one or as eleven points.

PAGE 64, LINE 3

Andaboba. Literally: Go on, you fool!

PAGE 65, LINE 5

The reader may think the name of Argus somewhat out of place on the lips of a Spanish lad brought up in a small country place, but nevertheless, Roman influence was so strong in the Peninsula that mythological names—often mispronounced—are common property.

PAGE 65, LINE 9

Espia doble (double spy) was the name given to a person who played false both to the police and those persecuted by them.

PAGE 65, LINE 21

Cortado is the past participle of *cortar*—to cut—an obvious reference to the art practiced by the young scamp.

PAGE 66, LINE 3

"*Limpios de polvo y de paja*" is a common expression in Spanish, especially in regard to money. And so it is said: "So and so has inherited so many dollars *limpios de polvo y de paja*," meaning that the money is free from any taxes or duties.

PAGE 66, LINE 11

The *maravedi* was worth about one twenty-sixth of an American cent and the *real* about three American cents.

PAGE 66, LINE 22

The inn of "The Mayor" is also mentioned by Vil-luga in his Repertorio.

PAGE 68, LINE 4

The gate of the Custom House was so called because of the Custom House built near it in 1587. Formerly it was called *postigo del Carbón* (Wicket of the Coal.)

PAGE 68, LINE 23

A *malbaratillo* is a place where second hand goods of very inferior quality and stolen goods are sold.

PAGE 68, LINE 23

The gate of the Arenal gave access to the Arenal which was an expanse of ground between the river Guadalquivir and the wall surrounding Seville.

PAGE 70, LINE 15

The fish market (*La Pescaderia*) was established in the arcades of the Atarazanas—a large square where the Custom House was built.

PAGE 70, LINE 16

La Costanilla was a small square on a slope—hence its name—near the church of San Isidro, now called San Isidoro.

PAGE 70, LINE 17

... *On Thursdays at the fair.* This fair was—and is to this day—held every Thursday in the square around the church of Omnium Sanctorum.

PAGE 72, LINE 5

The *cuarto* is a copper coin equivalent to four *maravedis*.

PAGE 73, LINE 3

Escudo—crown.

PAGE 73, LINE 5

Ochavo—two *maravedis*.

PAGE 73, LINE 19

The phrases underlined are all common sayings in Spain.

PAGE 73, LAST LINE

Paulinas (after Pope Paul III.) These letters were issued with the purpose of discovering articles which had been stolen or maliciously hidden.

PAGE 74, LINE 9

The third of a chaplaincy. All taxes, revenues, etc., used to be paid in Seville by thirds, i. e., every four months.

PAGE 74, LINE 15

Calleja or Callejas is an unknown character who has become proverbial. As a rule the phrase runs thus: "*Ya verán quién es Calleja,*" meaning: you shall see who is the boss here. But in the present case the meaning is: we shall know who was who.

PAGE 75, LINE 3

And I hold this to be fate. Y esto lo doy por hado was the usual phrase with which gipsy fortune tellers wound up their forecasts.

PAGE 75, LINE 12

The steps are those in front of the Cathedral, which have been celebrated by many authors.

PAGE 76, LINE 18

. . . *no entrevan, senores murcianos?* *Entrevan* is thieves' slang meaning to understand. From the similarity of sounds, for the "b" and the "v" are pronounced both like "b" in Spanish, Rinconete and Cortadillo think that the lad is speaking of Teba.

Mr. Norman McColl takes pains to explain that "Cervantes, with Thebes in Egypt in his mind, means 'gipsy-town.'" This explanation may appear excellent to those—and they are many—for whom Spain and 'gipsy-land' are synonymous, but I am of opinion that Cervantes meant Teba, a town in Andalucia, between Ronda and Bobadilla. Cervantes must have known that town well, for in it he transacted some official business, as recorded in one of the very few documents extant which bear his illustrious signature.

This is a sworn statement, dated in Seville the 28th of April, 1598, of some wheat and barley which he had taken from the town of Teba, from the 28th of February to the 8th of May, 1592. This Teba is probably the same place where "the Good Sir James" Douglas died fighting against the Moors while he was carrying the heart of Bruce.

Murciano is slang for thief. Its correct meaning is a native of Murcia, hence Cortado's reply.

PAGE 77, LINE 6

Monipodio is an association of persons for an unlawful object.

PAGE 77, LINE 24

Finibusterre—scaffold, *embesados*—flogged, *en gurapas*—condemned to the galleys.

