The Children's Hour, v 5. Stories From Seven Old Favorites eBook

The Children's Hour, v 5. Stories From Seven Old Favorites

The following sections of this BookRags Literature Study Guide is offprint from Gale's For Students Series: Presenting Analysis, Context, and Criticism on Commonly Studied Works: Introduction, Author Biography, Plot Summary, Characters, Themes, Style, Historical Context, Critical Overview, Criticism and Critical Essays, Media Adaptations, Topics for Further Study, Compare & Contrast, What Do I Read Next?, For Further Study, and Sources.

The following sections, if they exist, are offprint from Beacham's Encyclopedia of Popular Fiction: "Social Concerns", "Thematic Overview", "Techniques", "Literary Precedents", "Key Questions", "Related Titles", "Adaptations", "Related Web Sites".

The following sections, if they exist, are offprint from Beacham's Guide to Literature for Young Adults: "About the Author", "Overview", "Setting", "Literary Qualities", "Social Sensitivity", "Topics for Discussion", "Ideas for Reports and Papers".

Contents

Table of Contents

Table of Contents

Page 1

DON QUIXOTE

DON QUIXOTE DETERMINES TO BECOME A KNIGHT *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

THE FIGHT WITH THE WINDMILLS *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

THE INNKEEPER'S BILL *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

THE BATTLE OF THE SHEEP *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

THE CONQUEST OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

DON QUIXOTE'S BATTLE WITH THE GIANTS *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

DON QUIXOTE MEETS THE LIONS *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

THE RIDE ON THE WOODEN HORSE *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

THE THREE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND ODD LASHES *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

THE RETURN AND DEATH OF DON QUIXOTE *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE STORY OF ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

THE TRAVELS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

THE BARON'S FIRST WANDERINGS *Rodolph Eric Raspe*

THE BARON'S JOURNEY TO ST. PETERSBURG *Rodolph Eric Raspe*

THE BARON'S WONDERFUL HORSE *Rodolph Eric Raspe*

THE BARON'S COLD DAY *Rodolph Eric Raspe*

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

Page 2

PURSUED BY THE ROCS *J.D. Batten*

THE LION JUMPED FORWARD INTO THE CROCODILE'S MOUTH *Gustave Dore*

THE VESSEL WILL BE DASHED TO PIECES *G. Romney*

TO THE CHILDREN

This volume is made up of stories from seven famous books. These books are as different as they can possibly be; and yet there are not many boys and girls who do not like every one of them. The chief reason for this is because they seem so true, so much more "real" than most other stories. When you read about Tom Thumb, for instance, you do not really believe that there ever was a little boy no bigger than his mother's thumb; at least, you do not believe it in the same way that you believe the sun shines or the wind blows; but when you read "Robinson Crusoe," you feel as if every word of it must be true.

The first of these books is "The Pilgrim's Progress." In one way it is a little like a fable; that is, when you read it the first time, it is simply a good story. Afterwards—sometimes a long while afterwards—you read it again or sit thinking about it, and suddenly you see that it has another meaning, that it is more than the story of a man who makes a wonderful journey. This book was written in jail by a man named John Bunyan. The English laws of that time would not allow any one to preach except clergymen of the Church of England. Bunyan, however, felt that it would be wicked for him to obey these laws, so he kept on preaching. He was thrown into prison, and the prisons of those days were horrible places. "If you will promise not to preach again, you shall be free," said the officers. "If you let me out to-day I will preach again to-morrow," declared Bunyan; and meanwhile he preached to the other prisoners. He thought of his wife and children and of how little he could do to support them while he was in jail; he thought of his little blind daughter Mary; but still he said to himself, "I must, I must do it." For twelve long years he stayed in prison. He made tags for shoe laces to sell to help his family; and he wrote the book that has been read by more people than any other volume except the Bible.

The second book, "Robinson Crusoe," was written by Daniel Defoe; and he, too, knew what it was to be in jail. He was not imprisoned for preaching, but for his political writings. Once when he had written a pamphlet that did not please the authorities, he was condemned to stand in the pillory. The people took his part, and, instead of throwing stones at him, they dropped roses about him and bought thousands of copies of a poem that he had written while in jail.

Page 3

He wrote many books, but his best, “Robinson Crusoe,” was produced after he had become a middle-aged man and had some money and a big, homely house with plenty of ground for his favorite gardening. The way the book came to be written was this. A sailor named Alexander Selkirk spent more than four years alone on the island of Juan Fernandez. When he was rescued and brought to England, many people went to gaze at him in his goatskin clothes and to hear him talk about his life on the island. Defoe went with the others, and he never forgot the stories told by the sailor in goatskins. Seven years later he worked in his garden and thought about the desert island. Then he went into his house and wrote the book that everybody likes, “Robinson Crusoe.”

“Gulliver’s Travels” was written by an Irish clergyman named Jonathan Swift. He was a strange man. Some people said he was a genius, and some said he had always been a little insane. When he wrote, he often seemed to care for nothing but to say the most cutting, scornful things that he could. There was one class of persons, however, who loved him from the bottom of their hearts, and they were the poor people about his home in Ireland. It is true that he sometimes scolded them, but they saw straight through his grumbling and understood that he really cared for them and wanted to help them, and they loved him and trusted him. He lived more than two hundred years ago, but the Irish have never forgotten him; and even to this day, if you should wander about in Ireland, you would see in many a little cottage people gathered around the fire, telling over and over the stories that their grandmothers had told them of his kind heart and his peculiar ways.

“The Pilgrim’s Progress,” “Robinson Crusoe,” and “Gulliver’s Travels” were all written by men of the British Isles, but our fourth book, “Don Quixote,” was written by a Spaniard named Cervantes. He was a soldier part of his life and as valiant a fighter as his own hero. For five years he was a prisoner of war; he was poor and sick and in one trouble after another; but he was always brave and cheerful and good-humored. In his day, the Spaniards read few books except queer old romances of chivalry, the sort of tale in which a great champion goes out with his squire to wander over the world in search of adventures. He makes thieves give back what they have stolen, he sets prisoners free, he rescues beautiful maidens who have been dragged away from their homes; in short, he roams about making people do whatever he thinks proper. Sometimes he takes a castle all by himself, sometimes he gets the better of a whole group of champions or a host of giants or even a dragon or two. Cervantes’s book makes fun of such tales as these. His hero attacks a terrible company of giants standing on a plain all ready to destroy him; but the giants prove to be windmills, and their sails give him many a heavy blow before his fight with them is over. Another time, he finds the giants in his very bedroom; and the courageous knight cuts off their heads as fast as he can swing his sword. Blood flows like water; only when a light is brought, it does not prove to be blood but—well, it is not fair to tell the rest of the story. We must let Cervantes do that for himself in “Don Quixote’s Battle with the Giants.”

Page 4

The fifth book, the “Arabian Nights,” is a mystery. We do not know who composed the stories or who brought them together in one collection. We cannot even tell where they came from. The most we can say positively is that two hundred years ago a Frenchman traveling through the East came across them in some Arabian manuscripts and translated them into French. Whether they came in the first place from Arabia or Persia or India, whether they were composed five or six hundred years ago or at least one thousand, no one can say. Many learned scholars have tried in vain to answer these questions; but if we had to choose between having the stories and knowing who wrote them, I do not believe that any boy or girl who had read even one of them would find it difficult to make a choice.

The sixth book, “The Travels of Baron Munchausen,” is said to have been written by a German named Raspe; but it is just as well not to believe this statement too positively, for it is quite possible that Raspe had nothing to do with the book. Learned scholars have held profound discussions on the source of the stories. One in particular, that of the frozen tunes which began to play of themselves as soon as they thawed, has been found in some form in several countries. The best match for the Baron’s version is the old tale of the merchants who set out one day to buy furs. When they came to a river, they saw the fur dealers standing on the opposite shore. The dealers held up their furs and seemed to be shouting their prices, but it was so cold that the words froze in the air. Then the merchants went out on the ice and built a great fire. It warmed the air overhead, and the words thawed and came down. But long before this, the dealers had gone home. The merchants thought the prices too high, so they, too, went home; and that was the end of the tale. The “Travels” is full of stories as absurd as this, but told in such a way that while you are reading them, and sometimes for as much as five minutes afterwards, you feel as if they were really true.

The seventh and last of the books is the plays of Shakespeare. A play always contains a story, and it is the stories of some of Shakespeare’s dramas that are given here. In the real plays there is much more than stories, however, because Shakespeare was not only a story-teller but also a poet. A poet must express what he sees and thinks in a way to give pleasure and he must see more than other people. Now when Shakespeare puts a thought into words, we find that no one else has expressed it so well. Moreover, he sees more clearly than any other writer how a person would feel and behave in various circumstances. As we read the plays, we say to ourselves of one character after another, “That is just the way I should feel if I were that person.” We think of them as real people. We talk of what they would have done if circumstances had been different. It is only a great genius who can make out of words characters that seem almost as real as the people around us, but this is what William Shakespeare has done.

Page 5

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

CHRISTIAN PASSES THROUGH THE WICKET GATE

By John Bunyan

In process of time *Christian* got up to the Gate. Now over the Gate there was written, *Knock and it shall be opened unto you*. He knocked therefore more then once or twice, saying,—

"May I now enter here? Will he within
Open to sorry me, though I have bin
An undeserving Rebel? Then shall I
Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high."

At last there came a grave Person to the Gate named *Good-Will*, who asked Who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

Chr. Here is a poor burdened sinner. I come from the City of *Destruction*, but am going to Mount *Zion*, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this Gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in.

Good-Will. I am willing with all my heart, said he; and with that he opened the Gate.

So when *Christian* was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said *Christian*, What means that? The other told him, A little distance from this Gate, there is erected a strong Castle, of which *Beelzebub* is the Captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this Gate, if haply they may dye before they can enter in. Then said *Christian*, I rejoyce and tremble. So when he was got in, the Man of the Gate asked him, Who directed him thither?

Chr. Evangelist bid me come hither and knock (as I did); and he said that you, Sir, would tell me what I must do.

Good-Will. An open door is set before thee, and no man can shut it.

Chr. Now I begin to reap the benefits of my hazards.

Good-Will. But how is it that you came alone?

Chr. Because none of my Neighbours saw their danger, as I saw mine.

Good-Will. Did any of them know of your coming?

Chr. Yes, my Wife and Children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again; also some of my Neighbours stood crying and calling after me to return; but I put my fingers in my ears, and so came on my way.

Good-Will. But did none of them follow you, to persuade you to go back?

Chr. Yes, both *Obstinate* and *Pliable*; but when they saw that they could not prevail, *Obstinate* went railing back, but *Pliable* came with me a little way.

Good-Will. But why did he not come through?

Chr. We indeed came both together, until we came at the Slow of *Dispond*, into the which we also suddenly fell. And then was my Neighbour *Pliable* discouraged, and would not adventure further. Wherefore getting out again on that side next to his own house, he told me I should possess the brave countrey alone for him; so he went *his* way, and I came *mine*: he after *Obstinate*, and I to this Gate.

Page 6

Good-Will. Then said *Good-Will*, Alas, poor man, is the Coelestial Glory of so small esteem with him, that he counteth it not worth running the hazards of a few difficulties to obtain it?

Chr. Truly, said *Christian*, I have said the truth of *Pliable*, and if I should also say all the truth of myself, it will appear there is no betterment 'twixt him and myself. 'T is true, he went back to his own house, but I also turned aside to go in the way of death, being persuaded thereto by the carnal arguments of one Mr. *Worldly Wiseman*.

Good-Will. O, did he light upon you? What! he would have had you a sought for ease at the hands of Mr. *Legality*. They are both of them a very cheat. But did you take his counsel?

Chr. Yes, as far as I durst: I went to find out Mr. *Legality*, until I thought that the Mountain that stands by his house would have fallen upon my head; wherefore there I was forced to stop.

Good-Will. That Mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more; 't is well you escaped being by it dashed in pieces.

Chr. Why truly I do not know what had become of me there, had not *Evangelist* happily met me again, as I was musing in the midst of my dumps; but 't was God's mercy that he came to me again, for else I had never come hither. But now I am come, such a one as I am, more fit indeed for death by that Mountain than thus to stand talking with my Lord; but O, what a favor is this to me, that yet I am admitted entrance here!

Good-Will. We make no objections against any; notwithstanding all that they have done before they come hither, they in no wise are cast out; and therefore, good *Christian*, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? THAT is the way thou must go; it was cast up by the Patriarchs, Prophets, Christ, his Apostles; and it is as straight as a rule can make it: This is the way thou must go.

Chr. But said *Christian*, Is there no turnings nor windings, by which a Stranger may lose the way?

Good-Will. Yes, there are many ways butt down upon this, and they are crooked and wide: But thus thou mayest distinguish the right from the wrong, *that* only being straight and narrow.

Then I saw in my Dream, that *Christian* asked him further If he could not help him off with his Burden that was upon his back; for as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help.

He told him, As to the Burden, be content to bear it, until thou comest to the place of *Deliverance*; for there it will fall from thy back itself.

Then *Christian* began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his Journey. So the other told him, that by that he was gone some distance from the Gate, he would come at the House of the *Interpreter*, at whose door he should knock, and he would show him excellent things. Then *Christian* took his leave of his Friend, and he again bid him God speed.

Page 7

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

By John Bunyan

Then *Christian* went on till he came at the House of the *Interpreter*, where he knocked over and over; at last one came to the door, and asked Who was there?

Chr. Sir, here is a Travailler, who was bid by an acquaintance of the Good-man of this house to call here for my profit; I would therefore speak with the Master of the House. So he called for the Master of the house, who after a little time came to *Christian*, and asked him what he would have?

Chr. Sir, said *Christian*, I am a man that am come from the City of *Destruction*, and am going to the Mount *Zion*; and I was told by the Man that stands at the Gate, at the head of this way, that if I called here, you would shew me excellent things, such as would be an help to me in my Journey.

Inter. Then said the *Interpreter*, Come in, I will shew thee that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the Candle, and bid *Christian* follow him: so he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door; the which when he had done, *Christian* saw the Picture of a very grave Person hang up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lift up to Heaven, the best of Books in its hand, the Law of Truth was written upon its lips, the World was behind his back. It stood as if it pleaded with men, and a Crown of Gold did hang over his head.

Chr. Then said *Christian*, What means this?

Inter. The Man whose Picture this is, is one of a thousand; he can beget Children, travel in birth with Children, and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him with eyes lift up to Heaven, the best of Books in his hand, and the Law of Truth writ on his lips, it is to shew thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with Men; and whereas thou seest the World as cast behind him, and that a Crown hangs over his head, that is to shew thee that slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have Glory for his reward. Now, said the *Interpreter*, I have shewed thee this Picture first, because the Man whose Picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going hath authorized to be thy Guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way; wherefore take good heed to what I have shewed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen, lest in thy Journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large *Parlour* that was full of dust, because never swept; the which after he had reviewed a little while, the *Interpreter*

called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that *Christian* had almost therewith been choaked. Then said the *Interpreter* to a *Damsel* that stood by, Bring hither the Water, and sprinkle the Room; the which when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

Page 8

Chr. Then said *Christian*, What means this?

Inter. The *Interpreter* answered, This *Parlour* is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet Grace of the Gospel: the *dust* is his Original Sin and inward Corruptions, that have defiled the whole Man. He that began to sweep at first, is the Law; but She that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now, whereas thou sawest that so soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did so fly about that the Room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choaked therewith; this is to shew thee, that the Law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, as it doth discover and forbid it, but doth not give power to subdue.

Again, as thou sawest the *Damsel* sprinkle the room with Water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure; this is to shew thee, that when the Gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then I say, even as thou sawest the Damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with Water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the Faith of it, and consequently fit for the King of Glory to inhabit.

I saw moreover in my Dream, that the *Interpreter* took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little Children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was *Passion*, and the name of the other *Patience*. *Passion* seemed to be much discontent; but *Patience* was very quiet. Then *Christian* asked, What is the reason of the discontent of *Passion*? The *Interpreter* answered, The Governour of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year; but he will have all now; but *Patience* is willing to wait.

Then I saw that one came to *Passion*, and brought him a bag of Treasure, and poured it down at his feet, the which he took up and rejoyced therein; and withall, laughed *Patience* to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but Rags.

Chr. Then said *Christian* to the *Interpreter*, Expound this matter more fully to me.

Inter. So he said, These two Lads are Figures: *Passion*, of the Men of this World; and *Patience* of the Men of that which is to come; for as here thou seest, *Passion* will have all now this year, that is to say, in this world; so are the men of this world: they must have all their good things now, they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, *A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*, is of more authority with them then are all the Divine testimonies of the good of the World to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but Raggs; so will it be with all such Men at the end of this World.

Page 9

Chr. Then said *Christian*, Now I see that *Patience* has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts. 1. Because he stays for the best things. 2. And also because he will have the Glory of his, when the other has nothing but Raggs.

Inter. Nay, you may add another, to wit, the glory of the *next* world will never wear out; but *these* are suddenly gone. Therefore *Passion* had not so much reason to laugh at *Patience*, because he had his good things first, as *Patience* will have to laugh at *Passion*, because he had his best things last; for *first* must give place to *last*, because *last* must have his time to come: but *last* gives place to nothing; for there is not another to succeed. He therefore that hath his portion *first*, must needs have a time to spend it; but he that hath his portion *last*, must have it lastingly; therefore it is said of *Dives, In thy Lifetime thou hadest or receivedst thy good things, and likewise* Lazarus *evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented*.

Chr. Then I perceive ’tis not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

Inter. You say the Truth: *For the things which are seen are* Temporal; *but the things that are not seen are* Eternal. But though this be so, yet since things present and our fleshly appetite are such near neighbours one to another; and, again, because things to come and carnal sense are such strangers one to another; therefore it is that the first of these so suddenly fall into *amity*, and that *distance* is so continued between the second.

Then I saw in my Dream that the *Interpreter* took *Christian* by the hand, and led him into a place where was a Fire burning against a Wall, and one standing by it, always casting Water upon it, to quench it; yet did the Fire burn higher and hotter.

Then said *Christian*, What means this?

The *Interpreter* answered, This Fire is the work of Grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts Water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the *Devil*; but in that thou seest the Fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that. So he had him about to the backside of the wall, where he saw a man with a Vessel of Oyl in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the Fire.

Then said *Christian*, What means this?

The *Interpreter* answered, This is *Christ*, who continually, with the Oyl of his Grace, maintains the work already begun in the heart: by the means of which, notwithstanding what the Devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still. And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the Wall to maintain the Fire, this is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this word of Grace is maintained in the soul.

Page 10

I saw also that the *Interpreter* took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was builded a stately Palace, beautiful to behold; at the sight of which *Christian* was greatly delighted: he saw also upon the top thereof, certain Persons walking, who were cloathed all in gold.

Then said *Christian* May we go in thither?

Then the *Interpreter* took him, and led him up toward the door of the Palace; and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a Man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a Book and his Inkhorn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein. He saw also, that in the door-way stood many men in armour to keep it, being resolved to do the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was *Christian* somewhat in a muse. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, *Christian* saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, *Set down my name, Sir*: the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his Sword, and put an Helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the Palace, at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of the Three that walked upon the top of the Palace, saying,—

Come in, Come in;
Eternal Glory thou shall win.

So he went in, and was cloathed with such Garments as they. Then *Christian* smiled, and said, I think verily I know the meaning of this.

Now, said *Christian*, let me go hence. Nay stay, said the *Interpreter*, till I have shewed thee a little more, and after that thou shalt go on thy way. So he took him by the hand again, and led him into a very dark room, where there sat a Man in an Iron Cage.

Now the Man, to look on, seemed very sad; he sat with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together; and he sighed as if he would break his heart. Then said *Christian*, What means this? At which the *Interpreter* bid him talk with the Man.

Then said *Christian* to the Man, What art thou? The man answered, I am what I was not once.

Chr. What wast thou once?

Man. The Man said, I was once a fair and flourishing Professor, both in mine own eyes, and also in the eyes of others; I once was, as I thought, fair for the Coelestial City, and had then even joy at the thoughts that I should get thither.

Chr. Well, but what art thou now?

Man. I am now a man of *Despair*, and am shut up in it, as in this Iron Cage. I cannot get out; O *now* I cannot.

Page 11

Chr. But how comest thou in this condition?

Man. I left off to watch and be sober; I laid the reins upon the neck of my lusts; I sinned against the light of the Word and the goodness of God; I have grieved the Spirit, and he is gone; I tempted the Devil, and he is come to me; I have provoked God to anger, and he has left me; I have so hardened my heart, that I *cannot* repent.

Then said *Christian* to the *Interpreter*, But are there no hopes for such a man as this? Ask him, said the *Interpreter*. Nay, said Christian, pray Sir, do you.

Inter. Then said the *Interpreter*, Is there no hope, but you must be kept in this Iron Cage of Despair?

Man. No, none at all.

Inter. Why? the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.

Man. I have crucified him to myself afresh, I have despised his Person, I have despised his Righteousness, I have counted his Blood an unholy thing; I have done despite to the Spirit of Grace. Therefore I have shut myself out of all the Promises, and there now remains to me nothing but threatnings, dreadful threatnings, *fearful* threatnings of certain Judgement which shall devour me as an Adversary.

Chr. For what did you bring yourself into this condition?

Man. For the Lusts, Pleasures, and Profits of this World; in the injoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight; but now even every one of those things also bite me, and gnaw me like a burning worm.

Chr. But canst thou not now repent and turn?

Man. God hath denied me repentance: his Word gives me no encouragement to believe; yea, himself hath shut me up in this Iron Cage; nor can all the men in the world let me out. O Eternity! Eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in Eternity!

Inter. Then said the *Interpreter* to *Christian*, Let this man's misery be remembred by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee.

Chr. Well, said *Christian*, this is fearful; God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the cause of this man's misery. Sir, is it not time for me to go on my way now?

Inter. Tarry till I shall shew thee one thing more, and then thou shalt go on thy way.

So he took *Christian* by the hand again, and led him into a Chamber, where there was one rising out of bed; and as he put on his Rayment, he shook and trembled. Then said *Christian*, Why doth this man thus tremble? The *Interpreter* then bid him tell to *Christian* the reason of his so doing. So he began and said, This night, as I was in my sleep, I dreamed, and behold the Heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightned in most fearful wise, that it put me into an Agony; so I looked up in my Dream, and saw the Clouds rack at an unusual rate, upon which I heard a great sound

Page 12

of a Trumpet, and saw also a Man sit upon a Cloud, attended with the thousands of Heaven; they were all in flaming fire, also the Heavens was on a burning flame. I heard then a voice saying, *Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgement*; and with that the Rocks rent, the Graves opened, and the Dead that were therein came forth. Some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some sought to hide themselves under the Mountains. Then I saw the Man that sat upon the Cloud open the Book, and bid the World draw near. Yet there was, by reason of a fierce Flame which issued out and came from before him, a convenient distance betwixt him and them, as betwixt the Judge and the Prisoners at the bar. I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the Man that sat on the Cloud, *Gather together the Tares, the Chaff, and Stubble, and cast them into the burning Lake.* And with that, the bottomless pit opened, just whereabout I stood; out of the mouth of which there came in an abundant manner, Smoak and Coals of fire, with hideous noises. It was also said to the same persons, *Gather my Wheat into my Garner*. And with that I saw many catch't up and carried away into the Clouds, but I was left behind. I also sought to hide myself, but I could not, for the Man that sat upon the Cloud still kept his eye upon me: my sins also came into my mind; and my Conscience did accuse me on every side. Upon this I awaked from my sleep.

Chr. But what was it that made you so afraid of this sight?

Man. Why, I thought that the day of Judgement was come, and that I was not ready for it: but this frighted me most, that the Angels gathered up several, and left me behind; also the pit of Hell opened her mouth just where I stood: my Conscience too within afflicted me; and as I thought, the Judge had always his eye upon me, shewing indignation in his countenance.

Then said the *Interpreter* to *Christian*, Hast thou considered all these things?

Chr. Yes, and they put me in hope and fear.

Inter. Well, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a Goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go. Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his Journey. Then said the *Interpreter*, The Comforter be always with thee, good *Christian*, to guide thee in the way that leads to the City. So *Christian* went on his way, saying—

Here I have seen things rare and profitable;
Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable
In what I have began to take in hand;
Then let me think on them, and understand

Wherefore they shew'd me was, and let me be
Thankful, O good Interpreter, to thee.

AT THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

By John Bunyan

Behold there was a very stately Palace before him, the name of which was *Beautiful*; and it stood just by the High-way side.

Page 13

So I saw in my Dream that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get Lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the Porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two Lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that *Mistrust* and *Timorus* were driven back by. (The Lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him: But the Porter at the lodge, whose name is *Watchful*, perceiving that *Christian* made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the Lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the Path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the Lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the Porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapt his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the Gate where the Porter was. Then said *Christian* to the Porter, Sir, what House is this? and may I lodge here to-night? The Porter answered, This House was built by the Lord of the Hill, and he built it for the relief and security of Pilgrims. The Porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going?

Chr. I am come from the City of *Destruction*, and am going to Mount *Zion*; but because the Sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

Por. What is your name?

Chr. My name is now *Christian*, but my name at the first was *Graceless;* I came of the race of *Japhet*, whom God will perswade to dwell in the Tents of *Shem*.

Por. But how doth it happen that you come so late? The Sun is set.

Chr. I had been here sooner, but that, wretched man that I am! I slept in the *Arbour* that stands on the Hillside; nay, I had notwithstanding that been here much sooner, but that in my sleep I lost my Evidence, and came without it to the brow of the Hill; and then feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced with sorrow of heart to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it, and now I am come.

Por. Well, I will call out one of the Virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the Family, according to the rules of the house. So *Watchful* the Porter rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house, a grave and beautiful Damsel named *Discretion*, and asked why she was called.

The Porter answered, This man is in a Journey from the City of *Destruction* to Mount *Zion*, but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night; so I

told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the Law of the House.

Page 14

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also, how he got into the way; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way; and he told her. And last she asked his name; so he said, It is *Christian*; and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the Hill, for the relief and security of Pilgrims. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause, she said, I will call forth two or three more of the Family. So she ran to the door, and called out *Prudence*, *Piety*, and *Charity*, who after a little more discourse with him, had him in to the Family; and many of them, meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was built by the Lord of the Hill, on purpose to entertain such Pilgrims in. Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and set down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together, that until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with *Christian*, for the best improvement of time; and they appointed *Piety*, and *Prudence*, and *Charity* to discourse with him; and thus they began:—

Piety. Come, good *Christian*, since we have been so loving to you, to receive you into our house this night, let us, if perhaps we may better ourselves thereby, talk with you of all things that have happened to you in your Pilgrimage.

Chr. With a very good will, and I am glad that you are so well disposed.

Piety. What moved you at first to betake yourself to a Pilgrim's life?

Chr. I was driven out of my Native Country, by a dreadful sound that was in mine ears, to wit, That unavoidable destruction did attend me, if I abode in that place where I was.

Piety. But how did it happen that you came out of your Country this way?

Chr. It was as God would have it; for when I was under the fears of destruction, I did not know whither to go; but by chance there came a man, even to me, as I was trembling and weeping, whose name is *Evangelist*, and he directed me to the Wicket-gate, which else I should never have found, and so set me into the way that hath led me directly to this house.

Piety. But did you not come by the House of the *Interpreter*?

Chr. Yes, and did see such things there, the remembrance of which will stick by me as long as I live; specially three things: to wit, How Christ, in despite of Satan, maintains his work of Grace in the heart; how the Man had sinned himself quite out of hopes of God's mercy; and also the Dream of him that thought in his sleep the day of Judgement was come.