PAGE 78, LINE 10

Germania—thieves' slang.

PAGE 79, LINE 9

"Singing" is *germanesco* for confessing.

PAGE 79, LINE 16

Cuatrero, with the meaning given in the text, is still commonly used in South America.

PAGE 79, LINE 17

Ansia was especially applied to the torment by water.

PAGE 80, LINE 12

Jubileo, a plenary, solemn, and universal indulgence granted by the Pope on certain occasions.

PAGE 83, LINE 6

Swords of more than ordinary length. The length of swords, as established by law (ley IX., titulo VI., libro VI., of the Nueva Recopilacion) was three-fourths of a yard—*tres cuartas de vara*.

PAGE 84, LINE 1

Zaragüelles—broad and long trousers, slit on the outside at the ankles. They are worn chiefly by the people of Valencia.

PAGE 84, LINE 5

The brand of a famous Moorish maker of swords, nicknamed "El Perrillo" (The little dog) who adopted the nickname for his brand.

PAGE 85, LINE 22

Rinconete and *Cortadillo* are diminutives of *Rincon* and *Cortado*.

PAGE 86, LINE 4

Mondipodio is constantly making blunders in his speech; thus, he says *estupendo*, for which I have taken the liberty to write *stupor*, instead of *estipendio* (stipend) and *naufragio* (shipwreck) instead of *suffragio* (suffrage, a prayer for the faithful departed.)

PAGE 86, LINE 22

Monipodio uses *adversario* (adversary) for *aniversario* (anniversary), *popa* (poop or stern) for *pompa* (pomp), and *soledad* (solitude) for *solemnidad* (solemnity). I have written solidity as being a word which sounds more like solemnity than solitude.

PAGE 87, LINE 12

Ganchuelo is the diminutive of *gancho* (hook) which in *germanesco* means thief.

PAGE 88, LINE 4.

Like flowers of lavender. Monipodio calls the comparatively innocent tricks of the boy "flowers of lavender" because in the language of card sharpers all foul tricks were called "*flores*," i. e., flowers.

PAGE 88, LINE 7

To be killed after midnight meant to be cheated after midnight. This phrase was applied to inexperienced gamblers who, having lost heavily in the earlier part of the evening, became hot headed and rendered themselves an easy prey to card sharpers.

PAGE 90, LINE 19

The constable of the vagabonds had the duty of keeping an eye on vgabonds and loafers.

PAGE 92, LINE 25

Cortadillo the Good. This is a sarcastic criticism of the title conferred on Don Alonso Pérez de Guzmán by Sancho IV. of Castile.

In 1292 Sancho captured Tarifa—a town near Gibraltar—from the Moors and Guzmán undertook to keep and defend the town for a subsidy of 600,000 *maravedis* per annum.

The Infante Don Juan, having rebelled against the king—his brother—took refuge among the Moors and, with their help, besieged the town in 1293. Owing to the heroism of the defenders, Don Juan failed to capture the stronghold, but, obtaining possession of Guzmán's eldest son—a mere child—brought him to the walls of the town and sent word to Guzmán that, unless he surrendered, his son would be beheaded. Guzmán gave no answer—he simply flung his dagger over the walls to be used in murdering his own son. The child was instantly executed, but Tarifa did not surrender.

In commemoration of his sacrifice, Sancho bestowed on Guzmán the title of "El Bueno"—the Good.

PAGE 93, LINE 22

As prescribed by law, public women in Seville were compelled to wear short black mantels so that they might be easily distinguished from good women (*buenas mugeres*).

PAGE 94, LINE 1 AND 2

Chiquiznaque—quarrelsome. *Maniferro*—Iron hand.

PAGE 94, LINE 10

Gananciosa—lucrative. *Silbatillo*—little whistle.

PAGE 94, LAST LINE

The image of Our Lady of the Waters is still venerated, as in the XVI. century and even before then, in the church of San Salvador.

PAGE 95, LINE 3

Renegado—renegade. *Centopies*—wood-louse.

PAGE 95, LINE 5

Cernada—the ashes left behind when a decoction of vegetable ashes is poured over linen which is being washed.

PAGE 96, LINE 4

Escalanta—scaling.