Piety. Why, did you hear him tell his Dream?

Page 15

Chr. Yes, and a dreadful one it was. I thought it made my heart ake as he was telling of it; but yet I am glad I heard it.

Piety. Was that all that you saw at the House of the *Interpreter*?

Chr. No, he took me and had me where he shewed me a stately Palace, and how the people were clad in Gold that were in it; and how there came a venturous man and cut his way through the armed men that stood in the door to keep him out, and how he was bid to come in, and win eternal Glory. Methought those things did ravish my heart; I could have stayed at that good man's house a twelve-month, but that I knew I had further to go.

Piety. And what saw you else in the way?

Chr. Saw! Why, I went but a little further, and I saw one, as I thought in my mind, hang bleeding upon the Tree; and the very sight of him made my Burden fall off my back (for I groaned under a weary Burden), but then it fell down from off me. 'Twas a strange thing to me, for I never saw such a thing before; yea, and while I stood looking up (for then I could not forbear looking) three Shining Ones came to me. One of them testified that my sins were forgiven me; another stript me of my Rags, and gave me this broidred Coat which you see; and the third set the Mark which you see, in my forehead, and gave me this sealed Roll (and with that he plucked it out of his bosom).

Piety. But you saw more then this, did you not?

Chr. The things that I have told you were the best; yet some other matters I saw, as namely I saw three men, *Simple*, *Sloth*, and *Presumption*, lye asleep a little out of the way as I came, with Irons upon their heels; but do you think I could awake them? I also saw *Formalist* and *Hypocrisie* come tumbling over the wall, to go, as they pretended, to *Sion*; but they were quickly lost; even as I myself did tell them, but they would not believe. But, above all I found it hard work to get up this Hill, and as hard to come by the Lion's mouths; and truly if it had not been for the good man, the Porter that stands at the Gate, I do not know but that after all I might have gone back again; but now I thank God I am here, and I thank you for receiving of me.

Then *Prudence* thought good to ask him a few questions, and desired his answer to them.

Prud. Do you not think sometimes of the Country from whence you came?

Chr. Yes, but with much shame and detestation: Truly, if I had been mindful of that Country from whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to have returned; but now I desire a better Country, that is, an Heavenly.

Prud. Do you not yet bear away with you some of the things that then you were conversant withal?

Chr. Yes, but greatly against my will; especially my inward and carnal cogitations, with which all my countrymen, as well as myself, were delighted; but now all those things are my grief; and might I but chuse mine own things, I would chuse never to think of those things more; but when I would be doing of that which is best, that which is worst is with me.

Page 16

Prud. Do you not find sometimes, as if those things were vanquished, which at other times are your perplexity?

Chr. Yes, but that is seldom; but they are to me golden hours in which such things happen to me.

Prud. Can you remember by what means you find your annoyances at times, as if they were vanquished?

Chr. Yes, when I think what I saw at the Cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my broidered Coat, that will do it; also when I look into the Roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it.

Prud. And what is it that makes you so desirous to go to Mount *Zion*?

Chr. Why, there I hope to see him alive that did hang dead on the Cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day are in me an annoyance to me; there, they say, there is no death; and there I shall dwell with such Company as I like best. For to tell you truth, I love him, because I was by him eased of my Burden, and I am weary of my inward sickness; I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the Company that shall continually cry, *Holy, Holy, Holy*.

Then said *Charity* to *Christian*, Have you a family? Are you a married man?

Chr. I have a Wife and four small Children.

Char. And why did you not bring them along with you?

Chr. Then *Christian* wept, and said, Oh, how willingly would I have done it, but they were all of them utterly averse to my going on Pilgrimage.

Char. But you should have talked to them, and have endeavoured to have shewen them the danger of being behind.

Chr. So I did, and told them also what God had shewed to me of the destruction of our City; but I seemed to them as one that mocked, and they believed me not.

Char. And did you pray to God that he would bless your counsel to them?

Chr. Yes, and that with much affection; for you must think that my Wife and poor Children were very dear unto me.

Char. But did you tell them of your own sorrow, and fear of destruction? For I suppose that destruction was visible enough to you.

Chr. Yes, over, and over, and over. They might also see my fears in my countenance, in my tears, and also in my trembling under the apprehension of the Judgment that did hang over our heads; but all was not sufficient to prevail with them to come with me.

Char. But what could they say for themselves, why they came not?

Chr. Why, my Wife was afraid of losing this World, and my Children were given to the foolish Delights of youth: so what by one thing, and what by another, they left me to wander in this manner alone.

Char. But did you not with your vain life, damp all that you by words used by way of persuasion to bring them away with you?

Page 17

Chr. Indeed I cannot commend my life; for I am conscious to myself of many failings therein: I know also, that a man by his conversation may soon overthrow, what by argument or persuasion he doth labour to fasten upon others for their good. Yet this I can say, I was very wary of giving them occasion, by any unseemly action, to make them averse to going on Pilgrimage. Yea, for this very thing they would tell me I was too precise, and that I denied myself of things (for their sakes) in which they saw no evil. Nay, I think I may say, that if what they saw in me did hinder them, it was my great tenderness in sinning against God, or of doing any wrong to my Neighbour.

Char. Indeed *Cain* hated his Brother, because his own works were evil, and his Brother's righteous; and if thy Wife and Children have been offended with thee for this, they thereby shew themselves to be implacable to good, and thou hast delivered thy soul from their blood.

Now I saw in my Dream, that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready, they sat down to meat. Now the Table was furnished with fat things, and with Wine that was well refined: and all their talk at the Table was about the LORD of the Hill; as namely, about what HE had done, and wherefore HE did what HE did, and why HE had builded that House: and by what they said, I perceived that he had been a *great Warriour*, and had fought with and slain him that had the power of Death, but not without great danger to himself, which made me love him the more.

For, as they said, and as I believe (said *Christian*), he did it with the loss of much blood; but that which put Glory of Grace into all he did, was, that he did it out of pure love to his Country. And besides, there were some of them of the Household that said they had seen and spoke with him since he did dye on the Cross; and they have attested that they had it from his own lips, that he is such a lover of poor Pilgrims, that the like is not to be found from the East to the West,

They moreover gave an instance of what they affirmed, and that was, He had stript himself of his glory, that he might do this for the Poor; and that they heard him say and affirm, That he would not dwell in the Mountain of *Zion* alone. They said moreover, that he had made many Pilgrims Princes, though by nature they were Beggars born, and their original had been the Dunghill.

Thus they discoursed together till late at night; and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the Sun-rising; the name of the chamber was *Peace*, where he slept till break of day; and then he awoke and sang,—

"Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that Pilgrims are
Thus to provide! That I should be forgiven!
And dwell already the next door to Heaven!"

Page 18

So in the morning they all got up, and after some more discourse, they told him that he should not depart till they had shewed him the *Rarities* of that place. And first they had him into the Study, where they shewed him Records of the greatest Antiquity; in which, as I remember my Dream, they shewed him first the *Pedigree* of the Lord of the Hill, that he was the Son of the Ancient of Days, and came by an Eternal Generation. Here also was more fully recorded the Acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds that he had taken into his service; and how he had placed them in such Habitations that could neither by length of Days, nor decaies of Nature, be dissolved.

Then they read to him some of the worthy Acts that some of his Servants had done: as, how they had subdued Kingdoms, wrought Righteousness, obtained Promises, stopped the mouths of Lions, quenched the violence of Fire, escaped the edge of the Sword; out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the Armies of the *Aliens*.

Then they read again in another part of the Records of the house, where it was shewed how willing their Lord was to receive into his favour any, even any, though they in time past had offered great affronts to his Person and proceedings. Here also were several other Histories of many other famous things, of all which *Christian* had a view; as of things both Ancient and Modern; together with Prophecies and Predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of Enemies, and the comfort and solace of Pilgrims.

The next day they took him and had him into the Armory, where they shewed him all manner of Furniture, which their Lord had provided for Pilgrims, as Sword, Shield, Helmet, Brestplate, *All-prayer*, and Shooes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be Stars in the Heaven for multitude.

They also shewed him some of the Engines with which some of his Servants had done wonderful things. They shewed him *Moses'* Rod; the Hammer and Nail with which *Jael* slew *Sisera*; the Pitchers, Trumpets, and Lamps too, with which *Gideon* put to flight the Armies of *Midian*. Then they shewed him the Oxes goad wherewith *Shamger* slew six hundred men. They shewed him also the Jaw-bone with which *Samson* did such mighty feats. They shewed him moreover the Sling and Stone with which *David* slew *Goliath* of *Gath*; and the Sword also with which their Lord will kill the Man of Sin, in the day that he shall rise up to the prey. They shewed him besides many excellent things, with which *Christian* was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again.

Page 19

Then I saw in my Dream, that on the morrow he got up to go forwards, but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will (if the day be clear) shew you the Delectable Mountains, which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired Haven then the place where at present he was. So he consented and staid. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the House, and bid him look South; so he did: and behold at a great distance he saw a most pleasant Mountainous Country, beautified with Woods, Vinyards, Fruits of all sorts, Flowers also; Springs and Fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the Country. They said it was *Immanuel's Land*; and it is as common, said they, as this *Hill* is, to and for all the Pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence, said they, thou maist see to the gate of the Coelestial City, as the Shepheards that live there will make appear.

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should: but first, said they, let us go again into the Armory. So they did; and when they came there they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He being therefore thus acoutred, walketh out with his friends to the Gate, and there he asked the Porter if he saw any Pilgrims pass by. Then the Porter answered, Yes.

[Illustration: NOW HE BETHOUGHT HIMSELF OF SETTING FORWARD, AND THEY WERE WILLING HE SHOULD: BUT FIRST, SAID THEY, LET US GO AGAIN INTO THE ARMORY. SO THEY DID; AND WHEN THEY CAME THERE THEY HARNESSED HIM FROM HEAD TO FOOT WITH WHAT WAS OF PROOF, LEST PERHAPS HE SHOULD MEET WITH ASSAULTS IN THE WAY. HE BEING THEREFORE THUS ACOUTRED, WALKETH OUT WITH HIS FRIENDS TO THE GATE, AND THERE HE ASKED THE PORTER IF HE SAW ANY PILGRIMS PASS BY]

Chr. Pray, did you know him?

Por. I asked his name, and he told me it was *Faithful*.

Chr. O, said *Christian*, I know him; he is my Townsman, my near Neighbour, he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?

Por. He has got by this time below the Hill.

Chr. Well, said *Christian*, good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast shewed to me.

Then he began to go forward; but *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, and *Prudence* would accompany him down to the foot of the Hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the Hill. Then said Christian, As it was difficult coming up, so (so far as I can see) it is dangerous going down. Yes, said

Prudence, so it is, for it is an hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of *Humiliation*, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, are we come out to accompany thee down the Hill. So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Page 20

Then I saw in my Dream that these good Companions, when *Christian* was gone down to the bottom of the Hill, gave him a loaf of Bread, a bottle of Wine, and a cluster of Raisins; and then he went on his way.

CHRISTIAN'S FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

By John Bunyan

In this Valley of *Humiliation*, poor *Christian* was hard put up to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul *Fiend* coming over the field to meet him; his name is *Apollyon*. Then did *Christian* begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whither to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no Armour for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his Darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground. For, thought he, had I no more in mine eye then the saving of my life, 't would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and *Apollyon* met him. Now the Monster was hidious to behold; he was cloathed with scales like a Fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a Dragon, and out of his belly came Fire and Smoak; and his mouth was as the mouth of a Lion. When he was come up to *Christian*, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

Apol. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Chr. I come from the City of *Destruction*, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of *Zion*.

Apol. By this I perceive thou art one of my Subjects, for all that Country is mine, and I am the Prince and God of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou maiest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Chr. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, *for the Wages of Sin is death*; therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apol There is no Prince that will thus lightly lose his Subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee: but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our Country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Chr. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of Princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

Apol. Thou hast done in this, according to the Proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his Servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me: do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Chr. I have given him my faith, and sworn my Allegiance to him; how then can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a Traitor?

Page 21

Apol. Thou diddest the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou will turn again and go back.

Chr. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and besides, I count that the Prince under whose Banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying *Apollyon*, to speak truth, I like his Service, his Wages, his Servants, his Government, his Company and Country, better than thine; and therefore leave off to perswade me further; I am his Servant, and I will follow him.

Apol. Consider again when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part, his Servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths; and besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of our hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the World very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee.

Chr. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their Glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the Glory of the Angels.

Apol. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him, and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

Chr. Wherein, O *Apollyon*, have I been unfaithful to him?

Apol. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of *Dispond*; thou diddest attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy Burden, whereas thou shouldest have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing; thou wast also almost perswaded to go back, at the sight of the Lions; and when thou talkest of thy Journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vainglory in all that thou sayest or doest.

Chr. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honour is merciful, and ready to forgive; but besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy Country, for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Apol. Then *Apollyon* broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his Person, his Laws, and People; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's High-way, the way of Holiness, therefore take heed to yourself.

Page 22

Apol. Then *Apollyon* strodled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter, prepare thyself to dye; for I swear thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming Dart at his brest, but *Christian* had a Shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did *Christian* draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him: and *Apollyon* as fast made at him, throwing Darts as thick as Hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that *Christian* could do to avoid it, *Apollyon* wounded him in his *head*, his *hand*, and *foot*. This made *Christian* give a little back; *Apollyon* therefore followed his work amain, and *Christian* again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore Combat lasted for above half a day, even till *Christian* was almost quite spent. For you must know that *Christian*, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then *Apollyon* espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to *Christian*, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that *Christian's* Sword flew out of his hand. Then said *Apollyon*, *I am sure of thee now*: and with that he had almost prest him to death, so that *Christian* began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while *Apollyon* was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good Man, *Christian* nimbly reached out his hand for his Sword, and caught it, saying, *Rejoyce not against me, O mine Enemy! when I fall I shall arise*; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound: *Christian* perceiving that, made at him again, saying, *Nay, in all these things we are more then Conquerours*. And with that *Apollyon* spread forth his Dragon's wings, and sped him away, that *Christian* for a season saw him no more.

In this Combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring *Apollyon* made all the time of the fight; he spake like a Dragon: and on the other side, what sighs and groans brast from *Christian's* heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded *Apollyon* with his two-edged Sword; then indeed he did smile, and look upward; but 'twas the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

So when the Battel was over, *Christian* said, I will here give thanks to him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the Lion, to him that did help me against *Apollyon*. And so he did, saying,—

"Great *Beelzebub*, the Captain of this Fiend,
Design'd my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harnest out: and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me ingage:
But blessed *Michael* helped me, and I
By dint of Sword did quickly make him fly.

Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always.”

Page 23

Then there came to him an hand, with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, the which *Christian* took, and applyed to the wounds that he had received in the Battel, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat Bread, and to drink of the Bottle that was given him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his Journey, with his Sword drawn in his hand; for he said, I know not but some other Enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from *Apollyon* quite through this Valley.

THE CASTLE OF GIANT DESPAIR

By John Bunyan

I saw then that they went on their way to a pleasant River, which *David* the King called the *River of God*, but *John*, the *River of the Water of Life*. Now their way lay just upon the bank of the River; here therefore *Christian* and his Companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the River, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits: besides, on the banks of this River on either side were green Trees, that bore all manner of Fruit; and the Leaves of the Trees were good for Medicine; with the Fruit of these Trees they were also much delighted; and the Leaves they eat to prevent Surfeits, and other Diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by Travels. On either side of the River was also a Meadow, curiously beautified with Lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this Meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke, they gathered again of the Fruit of the Trees, and drank again of the water of the River, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang,—

"Behold ye how these Christal streams do glide,
(To comfort Pilgrims) by the High-way side;
The Meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them: and he that can tell
What pleasant Fruit, yea Leaves, these Trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this Field."

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not as yet at their Journey's end), they eat and drank, and departed.

Now I beheld in my Dream, that they had not journied far, but the River and the way for a time parted; at which they were not a little sorry, yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the River was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their Travels; *so the soul of the Pilgrims was much discouraged because of the way*. Wherefore still as they went on, they wished for better way. Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a Meadow, and a Stile to go over into it, and that Meadow is called *Bypath-Meadow.* Then said *Christian* to his fellow, If this Meadow lieth along by our way-side, let's go over into it. Then he went to the Stile to see, and behold a Path lay

along by the way on the other side of the fence. 'Tis according to my wish, said *Christian*, here is the easiest going; come, good *Hopeful*, and let us go over.

Page 24

Hope. But how if this Path should lead us out of the way?

Chr. That's not like, said the other; look, doth it not go along by the way-side? So *Hopeful*, being perswaded by his fellow, went after him over the Stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the Path, they found it very easie for their feet: and withal, they looking before them, espied a man walking as they did (and his name was *Vain-confidence*), so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led? He said, To the Coelestial Gate. Look, said *Christian*, did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But behold the night came on, and it grew very dark, so that they that were behind lost the sight of him that went before.

He therefore that went before (*Vain-confidence* by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep Pit, which was on purpose there made by the Prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withall, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now *Christian* and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said *Hopeful*, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten in a very dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then *Hopeful* groaned in himself, saying, Oh that I had kept on my way!

Chr. Who could have thought that this Path should have led us out of the way?

Hope. I was afraid on't at very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoke plainer, but that you are older then I.

Chr. Good Brother, be not offended; I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such eminent danger; pray, my Brother, forgive me, I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hope. Be comforted, my Brother, for I forgive thee; and believe too that this shall be for our good.

Chr. I am glad I have with me a merciful Brother; but we must not stand thus, let's try to go back again.

Hope. But, good Brother, let me go before.

Chr. No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hope. No, said *Hopeful*, you shall not go first; for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying *Let thine heart be towards the Highway, even the way that thou wentest, turn again*. But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had liked to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Page 25

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the Stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake; but being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was not far from the place where they lay, a Castle called *Doubting* Castle, the owner whereof was Giant *Despair*, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his Fields, caught *Christian* and *Hopeful* asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were? and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were Pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger then they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his Castle, into a very dark Dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here then they lay from *Wednesday* morning till *Saturday* night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place *Christian* had double sorrow, because 'twas through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

[Illustration: NOW THERE WAS NOT FAR FROM THE PLACE WHERE THEY LAY, A CASTLE CALLED DOUBTING CASTLE, THE OWNER WHEREOF WAS GIANT DESPAIR.... HE GETTING UP IN THE MORNING EARLY, AND WALKING UP AND DOWN IN HIS FIELDS, CAUGHT CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL ASLEEP IN HIS GROUNDS. THEN WITH A GRIM AND SURLY VOICE HE BID THEM AWAKE, AND ASKED THEM WHENCE THEY WERE AND WHAT THEY DID IN HIS GROUNDS. THEY TOLD HIM THAT THEY WERE PILGRIMS, AND THAT THEY HAD LOST THEIR WAY. THEN SAID THE GIANT, YOU HAVE THIS NIGHT TRESPASSED ON ME]

Now Giant *Despair* had a Wife and her name was *Diffidence*. So when he was gone to bed, he told his Wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of Prisoners and cast them into his Dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous Crab-tree Cudgel, and goes down into the Dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them, there to condole their

Page 26

misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talking with her Husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with Knife, Halter, or Poison. For why, said he, should you chuse life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his Fits (for he sometimes in Sunshine weather fell into Fits) and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the Prisoners consult between themselves, whether ’twas best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:—

Chr. Brother, said *Christian*, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable: for my part I know not whether is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand. *My soul chuseth strangling rather than life*, and the Grave is more easy for me than this Dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the Giant?

Hope. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus for ever to abide; but yet let us consider, the Lord of the Country to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder, no not to another man’s person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once. And moreover, my Brother, thou talkest of ease in the Grave; but hast thou forgotten the Hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, _&c._ And let us consider again, that all the Law is not in the hand of Giant *Despair*. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hand. Who knows but that God that made the world may cause that Giant *Despair* may die? Or that at some time or other he may forget to lock us in? Or but he may in short time have another of his Fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but however, my Brother, let’s be patient, and endure a while; the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words *Hopeful* at present did moderate the mind of his Brother. So they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Page 27

Well, towards evening the Giant goes down into the Dungeon again, to see if his Prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive, and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of Bread and Water, and by reason of the Wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that *Christian* fell into a Swound; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now *Christian* again seemed to be for doing it, but *Hopeful* made his second reply as followeth:

Hope. My Brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? *Apollyon* could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the Dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this Giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the Bread and Water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let's exercise a little more patience; remember how thou played'st the man at *Vanity Fair*, and wast neither afraid of the Chain, nor Cage, nor yet of bloody Death: wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame, that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now night being come again, and the Giant and his Wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the Prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, They are sturdy Rogues, they chuse rather to bear all hardship, than to make away themselves. Then said she, Take them into the Castle-yard to-morrow, and shew them the Bones and Skulls of those that thou hast already dispatch'd, and make them believe, e're a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the Castle-yard and shews them as his Wife had bidden him. These, said he, were Pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you. Go get you down to your Den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on *Saturday* in a lamentable case, as before. Now when night was come, and when Mrs. *Diffidence* and her Husband the Giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their Prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered, that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his Wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the Giant, I will therefore search them in the morning.

Page 28

Well on *Saturday* about midnight they began to pray, and continued in Prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good *Christian*, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking Dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a Key in my bosom called *Promise*, that will, I am persuaded, open any Lock in *Doubting* Castle. Then said *Hopeful*, That's good news; good Brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then *Christian* pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the Dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the Key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and *Christian* and *Hopeful* both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the Castle-yard, and with his Key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron Gate, for that must be opened too, but that Lock went damnable hard, yet the Key did open it. Then they thrust open the Gate to make their escape with speed, but that Gate as it opened made such a creaking, that it waked Giant *Despair*, who hastily rising to pursue his Prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's High-way again, and so were safe, because they were out of his Jurisdiction.

Now when they were gone over the Stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that Stile, to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant *Despair*. So they consented to erect there a Pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence, *Over this Stile is the way to* Doubting *Castle, which is kept by Giant* Despair, *who despiseth the King of the Coelestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy Pilgrims*. Many therefore that followed after read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:—

"Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground;
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them, as we, to fare;
Lest they for trespassing his prisoners are,
Whose Castle's *Doubting*, and whose name's *Despair*."

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

By John Bunyan

They went then till they came to the *Delectable Mountains*, which Mountains belong to the Lord of that Hill of which we have spoken before; so they went up to the Mountains, to behold the Gardens and Orchards, the Vineyards and Fountains of water; where also they drank, and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the Vineyards. Now there was on the tops of these Mountains *Shepherds* feeding their flocks, and they stood by

the High-way side. The Pilgrims therefore went to them, and leaning upon their staves (as is common with weary Pilgrims, when they stand to talk with any by the way) they asked, *Whose Delectable Mountains are these? And whose be the sheep that feed upon them*?

Page 29

Shep. These mountains are *Immanuel's Land*, and they are within sight of his City; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

Chr. Is this the way to the Coelestial City?

Shep. You are just in your way.

Chr. How far is it thither?

Shep. Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed.

Chr. Is the way safe or dangerous?

Shep. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe, *but transgressors shall fall therein*.

Chr. Is there in this place any relief for Pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Shep. The Lord of these Mountains hath given us a charge *not to be forgetful to entertain strangers*; therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my Dream, that when the Shepherds perceived that they were way-fairing men, they also put questions to them, (to which they made answer as in other places) as, Whence came you? and, How got you into the way? and, By what means have you so persevered therein? For but few of them that begin to come hither do shew their face on these Mountains. But when the Shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

The Shepherds, I say, whose names were *Knowledge*, *Experience*, *Watchful*, and *Sincere*, took them by the hand, and had them to their Tents, and made them partake of that which was ready at present. They said moreover, We would that ye should stay here a while, to acquaint with us; and yet more to solace yourselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains. They told them that they were content to stay; and so they went to their rest that night, because it was very late.

Then I saw in my Dream, that in the morning the Shepherds called up *Christian* and *Hopeful* to walk with them upon the Mountains; so they went forth with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Shall we shew these Pilgrims some wonders? So when they had concluded to do it, they had them first to the top of an Hill called *Errour*, which was very steep on the furthest side, and bid them look down to the bottom. So *Christian* and *Hopeful* lookt down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had from the top. Then said *Christian*, What meaneth this? The Shepherds answered, Have you not heard of them that were made to err, by hearkening to *Hymeneus* and *Philetus*, as concerning the Faith of the Resurrection of the Body? They

answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, Those that you see lie dashed in pieces at the bottom of this Mountain are they; and they have continued to this day unburied (as you see) for an example to others to take heed how they clamber too high, or how they come too near the brink of this Mountain.

Page 30

Then I saw that they had them to the top of another Mountain, and the name of that is *Caution*, and bid them look afar off; which when they did, they perceived, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the Tombs that were there; and they perceived that the men were blind, because they stumbled sometimes upon the Tombs, and because they could not get out from among them. Then said *Christian*, *What means this*?

The Shepherds then answered, Did you not see a little below these Mountains a Stile, that led into a Meadow, on the left hand of this way? They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, From that Stile there goes a path that leads directly to *Doubting* Castle, which is kept by Giant *Despair*; and these men (pointing to them among the Tombs) came once on Pilgrimage, as you do now, even till they came to that same Stile; and because the right way was rough in that place, they chose to go out of it into that Meadow, and there were taken by Giant *Despair*, and cast into *Doubting* Castle; where after they had been awhile kept in the Dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes, and led them among those Tombs, where he has left them to wander to this very day, that the saying of the Wise Man might be fulfilled, *He that wandereth out of the way of understanding, shall remain in the Congregation of the dead*. Then *Christian* and *Hopeful* looked upon one another, with tears gushing out, but yet said nothing to the Shepherds.

Then I saw in my Dream, that the Shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of a Hill; and they opened the door, and bid them look in. They looked in therefore, and saw that within it was very dark and smoaky; they also thought that they heard there a lumbring noise as of Fire, and a cry of some tormented, and that they smelt the scent of Brimstone. Then said *Christian*, *What means this?* The Shepherds told them, This is a by-way to Hell, a way that Hypocrites go in at; namely, such as sell their Birthright, with *Esau*; such as sell their Master, as *Judas*; such as blaspheme the Gospel, with *Alexander*; and that lie and dissemble, with *Ananias* and *Sapphira* his Wife.

Hope. Then said *Hopeful* to the Shepherds, I perceive that these had on them, even every one, a shew of Pilgrimage, as we have now; had they not?

Shep. Yes, and held it a long time too.

Hope. How far might they go on Pilgrimage in their day, since they notwithstanding were thus miserably cast away?

Shep. Some further, and some not so far as these Mountains.

Then said the Pilgrims one to another, We had need to cry to the Strong for strength.

Shep. Ay, and you will have need to use it when you have it too.

By this time the Pilgrims had a desire to go forwards, and the Shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the Mountains. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Let us here shew to the Pilgrims the Gates of the Coelestial City, if they have still to look through our Perspective-Glass. The Pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion; so they had them to the top of an high Hill, called *Clear*, and gave them their Glass to look.

Page 31

Then they assayed to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that the Shepherds had shewed them, made their hands shake, by means of which impediment they could not look steddily through the Glass; yet they thought they saw something like the Gate, and also some of the Glory of the place. Then they went away.

THE PILGRIMS WANDER FROM THE WAY

By John Bunyan

Christian and Hopeful went then till they came at a place where they saw a way put itself into their way, and seemed withal to lie as straight as the way which they should go: and here they knew not which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them; therefore here they stood still to consider. And as they were thinking about the way, behold a man black of flesh, but covered with a very light Robe, came to them, and asked them why they stood there? They answered they were going to the Coelestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take. Follow me, said the man, it is thither that I am going. So they followed him in the way that but now came into the road, which by degrees turned, and turned them so from the City that they desired to go to, that in little time their faces were turned away from it: yet they followed him. But by-and-by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a Net, in which they were both so intangled, that they knew not what to do; and with that the white Robe fell off the black man's back: then they saw where they were. Wherefore there they lay crying some time, for they could not get themselves out.

Chr. Then said *Christian* to his fellow, Now do I see myself in an errour. Did not the Shepherds bid us beware of the Flatterers? As is the saying of the Wise man, so we have found it this day, *A man that flattereth his Neighbour, spreadeth a Net for his feet*.

Hope. They also gave us a Note of directions about the way, for our more sure finding thereof; but therein we have also forgotten to read, and have not kept ourselves from the Paths of the Destroyer. Here *David* was wiser than wee; for saith he, *Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the Paths of the Destroyer*. Thus they lay bewailing themselves in the Net. At last they espied a Shining One coming towards them with a Whip of small cord in his hand. When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came? and what they did there? They told him that they were poor Pilgrims going to *Sion*, but were led out of their way by a black man, cloathed in white, who bid us, said they, follow him, for he was going thither too. Then said he with the Whip, It is *Flatterer*, a false Apostle, that hath transformed himself into an Angel of Light. So he rent the Net, and let the men out. Then said he to them, Follow me, that I may set you in your way again: so he led them back to the way which they had left to follow the *Flatterer*. Then

Page 32

he asked them, saying, Where did you lie the last night? They said, With the Shepherds upon the Delectable Mountains. He asked them then, If they had not of them Shepherds a Note of direction for the way? They answered, Yes. But did you, said he, when you was at a stand, pluck out and read your Note? They answered, No. He asked them, Why? They said they forgot. He asked moreover, If the Shepherds did not bid them beware of the *Flatterer?* They answered, Yes; but we did not imagine, said they, that this fine-spoken man had been he.

Then I saw in my Dream, that he commanded them to lie down; which when they did, he chastised them sore, to teach them the good way wherein they should walk; and as he chastised them he said, *As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore, and repent*. This done, he bids them go on their way, and take good heed to the other directions of the Shepherds. So they thanked him for all his kindness, and went softly along the right way.

"Come hither, you that walk along the way,
See how the Pilgrims fare that go astray;
They catched are in an intangling Net,
'Cause they good Counsel lightly did forget;
'Tis true they rescu'd were, but yet you see
They're scourg'd to boot: Let this your caution be."

Now after a while, they perceived afar off one coming softly and alone all along the High-way to meet them. Then said *Christian* to his fellow, Yonder is a man with his back toward *Sion*, and he is coming to meet us.

Hope. I see him, let us take heed to ourselves now, lest he should prove a *Flatterer* also. So he drew nearer and nearer, and at last came up unto them. His name was *Atheist*, and he asked them whither they were going?

Chr. We are going to Mount *Zion*.

Then *Atheist* fell into a very great Laughter.

Chr. What is the meaning of your Laughter?

Atheist. I laugh to see what ignorant persons you are, to take upon you so tedious a Journey, and yet are like to have nothing but your travel for your paines.

Chr. Why, man? Do you think we shall not be received?

Atheist. Received! There is no such place as you dream of in all this World.

Chr. But there is in the World to come.

Atheist. When I was at home in mine own Country, I heard as you now affirm, and from that hearing went out to see, and have been seeking this City this twenty years; but find no more of it than I did the first day I set out.

Chr. We have both heard and believe that there is such a place to be found.

Atheist. Had not I when at home believed, I had not come thus far to seek; but finding none, (and yet I should, had there been such a place to be found, for I have gone to seek it further than you) I am going back again, and will seek to refresh myself with the things that I then cast away, for hopes of that which I now see is not.

Page 33

Chr. Then said *Christian* to *Hopeful* his fellow, Is it true which this man hath said?

Hope. Take heed, he is one of the *Flatterers*; remember what it hath cost us once already for our harkening to such kind of Fellows. What! no Mount *Sion*? Did we not see from the Delectable Mountains the Gate of the City? Also, are we not now to walk by Faith? Let us go on, said *Hopeful*, lest the man with the Whip overtakes us again. You should have taught me that lesson, which I will round you in the ears withall: *Cease, my Son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge*. I say, my Brother, cease to hear him, and let us believe to the saving of the Soul.

Chr. My Brother, I did not put the question to thee for that I doubted of the Truth of our belief myself, but to prove thee, and to fetch from thee a fruit of the honesty of thy heart. As for this man, I know that he is blinded by the god of this World. Let thee and I go on, knowing that we have belief of the Truth, and no lie is of the Truth.

Hope. Now do I rejoyce in hope of the glory of God. So they turned away from the man; and he laughing at them went his way.

THE CELESTIAL CITY

By John Bunyan

Now I saw in my Dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were entering into the Country of *Beulah*, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of Birds, and saw every day the Flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the Turtle in the Land. In this Country the Sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*, and also out of the reach of Giant *Despair*, neither could they from this place so much as see *Doubting* Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land also the contract between the Bride and the Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, *as the Bridegroom rejoyceth over the Bride, so did their God rejoice over them*. Here they had no want of Corn and Wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their Pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices, saying, *Say ye to the daughter of* Zion, *Behold thy salvation cometh, behold his reward is with him*. Here all the inhabitants of the Country called them, *The holy People, The redeemed of the Lord, Sought out*, &c.

Now as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing then in parts more remote from the Kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the City, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of Pearls and Precious Stones, also the Street thereof was paved with Gold; so that by reason of the natural glory of the City, and the reflection of the Sun-beams upon it, *Christian* with desire fell sick; *Hopeful* also had a fit

or two of the same disease. Wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out because of their pangs, *If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love*.

Page 34

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were Orchards, Vineyards, and Gardens, and their gates opened into the High-way. Now as they came up to these places, behold the Gardiner stood in the way, to whom the Pilgrims said, Whose goodly Vineyards and Gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delights, and also for the solace of Pilgrims. So the Gardiner had them into the Vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with Dainties. He also shewed them there the King's walks, and the Arbors where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now I beheld in my Dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time then ever they did in all their Journey, and being in a muse thereabout, the Gardiner said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these Vineyards to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go unto the City. But, as I said, the reflections of the Sun upon the City (for the City was pure Gold) was so extreamly glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an *Instrument* made for that purpose. So I saw that as they went on, there met them two men, in Raiment that shone like Gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the Pilgrims whence they came, and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way, and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the City.

Christian then and his Companion asked the men to go along with them, so they told them they would. But said they, you must obtain it by your own Faith. So I saw in my Dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the Gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the Gate was a River, but there was no Bridge to go over; the River was very deep: at the sight therefore of this River the Pilgrims were much stounded; but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the Gate.

The Pilgrims then began to enquire if there was no other way to the Gate; to which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, *Enoch* and *Elijah*, been permitted to tread that path, since the foundation of the World, nor shall, untill the last Trumpet shall sound. The Pilgrims then, especially *Christian*, began to dispond in his mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the River. Then they asked the men if the Waters were all of a depth? They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case, for said they, *you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place*.

Page 35

They then addressed themselves to the Water; and entring, *Christian* began to sink, and crying out to his good friend *Hopeful*, he said, I sink in deep Waters; the Billows go over my head, all his Waves go over me, *Selah*.

Then said the other, Be of good chear, my Brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said *Christian*, Ah my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon *Christian*, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember, nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his Pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake, still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart-fears that he should die in that River, and never obtain entrance in at the Gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a Pilgrim. 'Twas also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of Hobgoblins and evil Spirits, for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. *Hopeful* therefore here had much adoe to keep his Brother's head above water; yea sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then ere a while he would rise up again half dead. *Hopeful* also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the Gate, and men standing by to receive us. But *Christian* would answer, 'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for, you have been *hopeful* ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to *Christian*. Ah Brother, said he, surely if I was right, he would now arise to help me; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said *Hopeful*, My Brother, you have quite forgot the Text, where it is said of the wicked, *There is no band in their death, but their strength is firm, they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men*. These troubles and distresses that you go through in these Waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my Dream, that *Christian* was as in a muse a while. To whom also *Hopeful* added this word, *Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole*; and with that *Christian* brake out with a loud voice, Oh I see him again, and he tells me, *When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee; and through the Rivers, they shall not overflow thee*. Then they both took courage, and the Enemy was after that as still as a stone untill they were gone over. *Christian* therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the River was but shallow. Thus they

Page 36

got over. Now upon the bank of the River on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore being come out of the River, they saluted them saying, *We are ministring Spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.* Thus they went along towards the Gate. Now you must note that the City stood upon a mighty Hill, but the Pilgrims went up that Hill with ease because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their Mortal Garments behind them in the River, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the Clouds. They therefore went up through the Regions of the Air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the River, and had such glorious Companions to attend them.

The talk they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is the Mount *Sion*, the heavenly *Jerusalem*, the innumerable company of Angels, and the Spirits of Just Men made perfect. You are going now, said they, to the Paradice of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white Robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of Eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower Region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, *for the former things are passed away*. You are now going to *Abraham*, to *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, and to the Prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their Beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your Prayers and Tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear Crowns of Gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One, *for there you shall see him as he is*. There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the World, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also shall you be cloathed with Glory and Majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the

Page 37

King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of Trumpet in the Clouds, as upon the wings of the Wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the Throne of Judgement, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of Iniquity, let them be Angels or Men, you also have a voice in that Judgement, because they were his and your Enemies. Also when he shall again return to the City, you shall go too, with sound of Trumpet, and be ever with him.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the Gate, behold a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the World, and that have left all for his holy Name, and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired Journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying, *Blessed are they that are called to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb*. There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's Trumpeters, cloathed in white and shining Raiment, who with melodious noises and loud, made even the Heavens to echo with their sound. These Trumpeters saluted *Christian* and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the World, and this they did with shouting and sound of Trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left, (as 't were to guard them through the upper Regions) continually sounding as they went with melodious noise, in notes on high: so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if Heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these Trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their musick with looks and gestures, still signify to *Christian* and his Brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them; and now were these two men as 't were in Heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of Angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City itself in view, and they thought they heard all the Bells therein ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the Gate.

Now when they were come up to the Gate, there was written over it in Letters of Gold, *Blessed are they that do his Commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the Gates into the City*.

Page 38

Then I saw in my Dream, that the Shining Men bid them call at the Gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the Gate, to wit, *Enoch*, *Moses*, and *Elijah*, _&c._ to whom it was said, These Pilgrims are come from the City of *Destruction* for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the Pilgrims gave in unto them each man his Certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in to the King, who when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the Gate. The King then commanded to open the Gate, *That the righteous nation*, said he, *that keepeth Truth may enter in*.

Now I saw in my Dream that these two men went in at the Gate: and loe, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had Raiment put on that shone like Gold. There was also that met them with Harps and Crowns, and gave them to them, the Harps to praise withall, and the Crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my Dream that all the Bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, *Enter ye into the joy of your Lord*. I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, *Blessing, Honour, Glory, and Power be to him that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever*.

Now just as the Gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the Sun; the Streets also were paved with Gold, and in them walked many men, with Crowns on their heads, Palms in their hands, and golden Harps to sing praises withall.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, *Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord*. And after that they shut up the Gates. Which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw *Ignorance* come up to the River-side; but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one *Vainhope* a Ferry-man, that with his Boat helped him over; so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the Hill to come up to the Gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least incouragement. When he was come up to the Gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that lookt over the top of the Gate, Whence came you? and what would you have? He answered, I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our Streets. Then they asked him for his Certificate, that they might go in and shew it to the King. So he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, Have you none? But the man answered never

Page 39

a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two Shining Ones that conducted *Christian* and *Hopeful* to the City, to go out and take *Ignorance*, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the Hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to Hell even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of *Destruction*. So I awoke, and behold it was a Dream.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

ROBINSON CRUSOE IS SHIPWRECKED

By Daniel Defoe

Our ship was about a hundred and twenty tons' burthen, carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the negroes,—such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

The same day I went on board we set sail, standing away to the northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast, when they came about ten or twelve degrees of northern latitude, which, it seems, was the manner of their course in those days. We had very good weather, only excessive hot, all the way upon our own coast, till we came the height of Cape St. Augustino, from whence, keeping farther off at sea, we lost sight of land, and steered as if we were bound for the Isle Fernando de Noronha, holding our course N.E. by N., and leaving those isles on the east. In this course we passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were, by our last observation, in 7 deg. 22' northern latitude, when a violent tornado, or hurricane, took us quite out of our knowledge. It began from the southeast, came about to the northwest, and then settled into the northeast, from whence it blew in such a terrible manner that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and, scudding away before it, let it carry us where-ever fate and the fury of the winds directed; and during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up, nor, indeed, did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

In this distress we had, besides the terror of the storm, one of our men die of the calenture, and one man and the boy washed overboard. About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in about eleven degrees north latitude, but that he was twenty-two degrees of longitude difference west from Cape St. Augustino; so that he found he was gotten upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon, toward

that of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great River, and began to consult with me what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and very much disabled, and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil.

Page 40

I was positively against that; and looking over the charts of the sea-coast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the circle of the Caribbee Islands and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes, which by keeping off at sea, to avoid the indraft of the Bay or Gulf of Mexico, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail; whereas we could not possibly make our voyage to the coast of Africa without some assistance, both to our ship and to ourselves.

With this design we changed our course, and steered away N.W. by W. in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief; but our voyage was otherwise determined; for being in the latitude of 12 deg. 18', a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce that had all our lives been saved as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner ran out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters, to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one who has not been in the like condition to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing where we were, or upon what land it was we were driven, whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited; and as the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking in pieces, unless the winds, by a kind of miracle, should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking one upon another, and expecting death every moment, and every man acting accordingly, as preparing for another world; for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this. That which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was that, contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break yet, and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now, though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place she broke away, and either sunk or was driven off to sea, so there was no hope from her; we had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

Page 41

In this distress, the mate of our vessel lays hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men they got her slung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadful high upon the shore, and might well be called *den wild Zee*, as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

And now our case was very dismal indeed, for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none; nor if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution, for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner; and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not; the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation was, if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grace*. In a word, it took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible; my greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

Page 42

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away, and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein there was some minutes before scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express to the life what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave; and I do not wonder now at that custom, *viz*., that when a malefactor who has the halter about his neck, is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him—I say, I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let him blood that very moment they tell him of it, that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart, and overwhelm him:—

Page 43

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in the contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when the breach and froth of the sea being so big I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look round me to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done, and I soon found my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had a dreadful deliverance; for I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink to comfort me, neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts; and that which was particularly afflicting to me was, that I had no weapon either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creatures that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision; and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts at that time was, to get up into a thick bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy; and having drank, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavored to place myself so, as that if I should sleep I might not fall; and having cut me a short stick, like a truncheon for my defense, I took up my lodging, and having been excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition, and found myself the most refreshed with it that I think I ever was on such an occasion.

UNLOADING A WRECK

By Daniel Defoe

Page 44

My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent or on an island; whether inhabited or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate to my great affliction, *viz*., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found, also, that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling it, but it had no talons or claws more than common; its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day; and what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears. However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging; as for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider, that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council, that is to say, in my thoughts, whether I should take back the raft, but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a chequered shirt and a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

Page 45

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft, and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard; but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bag full of smallshot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare foretop sail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

[Illustration: I GOT ON BOARD THE SHIP AS BEFORE AND PREPARED A SECOND RAFT. I TOOK ALL THE MEN'S CLOTHES THAT I COULD FIND, AND A SPARE FORETOP SAIL, A HAMMOCK, AND SOME BEDDING: AND WITH HIS I LOADED MY SECOND RAFT, AND BROUGHT THEM ALL SAFE ON SHORE, TO MY VERY GREAT COMFORT]

I was under some apprehensions during my absence from the land that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore; but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wildcat upon one of the chests, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her; but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked (as pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more, so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was fain to open the barrels of powder and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, I went to work to make me a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy; for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship, as to get them on shore.

Page 46

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could. So every day at low water I went on board, and brought away something or other; but, particularly, the third time I went I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope-twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder; in a word, I brought away all the sails first and last, only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could; for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still was that, at last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with,—I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and three large runlets of rum or spirits, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour; this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoilt by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up parcel by parcel in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage. And now, having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables; and cutting the great cable into pieces, such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron-work I could get; and having cut down the sprit-sail yard, and the mizzen yard, and everything I could to make a large raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods, and came away. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy, and so overladen, that after I was entered the little cove where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out I got most of the pieces of cable ashore, and some of the iron, though with infinite labor; for I was fain to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

Page 47

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship; in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring, though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship piece by piece. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind begin to rise. However, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually as that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; in another, I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. “O drug!” said I aloud, “what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off of the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap. I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving.” However, upon second thoughts I took it away; and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore, and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel, which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, *viz*., that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away if I had had more time.

ROBINSON CRUSOE’S FIRST HOME ON THE ISLAND

By Daniel Defoe

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck, as indeed divers pieces of her afterwards did; but those things were of small use to me.

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make, whether I should make

me a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth; and, in short, I resolved upon both, the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account of.

Page 48

I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low moorish ground near the sea, and I believed would not be wholesome; and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it. So I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation, which I found would be proper for me. First, health and fresh water, I just now mentioned. Secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun. Thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts. Fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above an hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the N.N.W. side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a W. and by S. sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending. In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it, or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me, and so I was completely fenced in, and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done; though, as it appeared afterward, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

Page 49

Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above; and I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, *viz*., one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails. And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions, and everything that would spoil by the wet; and having thus enclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance, which, till now, I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock; and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave just behind my tent which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labor and many days before all these things were brought to perfection, and therefore I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened, after I had laid my scheme for the setting up my tent and making the cave, that a storm of rain falling from a thick dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that a great clap of thunder, as is naturally the effect of it. I was not so much surprised with the lightning as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself. Oh, my powder! My very heart sunk within me when I thought, that at one blast all my powder might be destroyed, on which, not my defense only, but the providing me food, as I thought, entirely depended. I was nothing near so anxious about my own danger; though had the powder taken fire, I had never known who had hurt me.

Such impression did this make upon me that after the storm was over I laid aside all my works, my building and fortifying, and applied myself to make bags and boxes to separate the powder, and keep it a little and a little in a parcel, in hope that whatever might come it might not all take fire at once, and to keep it so apart that it should not be possible to make one part fire another. I finished this work in about a fortnight; and I think my powder, which in all was about 240 pounds' weight, was divided in not less than a hundred parcels. As to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that, so I placed it in my new cave, which in my fancy I called my kitchen, and the rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

Page 50

In the interval of time while this was doing, I went out once, at least, every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to see if I could kill anything fit for food, and as near as I could to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out, I presently discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me; but then it was attended with this misfortune to me, *viz*., that they were so shy, so subtle, and so swift of foot that it was the difficultest thing in the world to come at them. But I was not discouraged at this, not doubting but I might now and then shoot one, as it soon happened; for after I had found their haunts a little, I laid wait in this manner for them. I observed if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright; but if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me, from whence I concluded that, by the position of their optics, their sight was so directed downward that they did not readily see objects that were above them. So afterward I took this method: I always climbed the rocks first to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark. The first shot I made among these creatures I killed a she-goat, which had a little kid by her, which she gave suck to, which grieved me heartily; but when the old one fell, the kid stood stock still by her till I came and took her up; and not only so, but when I carried the old one with me upon my shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure; upon which I laid down the dam, and took the kid in my arms, and carried it over my pale, in hopes to have bred it up tame; but it would not eat, so I was forced to kill it, and eat it myself. These two supplied me with flesh a great while, for I eat sparingly, and saved my provisions, my bread especially, as much as possibly I could.

Having now fixed my habitation, I found it absolutely necessary to provide a place to make a fire in, and fuel to burn; and what I did for that, as also how I enlarged my cave, and what conveniences I made, I shall give a full account of in its place. But I must first give some little account of myself, and of my thoughts about living, which it may well be supposed were not a few.

I had a dismal prospect of my condition; for as I was not cast away upon that island without being driven, as is said, by a violent storm, quite out of the course of our intended voyage, and a great way, *viz*., some hundreds of leagues, out of the ordinary course of the trade of mankind, I had great reason to consider it as a determination of Heaven that in this desolate place, and in this desolate manner, I should end my life. The tears would run plentifully down my face when I made these reflections, and sometimes I would expostulate with myself, why Providence should thus completely ruin its creatures, and render them so absolutely miserable, so without help abandoned, so entirely depressed, that it could hardly be rational to be thankful for such a life.

Page 51

But something always returned swift upon me to check these thoughts, and to reprove me; and particularly one day, walking with my gun in my hand by the seaside, I was very pensive upon the subject of my present condition, when Reason, as it were, expostulated with me t' other way, thus: "Well, you are in a desolate condition, it is true, but pray remember, where are the rest of you? Did not you come eleven of you into the boat? Where are the ten? Why were not they saved, and you lost? Why were you singled out? Is it better to be here, or there?" And then I pointed to the sea. All evils are to be considered with the good that is in them, and with what worse attends them.

Then it occurred to me again, how well I was furnished for my subsistence, and what would have been my case if it had not happened, which was an hundred thousand to one, that the ship floated from the place where she first struck and was driven so near to the shore that I had time to get all these things out of her; what would have been my case, if I had been to have lived in the condition in which I at first came on shore, without necessaries of life, or necessaries to supply and procure them? "Particularly," said I aloud (though to myself), "what should I have done without a gun, without ammunition, without any tools to make anything, or to work with, without clothes, bedding, a tent, or any manner of covering?" and that now I had all these to a sufficient quantity, and was in a fair way to provide myself in such a manner, as to live without my gun when my ammunition was spent; so that I had a tolerable view of subsisting without any want as long as I lived. For I considered from the beginning how I would provide for the accidents that might happen, and for the time that was to come, even not only after my ammunition should be spent, but even after my health or strength should decay.

I confess I had not entertained any notion of my ammunition being destroyed at one blast—I mean, my powder being blown up by lightning; and this made the thoughts of it so surprising to me when it lightened and thundered, as I observed just now.

ROBINSON CRUSOE BUILDS A BOAT

By Daniel Defoe

You may be sure my thoughts ran many times upon the prospect of land which I had seen from the other side of the island, and I was not without secret wishes that I were on shore there, fancying that seeing the mainland, and in an inhabited country, I might find some way or other to convey myself farther, and perhaps at last find some means of escape.

Page 52

But all this while I made no allowance for the dangers of such a condition, and how I might fall into the hands of savages, and perhaps such as I might have reason to think far worse than the lions and tigers of Africa; that if I once came into their power, I should run a hazard more than a thousand to one of being killed, and perhaps of being eaten; for I had heard that the people of the Caribbean coasts were cannibals, or man-eaters, and I knew by the latitude that I could not be far off from that shore. That suppose they were not cannibals, yet that they might kill me, as many Europeans who had fallen into their hands had been served, even when they had been ten or twenty together, much more I, that was but one, and could make little or no defense,—all these things, I say, which I ought to have considered well of, and did cast up in my thoughts afterwards, yet took up none of my apprehensions at first, but my head ran mightily upon the thought of getting over to the shore.

Now I wished for my boy Xury, and the long-boat with the shoulder-of-mutton sail, with which I sailed above a thousand miles on the coast of Africa; but this was in vain. Then I thought I would go and look at our ship's boat, which, as I have said, was blown up upon the shore a great way, in the storm, when we were first cast away. She lay almost where she did at first, but not quite; and was turned, by the force of the waves and the winds, almost bottom upwards, against a high ridge of beachy rough sand, but no water about her, as before.

If I had had hands to have refitted her, and to have launched her into the water, the boat would have done well enough, and I might have gone back into the Brazils with her easily enough; but I might have foreseen that I could no more turn her, and set her upright upon her bottom, than I could remove the island. However, I went to the woods, and cut levers and rollers, and brought them to the boat, resolved to try what I could do; suggesting to myself that if I could but turn her down, I might easily repair the damage she had received, and she would be a very good boat, and I might go to sea in her very easily.

I spared no pains, indeed, in this piece of fruitless toil, and spent, I think, three or four weeks about it. At last, finding it impossible to heave it up with my little strength, I fell to digging away the sand, to undermine it, and so to make it fall down, setting pieces of wood to thrust and guide it right in the fall. But when I had done this, I was unable to stir it up again, or to get under it, much less to move it forward towards the water; so I was forced to give it over. And yet, though I gave over the hopes of the boat, my desire to venture over for the main increased, rather than decreased, as the means for it seemed impossible.

Page 53

This at length put me upon thinking whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe, or *periagua*, such as the natives of those climates make, even without tools, or, as I might say, without hands, *viz*., of the trunk of a great tree. This I not only thought possible, but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the thoughts of making it, and with my having much more convenience for it than any of the negroes or Indians; but not at all considering the particular inconveniences which I lay under more than the Indians did, *viz*., want of hands to move it, when it was made, into the water, a difficulty much harder for me to surmount than all the consequences of want of tools could be to them. For what was it to me, that when I had chosen a vast tree in the woods, I might with much trouble cut it down, if, after I might be able with my tools to hew and dub the outside into the proper shape of a boat, and burn or cut out the inside to make it hollow, so to make a boat of it; if, after all this, I must leave it just there where I found it, and was not able to launch it into the water?

One would have thought I could not have had the least reflection upon my mind of my circumstance while I was making this boat, but I should have immediately thought how I should get it into the sea; but my thoughts were so intent upon my voyage over the sea in it that I never once considered how I should get it off of the land; and it was really, in its own nature, more easy for me to guide it over forty-five miles of sea than about forty-five fathoms of land, where it lay, to set it afloat in the water.

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design, without determining whether I was ever able to undertake it. Not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head; but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it by this foolish answer which I gave myself: "Let's first make it; I'll warrant I'll find some way or other to get it along when 't is done."

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar-tree: I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem. It was five feet ten inches diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, after which it lessened for a while, and then parted into branches. It was not without infinite labor that I felled this tree. I was twenty days hacking and hewing at it at the bottom; I was fourteen more getting the branches and limbs, and the vast spreading head of it cut off, which I hacked and hewed through with axe and hatchet, and inexpressible labor. After this, it cost me a month to shape it and dub it to a proportion, and to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside, and work it so as to make an exact boat of it. This I did, indeed, without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labor, till I had brought it to be a very handsome *periagua*, and big enough to have carried six and twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

Page 54

When I had gone through this work, I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much bigger than I ever saw a canoe or *periagua* that was made of one tree, in my life. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure; and there remained nothing but to get it into the water; and had I gotten it into the water, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.

But all my devices to get it into the water failed me, though they cost me infinite labor too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more; but the first inconvenience was, it was uphill towards the creek. Well, to take away this discouragement, I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth, and so make a declivity. This I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains; but who grudges pains that have their deliverance in view? But when this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much at one, for I could no more stir the canoe than I could the other boat.

Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock or canal, to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well, I began this work; and when I began to enter into it, and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, how the stuff to be thrown out, I found that by the number of hands I had, being none but my own, it must have been ten or twelve years before I should have gone through with it; for the shore lay high, so that at the upper end it must have been at least twenty feet deep; so at length, though with great reluctancy, I gave this attempt over also.

This grieved me heartily; and now I saw, though too late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it.