PAGE 96, LINE 6

The bota is the ancient Oriental leathern bottle alluded to in the Scriptures (Job XXXII., 19 and Matt. IX., 17). It is made of leather carefully pitched inside to prevent leakage, and its shape is like that of a pear or a shot pouch. The narrow neck is mounted with a turned wooden cup.

PAGE 96, LINE 17

Guadalcanal, a small town in the province of Seville, on the border of Estremadura, and half way between Seville and Zalamea, where Calderon laid the plot of his famous drama *El Alcalde de Zalamea*. This wine was a famous vintage in the 16th. Century.

PAGE 97, LINE 3

Pipota is the feminine of *pipote*—a keg.

PAGE 98, LINE 15

Gandul is a small village about thirteen miles east of Seville. Mr. Norman McColl seems to have mis-

taken Gandul for Alcalá de Guadaira. He mentions that Gandul is "a village three leagues from Seville, which in the 16th. Century supplied Seville with bread."

In the first place, it is not Gandul but Alcalá which is three leagues from Seville; and in the second place, Gandul may have supplied some bread to Seville, but, even before the town was taken by the Castilians, Alcalá had large *mazmorras* or granaries and supplied Seville with bread. So much so, that to this day the town is called *Alcalá de los Panaderos*, i. e., Alcalá of the Bakers.

Alcala de Guadaira also supplied Seville with water.

PAGE 99, LINE 2

Tagarote—a notary's amanuensis. Probably the lad so called acted as secretary to Monipodio, who could not write. Most commentators prefer to read *Tagarete*—the Arroyo del Tagarete runs Southeast of Seville—but I am of opinion that *Tagarote* is correct and I base my opinion on the fact that none of the names of the other characters in this novel allude to anything but the peculiarities of their bearers.

PAGE 80, LINE 3

Cariharta—full-faced.

PAGE 100, LINE 17

Repolido or *repulido*—fop.

PAGE 100, LINE 21

Cabrillas, plural of *cabrilla*—a little goat.

PAGE 101, LINE 4

The *King's garden* which is situated in the outskirts of Seville, was called *La Huerta del Rey* because it was presented to Aben Maphot—Moorish king of Niebla—by Alonso X., the Wise, when the latter captured the city from the former.

PAGE 103, LINE 5

Coplas, in the original, means couplets, a lampoon or a ballad. The chief events of the day, such as murders and thefts, as well as historical events were, and are still, sung as *coplas* in the streets by beggars—chiefly blind—who accompany themselves with a guitar. Minor—very much so—poets make a living writing *coplas* which they sell to the beggars for a few *cuartos*, and I know of at least two successful dramatists of modern times who began their literary careers as humble *copleros*.

PAGE 104, LINE 9

In thieves' slang *avispando* means spying, and *avispón* a spy. It is to these spies that Mr. Cunninghame Graham applies the term "bonnets" in his preface to this translation.

Avispón means hornet in Spanish.

PAGE 104, LINE 11

The *Casa de Contratacion* had, at one time, the monopoly of trade with the Spanish colonies in America.

PAGE 105, LINE 19

Marinero de Tarpeya, in the original, is a misquotation by Cariharta of the old ballad alluded to in *Don Quixote* and in *La Celestina* and which begins thus:

Mira Nero de Tarpeya
 A Roma como se ardia.
 Gritos dan niños y viejos
 Y él de nada se dolía.

PAGE 105, LINE 20

By *Ocaña Cariharta* means *Hircania*.

PAGE 106, LINE 25

Echar todo a doce, in the original, like *poner las peras a cuarto* (to raise the price of the pears to one *cuarto* each) means to be very stern.

PAGE 108, LINE 5

Do not come up to the belt. When a thing is of no account it is said that "*no llega á la cintura*." (It does not reach up to the waist).

PAGE 108, LINE 10

The timbrel would be, etc. Estar el pandero en buenas manos is a somewhat bombastic expression meaning that whoever uses it can deal with the situation.

PAGE 108, LINE 24

Macarelo. *Cariharta* means *Macabeo*, the Spanish for *Maccabeus*.

PAGE 108, LINE 25

"So and so *de mis ojos* (of mine eyes)" is quite a common expression of endearment in Spain.

Spaniards hold the eyes as almost sacred and even when abusing an opponent they never express the slightest uncharitable wishes in regard to his eyes.

When a blind beggar receives an alms, he never fails to return thanks, adding: "*Hermanito, Dios le conserve la vista!*" (Brother, may God preserve your eyesight).