THE MYSTERIOUS FOOTPRINT

By Daniel Defoe

I was something impatient to have the use of my boat, though very loath to run any more hazards; and therefore sometimes I sat contriving ways to get her about the island, and at other times I sat myself down contented enough without her. But I had a strange uneasiness in my mind to go down to the point of the island where, as I have said, in my last ramble, I went up the hill to see how the shore lay, and how the current set, that I might see what I had to do. This inclination increased upon me every day, and at length I resolved to travel thither by land, following the edge of the shore. I did so; but had anyone in England been to meet such a man as I was, it must either have frighted him, or raised a great deal of laughter; and as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my traveling through Yorkshire, with such

an equipage, and in such a dress. Be pleased to take a sketch of my figure, as follows: —

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of a goat-skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me, as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh, under the clothes.

Page 55

I had a short jacket of goat-skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same. The breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs. Stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes; but of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat-skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and in a kind of frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and a dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat-skin too; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great clumsy, ugly goat-skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun. As for my face, the color of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers such as I had seen worn by some Turks whom I saw at Sallee; for the Moors did not wear such, though the Turks did. Of these mustachios or whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as, in England, would have passed for frightful.

But all this is by the bye; for as to my figure I had so few to observe me that it was of no manner of consequence; so I say no more to that part. In this kind of figure I went my new journey, and was out five or six days. I traveled first along the seashore, directly to the place where I first brought my boat to an anchor, to get up upon the rocks. And having no boat now to take care of, I went over the land, a nearer way, to the same height that I was upon before; when, looking forward to the point of the rocks which lay out, and which I was obliged to double with my boat, as is said above, I was surprised to see the sea all smooth and quiet, no rippling, no motion, no current, any more there than in other places.

Page 56

I was at a strange loss to understand this, and resolved to spend some time in the observing it, to see if nothing from the sets of the tide had occasioned it. But I was presently convinced how it was, *viz*., that the tide of ebb setting from the west, and joining with the current of waters from some great river on the shore, must be the occasion of this current; and that according as the wind blew more forcibly from the west, or from the north, this current came near, or went farther from the shore; for waiting thereabouts till evening, I went up to the rock again, and then the tide of ebb being made, I plainly saw the current again as before, only that it run farther off, being near half a league from the shore; whereas in my case it set close upon the shore, and hurried me and my canoe along with it, which, at another time, it would not have done.

This observation convinced me that I had nothing to do but to observe the ebbing and the flowing of the tide, and I might very easily bring my boat about the island again. But when I began to think of putting it in practice, I had such a terror upon my spirits at the remembrance of the danger I had been in that I could not think of it again with any patience; but, on the contrary, I took up another resolution, which was more safe, though more laborious; and this was, that I would build, or rather make me another *periagua*, or canoe, and so have one for one side of the island, and one for the other.

You are to understand that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island; one, my little fortification or tent, with the wall about it, under the rock, with the cave behind me, which, by this time, I had enlarged into several apartments or caves, one within another. One of these, which was the driest and largest, and had a door out beyond my wall or fortification, that is to say, beyond where my wall joined to the rock, was all filled up with the large earthen pots, of which I have given an account, and with fourteen or fifteen great baskets, which would hold five or six bushels each, where I laid up my stores of provision, especially my corn, some in the ear, cut off short from the straw, and the other rubbed out with my hand.

As for my wall, made, as before, with long stakes or piles, those piles grew all like trees, and were by this time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least appearance, to any one's view, of any habitation behind them.

Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land, and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sowed, and which duly yielded me their harvest in its season; and whenever I had occasion for more corn, I had more land adjoining as fit as that.

Page 57

Besides this, I had my country seat, and I had now a tolerable plantation there also; for, first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair; that is to say, I kept the hedge which circled it in constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside. I kept the trees, which at first were no more than my stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall,—I kept them always so cut that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable shade, which they did effectually to my mind. In the middle of this, I had my tent always standing, being a piece of a sail spread over poles, set up for that purpose, and which never wanted any repair or renewing; and under this I had made me a squab or couch, with the skins of the creatures I had killed, and with other soft things, and a blanket laid on them, such as belonged to our sea-bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch-coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation.

Adjoining to this I had my enclosures for my cattle, that is to say, my goats. And as I had taken an inconceivable deal of pains to fence and enclose this ground, so I was so uneasy to see it kept entire, lest the goats should break through, that I never left off till, with infinite labor, I had stuck the outside of the hedge so full of small stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a pale than a hedge, and there was scarce room to put a hand through between them; which afterwards, when those stakes grew, as they all did in the next rainy season, made the enclosure strong like a wall,—indeed, stronger than any wall.

This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no pains to bring to pass whatever appeared necessary for my comfortable support; for I considered the keeping up a breed of tame creatures thus at my hand would be a living magazine of flesh, milk, butter, and cheese for me as long as I lived in the place, if it were to be forty years; and that keeping them in my reach depended entirely upon my perfecting my enclosures to such a degree that I might be sure of keeping them together; which, by this method, indeed, I so effectually secured that when these little stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick I was forced to pull some of them up again.

In this place also I had my grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my winter store of raisins, and which I never failed to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet. And indeed they were not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last degree.

As this was also about halfway between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my boat, I generally stayed and lay here in my way thither; for I used frequently to visit my boat, and I kept all things about or belonging to her in very good order. Sometimes I went out in her to divert myself, but no more hazardous voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a stone’s cast or two from the shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurried out of my knowledge again by the currents or winds, or any other accident. But now I come to a new scene of my life.

Page 58

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

[Illustration: ONE DAY ABOUT NOON, GOING TOWARDS MY BOAT, I WAS SURPRISED WITH THE PRINT OF A MAN'S NAKED FOOT ON THE SHORE, WHICH WAS VERY PLAIN TO BE SEEN IN THE SAND. I STOOD LIKE ONE THUNDERSTRUCK, OR AS IF I HAD SEEN AN APPARITION. I LISTENED, I LOOKED ROUND ME, I COULD HEAR NOTHING, NOR SEE ANYTHING. I WENT UP TO A RISING GROUND TO LOOK FARTHER.]

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be

Page 59

sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot; that as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtilty of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded, then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, *viz*., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to stay in this desolate island as I should have been to have them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope. All that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve, by His power, the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground. And this I thought so just a reproof that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that, whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a chequer work of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear; nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me, at this time, in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose

Page 60

only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of His creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot in the island!

Such is the uneven state of human life; and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterwards, when I had a little recovered my first surprise. I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me; that, as I could not foresee what the ends of Divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute His sovereignty, who, as I was His creature, had an undoubted right, by creation, to govern and dispose of me absolutely as He thought fit, and who, as I was a creature who had offended Him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment He thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear His indignation, because I had sinned against Him.

I then reflected that God, who was not only righteous, but omnipotent, as He had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so He was able to deliver me; that if He did not think fit to do it, 't was my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to His will; and, on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in Him, pray to Him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of His daily providence.

These thoughts took me up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit, *viz*., one morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thought about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words that presented to me were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad, at least, not on that occasion.

Page 61

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thought one day that all this might be a mere chimera of my own; and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion, that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might not I come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again, I considered also that I could by no means tell, for certain, where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if, at last, this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are frighted at them more than anybody.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk.

Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock. But to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted; and so, indeed, I had.

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But when I came to the place, first, it appeared evidently to me that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabout; secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree; so that I shook with cold, like one in an ague; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware. And what course to take for my security, I knew not.

Page 62

Oh, what ridiculous resolution men take when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief. The first thing I proposed to myself was to throw down my enclosures, and turn all my tame cattle wild into the woods, that the enemy might not find them, and then frequent the island in prospect of the same or the like booty; then to the simple thing of digging up my two corn-fields, that they might not find such a grain there, and still be prompted to frequent the island; then to demolish my bower and tent, that they might not see any vestiges of habitation, and be prompted to look farther, in order to find out the persons inhabiting.

These were the subject of the first night's cogitation, after I was come home again, while the apprehensions which had so overrun my mind were fresh upon me, and my head was full of vapors, as above. Thus fear of danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than danger itself when apparent to the eyes; and we find the burden of anxiety greater, by much, than the evil which we are anxious about; and, which was worse than all this, I had not that relief in this trouble from the resignation I used to practice that I hoped to have. I looked, I thought, like Saul, who complained not only that the Philistines were upon him, but that God had forsaken him; for I did not now take due ways to compose my mind, by crying to God in my distress, and resting upon His providence, as I had done before, for my defense and deliverance; which, if I had done, I had at least been more cheerfully supported under this new surprise, and perhaps carried through it with more resolution.

This confusion of my thoughts kept me waking all night, but in the morning I fell asleep; and having, by the amusement of my mind, been, as it were, tired, and my spirits exhausted, I slept very soundly, and waked much better composed than I had ever been before. And now I began to think sedately; and upon the utmost debate with myself, I concluded that this island, which was so exceeding pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the mainland than as I had seen, was not so entirely abandoned as I might imagine; that although there were no stated inhabitants who lived on the spot, yet that there might sometimes come boats off from the shore, who, either with design, or perhaps never but when they were driven by cross winds, might come to this place; that I had lived here fifteen years now, and had not met with the least shadow or figure of any people yet; and that if at any time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix there upon any occasion to this time; that the most I could suggest any danger from, was from any such casual accidental landing of straggling people from the main, who, as it was likely, if they were driven hither, were here against their wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible speed, seldom staying one night on shore, lest they should not have the help of the tides and daylight back again; and that, therefore, I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe retreat, in case I should see any savages land upon the spot.

Page 63

THE COMING OF FRIDAY

By Daniel Defoe

I was surprised, one morning early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, that they had had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, Nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly towards me,—I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frighted (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; and now I expected that part of my dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my grove; but I could not depend, by any means, upon my dream for the rest of it, *viz*., that the other savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground of them; so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

Page 64

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the other, but went no further, and soon after went softly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately run down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both but at the foot of the ladders, as I observed above, and getting up again, with the same haste, to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea, and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frighted at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke, too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frighted, and I advanced apace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frighted with the fire and noise of my piece that he stood stock still, and neither came forward or went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little further, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of

Page 65

encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showing him the savage, that he was not dead, upon this he spoke some words to me; and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it but he runs to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head as cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. However, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off; so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on t'other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows, and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them.

Page 66

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island; so I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, *viz*., that he came into my grove for shelter.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice-straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature laid down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and first I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say yes and no, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

Page 67

I kept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again, and eat them. At this I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away; which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or of their canoes; so that it was plain that they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

But I was not content with this discovery; but having now more courage, and consequently more curiosity, I took my man Friday with me, giving him the sword in his hand, with the bow and arrows at his back, which I found he could use very dexterously, making him carry one gun for me, and I two for myself, and away we marched to the place where these creatures had been; for I had a mind now to get some fuller intelligence of them. When I came to the place, my very blood ran chill in my veins, and my heart sunk within me, at the horror of the spectacle. Indeed, it was a dreadful sight, at least it was so to me, though Friday made nothing of it. The place was covered with human bones, the ground dyed with their blood, great pieces of flesh left here and there, half-eaten, mangled, and scorched; and, in short, all the tokens of the triumphant feast they had been making there, after a victory over their enemies. I saw three skulls, five hands, and the bones of three or four legs and feet, and abundance of other parts of the bodies; and Friday, by his signs, made me understand that they brought over four prisoners to feast upon; that three of them were eaten up, and that he, pointing to himself, was the fourth; that there had been a great battle between them and their next king, whose subjects it seems he had been one of, and that they had taken a great number of prisoners; all which were carried to several places by those that had taken them in the fight, in order to feast upon them, as was done here by these wretches upon those they brought hither.

I caused Friday to gather all the skulls, bones, flesh, and whatever remained, and lay them together on a heap, and make a great fire upon it, and burn them all to ashes. I found Friday had still a hankering stomach after some of the flesh, and was still a cannibal in his nature; but I discovered so much abhorrence at the very thoughts of it, and at the least appearance of it, that he durst not discover it; for I had, by some means, let him know that I would kill him if he offered it.

Page 68

When we had done this we came back to our castle, and there I fell to work for my man Friday; and, first of all, I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which I had out of the poor gunner's chest I mentioned, and which I found in the wreck; and which, with a little alteration, fitted him very well. Then I made him a jerkin of goat-skin, as well as my skill would allow, and I was now grown a tolerable good tailor; and I gave him a cap, which I had made of a hare-skin, very convenient and fashionable enough; and thus he was clothed for the present tolerably well, and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master. It is true he went awkwardly in these things at first; wearing the drawers was very awkward to him, and the sleeves of the waistcoat galled his shoulders, and the inside of his arms; but a little easing them where he complained they hurt him, and using himself to them, at length he took to them very well.

The next day after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him. And that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last and in the outside of the first; and as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed door-case, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance; and causing the door to open on the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladders too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making so much noise in getting over that it must needs waken me; for my first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles, covering all my tent, and leaning up to the side of the hill, which was again laid cross with smaller sticks instead of laths, and then thatched over a great thickness with the rice-straw, which was strong, like reeds; and at the hole or place which was left to go in or out by the ladder, I had placed a kind of trap-door, which, if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down, and made a great noise; and as to weapons, I took them all into my side every night.

But I needed none of all this precaution; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged; his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life for the saving mine, upon any occasion whatsoever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on his account.

HOMEWARD BOUND

By Daniel Defoe

[After Crusoe has spent some years on the island, an English vessel appears and a number of men come ashore. They prove to be mutineers who have brought their captain and two other men to be left on the island. By the aid of Crusoe and Friday, the captain regains possession of his vessel.]

Page 69

I laid me down; and it having been a day of great fatigue to me, I slept very sound, till I was something surprised with the noise of a gun; and presently starting up, I heard a man call me by the name of “Governor,” “Governor,” and presently I knew the captain’s voice; when climbing up to the top of the hill, there he stood, and pointing to the ship, he embraced me in his arms. “My dear friend and deliverer,” says he, “there’s your ship, for she is all yours, and so are we, and all that belong to her.” I cast my eyes to the ship, and there she rode within little more than half a mile of the shore; for they had weighed her anchor as soon as they were masters of her, and, the weather being fair, had brought her to anchor just against the mouth of the little creek, and the tide being up, the captain had brought the pinnace in near the place where I at first landed my rafts and so landed just at my door.

I was at first ready to sink down with the surprise; for I saw my deliverance, indeed, visibly put into my hands, all things easy, and a large ship just ready to carry me away whither I pleased to go. At first, for some time, I was not able to answer him one word; but as he had taken me in his arms, I held fast by him, or I should have fallen to the ground.

He perceived the surprise, and immediately pulls a bottle out of his pocket, and gave me a dram of cordial, which he had brought on purpose for me. After I had drank it, I sat down upon the ground; and though it brought me to myself, yet it was a good while before I could speak a word to him.

All this while the poor man was in as great an ecstasy as I, only not under any surprise, as I was; and he said a thousand kind, tender things to me, to compose me and bring me to myself. But such was the flood of joy in my breast that it put all my spirits into confusion. At last it broke out into tears, and in a little while after I recovered my speech.

Then I took my turn, and embraced him as my deliverer, and we rejoiced together. I told him I looked upon him as a man sent from heaven to deliver me, and that the whole transaction seemed to be a chain of wonders; that such things as these were the testimonies we had of a secret hand of Providence governing the world, and an evidence that the eyes of an infinite Power could search into the remotest corner of the world, and send help to the miserable whenever He pleased.

I forgot not to lift up my heart in thankfulness to heaven; and what heart could forbear to bless Him, who had not only in a miraculous manner provided for one in such a wilderness, and in such a desolate condition, but from whom every deliverance must always be acknowledged to proceed?

When we had talked a while, the captain told me he had brought me some little refreshment, such as the ship afforded, and such as the wretches that had been so long his masters had not plundered him of. Upon this he called aloud to the boat, and bid his

men bring the things ashore that were for the governor; and, indeed, it was a present as if I had been one, not that was to be carried away along with them, but as if I had been to dwell upon the island still, and they were to go without me.

Page 70

First, he had brought me a case of bottles full of excellent cordial waters, six large bottles of Madeira wine (the bottles held two quarts apiece), two pounds of excellent good tobacco, twelve good pieces of the ship's beef, and six pieces of pork, with a bag of peas, and about a hundred-weight of biscuit.

He had brought me also a box of sugar, a box of flour, a bag full of lemons, and two bottles of lime juice, and abundance of other things; but besides these, and what was a thousand times more useful to me, he brought me six clean new shirts, six very good neck-cloths, two pair of gloves, one pair of shoes, a hat, and one pair of stockings, and a very good suit of clothes of his own, which had been worn but very little; in a word, he clothed me from head to foot.

It was a very kind and agreeable present, as any one may imagine, to one in my circumstances; but never was anything in the world of that kind so unpleasant, awkward, and uneasy as it was to me to wear such clothes at their first putting on.

After these ceremonies passed, and after all his good things were brought into my little apartment, we began to consult what was to be done with the prisoners we had; for it was worth considering whether we might venture to take them away with us or no, especially two of them, whom we knew to be incorrigible and refractory to the last degree; and the captain said he knew they were such rogues that there was no obliging them; and if he did carry them away, it must be in irons, as malefactors, to be delivered over to justice at the first English colony he could come at; and I found that the captain himself was very anxious about it.

Upon this I told him that, if he desired it, I durst undertake to bring the two men he spoke of to make it their own request that he should leave them upon the island. "I should be very glad of that," says the captain, "with all my heart."

"Well," says I, "I will send for them up, and talk with them for you." So I caused Friday and the two hostages, for they were now discharged, their comrades having performed their promise,—I say, I caused them to go to the cave and bring up the five men, pinioned as they were, to the bower, and keep them there till I came.

After some time I came thither, dressed in my new habit; and now I was called governor again. Being all met, and the captain with me, I caused the men to be brought before me, and I told them I had had a full account of their villainous behavior to the captain, and how they had run away with the ship, and were preparing to commit further robberies, but that Providence had ensnared them in their own ways, and that they were fallen into the pit which they had digged for others.

I let them know that by my direction the ship had been seized, that she lay now in the road, and they might see, by and by, that their new captain had received the reward of his villainy, for that they might see him hanging at the yard-arm; that as to them, I

wanted to know what they had to say why I should not execute them as pirates, taken in the fact, as by my commission they could not doubt I had authority to do.

Page 71

One of them answered in the name of the rest that they had nothing to say but this, that when they were taken the captain promised them their lives, and they humbly implored my mercy. But I told them I knew not what mercy to show them; for as for myself, I had resolved to quit the island with all my men, and had taken passage with the captain to go for England. And as for the captain, he could not carry them to England other than as prisoners in irons, to be tried for mutiny, and running away with the ship; the consequence of which, they must needs know, would be the gallows; so that I could not tell which was best for them, unless they had a mind to take their fate in the island. If they desired that, I did not care, as I had liberty to leave it. I had some inclination to give them their lives, if they thought they could shift on shore.

They seemed very thankful for it, said they would much rather venture to stay there than to be carried to England to be hanged; so I left it on that issue.

However, the captain seemed to make some difficulty of it, as if he durst not leave them there. Upon this I seemed a little angry with the captain, and told him that they were my prisoners, not his; and that seeing I had offered them so much favor, I would be as good as my word; and that if he did not think fit to consent to it, I would set them at liberty, as I found them; and if he did not like it, he might take them again if he could catch them.

Upon this they appeared very thankful, and I accordingly set them at liberty, and bade them retire into the woods to the place whence they came, and I would leave them some firearms, some ammunition, and some directions how they should live very well, if they thought fit.

Upon this I prepared to go on board the ship, but told the captain that I would stay that night to prepare my things, and desired him to go on board in the meantime, and keep all right in the ship, and send the boat on shore the next day for me; ordering him, in the meantime, to cause the new captain, who was killed, to be hanged at the yard-arm, that these men might see him.

When the captain was gone, I sent for the men up to me to my apartment, and entered seriously into discourse with them of their circumstances. I told them I thought they had made a right choice; that if the captain carried them away, they would certainly be hanged. I showed them the new captain hanging at the yard-arm of the ship, and told them they had nothing less to expect.

When they had all declared their willingness to stay, I then told them I would let them into the story of my living there, and put them into the way of making it easy to them. Accordingly I gave them the whole history of the place, and of my coming to it, showed them my fortifications, the way I made my bread, planted my corn, cured my grapes; and in a word, all that was necessary to make them easy. I told them the story also of the sixteen Spaniards that were to be expected, for whom I left a letter, and made them promise to treat them in common with themselves.

Page 72

I left them my firearms, *viz*., five muskets, three fowling-pieces, and three swords. I had above a barrel and a half of powder left; for after the first year or two I used but little, and wasted none. I gave them a description of the way I managed the goats, and directions to milk and fatten them, and to make both butter and cheese.

In a word, I gave them every part of my own story, and I told them I would prevail with the captain to leave them two barrels of gunpowder more, and some garden seeds, which I told them I would have been very glad of. Also I gave them the bag of peas which the captain had brought me to eat, and bade them be sure to sow and increase them.

Having done all this, I left them the next day, and went on board the ship. We prepared immediately to sail, but did not weigh that night. The next morning early two of the five men came swimming to the ship's side, and, making a most lamentable complaint of the other three, begged to be taken into the ship for God's sake, for they should be murdered, and begged the captain to take them on board, though he hanged them immediately.

Upon this the captain pretended to have no power without me; but after some difficulty, and after their solemn promises of amendment, they were taken on board, and were some time after soundly whipped and pickled, after which they proved very honest and quiet fellows.

Some time after this the boat was ordered on shore, the tide being up, with the things promised to the men, to which the captain, at my intercession, caused their chests and clothes to be added, which they took, and were very thankful for. I also encouraged them by telling them that if it lay in my way to send any vessel to take them in, I would not forget them.

When I took leave of this island, I carried on board, for relics, the great goat-skin cap I had made, my umbrella, and my parrot; also I forgot not to take the money I formerly mentioned, which had lain by me so long useless that it was grown rusty or tarnished, and could hardly pass for silver till it had been a little rubbed and handled; as also the money I found in the wreck of the Spanish ship.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

GULLIVER IS SHIPWRECKED ON THE COAST OF LILLIPUT

By Jonathan Swift

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me

(although I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would

Page 73

be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden; there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages. Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander, with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors, but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that

Page 74

we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul." The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

Page 75

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose. I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, “Tolgo phonac;” when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, “Langro dehul san” (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon, immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an

Page 76

orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wing of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, "Hekinah degul." They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, "Borach mevola;" and when they saw the vessels in the air there was an universal shout of "Hekinah degul." I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who

Page 77

durst venture to mount and walk upon my body while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

[Illustration: PRODUCING HIS CREDENTIALS UNDER THE SIGNET ROYAL]

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, "Peplom selan;" and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right. But, before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

Page 78

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperors had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city. This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor’s largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

Page 79

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

Page 80

GULLIVER SEIZES THE ENEMY'S FLEET

By Jonathan Swift

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) of private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it; but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. "For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils: a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this may be, his majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe: and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court [*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch]. The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that an hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions; besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and

Page 81

Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers; whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-Endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral, which is their Alcoran. This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end; and which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine.

"Now, the Big-Endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for thirty-six moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

Page 82

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the northeast side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the northeast coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as pack-thread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and, putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived to the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searches. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little

Page 83

to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive it. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears, for, the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

His majesty desired I would take some opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-Endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from his design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested that I "would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery;" and when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

Page 84

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE TO THE MAN-MOUNTAIN

By Jonathan Swift

In amaze,
Lost, I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise!
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire.
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propt the skies:
See, and believe your eyes.

See him stride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods,
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake;
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound;
From his nose
Clouds he blows;

When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats;
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet, touch the sky.

AMONG THE BROBDINGNAGIAN GIANTS

By Jonathan Swift

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas were observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 9th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together: during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2d of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm; whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following; for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Page 85

Finding it was like to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the foresail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizzen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling. We reefed the foresail and set him, and hauled aft the fore sheet; the helm was hard-a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore downhaul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizzen, main topsail, and the fore-topsail. Our course was east-northeast, the wind was at southwest. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather braces and lifts; we set in the lee braces, and hauled forward by the weather bowlings, and hauled them right, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizzen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie. During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-southwest, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor aboard could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the northwest parts of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land. On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island, or continent (for we knew not whether); on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river, or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat

Page 86

and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure, but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a highroad, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now at least harvest, and the corn rising near forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him, with reaping hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of

Page 87

the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced though my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above ah hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and willfulness, in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded forever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this, I conceived, was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping hook. And, therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me; whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it may not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind, by the middle, between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air about sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes toward the sun,

Page 88

and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in; for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have in mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

[Illustration: THE HUGE CREATURE TROD SHORT]

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground upon all fours, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, and then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

Page 89

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me: but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behavior, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were set down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners), and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held

Page 90

me so high in the air that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favorite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the farther end of the table, above fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as is usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broken my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist.

Page 91

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon the subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colors, altogether disagreeable; although I must beg leave to say for myself that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me, one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose; nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them justice to say, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his laborers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, and found myself alone, in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked

Page 92

gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to draw the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding. I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after, my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to groveling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and to apply them to a benefit of public as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travelers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

ADVENTURES IN BROBDINGNAG

By Jonathan Swift

I should have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must needs show my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop,

and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Page 93

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis balls: however, I made a shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the lee side of a border of lemon-thyme; but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did, but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh molehill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

Page 94

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavoring to pick my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings, on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an England swan.

One day, a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted; and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyage, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us; and such a boat as I could manage

Page 95

would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet, upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

Page 96

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, that belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might have easily done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right forefoot, and held me as a nurse does a child, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his forepaws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

Page 97

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches' pocket, brought me down safe.

I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favors, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with which I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it, with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavor doing himself honor among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behavior very frequent in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty.

Page 98

GULLIVER'S ESCAPE

By Jonathan Swift

I had always a strong impulse that I should sometime recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. I was indeed treated with much kindness; I was the favorite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of humankind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country, and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual in my traveling box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed by silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock, while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure, with a board that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he hath near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the seaside. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued,—I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the seashore. I ordered him to set me down, and, lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful, melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told

Page 99

the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awakened with a violent pull upon the ring which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woeful condition I was in: that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it; for the sagacity and smell of this bird enable him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board. In a little time, I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a signpost in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak), and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute; and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated above five feet deep in water. I did then and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop, while he was defending himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slipboard on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

Page 100

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps not many travelers have been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed in pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast, or a rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could anything have preserved the windows but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside, against accidents in traveling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavored to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window; and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and, thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

Page 101

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up, by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, If there be anybody below, let them speak. I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out. I answered that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin. Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pygmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest, worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost: a fine hammock, an handsome field bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet; that my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me), he promised to give order as I desired, and going

Page 102

upon deck sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterwards found), they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hulk drop into the sea, which, by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind which I had rather forget.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he espied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his longboat, to discover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows and the wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and, fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest (as they called it) toward the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious bird in the air, about the time he first discovered me? To which he answered that, discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size; which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question.

Page 103

I then asked the captain how far he reckoned we might be from land. He said, by the best computation he could make, we were at least an hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel, without provisions; for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore, in the first port where we arrived. He added that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to the sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behavior while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational minds, so this honest, worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candor and veracity. But, further to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket (for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet). I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp stings, like joiners' tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring which one day she made me a present of, in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off, with my own hand, from a maid of honor's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard that when I returned to England I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

Page 104

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskillful surgeon, in a mistake, from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the toothache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it in paper, and making it public. My answer was that I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels; that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals, or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said he wondered at one thing very much, which was to hear me speak so loud; asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him it was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the street to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little, contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For, indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said that while we were at supper he observed me to look at everything with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nutshell; and so I went on, describing the rest of his household stuff and provisions after the same manner. For, although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at

Page 105

my own littleness as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, protested he would have gladly given an hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages; and the comparison of Phaethon was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven northeastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland kept our course west-southwest, and then south-southwest, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his longboat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight, but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveler I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate), for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pygmies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

Page 106

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding; but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the meantime, I here conclude the Second Part of my unfortunate Voyages.

DON QUIXOTE

DON QUIXOTE DETERMINES TO BECOME A KNIGHT

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

At a certain village in La Mancha, of which I cannot remember the name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, griefs and groans on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three quarters of his revenue; the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays; and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days. His whole family was a housekeeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse, and handle the pruning hook. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser, and a lover of hunting. Some say his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular); however, we may reasonably conjecture he was called Quixana; though this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

You must know, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round), he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with that application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with these amusements that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of that kind, by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had; but, among them all, none pleased him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Sylva; for the clearness of his prose and those intricate expressions with which it is interlaced, seemed to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the challenges, and the amorous addresses, many of them in this extraordinary style: “The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason does so enfeeble my reason that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty.” And this: “The sublime heavens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and fix you the deserver of the desert that is deserved by your grandeur.” These, and such like expressions, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman’s understanding, while he was breaking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been raised from the dead for that very purpose.

Page 107

He did not so well like those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinishable adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper, and faithfully and literally finish it himself; which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important designs.

He would often dispute with the curate of the parish, a man of learning, that had taken his degrees at Giguenza, who was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, the barber of the same town, would say, that none of them could compare with the Knight of the Sun; and that if any one came near him, it was certainly Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of a most commodious temper, neither was he so finical nor such a puling, whining lover as his brother; and as for courage, he was not a jot behind him.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that at nights he would pore on until it was day, and by day he would read on until it was night; and thus by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities; insomuch that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read, seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say, that the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the Knight of the Burning-sword, who, with a single backstroke, had cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who, at Roncesvalles, deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antaeus, the son of the Earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of him; for though he was one of that monstrous brood who ever were intolerably proud and brutish, he still behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his sallying out of his castle to rob all he met; and then again when abroad he carried away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as the history says; but he so hated that traitor Galalon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely, he would have given up his housekeeper; nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Page 108

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honor as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed cap-a-pie, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honor and renown. Transported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasped in imagination the imperial sceptre of Trebizond, and, hurried away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting; for, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single headpiece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or vizor, which, being fitted to the headpiece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a-doing. He did not like its being broken with so much ease, and therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so, without any further experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

It was time to look to his horse, who had more false quarter than real, being a worse jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*; however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner changed his profession, that the horse should also change his title, and be dignified with another; a good big word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus, after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante; a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now; in a word, a horse before, or above, all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

Page 109

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the author of this most authentic history draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would maintain. And observing that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and consequently would fix a lasting honor on that part of the world.

And now, his armor being scoured, his headpiece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. Should I, said he to himself, by good or ill fortune, chance to encounter some giant, as is common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome him and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valor? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: “Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extolled knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honor to dispose of me according to your will.” Oh! how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary submission of the giant; especially having withal bethought himself of a person on whom he might confer the title of his mistress! which, it is believed happened thus: Near the place where he lived dwelt a good likely country lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though, it is believed, she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereingty of his heart; upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess or lady of quality; so at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no less significative than the others which he had devised.

THE FIGHT WITH THE WINDMILLS

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Page 110

Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbors, a country laborer, and a good honest fellow, if we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse and poor in brains; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the poor clown consented to go along with him and become his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him that it was likely such an adventure would present itself as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises and many others, Sancho Panza (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbor's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend, and having patched up his headpiece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might also furnish himself with what he thought necessary; but above all he charged him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much afoot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause awhile; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it: however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honorably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnished himself with shirts and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the innkeeper's injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-by, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote happened to strike into the same road which he took the time before, that is, the plains of Montiel, over which he traveled with less inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning; at which time the rays of the sun, striking obliquely upon them, did not prove so offensive.

Page 111

As they jogged on, “I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant,” quoth Sancho to his master, “be sure you don’t forget what you promised me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big.”—“You must know, friend Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered. Now I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predecessors in generosity; for whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with services, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent; now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen that before we have passed six days together I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised.”—“Why, should this come to pass,” quoth Sancho Panza, “and I be made a king by some such miracle, as your worship says, then Joan Gutierez (my mis’ess) would be at least a queen, and my children infantas.”—“Who doubts of that?” cried Don Quixote. “I doubt of it,” replied Sancho Panza; “for I cannot help believing, that though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well upon Mary Gutierez’s head; for I must needs tell you, she’s not worth two brass jacks to make a queen of: no, countess would be better for her, an’t please you; and that too, God help her, will be as much as she can handsomely manage.”—“Recommend the matter to Providence,” returned Don Quixote, “’twill be sure to give what is most expedient for thee; but yet disdain to entertain inferior thoughts, and be not tempted to accept less than the dignity of a viceroy.”—“No more I won’t, sir,” quoth Sancho, “especially since I have so rare a master as your worship, who will take care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with.”

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, “Fortune,” cried he, “directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service

Page 112

to Heaven."—"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza. "Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."—"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go." "'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all." This said, he clapt spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them; far from that: "Stand, cowards," cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all!" At the same time, the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance." He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rozinante received. "Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your worship fair warning? Did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"—"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."—-"Amen, say I," replied Sancho. And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

Page 113

[Illustration: Covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rozinante received]

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice, for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventure in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, "I have read," said he, "friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broke his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder, or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak or holm tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honor to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe."—"Heaven grant you may," cried Sancho; "I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the fall."—"It does so," replied Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through them."—"Then I have no more to say," quoth Sancho; "and yet Heaven knows my heart, I should be glad to hear your worship hone a little now and then when something ails you: for my part, I shall not fail to bemoan myself when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as knights."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not only when he pleased, but as much as he pleased, whether he had any cause or no; for he had never yet read anything to the contrary in any books of chivalry.

THE INNKEEPER'S BILL

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Page 114

But Don Quixote, as we have said, found himself in an excellent temper; and his active soul loathing an inglorious repose, he presently was impatient to depart to perform the duties of his adventurous profession; for he thought those moments that were trifled away in amusements or other concerns only a blank in life; and all delays a depriving distressed persons and the world in general of his needed assistance. The confidence which he reposed in his balsam, heightened, if possible, his resolution; and thus carried away by his eager thoughts, he saddled Rozinante himself, and then put the pannel upon the ass, and his squire upon the pannel, after he had helped him to huddle on his clothes; that done, he mounted his steed; and having spied a javelin that stood in a corner, he seized and appropriated it to himself, to supply the want of his lance. Above twenty people that were in the inn stood spectators of all these transactions; and among the rest the innkeeper's daughter, from whom Don Quixote had not power to withdraw his eyes, breathing out at every glance a deep sigh from the very bottom of his heart; which those who had seen him so mortified the night before took to proceed from the pain of his bruises.

And now being ready to set forward, he called for the master of the house, and with a grave delivery, "My lord governor," cried he, "the favors I have received in your castle are so great and extraordinary that they bind my grateful soul to an eternal acknowledgment; therefore that I may be so happy as to discharge part of the obligation, think if there be ever a proud mortal breathing on whom you desire to be revenged for some affront or other injury, and acquaint me with it now; and by my order of knighthood, which binds me to protect the weak, relieve the oppressed, and punish the bad, I promise you I'll take effectual care, that you shall have ample satisfaction to the utmost of your wishes."—"Sir Knight," answered the innkeeper, with an austere gravity, "I shall not need your assistance to revenge any wrong that may be offered to my person; for I would have you to understand that I am able to do myself justice whenever any man presumes to do me wrong; therefore all the satisfaction I desire is, that you will pay your reckoning for horse-meat and man's meat, and all your expenses in my inn."—"How!" cried Don Quixote, "is this an inn?"—"Yes," answered the host, "and one of the most noted, and of the best repute upon the road."—"How strangely have I been mistaken, then!" cried Don Quixote; "upon my honor I took it for a castle, and a considerable one too; but if it be an inn, and not a castle, all I have to say is, that you must excuse me from paying anything; for I would by no means break the laws which we knights-errant are bound to observe; nor was it ever known, that they ever paid in any inn whatsoever; for this is the least recompense that can be allowed them for the intolerable labors they endure day and night, winter and summer,

Page 115

on foot and on horseback, pinched with hunger, choked with thirst, and exposed to all the injuries of the air and all the inconveniences in the world."—"I have nothing to do with all this," cried the innkeeper; "pay your reckoning, and don't trouble me with your foolish stories of a cock and a bull; I can't afford to keep house at that rate."—"Thou art both a fool and a knave of an innkeeper," replied Don Quixote, and with that clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his javelin at his host, he rode out of the inn without any opposition, and got a good way from it, without so much as once looking behind him to see whether his squire came after him.

The knight being marched off, there remained only the squire, who was stopped for the reckoning. However, he swore he would not pay a cross; for the selfsame law that acquitted the knight acquitted the squire. This put the innkeeper into a great passion, and made him threaten Sancho very hard, telling him if he would not pay him by fair means, he would have him laid by the heels that moment. Sancho swore by his master's knighthood he would sooner part with his life than his money on such an account; nor should the squires in after ages ever have occasion to upbraid him with giving so ill a precedent, or breaking their rights.

As ill luck would have it, there happened to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordova pointmakers, and two Seville hucksters, all brisk, gamesome, roguish fellows; who agreeing all in the same design, encompassed Sancho, and pulled him off his ass, while one of them went and got a blanket. Then they put the unfortunate squire into it, and observing the roof of the place they were in to be somewhat too low for their purpose, they carried him into the back yard, which had no limits but the sky, and there they tossed him for several times together in the blanket, as they do dogs on Shrove Tuesday. Poor Sancho made so grievous an outcry all the while that his master heard him, and imagined those lamentations were of some person in distress, and consequently the occasion of some adventure; but having at last distinguished the voice, he made to the inn with a broken gallop; and finding the gates shut, he rode about to see whether he might not find some other way to get in. But he no sooner came to the back-yard wall, which was none of the highest, when he was an eyewitness of the scurvy trick that was put upon his squire. There he saw him ascend and descend, and frolic and caper in the air with so much nimbleness and agility, that it is thought the knight himself could not have forborne laughing, had he been anything less angry. He did his best to get over the wall, but alas, he was so bruised, that he could not so much as alight from his horse. This made him fume and chafe, and vent his passion in a thousand threats and curses, so strange and various that it is impossible to repeat them. But the more he stormed, the more they tossed and laughed; Sancho on his side begging, and howling, and threatening, and cursing, to as little purpose as his master, for it was weariness alone could make the tossers give over. Then they charitably put an end to his high dancing, and set him upon his ass again, carefully wrapped in his mantle.

Page 116

But Maritornes, pitying a creature in such tribulation and thinking he had danced and tumbled enough to be dry, was so generous as to help him to a draught of water, which she purposely drew from the well that moment, that it might be the cooler. Sancho clapped the pot to his mouth, but his master made him desist. “Hold, hold,” cried he, “son Sancho, drink no water, child, it will kill thee; behold I have here the most holy balsam, two drops of which will cure thee effectually.”—“Ha,” replied Sancho, shaking his head, and looking sourly on the knight with a side face, “have you again forgot that I am no knight? Keep your brewings for yourself, in the devil’s name, and let me alone.” With that he lifted up the jug to his nose, but finding it to be mere element, he spirted out again the little he had tasted, and desired the wench to help him to some better liquor; so she went and fetched him wine to make him amends, and paid for it too out of her own pocket. As soon as Sancho had tipped off his wine, he visited his ass’s ribs twice or thrice with his heels, and, free egress being granted him, he trooped off, well content with the thoughts of having had his ends, and got off scot free, though at the expense of his shoulders, his usual sureties. It is true, the innkeeper kept his wallet for the reckoning; but the poor squire was so dismayed, and in such haste to be gone, that he never missed it. The host was for shutting the inn doors after him, for fear of the worst; but the tossers would not let him, being a sort of fellows that would not have cared for Don Quixote a straw, though he had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table.

THE BATTLE OF THE SHEEP

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

They went on discoursing, when Don Quixote, perceiving a thick cloud of dust arise right before them in the road, “The day is come,” said he, turning to his squire, “the day is come, Sancho, that shall usher in the happiness which fortune has reserved for me; this day shall the strength of my arm be signalized by such exploits as shall be transmitted even to the latest posterity. Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army marching this way, and composed of an infinite number of nations.”—“Why then, at this rate,” quoth Sancho, “there should be two armies; for yonder is as great a dust on the other side.” With that Don Quixote looked, and was transported with joy at the sight, firmly believing that two vast armies were ready to engage each other in that plain; for his imagination was so crowded with those battles, enchantments, surprising adventures, amorous thoughts, and other whimsies which he had read of in romances, that his strong fancy changed everything he saw into what he desired to see; and thus he could not conceive that the dust was only raised by two large flocks of sheep that were going the same road from different parts, and could not be discerned till they were very near; he was

Page 117

so positive that they were two armies, that Sancho firmly believed him at last. "Well, sir," quoth the squire, "what are we to do, I beseech you?"—"What shall we do," replied Don Quixote, "but assist the weaker and injured side? for know, Sancho, that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vast island of Taprobana; the other that advances behind us is his enemy, the king of the Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm, so called because he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare."—"Pray, sir," quoth Sancho, "why are these two great men going together by the ears?"—"The occasion of their quarrel is this," answered Don Quixote: "Alifanfaron, a strong Pagan, is in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a very beautiful lady and a Christian; now her father refuses to give her in marriage to the heathen prince, unless he abjure his false belief and embrace the Christian religion."—"Burn my beard," said Sancho, "if Pentapolin be not in the right on it; I will stand by him, and help him all I may."—"I commend thy resolution," replied Don Quixote, "it is not only lawful, but requisite; for there is no need of being a knight to fight in such battles."—"I guessed as much," quoth Sancho; "but where shall we leave my ass in the meantime, that I may be sure to find him again after the battle; for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charged upon such a beast."—"It is true," answered Don Quixote, "and therefore I would have thee turn him loose, though thou wert sure never to find him again; for we shall have so many horses after we have got the day that even Rozinante himself will be in danger of being changed for another."

Then mounting to the top of a hillock, whence they might have seen both the flocks, had not the dust obstructed their sight, "Look yonder, Sancho!" cried Don Quixote; "that knight whom thou seest in the gilded arms, bearing in his shield a crowned lion couchant at the feet of a lady, is the valiant Laurcalco, lord of the silver bridge. He in the armor powdered with flowers of gold, bearing three crows argent in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, the great duke of Quiracia. That other, of a gigantic size, that marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabias; he is arrayed in a serpent's skin, and carries instead of a shield a huge gate, which they say belonged to the temple which Samson pulled down at his death, when he revenged himself upon his enemies. But cast thy eyes on this side, Sancho, and at the head of the other army see the victorious Timonel of Carcaiona, prince of New Biscay, whose armor is quartered azure, vert, or, and argent, and who bears in his shield a cat or, in a field gules, with these four letters, MIAU, for a motto, being the beginning of his mistress's name, the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alfeniquen, duke of Algarva. That other monstrous load upon the back of yonder wild horse,

Page 118

with arms as white as snow, and a shield without any device, is a Frenchman, now created knight, called Pierre Papin, baron of Utrique; he whom you see pricking that pied courser's flanks with his armed heels is the mighty duke of Nervia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, bearing for device on his shield an asparagus plant with this motto in Castilian, *Rastrea mi suerte* (Divine my fate)." And thus he went on, naming a great number of others in both armies, to every one of whom his fertile imagination assigned arms, colors, impresses, and mottoes, as readily as if they had really been that moment in being before his eyes. And then proceeding without the least hesitation, "That vast body," said he, "that is just opposite to us is composed of several nations. There you see those who drink the pleasant stream of the famous Xanthus; there the mountaineers that till the Massilian fields; those that sift the pure gold of Arabia Felix: those that inhabit the renowned and delightful banks of Thermodon. Yonder, those who so many ways sluice and drain the golden Pactolus for its precious sand; the Numidians, unsteady and careless of their promises; the Persians, excellent archers; the Medes and Parthians, who fight flying; the Arabs, who have no fixed habitations; the Scythians, cruel and savage, though fair-complexioned; the sooty Ethiopians, that bore their lips; and a thousand other nations whose countenances I know, though I have forgotten their names. On the other side come those whose country is watered with the crystal streams of Betis, shaded with olive trees; those who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the golden Tagus; those whose mansions are laved by the profitable stream of the divine Genil; those who range the verdant Tartesian meadows; those who indulge their luxurious temper in the delicious pastures of Xerez; the wealthy inhabitants of La Mancha, crowned with golden ears of corn; the ancient offspring of the Goths, cased in iron; those who wanton in the lazy current of Pisuerga; those who feed their numerous flocks in the ample plains where the Guadiana, so celebrated for its hidden course, pursues its wandering race; those who shiver with extremity of cold on the woody Pyrenean hills or on the hoary tops of the snowy Apennines,—in a word, all that Europe includes within its spacious bounds, half a world in an army." It is scarce to be imagined how many countries he had run over, how many nations he enumerated, distinguishing every one by what is peculiar to them, with an incredible vivacity of mind, and that still in the puffy style of his fabulous books.

Sancho listened to all this romantic muster-roll as mute as a fish, with amazement; all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this side and the other side, to see if he could discern the knights and giants whom his master named. But at length, not being able to discover any, "Why," cried he, "you had as good tell me it snows; the devil of any knight, giant, or man can I see, of

Page 119

all those you talk of now; who knows but all this may be witchcraft and spirits, like yesternight?"—"How," replied Don Quixote; "dost thou not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets sound, and their drums beat?"—"Not I," quoth Sancho, "I prick up my ears like a sow in the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep." Sancho might justly say so indeed, for by this time the two flocks were got very near them. "Thy fears disturb thy senses," said Don Quixote, "and hinder thee from hearing and seeing right; but it is no matter; withdraw to some place of safety, since thou art so terrified; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that side which I shall favor with my assistance." With that he couched his lance, clapped spurs to Rozinante, and rushed like a thunderbolt from the hillock into the plain. Sancho bawled after him as loud as he could. "Hold, sir!" cried Sancho; "for heaven's sake come back! What do you mean? as sure as I am a sinner those you are going to maul are nothing but poor harmless sheep. Come back, I say. Woe to him that begot me! Are you mad, sir? there are no giants, no knights, no cats, no asparagus gardens, no golden quarters nor what-d'-ye-call-thems. Does the devil possess you? you are leaping over the hedge before you come at the stile. You are taking the wrong sow by the ear. Oh, that I was ever born to see this day!" But Don Quixote still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice, out-roared his expostulating squire. "Courage, brave knights!" cried he; "march up, fall on, all you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapolin with the naked arm; follow me, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana."

So saying, he charged into the midst of the squadron of sheep and commenced to spear them with his lance with as much gallantry and resolution as if he were verily engaging with his mortal enemies.

The shepherds and drovers, seeing their sheep go to wreck, called out to him; till finding fair means ineffectual, they unloosed their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists. But the champion, disdaining such a distant war, spite of their showers of stones rushed among the routed sheep, trampling both the living and the slain in a most terrible manner, impatient to meet the general of the enemy, and end the war at once. "Where, where art thou?" cried he, "proud, Alifanfaron? Appear! See here a single knight who seeks thee everywhere, to try now, hand to hand, the boasted force of thy strenuous arm, and deprive thee of life, as a due punishment for the unjust war which thou hast audaciously waged with the valiant Pentapolin." Just as he had said this, while the stones flew about his ears, one unluckily hit upon his small ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his body.

Page 120

The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded; and therefore calling to mind his precious balsam, and pulling out his earthen jug, he clapped it to his mouth; but before he had swallowed a sufficient dose, souse comes another of those bitter almonds, that spoiled his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug, hand, and teeth, that it broke the first, maimed the second, and struck out three or four of the last. These two blows were so violent that the boisterous knight, falling from his horse, lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain; so that the shepherds, fearing he was killed, got their flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead, which were no less than seven sheep, they made what haste they could out of harm's way, without looking any further into the matter.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hill, where he was mortified upon the sight of this mad adventure. There he stamped and swore, and banned his master to the bottomless pit; he tore his beard for madness, and cursed the moment he first knew him; but seeing him at last knocked down and settled, the shepherds being scampered, he thought he might venture to come down, and found him in a very ill plight, though not altogether senseless. "Ah! master," quoth he, "this comes of not taking my counsel. Did I not tell you it was a flock of sheep, and no army?"—"Friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "know, it is an easy matter for necromancers to change the shapes of things as they please: thus that malicious enchanter, who is my inveterate enemy, to deprive me of the glory which he saw me ready to acquire, while I was reaping a full harvest of laurels, transformed in a moment the routed squadrons into sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake; do but take thy ass, and follow those supposed sheep at a distance, and I dare engage thou shalt soon see them resume their former shapes, and appear such as I described them."

THE CONQUEST OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

At the same time it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have taken shelter in the fulling mills; but Don Quixote had conceived such an antipathy against them for the shame they had put upon him that he would by no means be prevailed with to go in; and turning to the right hand he struck into a highway, where they had not gone far before he discovered a horseman, who wore upon his head something that glittered like gold. The knight had no sooner spied him, but, turning to his squire, "Sancho," cried he, "I believe there is no proverb but what is true; they are all so many sentences and maxims drawn from experience, the universal mother of sciences; for instance, that saying that where one door shuts, another opens: thus fortune, that last night deceived us with the false prospect of an adventure, this morning offers us a real one to make us amends; and such an adventure, Sancho, that if I do not gloriously succeed

Page 121

in it, I shall have now no pretense to an excuse, no darkness, no unknown sounds, to impute my disappointment to: in short, in all probability yonder comes the man who wears on his head Mambrino's helmet, and thou knowest the vow I have made."—-"Good sir," quoth Sancho, "mind what you say, and take heed what you do; for I would willingly keep my carcass and the case of my understanding from being pounded, mashed, and crushed with fulling hammers."—"The block-head!" cried Don Quixote; "is there no difference between a helmet and a fulling mill?"—"I don't know," saith Sancho, "but I am sure, were I suffered to speak my mind now as I was wont, mayhap, I would give you such main reasons, that yourself should see you are wide of the matter."—-"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever!" cried Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head."—"I see what I see," replied Sancho, "and the devil of anything I can spy but a fellow on such another gray ass as mine is, with something that glitters o' top of his head."—"I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet," replied Don Quixote; "do thou stand at a distance, and leave me to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without trifling away so much as a moment in needless talk, I will finish this adventure, and possess myself of the desired helmet."—"I shall stand at a distance, you may be sure," quoth Sancho; "but God grant that it be not the fulling mills again."—"I have warned you already, fellow," said Don Quixote, "not so much as to name the fulling mills; dare but once more to do it, nay, but to think on it, and I vow to—I say no more, but I'll full your very soul." These threats were more than sufficient to padlock Sancho's lips, for he had no mind to have his master's vow fulfilled at the expense of his bones.

Now the truth of the story was this: there were in that part of the country two villages, one of which was so little that it had not so much as a shop in it, nor any barber; so that the barber of the greater village served also the smaller. And thus a person happening to have occasion to be let blood, and another to be shaved, the barber was going thither with his brass basin, which he had clapped upon his head to keep his hat, that chanced to be a new one, from being spoiled by the rain; and as the basin was new scoured, it made a glittering show a great way off. As Sancho had well observed, he rode upon a gray ass, which Don Quixote as easily took for a dapple-gray steed, as he took the barber for a knight, and his brass basin for a golden helmet; his distracted brain easily applying every object to his romantic ideas. Therefore, when he saw the poor imaginary knight draw near, he fixed his lance, or javelin, to his thigh, and without staying to hold a parley with his adversary, flew at him as fiercely as Rozinante would gallop, resolved to pierce him through and through; crying out in the midst of his career, "Caitiff, wretch, defend thyself, or immediately surrender that which is so justly my due."

Page 122

The barber, who, as he peaceably went along, saw that terrible apparition come thundering upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run through with his lance, but to throw himself off from his ass to the ground; and then as hastily getting up, he took to his heels, and ran over the fields swifter than the wind, leaving his ass and his basin behind him. Don Quixote finding himself thus master of the field and of the basin, “The miscreant,” cried he, “who has left this helmet, has shown himself as prudent as the beaver, who, finding himself hotly pursued by the hunters, to save his life, tears and cuts off with his teeth that for which his natural instinct tells him he is followed.”—Then he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet.—“On my word,” quoth Sancho, having taken it up, “it is a special basin, and as well worth a piece of eight as a thief is worth a halter.”

With that he gave it to his master, who presently clapped it on his head, turning it every way to find out the beaver or vizor; and at last seeing it had none, “Doubtless,” said he, “the pagan for whom this famous helmet was first made, had a head of a prodigious size; but the worst is, that there is at least one-half of it wanting.” Sancho could not forbear smiling to hear his master call the barber’s basin a helmet, and, had not his fear dashed his mirth, he had certainly laughed outright. “What does the fool grin at now?” cried Don Quixote.—“I laugh,” said he, “to think what a hugeous jolt-head he must needs have had who was the owner of this same helmet, that looks for all the world like a barber’s basin.”—“I fancy,” said Don Quixote, “this enchanted helmet has fallen by some strange accident into the hands of some person who, not knowing the value of it, for the lucre of a little money, finding it to be of pure gold, melted one half, and of the other made this headpiece, which, as thou sayest, has some resemblance to a barber’s basin: but to me, who know the worth of it, the metamorphosis signifies little; for as soon as ever I come to some town where there is an armorer, I will have it altered so much for the better, that then even the helmet which the god of smiths made for the god of war shall not deserve to be compared with it. In the meantime I’ll wear it as it is; it is better than nothing, and will serve at least to save part of my head from the violent encounter of a stone.”—“Ay, that it will,” quoth Sancho, “so it is not hurled out of a sling, as were those at the battle between the two armies, when they hit you that confounded dowse o’ the chops, that saluted your worship’s cheek-teeth, and broke the pot about your ears in which you kept that blessed drench.”—“True,” cried Don Quixote, “there I lost my precious balsam indeed; but I do not much repine at it, for thou knowest I have the receipt in my memory.”—“So have I, too,” quoth Sancho, “and shall have while I have breath to draw; but if ever I make any of that stuff, or taste it again, may I give up

Page 123

the ghost with it! Besides, I don't intend ever to do anything that may give occasion for the use of it, for my fixed resolution is, with all my five senses, to preserve myself from hurting and from being hurt by anybody. As to being tossed in a blanket again, I have nothing to say to that, for there is no remedy for accidents but patience, it seems; so if it ever be my lot to be served so again, I'll even shrink up my shoulders, hold my breath, and shut my eyes, and then happy be lucky, let the blanket and fortune even toss on to the end of the chapter."

"Truly," said Don Quixote, "I am afraid thou art no good Christian, Sancho, thou never forgettest injuries. Let me tell thee, it is the part of noble and generous spirits to pass by trifles. Where art thou lame? which of thy ribs is broken, or what part of thy skull is bruised, that thou canst never think on that jest without malice? for, after all, it was nothing but a jest, a harmless piece of pastime; had I looked upon it otherwise, I had returned to that place before this time, and had made more noble mischief in revenge of the abuse than ever the incensed Grecians did at Troy, for the detention of their Helen, that famed beauty of the ancient world; who, however, had she lived in our age, or had my Dulcinea adorned hers, would have found her charms outrivaled by my mistress's perfections;" and saying this, he heaved up a deep sigh. "Well, then," quoth Sancho, "I will not rip up old sores; let it go for a jest, since there is no revenging it in earnest."