PAGE 109, LINE 18

Shoes. *Chapin*, in the original, means a shoe with a cork sole. Cork heeled shoes are mentioned in the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens:

"Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!"

(Sir Walter Scott's version).

PAGE 110, LINE 6

Negrofeo for *Orfeo*—Orpheus.

Arauz for *Euridice*—Eurydice.

Marión for *Arión*—Arion.

PAGE 110, LINE 9

The other great musician who built a town with one hundred gates, etc. Amphion and the city of Thebes.

PAGE 110, LINE 20

Seguidilla is a composition of four verses with a refrain.

PAGE 110, LINE 23

*Por un sevillano, rufo á lo valón,
Tengo socarrado todo el corazón."*

PAGE 110 LAST LINE

*Por un morenico de color verde,
Cuál es la fogosa que no se pierde?"*

PAGE 111, LINE 5

*"Riñen dos amantes, hácese la paz,
Si el enojo es grande, es el gusto más."*

PAGE III, LINE 10

"*Detente, enojado, no me azotes más,
Que si bien lo miras, á tus carnes das.*"

PAGE III, LINE 21

Tordillo—grizzled. *Cernícalo*—kestrel.

PAGE III2, LINE 3

Azotea—a flat roof surrounded by a small balustrade or parapet.

PAGE III2, LINE 19

Mr. Norman McColl explains *de barrio* as "quite plainly dressed." That is an inexcusable blunder; for Cervantes himself explains the phrase in *El Celoso Estremeño*—which Mr. McColl has translated into English—thus: "Hay en Sevilla un género de gente ociosa y holgazana, á quien comunmente suelen llamar gente de barrio: estos son los hijos de vecino de cada colación y de los más ricos della, gente baldía, atildada, y melíflua; . . ." (There are in Seville a kind of people, idle and lazy, who are commonly called people of the

quarter: these are the sons of the wealthiest neighbors in each parish, and they are indolent, well dressed, and mellifluous; . . .).

PAGE III6, LINE 24

Xecutant. The original says *Secutor* instead of *Ejecutor*—executor.

PAGE III7, LINE 7

La Alfalfa was not the name of an inn but of the square, in Seville, where the unfortunate inn-keeper had his establishment.

PAGE 117, LINE 17

Silguero is a corruption of *Jilguero* (goldfinch) which to this day is common in Southern Spain and among the *gauchos* of the Pampas.

PAGE 117, LINE 19

Desmochado—mutilated.

PAGE 118, LINE 13

Sambenito was a scapular with a St. Andrew's cross on it which the Holy Inquisition compelled those who had been "reconciled" to wear. To nail it on anyone's house was to remind him that he was or had been a heretic.

A *horn* nailed on a house proclaimed that the master had been deceived by his wife.

PAGE 119, LINE 6

Narigueta—a small or a deformed nose.

PAGE 120, LINE 7

To Rinconete and Cortadillo. In the original it says: "*Rinconete el bueno*," but this is obviously a mistake; for the title was conferred on Cortadillo. (See page 92, line 25.)

PAGE 120, LINE 9

The *Torre del Oro* (Golden Tower) is situated on the brink of the Guadalquivir, at the South corner of the Plaza de Atarazanas. It was one of the towers of the Moorish Alcázar. Pedro, the Cruel, used it as a treasure-house and prison. The lower part—a dodecagon—was built in 1220 by the Moorish governor Sid Abu'l-'Ala. The upper structure dates from the Christian

domination. The Moors called it Burdj ad-Dhahab, or Golden Tower because of the color of its glazed bricks. Sea going vessels anchor off the Torre del Oro.

PAGE 120, LINE 9

The gate of the Alcázar was situated between the gate of Jerez and the gate *de la Carne*. (Gate of the meat).

PAGE 120, LINE 15

Ganchoso is another name for *Ganchuelo*—a thief, in *germanesco*.

PAGE 121, LINE 8

Lobillo—a small wolf.

PAGE 121, LINE 9

Las Gradass—the steps of the Cathedral.

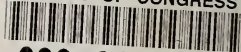
PAGE 121, LINE 23

The street of Tintores is now called *de Guichot*. It runs from the street of Fernández y González-de Castro, in Cervantes' time and before that de Vizcainos—to the street of Zaragoza, formerly known as *de la Pajeria*.

PAGE 121, LINE 25

Perulero was the name given to a person who had been to Peru and returned to Spain after having enriched himself.

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