DON QUIXOTE'S BATTLE WITH THE GIANTS

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Sancho Panza came running out of Don Quixote's chamber in a terrible fright, crying out, "Help, help, good people, help my master! He is just now at it, tooth and nail, with that same giant, the Princess Micomicona's foe; I never saw a more dreadful battle in my born days. He has lent him such a sliver, that whip off went the giant's head, as round as a turnip."—"You are mad, Sancho," said the curate, interrupted in his reading; "is thy master such a devil of a hero, as to fight a giant at two thousand leagues' distance?" Upon this, they presently heard a noise and bustle in the chamber, and Don Quixote bawling out, "Stay, villain, robber, stay; since I have thee here, thy scimitar shall but little avail thee;" and with this, they heard him strike with his sword, with all his force, against the walls.—"Good folks," said Sancho, "my master does not want your hearkening; why do not you run in and help him? though I believe there's no need now, for sure the giant is by this time dead, and giving an account of his ill life: for I saw his blood run all about the house, and his head sailing in the middle on it; but such a head! it is bigger than any wine skin in Spain."—"Death and hell!" cries the innkeeper, "I will be cut like a cucumber, if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not been hacking my wine skins that stood filled at his bed's head, and this coxcomb has taken the spilt liquor for blood." Then running with the whole company into the room, they found the poor knight in the most comical posture imaginable.

Page 124

He was standing in his shirt, and he wore on his head a little red greasy cast nightcap of the innkeeper's; he had wrapped one of the bed blankets about his left arm for a shield; and wielded his drawn sword in the right, laying about him pellmell; with now and then a start of some military expression, as if he had been really engaged with some giant. But the best jest of all, he was all this time fast asleep; for the thoughts of the adventure he had undertaken had so wrought on his imagination that his depraved fancy had in his sleep represented to him the kingdom Micomicon, and the giant; and dreaming that he was then fighting him, he assaulted the wine skins so desperately that he set the whole chamber afloat with good wine. The innkeeper, enraged to see the havoc, flew at Don Quixote with his fists; and had not Cardenio and the curate taken him off, he had proved a giant indeed against the knight. All this could not wake the poor knight, till the barber, throwing a bucket of cold water on him, wakened him from his sleep, though not from his dream.

Sancho ran up and down the room searching for the giant's head, till, finding his labor fruitless, "Well, well," said he, "now I see plainly that this house is haunted, for when I was here before, in this very room was I beaten like any stockfish, but knew no more than the man in the moon who struck me; and now the giant's head that I saw cut off with these eyes, is vanished; and I am sure I saw the body spout blood like a pump."—-"What a prating and a nonsense about blood and a pump, and I know not what," said the innkeeper; "I tell you, rascal, it is my wine skins that are slashed, and my wine that runs about the floor here, and I hope to see the soul of him that spilt it swimming in hell for his pains."—"Well, well," said Sancho, "do not trouble me; I only tell you, that I cannot find the giant's head, and my earldom is gone after it, and so I am undone, like salt in water." And truly Sancho's waking dream was worse than his master's when asleep. The innkeeper was almost mad to see the foolish squire harp so on the same string with his frantic master, and swore they should not come off now as before; that their chivalry should be no satisfaction for his wine, but that they should pay him sauce for the damage, and for the very leathern patches which the wounded wine skins would want.

Don Quixote, in the meanwhile, believing he had finished his adventure, and mistaking the curate, that held him by the arms, for the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before him, and with a respect due to a royal presence, "Now may your highness," said he, "great and illustrious princess, live secure, free from any further apprehensions from your conquered enemy; and now I am acquitted of my engagement, since, by the assistance of Heaven and the influence of her favor by whom I live and conquer, your adventure is so happily achieved."—"Did not I tell you so, gentlefolks?" said Sancho;

Page 125

“who is drunk or mad now? See if my master has not already put the giant in pickle? Here are the bulls, and I am an earl.” The whole company, except the innkeeper, were like to split at the extravagances of master and man. At last, the barber, Cardenio, and the curate having with much ado got Don Quixote to bed, he presently fell asleep, being heartily tired; and then they left him to comfort Sancho Panza for the loss of the giant’s head; but it was no easy matter to appease the innkeeper, who was at his wit’s end for the unexpected and sudden fate of his wine skins.

DON QUIXOTE MEETS THE LIONS

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

The history relates, that Sancho was chaffering with the shepherds for some curds, when Don Quixote called to him to bring his helmet; and finding that his master was in haste, he did not know what to do with them, nor what to bring them in; yet loth to lose his purchase (for he had already paid for them), he bethought himself at last of clapping them into the helmet, where having them safe, he went to know his master’s pleasure. As soon as he came up to him, “Give me that helmet, friend,” said the knight, “for if I understand anything of adventures, I descry one yonder that obliges me to arm.”

The gentleman in green, hearing this, looked about to see what was the matter, but could perceive nothing but a wagon, which made towards them; and by the little flags about it, he judged it to be one of his majesty’s treasure vans, and so he told Don Quixote. But his head was too much possessed with notions of adventures to give any credit to what the gentleman said. “Sir,” answered he, “forewarned, forearmed; a man loses nothing by standing on his guard. I know by experience that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I cannot tell when nor where nor in what shape they may attack me.” At the same time he snatched the helmet out of Sancho’s hands, before he could discharge it of the curds, and clapped it on his head, without examining the contents. The curds being thus squeezed, the whey began to run all about his face and beard; which so frighted him that, calling to Sancho, “What’s this,” cried he, “Sancho? What’s the matter with me? Sure my skull is growing soft, or my brains are melting, or else I sweat from head to foot! But if I do, I am sure it is not for fear. This certainly must be a dreadful adventure that is approaching. Give me something to wipe me, if thou canst, for I am almost blinded with the torrent of sweat.”

Sancho did not say a word, but giving him a cloth, thanked Heaven that his master had not found him out. Don Quixote dried himself, and taking off the helmet to see what it should be that felt so cold on his head, perceiving some white morsels, and putting it to his nose, soon found what it was. “Now, by the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso,” cried he, “thou hast put curds in my helmet, vile traitor and unmannerly squire!”—replied

Page 126

Sancho cunningly, and keeping his countenance, “if they be curds, good your worship, give them me hither, and I will eat them. But hold, now I think on it, the devil eat them for me; for he himself must have put them there. What! I dare offer to defile your helmet! you must know who dared to do it! As sure as I am alive, sir, I have got my enchanters too, that owe me a grudge, and plague me as a limb of your worship; and I warrant have put that nasty stuff there on purpose to set you against me, and make you fall foul on my bones. But I hope they have missed their aim this time, i’ troth! My master is a wise man, and must needs know that I had neither curds nor milk, nor anything of that kind; and if I had met with curds, I should sooner have put them in my belly than in the helmet.”—“Well,” said Don Quixote, “there may be something in that.”

The gentleman had observed these passages, and stood amazed, but especially when Don Quixote, having put on the helmet again, fixed himself well in the stirrups, tried whether his sword were loose enough in his scabbard, and rested his lance. “Now,” cried he, “come what will come; here am I, who dare encounter the devil himself in person.” By this time the wagon with the flags was come up with them, attended only by the carter, mounted on one of the mules, and another man that sat on the forepart. Don Quixote making up to them, “Whither go ye, friends?” said he. “What wagon is this? What do you convey in it? And what is the meaning of these flags?”—“The wagon is mine,” answered the wagoner; “I have there fast two brave lions, which the general of Oran is sending to his majesty, and these colors of our lord the king are to let the people understand that what goes here belongs to him.”—“And are the lions large?” inquired Don Quixote.—“Very large,” answered the man at the door of the wagon; “there never came bigger from Afric into Spain. I am their keeper,” added he, “and have had charge of several others, but I never saw the like of these before. In the foremost cage is a he-lion and in the other, behind, a lioness. By this time they are hungry, for they have not eaten to-day; therefore, pray, good sir, ride out of the way, for we must make haste to get to the place where we intend to feed them.”—“What!” said Don Quixote, with a smile, “lion whelps against me! Against me those puny beasts! And at this time of day? Well, I will make those gentlemen that sent their lions this way know whether I am a man to be scared with lions. Get off, honest fellow; and since you are the keeper, open their cages, and let them both out; for, maugre and in despite of those enchanters that have sent them to try me, I will make the creatures know, in the midst of this very field, who Don Quixote de la Mancha is.”—“So,” thought the gentleman to himself, “now has our poor knight discovered who he is; the curds, I find, have softened his skull, and mellowed his brains.”

Page 127

On this, Sancho came up to him. “O good dear sir!” cried he, “for pity’s sake, hinder my master from falling upon those lions by all means, or we shall all be torn a-pieces.”—-“Why,” said the gentleman, “is your master so arrant a madman, then, that you should fear he would set upon such furious beasts?”—“Ah, sir!” said Sancho, “he is not mad, but venturesome.”—“Well,” replied the gentleman, “I will take care of that;” and with that advancing up to Don Quixote, who was urging the lion-keeper to open the cage, “Sir,” said he, “knights-errant ought to engage in adventures from which there may be some hopes of coming off with safety, but not in such as are altogether desperate; for that courage which borders on temerity is more like madness than fortitude. Besides, these lions come not against you, nor dream of it, but are sent as a present to the king, and therefore, it is well not to detain them, or stop the wagon.”—“Pray, sweet sir,” replied Don Quixote, “go and amuse yourself with your tame partridge and your bold ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I know best whether these lion gentry are sent against me or no.” Then turning about to the keeper, “Sirrah! you rascal you,” said he, “either open your cages on the spot, or I vow to God, I will pin thee to the wagon with this lance.”—“Good sir,” cried the wagoner, seeing this strange apparition in armor so resolute, “for mercy’s sake, do but let me take out our mules first, and get out of harm’s way with them as fast as I can, before the lions get out; for if they should kill them, I should be undone forever, for that cart and they are all I have in the world to get a living with.”—“Thou man of little faith,” said Don Quixote, “take them out quickly, then, and go with them where thou wilt; though thou shalt presently see that thy precaution was needless, and thou mightest have spared thy pains.”

The wagoner on this made haste to take out his mules, while the keeper cried out loud, “Bear witness, all ye that are here present, that it is against my will I am forced to open the cages and let loose the lions; and that I protest to this gentleman here, that he shall be answerable for all the mischief and damage they may do; together with the loss of my salary and fees. And now, sirs, shift for yourselves, for, as for myself, I know the lions will do me no harm.” Once more the gentleman tried to dissuade Don Quixote from doing so mad a thing, telling him that he tempted Heaven in exposing himself to so great a danger. To this Don Quixote made no other answer, but that he knew what he had to do. “Consider, however, what you do,” replied the gentleman, “for it is most certain that you are very much mistaken.”—“Well, sir,” said Don Quixote, “if you care not to be spectator of an action which you think is like to be tragical, e’en put spurs to your mare, and provide for your safety.” Sancho, hearing this, came up to his master with tears in his eyes

Page 128

and begged him not to go about this undertaking, to which the adventure of the windmills, and the fulling mills, and all the brunts he had ever borne in his life, were but cakes and gingerbread. “Good your worship,” cried he, “here is no enchantment in the case, nor anything like it. I peeped even now through the grates of the cage, and I am sure I saw the claw of a true lion, and such a claw as makes me think the lion that owns it must be bigger than a mountain.”—“At any rate,” said Don Quixote, “thy fear will make him bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I chance to fall here thou knowest our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea—I say no more.” To this he added some expressions which cut off all hopes of his giving over his mad design.

The gentleman in green would have opposed him; but, considering the other much better armed, and that it was not prudence to encounter a madman, as Don Quixote seemed to be, he even took the opportunity, while he was hastening the keeper and repeating his threats, to march off with his mare, as Sancho did with Dapple, and the carter with his mules, every one making the best of their way to get as far as they could from the wagon before the lions were let loose. Sancho at the same time made lamentations for his master’s death; for he gave him up for lost, not questioning but the lions had already got him into their clutches. He cursed his ill fortune, and the hour he came again to his service; but for all his wailing and lamenting, he punched on poor Dapple, to get as far as he could from the lions. The keeper, perceiving the persons who fled to be at a good distance, fell to arguing and entreating Don Quixote as he had done before. But he told him again that all his reasons and entreaties were but in vain, and bid him say no more, but immediately dispatch.

Now while the keeper took time to open the foremost cage, Don Quixote stood debating with himself, whether he had best make his attack on foot or on horseback; and upon mature deliberation, he resolved to do it on foot, lest Rozinante, at sight of the lions, should be put into disorder. Accordingly he quitted his horse, threw aside his lance, grasped his shield, and drew his sword; then advancing step by step, with wondrous courage and an undaunted heart, he posted himself just before the door of the cage, commending himself to Heaven, and afterwards to his lady Dulcinea.

At this point it must be known, the author of this faithful history makes the following exclamation. “O thou most brave and unutterably bold Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou mirror and grand exemplar of valor! Thou second and new Don Emanuel de Leon, the late glory and honor of all Spanish cavaliers! What words shall I use to express this astonishing deed of thine! What language shall I employ to convince posterity of its truth! What praises can be coined, and eulogies invented, that will not be outvied by thy superior merit, though hyperboles

Page 129

were piled on hyperboles! Thou alone, on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with nothing but a sword, and that none of the sharpest, with thy single shield, and that none of the brightest, stoodst ready to receive and encounter the two fiercest lions that ever roared within the Libyan deserts. Then let thine own deeds speak thy praise, brave champion of La Mancha, while I am obliged to leave off, for want of words to maintain the flight." Here ended the author's exclamation, and the history goes on.

The keeper, observing the posture Don Quixote had put himself in, and that it was not possible for him to prevent letting out the lions, without incurring the resentment of the desperate knight, set the door of the foremost cage wide open; where, as I have said, was the male lion, who appeared of a monstrous bigness and of a hideous, frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in his cage, stretch out one of his paws, and rouse himself. After that he gaped and yawned for a good while, and then thrust out almost two spans of tongue, and with it licked the dust out of his eyes and face. Having done this, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared about with his eyes that looked like two live coals; a sight and motion enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. But Don Quixote only regarded it with attention, wishing he would leap out of the wagon, and come within his reach, that he might cut the monster piecemeal. To this height had his incredible folly transported him; but the generous lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his vaporing and bravados, after he had looked about him awhile, turned his tail, and having showed Don Quixote his hinder parts, very contentedly lay down again in his apartment.

Don Quixote, seeing this, commanded the keeper to rouse him with blows, and force him out. "Not I, indeed, sir," answered the keeper; "I dare not do it for my life; for if I provoke him, I am sure to be the first he will tear to pieces. Let me advise you, sir, to be satisfied with your day's work. 'Tis as much as the bravest can pretend to do. Then pray go no further, I beseech you: the door stands open, the lion is at his choice, whether he will come out or no, and since he did not come out at the first, I dare engage he will not stir out this day. You have shown enough the greatness of your courage. No brave combatant is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy, and wait for him in the field. If he comes not, that is his fault, and the scandal is his, and the crown of victory is the challenger's."

"'Tis true," replied Don Quixote. "Come, shut the door, honest friend, and give me a certificate under thy hand, in the amplest form thou canst, of what thou hast seen me perform; how thou didst open the cage for the lion; how I expected his coming, and he did not come out; how I stayed his own time, and instead of meeting me, he turned tail and lay down, I am obliged to do no more.

Page 130

So, enchantments avaunt! and Heaven prosper truth, justice, and true knight-errantry! Shut the door, as I bid thee, while I make signs to those that ran away from us, and get them to come back, that they may have an account of this exploit from my own mouth." The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance the handkerchief with which he had wiped off the deluge of curds from his face, began to call to the fugitives, who fled nevertheless, looking behind them all the way, and trooped on in a body with the gentleman at the head of them.

At last, Sancho observed the signal of the white flag, and calling out to the rest, "Hold," cried he, "my master calls to us; I will he hanged if he has not got the better of the lions." At this they all faced about, and perceived Don Quixote flourishing his ensign; whereupon recovering a little from their fright, they little by little came back, till they could plainly distinguish Don Quixote's voice; and then they came up to the wagon. As soon as they were got near it, "Come on, friend," said he to the carter; "put to thy mules again, and pursue thy journey; and, Sancho, do you give him two gold crowns for the lion-keeper and himself, to make them amends for the time I have detained them."—"Ay, that I will with all my heart," quoth Sancho; "but what is become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?" Then the keeper very formally related the whole action, not failing to exaggerate, to the best of his skill, Don Quixote's courage; how at his sight alone the lion was so terrified, that he neither would nor durst quit his stronghold, though for that end his cage door was kept open for a considerable time; and how upon his remonstrating to the knight, who would have had the lion forced out, that it was presuming too much upon Heaven, he had permitted, though with great reluctancy, that the lion should be shut up again. "Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote to his squire, "what dost thou think of this? Can enchantment prevail over true fortitude? No, these magicians may perhaps rob me of success, but of fortitude and courage it would be impossible."

Sancho gave the wagoner and the keeper the two pieces. The first harnessed his mules, and the last thanked Don Quixote for his bounty, and promised to acquaint the king himself with his heroic action when he came to court. "Well," said Don Quixote, "if his majesty should chance to inquire who did this thing, tell him it was the Knight of the Lions; a name I intend henceforth to take up, in lieu of that which I hitherto assumed, of the Knight of the Doleful Countenance; in which proceeding I do but conform to the ancient custom of knights-errant, who changed their names as often as they pleased, or as it suited with their advantage."

THE RIDE ON THE WOODEN HORSE

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

[An enchanter has revenged himself upon some ladies by putting heavy beards upon their faces. Don Quixote has been persuaded that the beards will vanish if he will take a journey of three thousand leagues on a wooden horse.]

Page 131

“Blind thy eyes, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and get up. Sure he that sends so far for us can have no design to deceive us! since it would never be to his credit to delude those that rely on his word; and, though the success should be contrary to our desires, still, it is not in the power of malice to eclipse the glory of so brave an attempt.”—“To horse, then, sir,” cried Sancho. “The beards and tears of these poor gentlewomen are sticking in my heart. And I shall not eat a bit to do me good till I see them as smooth as before. Mount, then, I say, and blindfold yourself first; for, if I must ride behind, it is a plain case you must get up before me.”—“That is right,” said Don Quixote; and, with that, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he gave it to the Disconsolate Lady to hoodwink him. She did so; but presently after, uncovering himself, “If I remember right,” said he, “we read in Virgil of the Trojan Palladium, that wooden horse which the Greeks offered the goddess Pallas, full of armed knights who afterwards proved the total ruin of Troy. It were prudent, therefore, before we get up, to see what Clavileno has within him.”—“You need not,” said the Disconsolate Lady; “I dare engage that Malambruno would not countenance any base or treacherous practice. Mount, Don Quixote, without fear; whatever accident befalls you, I dare answer for.” Upon this, Don Quixote mounted, without any reply, imagining that anything said concerning his security would be a reflection on his valor. He then began to try the pin, which was easily turned; and as he sat, with his long legs stretched at length without stirrups, he looked like one of those antique figures in a Roman triumph, painted or woven in Flemish arras.

Sancho, very leisurely and unwillingly, was made to climb up; and, fixing himself as well as he could on the crupper, felt it somewhat hard and uneasy. With that, looking on the duke, “Good my lord,” quoth he, “will you lend me something to clap under me; some pillow from the page’s bed, or the duchess’s cushion of state, or anything; for this horse’s crupper seems rather marble than wood.”—“It is needless,” said Trifaldi; “for Clavileno will bear no kind of furniture upon him; so that, for your greater ease, you had best sit sideways, like a woman.” Sancho did so; and after he had taken his leave they bound a cloth over his eyes; but presently after, uncovering them, with a pitiful look on the spectators, he prayed them with tears in his eyes to help him in this peril with two Paternosters and two Ave Marias, as they would expect the like charity themselves in such a condition!—“What! you rascal,” said Don Quixote, “do you think yourself at the gallows, and at the point of death, that you hold forth in such a piteous strain? Dastardly wretch without a soul, dost thou not know that the fair Magalona once sat in thy place, and alighted from thence, not into the grave, but into the throne of France, if there is truth in history? And do not I sit by

Page 132

thee, that I may vie with the valorous Peter, and press the seat that was once pressed by him? Come, blindfold thyself, poor spiritless animal, and let me not hear thee betray the least symptom of fear, at least not in my presence."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "let them bind me; but, if you will not let one say his prayers nor be prayed for, it is no marvel one should fear that we may have a legion of imps about us to deal with us, as at Peralvillo."

Now, both being hoodwinked, and Don Quixote perceiving everything ready, be began to turn the pin; and no sooner had he set his hand to it than the waitingwomen and all the company set up their throats, calling out, "Speed you well, valorous knight; Heaven be your guide, undaunted squire! Now, now, you fly aloft, cutting the air more swiftly than an arrow, while the gazing world wonders at your course! Sit fast, courageous Sancho! you do not sit steady; have a care of falling; for your fall would be greater than the aspiring youth's that sought to guide the chariot of the sun-god, his father." All this Sancho heard, and, girting his arms fast about his master, "Sir," quoth he, "why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their voices? Truly I hear them so plainly that one would think they were talking close by us."—"Never mind that," answered Don Quixote; "for in these extraordinary kinds of flight you can hear and see what you wish a thousand leagues off. But do not hold me so hard, for you will make me tumble off. I know not what makes thee tremble so, for I dare swear I never rode easier in all my life; our horse goes as if he did not move at all. Take courage, then; for the affair is in a good way, and we have the wind astern."—"I think so, too," quoth Sancho; "for I feel the wind puff as briskly here as if a thousand pairs of bellows were blowing on me at my back." Sancho was not in the wrong; for two or three pairs of bellows were indeed giving air; so well had the plot of this adventure been laid by the duke, the duchess, and their steward, that nothing was wanting to perfect it.

Don Quixote at last feeling the wind, "Sure," said he, "we must be risen to the second region of the air, where are engendered the hail and snow; thunder, lightning, and thunderbolts are produced in the third region; so that, if we mount at this rate, we shall be in the region of fire presently; and I do not know how to manage this pin, so as to avoid being scorched." At the same time some flax, easy to light and to quench at a distance, was clapped to the end of a long stick, and made their faces hot; and the heat affecting Sancho, he cried, "May I be hanged, if we be not come to this fire region or very near it; for the half of my beard is singed already. I have a mind to peep out and see whereabouts we are."—"By no means," answered Don Quixote, "but remember the true story of Doctor Torralva, whom the devil carried to Rome hoodwinked, and, bestriding a reed, in twelve hours' time setting him down in the tower of

Page 133

Nona, in one of the streets of that city. There he saw the dreadful tumult, assault, and death of Bourdon; and, the next morning, he found himself back in Madrid, where he related the story. Who said, as he went through the air, the devil bade him open his eyes, which he did, and then found himself as it seemed so near the moon that he could touch him with his finger; but durst not look towards the earth, lest his brains should turn. So, Sancho, we need not unveil our eyes, but trust to him that has charge of us, and fear nothing, for perhaps we only mount high, to come straight down upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a hawk or falcon falls upon a heron, to seize it more strongly from a height; for, though it appears to us not half an hour since we left the garden, we have, nevertheless, traveled over a vast tract."—"I know nothing of the matter," replied Sancho; "but of this I am very certain, that, if the Lady Magallanes, or Magalona, could sit this wooden crupper, she cannot have had very tender flesh."

This dialogue of the valiant pair was very pleasant all this while to the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company; and now, at last, resolving to put an end to this extraordinary and well-contrived adventure, they set fire with some tow to Clavileno's tail; and, the horse being stuffed full of fireworks, burst presently into pieces, with a mighty noise, throwing Don Quixote and Sancho to the ground half scorched. By this time the Disconsolate Lady and bearded regiment vanished out of the garden, and all the rest, as if in a trance, lay flat upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho, sorely bruised, got up, amazed to find themselves in the same garden whence they took horse, and to see such a number of people lie on the ground. But their wonder was increased by the appearance of a large lance stuck in the ground, and a scroll of white parchment fastened to it by two green silken strings, with the following inscription upon it, in golden characters:—

"The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Disconsolate Lady, and her companions, by solely attempting it. Malambruno is fully contented and satisfied. The waiting gentlewomen have lost their beards. King Clavijo and Queen Antonomasia have resumed their pristine shapes; and, when the squire's scourging shall be finished, the white dove shall escape the pernicious hawks that pursue her, and be lulled in the arms of her beloved. This is ordained by the Sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanters."

Don Quixote, having read this document, clearly understood it to refer to Dulcinea's disenchantment, and rendered thanks to Heaven that he had achieved so great a feat with so little danger, and brought back to their former bloom the faces of the venerable waiting-women, who had now disappeared; and approaching the duke and duchess, who had not yet come to themselves, he took the duke by the hand: "Courage, courage, noble sir," cried he, "there is no danger; the adventure is finished without damage, as you may read it registered in that record."

Page 134

The duke, as if he had been waked out of a sound sleep, recovered himself by degrees, as did the duchess and the rest of the company, who were lying prostrate in the garden, all of them acting the surprise and fear so naturally that the jest might have been believed earnest. The duke with half-closed eyes read the scroll; then, embracing Don Quixote, extolled him as the bravest knight the earth had ever possessed. As for Sancho, he was looking up and down for the Disconsolate Lady, to see what sort of a face she had got, without her beard. But he was informed that as Clavileno came down flaming in the air, the whole squadron of women with Trifaldi vanished immediately, but all of them shaved and without a hair upon their faces.

The duchess asked Sancho how he had fared in his long voyage? "Why, truly, madam," answered he, "when, as my master told me, we were flying through the region of fire, I wished to uncover my eyes a little, but my master would not suffer me to do so; yet, as I have a spice of curiosity still hankering after what is forbidden me, I shoved my handkerchief a little above my nose and looked down, and, as it seemed, spied the earth no bigger than a mustard seed; and the men walking to and fro upon it not much larger than hazelnuts; by which you may see how high we had got!"—"Have a care what you say, my friend," said the duchess; "for if the men were bigger than hazelnuts, and the earth no bigger than a mustard seed, one man must cover the whole earth."—"Like enough," answered Sancho; "but for all that, do you see, I saw it with a kind of a side look upon one part of it."—"Look you, Sancho," replied the duchess, "nothing can be wholly seen by a partial view of it."—"Well, well, madam," quoth Sancho, "I do not understand your views; I only know that as we flew by enchantment, so, by enchantment, I might see the whole earth, and all the men, which way soever I looked. If you do not believe this, you will not believe me either when I tell you that when I looked between my brows, I saw myself so near heaven, that between me and it there was not a span and a half. And, forsooth, it is a huge place! and we happened to travel that road where the seven she-goats are; and, faith and troth, I had such a mind to play with them (having been once a goatherd myself) that I should have burst, had I not done it. What do I do then but slip down very soberly from Clavileno without telling a soul, and played and leaped about for three-quarters of an hour, with the pretty nanny-goats, who are like so many marigolds or gilly-flowers; and Clavileno stirred not one step all the while."—"And while Sancho employed himself with the goats," asked the duke, "how was Don Quixote employed?"—"Truly," answered the knight, "I am sensible all things were altered from their natural course; therefore, what Sancho says seems no marvel to me. But, for my own part, I saw nothing either above or below, neither heaven nor earth, sea nor shore. I perceived,

Page 135

indeed, we passed through the region of the air, and even touched that of fire, but that we went beyond it is incredible; for, the fiery region lying between the sphere of the moon and the upper region of the air, it was impossible for us to reach that heaven where are the seven goats, as Sancho says, without being consumed; and, therefore, since we were not singed, Sancho either lies or dreams."—"I neither lie nor dream," replied Sancho; "do but ask me the marks of these goats, and by them you will see whether I speak truth or no."—"Prithee tell them, Sancho," said the duchess. "There were two of them green," answered Sancho, "two carnation, two blue, and one party-colored."—"That is a new kind of goats," said the duke. "We have none of those colors in our region of the earth."—"Sure, sir," replied Sancho, "you will make some sort of difference between heavenly she-goats and the goats of this world?"—"But, Sancho," said the duke, "among these she-goats did you ever see a he-goat." "Not one, sir," answered Sancho; "and I have been told that none has ever passed beyond the horns of the moon."

They did not think fit to ask Sancho more about his voyage; for they judged he would ramble all over the heavens, and tell them news of whatever was doing there, though he had not stirred out of the garden.

Thus ended, in short, the adventure of the Disconsolate Lady, which afforded sport to the duke and duchess, not only for the present, but for the rest of their lives; and to Sancho matter of talk for ages, should he live so long.

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, whispering him in the ear, "if thou wouldst have us believe what thou hast seen in heaven, I desire thee to believe what I saw in Montesinos's cave. I say no more."

THE THREE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND ODD LASHES

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

[Don Quixote believes that his Dulcinea may be freed from enchantment by Sancho Panza's inflicting upon himself of his own will "three thousand three hundred and odd lashes." Sancho has stopped at the fifth, and now the knight bribes him to continue.]

"For my part," said Don Quixote, "hadst thou demanded a fee for disenchanting Dulcinea, I can tell thee that I would have given it thee already. But I know not if a gratuity would accord with the cure; and I would not have the reward hinder the medicine. For all that, it seems to me that nothing will be lost by putting it to a trial. Look you, Sancho, to what you want, and scourge yourself at once, then pay yourself ready money with your own hand, since you keep my money." Sancho, opening his eyes and ears a span wide at this offer, gave consent in his heart to scourge himself

with a good will. “Ay, sir, now you say well,” quoth he to his master. “I am willing to dispose of myself to do you a pleasure in what may consist with my advantage, for my love for my children and wife makes me seem selfish. Tell me how much

Page 136

you will give me for each lash I give myself?”—“Were your payment, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “to be answerable to the greatness and quality of this cure, the wealth of Venice and the mines of Potosi would be small payment for thee. But see what you have of mine, and set the price on each stripe.”—“The lashes,” quoth Sancho, “are three thousand three hundred and odd, of which I have given myself five; the rest are to come. Let these five go for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand three hundred, which at a quartillo apiece—and I will not take less if all the world bid me—-they make three thousand three hundred quartillos, of which three thousand make fifteen hundred half-reals, which amounts to seven hundred and fifty reals; and the three hundred remaining make an hundred and fifty half-reals, and three-score and fifteen reals; put that with the seven hundred and fifty, and it comes altogether to eight hundred and twenty-five reals. This I will deduct from what I hold of yours, and will return home rich and well pleased, though well whipped. But one must not think to catch trout—I say no more.”—“O blessed Sancho! O amiable Sancho!” cried Don Quixote. “How shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve thee all the days that Heaven shall give us of life! If she recover from her lost state (and it is not possible that she fail to do so), her misfortune will turn to her felicity, and my defeat to the happiest triumph. And hark ye, Sancho! when wilt thou enter upon thy discipline? For if thou hastenest it, I will add further a hundred reals more.”—“When?” answered Sancho; “this very night without fail. Do you but order it that we lie in the fields under the open sky, and I will open my flesh.”

Night arrived, awaited by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety; and he fancied Phoebus had broken his chariot wheels, which made the day of so unusual a length,—-as is always the case with lovers, who never make allowance for the reckoning of their desires. At last they entered amongst some pleasant trees that stood a little out of the road, where, leaving empty the saddle and pannel of Rozinante and Dapple, they stretched themselves upon the green grass, and supped from Sancho’s wallet.

He, having made himself a heavy and flexible whip of Dapple’s headstall and reins, retired about twenty paces from his master, amidst some beeches. Don Quixote, observing him go with readiness and resolution, said, “Have a care, friend; do not hack thyself to pieces. Give one stripe time to await another. Thou shouldst not so hurry in the race that thy breath fails in the midst; go more gently to work, soft and fair goes furthest; I mean, do not give it thyself so sharply that strength fails thee before the desired number is reached. And that you lose not for a card more or less, I will stand at a distance and keep count on my beads of the strokes thou givest thyself. Heaven favor thee as thy good intention deserves.”—“Pledges

Page 137

do not hurt a good payer," said Sancho, "I mean to give it to myself in such a way that it hurts without killing me, for in this must lie the essence of this miracle." With that he stripped himself from the waist upwards, and seizing the lash began to lay on; while Don Quixote began to tell the strokes. But by the time Sancho had applied seven or eight lashes, he felt that the jest was a heavy one, and its price very cheap. Whereupon, after a short pause, he told his master that he had been deceived; for such lashes as these were each worth being paid for with a half-real, not a quartillo. "Go on, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "take courage, I will double the pay."—"God save us, let it rain stripes in that case," quoth Sancho. But the cunning knave left off laying on his back, and fell upon the trees, with groans every now and then, that one would have thought at each one of them he had been giving up the ghost. Don Quixote, who was tender-hearted, fearing he might make an end of his life, and that, by Sancho's imprudence, his wishes should not be attained, said, "On thy life, my friend, let this business rest at this point. This seems to be a very sharp sort of physic, and it will be well to take it at intervals. Rome was not built in a day. If I have not told wrong, thou hast given thyself above a thousand stripes; that is enough for the present; for, to use a homely phrase, 'the ass will carry his load, but not more than his load.'"—"No, no," quoth Sancho, "it shall never be said of me, 'When money's paid the arms are stayed.' Stand off a little, and let me lay on another thousand lashes or so, and then with another bout like this we shall have done with this job, and have something over."—"Since thou art so well in the humor," said Don Quixote, "I will withdraw, and Heaven strengthen and reward thee." Sancho fell to work so freshly that he soon fetched the bark off a number of trees; such was the severity with which he thrashed them! At length, raising his voice, and giving an outrageous blow to one of the beeches: "There!" cried he, "die thou shalt, Samson, and all that are about thee!" At the sound of this dismal cry, and the blow of the dreadful stroke, Don Quixote presently ran up, and laying hold on the twisted halter which served Sancho for a thong, "Fate forbid," cried he, "friend Sancho, that thou shouldst for my pleasure lose thy life, which has to serve for the maintenance of thy wife and children! Let Dulcinea stay for a better opportunity. I will contain myself within the limits of the hope that is nigh, and will wait till thou recoverest new strength, that the business may be accomplished to everybody's satisfaction."—"Well, sir," replied Sancho, "if it be your pleasure it should be so, so let it be, and welcome; and do so much as throw your cloak over my shoulders; for I am all in a sweat, and I have no mind to catch cold, for that is the danger that new disciplinants run." This Don Quixote did, and leaving himself unclad, covered

Page 138

up Sancho, who fell fast asleep till the sun waked him. Then they continued on their journey, which they brought to an end for that day at a village three leagues off. They alighted at an inn, for it was allowed by Don Quixote to be such, and not a castle, with deep ditch, towers, portcullises, and drawbridge; for since his defeat he spoke with more sense on all matters. He was lodged in a ground room, in which some old painted serge hangings, such as are often seen in villages, served for stamped leathers. On one of these was painted in a most vile style the rape of Helen, when the audacious guest stole her away from her husband, Menelaus; and on another was the story of Dido and AEneas,—the lady upon a lofty turret, as if making signs with half a sheet to her fugitive guest, who was flying from her across the sea in a frigate or brigantine. It was indicated in the two stories that Helen went with no very ill will, for she was smiling artfully and roguishly, but the fair Dido seemed to be shedding tears as large as walnuts from her eyes. Seeing which Don Quixote said, “These two ladies were unfortunate in not having been born in this age; and, above all, unfortunate am I for not having been born in theirs! For had I met those gentlemen, Troy would not have been burned, nor Carthage destroyed; for, by the death of Paris alone, all these miseries had been prevented.”—“I will lay you a wager,” quoth Sancho, “that before long there will not be a tavern, a victualing house, an inn, or a barber’s shop but will have the story of our deeds painted along it. But I could wish that it may be done by the hands of a better painter than he that drew these.”—“Thou art in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for this artist is like Orbaneja, a painter who was in Ubeda, who, being asked what he was painting, made answer, ‘Whatever it shall turn out;’ and if he chanced to draw a cock, he under-wrote, ‘This is a cock,’ lest any should take it for a fox. Of the same sort, it seems to me, Sancho, must be the painter or the writer (for it is all one) who produced the story of this new Don Quixote that has lately come out, for he painted or wrote ’whatever should turn out.’ Or he must be like a poet called Mauleon, who went about Madrid some years ago, and would give answers extempore to any questions, and when somebody asked what was the meaning of ’Deum de Deo,’ answered, ‘Done as one can do.’

“But setting this aside, tell me, Sancho, if you think of taking another turn to-night? and would you rather do it under a roof or in the open air?”—“Why, truly, sir,” quoth Sancho, “as to what I think of giving myself, it may be done as well at home as in the fields, but withal I could like it to be among trees; for methinks they keep me company, and help me marvelously to bear my sufferings.”

THE RETURN AND DEATH OF DON QUIXOTE

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Page 139

Finally, surrounded by boys, and attended by the curate and the bachelor, they entered the village, and got to Don Quixote's house, where they found at the door his housekeeper and his niece, that had already got the news of their arrival. Neither more nor less had been told to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, with her hair about her ears, and half dressed, dragging by the hand her daughter Sanchica, came running to see her husband. But when she found that he was not so well dressed as she thought a governor ought to be, she said to him, "What is the meaning of this, husband? You look as though you had come on foot, and tired off your legs! Why, you come more like a groveler than a governor!"—"Peace, Teresa," answered Sancho; "many a time when there are hooks, there are no flitches. Let us go home, and then I will tell thee wonders. I have taken care of the main chance. Money I have, which is the chief thing, earned by my own industry without wronging anybody."—"Hast thou got money, my good husband?" said Teresa. "Be it gained here or there, or however you like to gain it, you will have made no new sort of profit in the world." Sanchica, hugging her father, asked him if he had brought her anything, for she had been longing for him as for rain in May. Thus holding him by the girdle on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand, and his daughter leading Dapple, away they went to his house, leaving Don Quixote in his, under the care of his niece and housekeeper, in company with the curate and bachelor.

That very moment Don Quixote, regardless of times and seasons, took the bachelor and the curate aside, and in few words gave them an account of his defeat and the obligation he lay under of not leaving his village for a year, which, like a knight-errant bound by the strictness and discipline of knight-errantry, he was resolved to observe to the letter without infringing it one jot. And that he intended to make himself a shepherd for that year, and entertain himself in the solitude of the fields, where he might give play to his amorous thoughts with a loose rein, and employ himself in that pastoral and virtuous exercise; and he begged them, if they had not much to do, and if business of greater importance were not an obstruction, that they would please to be his companions; for he would provide sheep and cattle enough to give them the name of shepherds; and that he would have them know that the chief part of the undertaking was done, for he had provided them all with names that would fit them exactly. The curate asked him to tell them. Don Quixote told him he would himself be called the shepherd Quixotiz, and the bachelor the shepherd Carrascon, and the curate the shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza the shepherd Pancino.

Page 140

They were all struck with amazement at this new folly; but, in order that they might not have him leaving the village again on his chivalry, and hoping that within the year he might be cured, they came into his new design, and approved of his folly as if it were wise, offering their company in his employment. "And the more," said Samson Carrasco, "as everybody knows I am a most celebrated poet, and at every step I will compose verses pastoral, or courtly, or any that shall come more seasonably, so as to divert us in those groves where we shall range. But one thing, gentlemen, is most necessary, that each of us choose a name for the shepherdess he means to celebrate in his lays; and that we leave no tree, be it ever so hard, on which her name is not inscribed and cut, as is the use and custom of enamored shepherds."—"You are quite right," replied Don Quixote; "provided that I am free from seeking an imaginary shepherdess, since there is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the support of beauty, the cream of elegance, and, in short, the subject on which all praise may light, however hyperbolical it may be."—"That is true," said the curate; "but we shall seek out some shepherdesses of ordinary kind who, if they do not suit us squarely, will do so cornerwise." To which added Samson Carrasco, "And if they be wanting, we will give those very names we find in books, of which the world is full, such as Phyllises, Amaryllises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, Belisardas, which are to be disposed of in the markets, and can be purchased and kept as our own. If my mistress, or my shepherdess I should rather say, chance to be called Anne, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda; if Francisca, I will call her Francenia; and if Lucy, Lucinda, and so forth. And Sancho Panza, if he has to enter into this fraternity, may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza by the name of Teresayna." Don Quixote laughed at the turn given to the name. And the curate greatly applauded his virtuous and honorable resolution, and repeated his offer of bearing him company all the time that his compulsory employments would allow him. With this they took their leave of him, and begged and counseled him to take thought about his health by enjoying whatever was good for him.

Fate willed that the niece and the housekeeper, according to custom, had been listening to the discourse of the three, and so, as they went away, both came in to Don Quixote; and the niece said, "What is here to do, uncle! Now when we thought you were come to stay at home, and live like a sober, honest gentleman in your house, are you hankering after new crotchets, and turning into a

'Gentle shepherd, coming hither,
Gentle shepherd, going hence?'

Page 141

For by my troth, sir, the corn is now too old to make pipes of." To which the housekeeper added, "And will your worship be able to endure the summer noondays, and the winter's night frosts, and the howlings of the wolves? No, for certain, for this is the business and duty of strong men, cut out and bred for such work almost from their swaddling bands and long clothes. Ill for ill, it is even better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look ye, sir, take my advice, which is not given on a full meal of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head. Stay at home, look after your property, go often to confession, do good to the poor; and on my soul be it if ill comes of it."—"Peace, daughters," answered Don Quixote to them; "I know well what it behooves me to do. Help me to bed, for it seems to me I am not very well; and be assured that whether I now be a knight-errant or an errant-shepherd, I shall never fail to provide whatever you shall need, as you shall see indeed." And the good women took him to bed, brought him something to eat, and tended him with all possible care.

As human things are not eternal, always tending downwards from their beginnings till they reach their final end, especially the lives of men, and as Don Quixote held no privilege from heaven to stay the course of his, so his end and finish arrived when he least expected it. For whether it was from the melancholy that his defeat caused, or whether it was by the disposition of heaven that so ordered it, a fever took possession of him that confined him to his bed for six days.

All that time his friends the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, came often to see him, and his good squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bedside.

They, conjecturing that the regret of his defeat, and his being disappointed of his desire for Dulcinea's liberty and disenchantment, kept him in this case, essayed to divert him in all possible ways. The bachelor begged him to pluck up a good heart, and rise, that he might begin his pastoral life, for which he had already written an eclogue, which would confound all those that Sannazaro had ever written, and that he had already bought, with his own money, two famous dogs to watch their flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron, that a herdsman of Quintanar had sold him. But this had no effect on Don Quixote's sadness. His friends called in the doctor, who, upon feeling his pulse, did not very well like it; and said that in any case he should provide for the safety of his soul, for that of his body was in danger. Don Quixote heard this with a calm mind, but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who fell a-weeping bitterly, as if they already saw him dead before them. The physician was of opinion that melancholy and vexation were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote desired them to leave him alone, for he would sleep a little; they did so, and he slept for more than six hours straight off, as they say, so that the housekeeper and the niece thought that he would never wake.

Page 142

At the end of that time he awaked, and, with a loud voice said, “Blessed be Almighty God, who hath done me so much good. His mercies are without end, nor are they shortened or hindered by the sins of men.” The niece, hearkening very attentively to these words of her uncle, and finding more sense in them than there was wont to be in his talk, at least since he had fallen ill, asked him, “What is that you say, sir; has anything fresh happened? What mercies are these or what sins of men?”—“The mercies, niece,” answered Don Quixote, “are those that heaven has this moment vouchsafed to me, which, as I said, my sins do not prevent. My judgment is now free and clear, and the murky clouds of ignorance removed, which my painful and continual reading of those detestable books of knight-errantry cast over me. Now I perceive their nonsense and deceit, and am only sorry the discovery happens so late, when I want time to make some amends by reading others that would enlighten my soul. I find, niece, that I am at the point of death; and I would meet it in such a manner as to show that my life has not been so evil as to leave me the character of a madman. Send, my dear, for my good friends the curate, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will.” But this trouble the niece was saved by the entrance of the three. Don Quixote had scarcely seen them when he said, “Largess, good gentlemen, for I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, the same whom my behavior gave the surname of Good. I am now an enemy to Amadis de Gaul and all the endless crowd of his descendants; all the profane stories of knight-errantry are now hateful to me. I have a sense of my folly and the danger I have run by having read them; and now, through heaven’s mercy and my own experience, I abhor them.” When the three heard this, they concluded without doubt some new frenzy had possessed him, and Samson said to him, “Now, Signor Don Quixote, when we have just had news that the Lady Dulcinea is disenchanted, do you come out with this? and now we are upon the point of turning shepherds, to spend our lives singing like princes, do you wish to make yourself a hermit? Peace, on your life; come to yourself and leave idle tales.”

“Those which hitherto have been true, to my prejudice,” replied Don Quixote, “my death, with the assistance of heaven, shall turn to my advantage. I perceive, sirs, that I am dying with all speed. Put aside jests, and fetch me a confessor to confess me, and a scrivener to draw up my will, for in such straits as this a man must not play with his soul; and I beg that whilst Master Curate confesses me a scrivener may be fetched.”

Page 143

They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's words, and though in doubt they were inclined to believe him. And one of the signs by which they conjectured that he would die was his having changed so quickly from a madman to a sane person; for to the words already said he added many others so well spoken, so Christian, and so connected that they came, withal, to lose their doubts and to believe that he was sane. The curate made all the people leave the room, and stayed alone with him and confessed him. The bachelor went for the scrivener, and presently returned with him and with Sancho Panza, who, being informed by the bachelor in what state his master was, and finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to make wry faces and fall a-crying. The confession was ended and the curate came out saying, "Certainly about to die and certainly in his senses is Alonso Quixano the Good; we had best go in, that he may make his will." These tidings were a terrible blow to the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza, his good squire, so that it made the tears burst out of their eyes, and a thousand profound sighs from their hearts; for indeed, as on some occasion has been observed, whilst Don Quixote was plain Alonso Quixano the Good, and whilst he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of pleasant humor and agreeable behavior, and therefore he was beloved not only by his family, but by every one that knew him.

The scrivener, with the rest, went in, and after he had made the preamble of the will, and Don Quixote had disposed of his soul with all those Christian circumstances that are requisite, he came to the legacies, and said:—

"Item, it is my will that of certain moneys that Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire) holds, inasmuch as there have been between him and me certain accounts, both payments and receipts, there shall be no charge made, nor account demanded of him; but that if any shall remain over after he has paid himself what I owe him, the residue shall be his; it can be but small, and may it do him much good. And if, when I was mad, I was a party to making him governor of the island, I would now, in my right senses, give him the government of a kingdom, were it in my power, for the simplicity of his disposition and the fidelity of his character deserve it." And turning to Sancho he said, "Pardon me, my friend, that I have given thee occasion to appear mad like myself, making thee fall into the error in which I fell that there have been and are knights-errant in the world."—"Woe's me!" replied Sancho, all in tears, "do not die, dear master, but take my counsel, and live on a many years; the maddest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without any more ado, without being killed by anybody or finished by any other hands but those of melancholy. See you do not be slothful, but get up from this bed, and let us be off to the fields in our shepherd's clothing, as we had

Page 144

agreed. Who knows but behind some bush we may find the Lady Donna Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine a sight as there is to be seen? If it is that you will die of vexation at being conquered, lay the blame upon me, and say that through my not girting Rozinante well, they overthrew him. Especially as you will have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for one knight to overthrow another, and for him who is conquered to-day to be conqueror to-morrow."—"It is so," said Samson, "and honest Sancho is very much to the point in these matters."—"Soft and fair, gentlemen," said Don Quixote; "never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last: I was mad, and now I am in my senses; I was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and I am now (as I said before) Alonso Quixano the Good; may my repentance and my truth restore me to the same esteem you had for me before; and so let master scrivener go on.

"Item, I bequeath all my estate without reserve to Antonia Quixana, my niece here present, having first deducted from such of it as is best in condition what shall be necessary to discharge the bequests that I have made; and the first payment that she makes I desire to be that of the salary due to my housekeeper, for the time that she has served me, with twenty ducats more for a dress. I appoint Master Curate and Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, here present, to be my executors.

"Item, it is my will that if my niece Antonia Quixana be inclined to marry, she marry a man of whom she shall first have evidence that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and in case it shall appear that he does know, and nevertheless my niece shall wish to marry him and does so marry, she is to forfeit all that I have bequeathed to her, which my executors are empowered to dispose of in pious works, as they shall think proper.

"Item, I entreat the said gentlemen, my executors, that if by good fortune they come to know the author who is said to have composed a story which goes by the title of "The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha," they most heartily beg his pardon from me, for being undesignedly the occasion of his writing so many and such great follies as he has written in it; for I quit this life with regret for having given him a motive for writing them."

Herewith finished the will, and, falling into a swoon, he lay at full length in the bed. They were all alarmed, and ran to his assistance; and for the space of three days that he lived after he had made his will he fainted continually.

The whole family was in confusion; and yet, for all that, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza cheered himself; for this matter of inheriting somewhat effaces or alleviates in the inheritor the thought of sorrow that it is natural for a dead man to leave behind.

Page 145

In short, Don Quixote's last day came, after he had received all the sacraments, and, by many and weighty arguments, showed his abhorrence of the books of knight-errantry. The scrivener, who was by, said he had never read in any book of chivalry of any knight-errant who had ever died in his bed so quietly and like a good Christian as Don Quixote, who, amidst the compassion and tears of those who were by, gave up the ghost, or, to speak plainly, died; which, when the curate perceived, he desired the scrivener to give him a certificate, how Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had departed out of this present life, and died a natural death. This testimony he desired, to remove opportunity from any other author but Cid Hamet Benengeli to falsely resuscitate him, and write endless histories of his adventures.

This was the end of the INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA, whose native place Cid Hamet has not thought fit precisely to mention, with design that all the towns and villages in La Mancha should contend amongst themselves for the honor of adopting and keeping him as their own, as the seven cities of Greece did for Homer. We omit here the lamentations of Sancho, of Don Quixote's niece and the housekeeper, and the new epitaphs upon his tomb; but Samson Carrasco set this upon it:—

"A valiant gentleman lies here,
So brave that, to his latest breath,
Immortal glory was his care,
And made him triumph over death.

Of small account he held the world,
Whose fears its ridicule belied;
And if he like a madman lived,
At least he like a wise one died."

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE STORY OF ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

I

In one of the large and rich cities of China there once lived a tailor named Mustapha. He was so poor that by the hardest daily labor he could barely support himself and his family, which consisted only of his wife and a son.

This son, Aladdin, was a very careless, idle, and disobedient fellow. He would leave home early in the morning and play all day in the streets and public places. When he was old enough, his father tried to teach him the tailor's trade, but Mustapha no sooner turned his back than the boy was gone for the day. He was frequently punished, but in vain; and at last the father gave him up as a hopeless idler, and in a few months died of the grief Aladdin caused him.

The boy, now free from restraint, became worse than ever. Until he was fifteen, he spent all his time with idle companions, never thinking how useless a man this would make of him. Playing thus with his evil mates one day, a stranger passing by stood to observe him.

The stranger was a person known as the African magician. Only two days before, he had arrived from Africa, his native country; and, seeing in Aladdin's face something that showed the boy to be well fitted for his purposes, he had taken pains to learn all that he could find out about him.

Page 146

“Child,” he said to Aladdin, calling him aside, “was not your father called Mustapha the tailor?”

“Yes, sir,” answered the boy; “but he has been dead a long time.”

Then the African magician embraced Aladdin and kissed him, saying with tears in his eyes, “I am your uncle. I knew you at first sight; you are so like my dear brother.” Then he gave the boy a handful of money, and said, “Give my love to your mother, and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow, that I may see where my good brother lived and died.”

“You have no uncle,” said Aladdin’s mother when she had heard his story. “Neither your father nor I ever had a brother.”

Again the next day the magician found Aladdin playing in the streets, and embraced him as before, and put two pieces of gold into his hand, saying, “Carry this to your mother. Tell her I shall come to sup with you to-night; but show me first where you live.”

This done, Aladdin ran home with the money, and all day his mother made ready to receive their guest. Just as they began to fear that he might not find the house, the African magician knocked at the door, and came in, bringing wine and fruits of every sort. After words of greeting to them both, he asked only to be placed where he might face the sofa on which Mustapha used to sit.

“My poor brother!” he exclaimed. “How unhappy am I, not to have come soon enough to give you one last embrace!”

Then he told Aladdin’s mother how he had left their native land of China forty years ago, had traveled in many lands, and finally settled in Africa. The desire had seized him to see his brother and his home once more, and therefore he had come, alas! too late.

When the widow wept at the thought of her husband, the African magician turned to Aladdin and asked, “What business do you follow? Are you of any trade?”

The boy hung his head, and his mother added to his shame by saying, “Aladdin is an idle fellow. He would not learn his father’s trade, and now will not heed me, but spends his time where you found him, in the streets. Unless you can persuade him to mend his ways, some day I must turn him out to shift for himself.”

Again the widow wept, and the magician said,—

“This is not well, nephew. But there are many trades beside your father’s. What say you to having a shop, which I will furnish for you with fine stuffs and linens? Tell me freely.”

This seemed an easy life, and Aladdin, who hated work, jumped at the plan. “Well, then,” said the magician, “come with me to-morrow, and, after clothing you handsomely, we will open the shop.”

Soon after supper the stranger took his leave. On the next day he bought the boy his promised clothes, and entertained him with a company of merchants at his inn. When he brought Aladdin home to his mother at night, she called down many blessings on his head for all his kindness.

Page 147

Early the next morning the magician came for Aladdin, saying they would spend that day in the country, and on the next would buy the shop. So away they walked through the gardens and palaces outside one of the gates of the city. Each palace seemed more beautiful than the last, and they had gone far before Aladdin thought the morning half gone. By the brink of a fountain they rested, and ate the cakes and fruit which the magician took from his girdle. At the same time he gave the boy good advice about the company he should keep. On they went again after their repast, still farther into the country, till they nearly reached the place, between two mountains, where the magician intended to do the work that had brought him from Africa to China.

“We will go no farther now,” said he to Aladdin. “I will show you here some strange things. While I strike a light, gather me all the loose, dry sticks you can see, to kindle a fire with.”

There was soon a great heap of them, and when they were in a blaze the magician threw in some incense, and spoke magical words which Aladdin did not understand.

This was scarcely done when the earth opened just before the magician, and they both saw a stone with a brass ring fixed in it. Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, but the magician seized him and gave him a box on the ear that knocked him down.

“What have I done, to be treated so?” cried Aladdin, trembling.

“I am your uncle,” was the answer; “I stand in your father’s place; make no replies. But, child,” he added, softening, “do not be afraid. I shall ask nothing but that you obey me promptly, if you would have the good things I intend for you. Know, then, that under this stone there is a treasure that will make you richer than the greatest monarch on earth. No one but yourself may lift this stone or enter the cave; so you must do instantly whatever I command, for this is a matter of great importance to both of us.”

“Well, uncle, what is to be done?” said Aladdin, losing his fear.

“Take hold of the ring and lift up that stone.”

“Indeed, uncle, I am not strong enough; you must help me.”

“No,” said the magician; “if I help you we can do nothing. Lift it yourself, and it will come easily.” Aladdin obeyed, raised the stone with ease, and laid it on one side.

When the stone was pulled up, there appeared a staircase about three or four feet deep, leading to a door. “Descend, my son,” said the magician, “and open that door. It will lead you into a palace divided into three great halls. Before you enter the first, tuck up your robe with care. Pass through the three halls, but never touch the walls, even with your clothes. If you do you will die instantly. At the end of the third hall you will find

a door opening into a garden planted with trees loaded with fine fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before

Page 148

you, and in the niche a lighted lamp. Take it down and put it out. Throw away the wick and pour out the liquor, which is not oil and will not hurt your clothes; then put the lamp into your waistband and bring it to me." The magician then took a ring from his finger and put it on Aladdin's, saying, "This is a talisman against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go, therefore, boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin descended, found all to be as the magician had said, and carefully obeyed his orders. When he had put the lamp into his waistband, he wondered at the beauty of the fruit in the garden, white, red, green, blue, purple, yellow, and of all other colors, and gathered some of every sort. The fruits were really precious jewels; but Aladdin, ignorant of their immense value, would have preferred figs, grapes, or pomegranates. Nevertheless, he filled two purses his uncle had given him, besides the skirts of his vest, and crammed his bosom as full as it would hold.

Then he returned with extreme care, and found the magician anxiously waiting.

"Pray, uncle," he said, "lend me your hand to help me out."

"Give me the lamp first," replied the magician. "It will be troublesome to you."

"Indeed, uncle, I cannot now, but I will as soon as I am up."

The magician was bent on taking it at once from his hand, but the boy was so laden with his fruit that he flatly refused to give it over before getting out of the cave. This drove the magician into such a passion that he threw more incense into the fire, spoke two magical words, and instantly the stone moved back into its place, with the earth above it, as it had been when they first reached the spot. Aladdin now saw that he had been deceived by one who was not his uncle, but a cruel enemy. In truth, this man had learned from his magic books about the secret and value of the wonderful lamp, which would make him richer than any earthly ruler if he could but receive it freely given into his hands by another person. He had chosen Aladdin for this purpose, and when it failed he set out immediately on his return to Africa, but avoided the town, that none might ask him what had become of the boy.

II

Aladdin was indeed in a sorry plight. He called for his uncle, but in vain. The earth was closed above him, and the palace door at the foot of the steps. His cries and tears brought him no help. At last he said, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high God;" and in joining his hands to pray he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger. Instantly a genie of frightful aspect appeared and said, "What wouldst

thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring on thy finger, —I and the other slaves of that ring."

At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at the sight of such a figure; but his danger gave him courage to say, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place."

Page 149

He had no sooner spoken these words than he found himself outside the cave, of which no sign was to be seen on the surface of the earth. He lost no time in making his way home, where he fainted from weakness, and afterwards told his mother of his strange adventure. They were both very bitter against the cruel magician, but this did not prevent Aladdin from sleeping soundly until late the next morning. As there was nothing for breakfast, he bethought him of selling the lamp in order to buy food. “Here it is,” said his mother, “but it is very dirty. If I rub it clean I believe it will bring more.”

No sooner had she begun to rub it than a hideous genie of gigantic size appeared before her, and said in a voice of thunder, “What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have the lamp in their hands,—I and the other slaves of the lamp.”

In terror at the sight, Aladdin’s mother fainted; but the boy, who had already seen a genie, said boldly, “I am hungry; bring me something to eat.”

[Illustration: NO SOONER HAD SHE BEGUN TO RUB IT THAN A HIDEOUS GENIE OF GIGANTIC SIZE APPEARED BEFORE HER AND SAID IN A VOICE OF THUNDER: “WHAT WOULD’ST THOU HAVE? I AM READY TO OBEY THEE AS THY SLAVE, AND THE SLAVE OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE THE LAMP IN THEIR HANDS, —I AND THE OTHER SLAVES OF THE LAMP.” IN TERROR AT THE SIGHT ALADDIN’S MOTHER FAINTED, BUT THE BOY, WHO HAD ALREADY SEEN A GENIE, SAID BOLDLY, “I AM HUNGRY; BRING ME SOMETHING TO EAT”]

The genie disappeared, and returned in an instant with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered silver dishes filled with tempting viands, six large white bread cakes on two plates, two flagons of wine, and two silver cups. All these he placed upon a carpet, and disappeared before Aladdin’s mother had come out of her swoon.

When she was herself again, they satisfied their hunger, and still there was enough food for the rest of that day and two meals on the next. This they put aside, and Aladdin’s mother made him tell of all that had passed between him and the genie during her swoon. The simple woman thought it all a dangerous and wicked business, and begged Aladdin to sell both the lamp and the ring; but he persuaded her to let him keep them both, on the condition that she should have nothing to do with genies again.

When they had eaten all the food left from the feast the genie brought, Aladdin sold the silver plates one by one to a Jew, who cheated him by paying but a small part of their value, and yet made the boy think himself rich. The tray he sold last, and when the money it brought was spent he rubbed the lamp again, and again the genie appeared, and provided the mother and son with another feast and other silver dishes. These kept them in funds for some time longer, especially as Aladdin had the good fortune to meet with an honest goldsmith, who paid him the full value of the metal. Aladdin, all the while, by visiting the shops of merchants, was gaining knowledge of the world and a

desire to improve himself. From the jewelers he came to know that the fruits he had gathered when he got the lamp were not merely colored glass, but stones of untold value, the rarest in the city. This, however, he had the prudence not to tell to any one, even his mother.

Page 150

III

One day, as Aladdin was walking about the town, he heard an order proclaimed that the people should close their shops and houses and keep within doors while the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the Sultan's daughter, should go to the bath and return. Aladdin was filled with an eager desire to see the face of the princess, and contrived to place himself behind the door of the bath. When she was a few paces away from it she removed her veil, and Aladdin saw for a moment one of the most beautiful faces in the world. When she passed by him he quitted his hiding-place, and went home thoughtful and grave.

"Are you ill?" asked his mother.

"No," he answered, "but I love the princess more than I can express, and am resolved that I will ask her in marriage of the Sultan."

His mother thought him mad, but Aladdin said, "I have the slaves of the lamp and the ring to help me," and then told her for the first time what riches he possessed in the jewels brought from the underground palace. "These," he said, "will secure the favor of the Sultan. You have a large porcelain dish fit to hold them; fetch it, and let us see how they will look when we have arranged them according to their different colors."

Their eyes were dazzled by the splendor of the jewels when they were arranged in the dish, and Aladdin's mother consented at once to take them to the Sultan, and ask his daughter's hand for her son.

Early the next morning she wrapped the dish in two fine napkins and set out for the palace. Though the crowd was great, she made her way into the divan, or audience hall, and placed herself just before the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, and other lords who sat beside him. But there were many cases for him to hear and judge, and her turn did not come that day. She told Aladdin that she was sure the Sultan saw her, and that she would try again.

For six days more she carried the jewels to the divan, and stood in the same place. On the sixth the Sultan, as he was leaving the hall, said to the Grand Vizier, "For some time I have observed a certain woman standing near me every day with something wrapped in a napkin. If she comes again, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say."

On the next day, therefore, she was called forward. She bowed her head till it touched the carpet on the platform of the throne. Then the Sultan bade her rise and said,—

"Good woman, I have observed you many days. What business brings you here?"

"Monarch of monarchs," she replied, "I beg you to pardon the boldness of my petition."

“Well,” said the Sultan, “I will forgive you, be it what it may, and no hurt shall come to you. Speak boldly.”

This gave her heart to tell the errand on which her son had sent her. The Sultan listened without anger till she was done, and then asked what she had brought tied up in the napkin. She took the china dish, which she had set down at the foot of the throne, untied it, and presented it to the Sultan.

Page 151

His wonder knew no bounds when he looked upon the jewels. Not until he received the gift from the woman's hands could he find words to say, "How rich! how beautiful!"

Then he turned to the Grand Vizier and said, "Behold, admire, wonder! and confess that your eyes never beheld jewels so rich and beautiful before. What sayest thou to such a present? Is it not worthy of the princess, my daughter? Ought I not to bestow her on one who values her at so great a price?"

"I cannot but own," replied the Grand Vizier, "that the present is worthy of the princess. But wait for three months. Before that time I hope my son, whom you regard with favor, will be able to make a nobler present than this Aladdin, of whom your majesty knows nothing."

The Sultan granted this request, and said to Aladdin's mother,—

"Good woman, go home, and tell your son that I agree to what you have proposed, but I cannot marry the princess, my daughter, for three months. At the end of that time come again."

The news which Aladdin's mother brought home filled him and her with joy. From that time forth he counted every week, day, and hour as they passed. When two of the three months were gone, Aladdin's mother went out one evening to buy some oil, and found the streets full of joyful people, and officers busy with preparations for some festival.

"What does it mean?" she asked the oil merchant.

"Whence came you, good woman," said he, "that you do not know that the Grand Vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the Sultan's daughter, to-night?"

Home she ran to Aladdin and cried, "Child, you are undone! the Sultan's fine promises will come to nought. This night the Grand Vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor."

Aladdin was thunderstruck, but wasted no time in idle words against the Sultan. He went at once to his chamber, took the lamp, rubbed it in the same place as before, when instantly the genie appeared, and said to him,—

"What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave,—I and the other slaves of the lamp."

"Hear me," said Aladdin; "thou hast hitherto obeyed me, but now I am about to impose on thee a harder task. The Sultan's daughter, who was promised me as my bride, will this night be wed to the son of the Grand Vizier. Bring them both hither to me when they are married."

“Master,” replied the genie, “I obey you.”

Aladdin did not have to wait long after supping with his mother and going to his chamber to be shown again that the genie was indeed his faithful slave. On this night and the next the princess and the Grand Vizier’s son were borne away from the Sultan’s palace in a manner which none could understand, not even they themselves. The strange event was told to few, but the Sultan was one of them. He consulted with the Grand Vizier, and, as both of these parents feared to expose the young couple to further dangers from unseen foes, the marriage was canceled, and all the merrymaking in honor of it was stopped. None but Aladdin knew the cause of all the trouble, and he kept his secret to himself. Least of all did the Sultan and Grand Vizier, who had quite forgotten Aladdin, suspect that he had a hand in the matter.

Page 152

IV

Of course Aladdin had not forgotten the Sultan's promise, and on the very day which ended the three months, his mother came again to the divan, and stood in her old place. When the Sultan saw her she was called forward, and, having bowed to the floor, she said,—

"Sire, I come at the end of three months to ask you to fulfill the promise you made to my son."

The Sultan could hardly believe the request had been made in earnest, and, after a few words with the Grand Vizier, decided to propose terms which one of Aladdin's humble position could not possibly fulfill.

"Good woman," he said, "it is true that sultans ought to abide by their word, and I am ready to keep mine. But as I cannot marry my daughter without further proof that your son will be able to support her in royal state, you may tell him that I will fulfill my promise so soon as he shall send me forty trays of massy gold, full of the same sort of jewels you have already given me, and carried by forty black slaves, who shall be led by as many young and handsome white slaves, all dressed magnificently. When this is done, I will bestow my daughter, the princess, upon him. Go, good woman, and tell him so, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

As Aladdin's mother hurried home she laughed to think how far the Sultan's demand would be beyond her son's power. "He awaits your answer," she said to Aladdin when she had told him all, and added, laughing, "I believe he may wait long."

"Not so long as you think," replied Aladdin. "This demand is a mere trifle. I will prepare to answer it at once."

In his own chamber he summoned the genie of the lamp, who appeared without delay, and promised to carry out Aladdin's commands. Within a very short time, a train of forty black slaves, led by as many white slaves, appeared opposite the house in which Aladdin lived. Each black slave carried on his head a basin of massy gold, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Aladdin then said to his mother,—

"Madam, pray lose no time. Go to the Sultan before he leaves the divan, and make this gift to him, that he may see how ardently I desire his daughter's hand."

With Aladdin's mother at its head, the procession began to move through the streets, which were soon filled with people praising the beauty and bearing of the slaves, splendidly dressed, and walking at an equal distance from one another. At the palace nothing so brilliant had ever been seen before. The richest robes of the court looked poor beside the dresses of these slaves. When they had all entered they formed a half-

circle around the Sultan's throne; the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet, touched it with their foreheads, and at the same time the white slaves did likewise. When they rose the black slaves uncovered the trays, and then all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts.

This done, Aladdin's mother advanced to the throne, bowed to the floor, and said,—

Page 153

“Sire, my son knows that this present is much below the notice of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, but hopes that your majesty will accept of it, and make it pleasing to the princess. His hope is the greater because he has tried to carry out your own wish.”

With delight the Sultan replied,—

“Go and tell your son that I wait with open arms to embrace him; and the more haste he makes to come and receive the princess, my daughter, from my hands, the greater pleasure he will give me.”

While he showed the slaves and the jewels to the princess, Aladdin’s mother carried the good news to her son. “My son,” she said, “you may rejoice, for the Sultan has declared that you shall marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. He waits for you with impatience.”

Aladdin was overjoyed, but, saying little, retired to his chamber. Here he rubbed the lamp, and when its slave appeared said,—

“Genie, convey me at once to a bath, and give me the richest robe ever worn by a monarch.”

This was soon done, and he found himself again in his own chamber, where the genie asked if he had any other commands.

“Yes,” answered Aladdin; “bring me a charger better than the best in the Sultan’s stables. Fit him with trappings worthy of his value. Furnish twenty slaves, clothed as richly as those who carried the presents to the Sultan, to walk by my side and follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks. Besides these, bring my mother six women slaves, as richly dressed as any of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor’s, each carrying a complete dress fit for a Sultan’s wife. I want also ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses: go, and make haste.”

The commands were instantly fulfilled, and Aladdin gave the six women slaves to his mother, with the six dresses they had brought, wrapped in silver tissue. Of the ten purses he gave four to his mother, and the other six he left in the hands of the slaves who brought them, saying that they must march before him and throw the money by handfuls into the crowd as the procession moved to the Sultan’s palace. Mounted on his horse, Aladdin, though he had never ridden before, appeared with a grace which the most practiced horseman might have envied. It was no wonder that the people made the air echo with their shouts, especially when the slaves threw out the handfuls of gold.

The Sultan met him at the palace with joy and surprise that the son of so humble a mother as the woman he had seen should have such dignity and good looks, and should be dressed more richly than he himself had ever been. He embraced Aladdin, held him by the hand, and made him sit near the throne. Then there was a great feast,

and after it the contract of marriage between the princess and Aladdin was drawn up. When the Sultan asked him if he would stay in the palace and complete the marriage that day, Aladdin answered,—

“Sire, though my impatience is great to enter on the honor your majesty has granted, yet I beg first to be allowed to build a palace worthy of the princess, your daughter. I pray you to give me ground enough near your own, and I will have it finished with the utmost speed.”

Page 154

The request was granted, and Aladdin took his leave with as much politeness as if he had always lived at court. Again, as he passed through the streets, the people shouted and wished him joy. In his own chamber once more, he took the lamp, rubbed it, and there was the genie.

“Genie,” said Aladdin, “build me a palace fit to receive the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. Let its materials be of the rarest. Let its walls be of massive gold and silver bricks. Let each front contain six windows, and let the lattices of these (except one, which must be left unfinished) be enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, beyond anything of the kind ever seen in the world. Let there be courts and a spacious garden, kitchens, storehouses, stables,—well equipped,—offices, servants, and slaves. Above all, provide a safe treasure-house, and fill it with gold and silver. Go, and fulfill my wishes.”

Early the next morning the genie returned, and bore Aladdin to the place where the palace had been built. Everything was done as Aladdin had commanded. The officers, slaves, and grooms were at their work in hall and stable. The hall, with the twenty-four windows, was beyond his fondest hopes.

“Genie,” he said, “there is but one thing wanting,—a fine carpet for the princess to walk upon from the Sultan’s palace to mine. Lay one down at once.”

In an instant the desire was fulfilled. Then the genie carried Aladdin to his own home.

When the Sultan looked out of his windows in the morning, he was amazed to see a shining building where there had been but an empty garden. “It must be Aladdin’s palace,” he said, “which I gave him leave to build for my daughter. He has wished to surprise us, and let us see what wonders can be done in a single night.”

He was only a little less surprised when Aladdin’s mother, dressed more richly than ever his own daughter had been, appeared at the palace. So good a son, he thought, must make a good husband. And soon the son himself appeared; and when in royal pomp he left his humble house for the last time, he did not fail to take with him the wonderful lamp which had brought him all his good fortune, or to wear the ring he had received as a talisman.

V

His marriage to the princess was performed with the utmost splendor. There was feasting and music and dancing, and when the princess was brought to her new palace she was so dazzled by its richness that she said to Aladdin, “I thought, prince, there was nothing so beautiful in the world as my father’s palace, but now I know that I was deceived.”

The next day Aladdin with a troop of slaves went himself to the Sultan and asked him to come with the Grand Vizier and lords of the court to a repast in the palace of the princess. The Sultan gladly consented, and the nearer he came to the building the more he marveled at its grandeur. When he entered the hall of the twenty-four windows he exclaimed,—

Page 155

“This palace is one of the wonders of the world. Where else shall we find walls built of gold and silver, and windows of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds? But tell me this. Why, in a hall of such beauty, was one window left incomplete?”

“Sire,” said Aladdin, “I left it so, that you should have the glory of finishing this hall.”

“I take your wish kindly,” said the Sultan, “and will give orders about it at once.”

When the jewelers and goldsmiths were called they undertook to finish the window, but needed all the jewels the Sultan could give and the Grand Vizier lend for the work. Even the jewels of Aladdin’s gift were used, and after working for a month the window was not half finished. Aladdin therefore dismissed them all one day, bade them undo what they had done, and take the jewels back to the Sultan and Vizier. Then he rubbed his lamp, and there was the genie.

“Genie,” he said, “I ordered thee to leave one of the four and twenty windows imperfect, and thou hast obeyed me. Now I would have thee make it like the rest.” And in a moment the work was done.

The Sultan was greatly surprised when the chief jeweler brought back the stones and said that their work had been stopped, he could not tell why. A horse was brought, and the Sultan rode at once to Aladdin’s palace to ask what it all meant. One of the first things he saw there was the finished window. He could hardly believe it to be true, and looked very closely at all the four and twenty to see if he was deceived. When he was convinced he embraced Aladdin and kissed him between the eyes and said,—

“My son, what a man you are to do such things in the twinkling of an eye! there is not your fellow in the world; the more I know of you the more I admire you.”

Aladdin won not only the love of the Sultan, but also of the people. As he went to one mosque or another to prayers, or paid visits to the Grand Vizier and lords of the court, he caused two slaves who walked by the side of his horse to throw handfuls of money to the people in the streets. Thus he lived for several years, making himself dear to all.

VI

About this time the African magician, who had supposed Aladdin to be dead in the cave where he had left him, learned by magic art that he had made his escape, and by the help of the genie of the wonderful lamp was living in royal splendor.

On the very next day the magician set out for the capital of China, where on his arrival he took up his lodging in an inn. There he quickly learned about Aladdin’s wealth and goodness and popularity. As soon as he saw the palace he knew that none but genies, the slaves of the lamp, could have built it, and he returned to his inn all the more angry at Aladdin for having got what he wanted himself. When he learned by his magic that

Aladdin did not carry the lamp about with him, but left it in the palace, he rubbed his hands with glee, and said, “Well, I shall have it now, and I shall make Aladdin return to his low estate.”

Page 156

The next morning he learned that Aladdin had gone with a hunting party, to be absent eight days, three of which had passed. He needed to know no more, and quickly formed his plans. He went to a shop and asked for a dozen copper lamps. The master of the shop had not so many then, but promised them the next day, and said he would have them, as the magician wished, handsome and well polished.

When the magician came back and paid for them, he put them in a basket and started directly for Aladdin's palace. As he drew near he began crying, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?" The children and people who crowded around hooted and scoffed at him as a madman or a fool, but he heeded them not, and went on crying, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?"

The princess was in the hall with the four and twenty windows, and, seeing a crowd outside, sent one of her women slaves to find out what the man was crying. The slave returned laughing, and told of the foolish offer. Another slave, hearing it, said, "Now you speak of lamps, I know not whether the princess may have observed it, but there is an old one upon a shelf of the Prince Aladdin's robing room. Whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its stead. If the princess chooses, she may have the pleasure of seeing whether this old man is silly enough to make the exchange."

The princess, who knew not the value of this lamp, thought it would be a good joke to do as her slave suggested, and in a few moments it was done. The magician did not stop to cry, "New lamps for old ones!" again, but hurried to his inn and out of the town, setting down his basket of new lamps where nobody saw him.

When he reached a lonely spot he pulled the old lamp out of his breast, and, to make sure that it was the one he wanted, rubbed it. Instantly the genie appeared and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands,—both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

"I command thee," replied the magician, "to bear me and the palace which thou and the other slaves of the lamp have built in this city, with all the people in it, at once to Africa."

The genie made no reply, but in a moment he and the other slaves of the lamp had borne the magician and the palace entire to the spot where he wished it to stand.

Early the next morning, when the Sultan went as usual to gaze upon Aladdin's palace, it was nowhere to be seen. How so large a building that had been standing for some years could disappear so completely, and leave no trace behind, he could not understand. The Grand Vizier was summoned to explain it. In secret be bore no good will to Aladdin, and was glad to suggest that the very building of the palace had been by magic, and that the hunting party had been merely an excuse for the removal of the palace by the same means. The Sultan was persuaded, therefore, to send a body of his guards to seize Aladdin as a prisoner of state. When he appeared the Sultan would

hear no word from him, but ordered him put to death. This displeased the people so much that the Sultan, fearing a riot, granted him his life and let him speak.

Page 157

“Sire,” said Aladdin, “I pray you to let me know the crime by which I have lost thy favor?”

“Your crime!” answered the Sultan; “wretched man! do you not know it? Follow me, and I will show you.”

Then he led Aladdin to a window and said, “You ought to know where your palace stood; look, and tell me what has become of it.”

Aladdin was as much amazed as the Sultan had been. “True, it is vanished,” he said after a speechless pause, “but I have had no concern in its removal. I beg you to give me forty days, and if in that time I cannot restore it, I will offer my head to be disposed of at your pleasure.”

“I give you the time you ask,” answered the Sultan, “but at the end of forty days forget not to present yourself before me.”

The lords, who had courted Aladdin in his better days, paid him no heed as he left the palace in extreme shame. For three days he wandered about the city, exciting the pity of all he met by asking if they had seen his palace, or could tell where it was. On the third day he wandered into the country. As he approached a river he slipped and fell down a bank. Clutching at a rock to save himself, he rubbed his ring, and instantly the genie whom he had seen in the cave appeared before him. “What wouldst thou have?” said the genie. “I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those that have that ring on their finger,—both I and the other slaves of the ring.”

Aladdin had never thought of help from this quarter, and said with delight,—

“Genie, show me where the palace I caused to be built now stands, or bring it back where it first stood.”

“Your command,” answered the genie, “is not wholly in my power; I am only the slave of the ring, and not of the lamp.”

“I command thee, then,” replied Aladdin, “by the power of the ring, to bear me to the spot where my palace stands, wherever it may be.”

These words were no sooner out of his mouth than he found himself in the midst of a large plain, where his palace stood, not far from a city, and directly above him was the window of his wife’s chamber. Just then one of her household happened to look out and see him, and told the good news to the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. She could not believe it to be true, and hastening to the window opened it herself with a noise which made Aladdin look up. Seeing the princess, he saluted her with an air that expressed his joy, and in a moment he had entered by a private door and was in her arms.

After shedding tears of joy, they sat down, and Aladdin said, “I beg of you, princess, to tell me what is become of an old lamp which stood upon a shelf in my robing chamber.”

“Alas!” answered the princess, “I was afraid our misfortune might be owing to that lamp; and what grieves me most is that I have been the cause of it. I was foolish enough to change the old lamp for a new one, and the next morning I found myself in this unknown country, which I am told is Africa.”

Page 158

“Princess,” said Aladdin, stopping her, “you have told me all by telling me we are in Africa. Now, only tell me where the old lamp is.”

“The African magician,” answered the princess, “carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom. This I know, because one day he pulled it out before me, and showed it to me in triumph.”

Aladdin quickly formed and carried out a plan to leave the palace, disguise himself, buy of a druggist a certain powder which he named, and return to the princess. He told her what she must do to help his purposes. When the magician should come to the palace, she must assume a friendly manner and ask him to sup with her. “Before he leaves,” said Aladdin, “ask him to exchange cups with you. This he will gladly do, and you must give him the cup containing this powder. On drinking it he will instantly fall asleep, and we shall obtain the lamp, whose slaves will do our bidding, and bear us and the palace back to the capital of China.”

It was not long before the magician came to the palace, and the princess did exactly as Aladdin had bidden her. When, at the end of the evening, she offered her guest the drugged cup, he drank it, out of honor to her, to the last drop, and fell back lifeless on the sofa.

Aladdin was quickly called and said, “Princess, retire, and let me be left alone while I try to take you back to China as speedily as you were brought thence.” On the dead body of the magician he found the lamp, carefully wrapped and hidden in his garments. Aladdin rubbed it, and the genie stood before him.

“Genie,” said Aladdin, “I command thee to bear this palace instantly back to the place whence it was brought hither.” The genie bowed his head and departed. In a moment the palace was again in China, and its removal was felt only by two little shocks, the one when it was lifted up, the other when it was set down, and both in a very short space of time.

Early the next day the Sultan was looking from his window and mourning his daughter’s fate. He could not believe his eyes when first he saw her palace standing in its old place. But as he looked more closely he was convinced, and joy came to his heart instead of the grief that had filled it. At once he ordered a horse and was on his way, when Aladdin, looking from the hall of twenty-four windows, saw him coming, and hastened to help him dismount. He was brought at once to the princess, and both wept tears of joy. When the strange events had been partly explained, he said to Aladdin,—

“My son, be not displeased at the harshness I showed towards you. It rose from a father’s love, and therefore you will forgive it.”

“Sire,” said Aladdin, “I have not the least reason to complain of your conduct, since you did nothing but what your duty required. This wicked magician, the basest of men, was the sole cause of all.”

VII

Page 159

Only once again were Aladdin and his palace in danger from magic arts. A younger brother of the African magician learned of what had happened, and, in the guise of a holy woman, Fatima, whom he killed that he might pretend to take her place, came to live in the palace. The princess, thinking him really the holy woman, heeded all that he said. One day, admiring the beauty of the hall, he told her that nothing could surpass it if only a roc's egg were hung from the middle of the dome. "A roc," he said, "is a bird of enormous size which lives at the summit of Mount Caucasus. The architect who built your palace can get you an egg."

When the princess told Aladdin of her desire, he summoned the genie of the lamp and said to him,—

"Genie, I command thee in the name of this lamp, bring a roc's egg to be hung in the middle of the dome of the hall of the palace."

No sooner were these words spoken than the hall shook as if ready to fall, and the genie told Aladdin that he had asked him to bring his own master and hang him up in the midst of the hall; it was enough to reduce Aladdin and the princess and the palace all to ashes; but he should be spared, because the request had really come from another. Then he told Aladdin who was the true author of it, and warned him against the pretended Fatima, whom till then he had not known as the brother of the African magician. Aladdin saw his danger, and on that very day he killed his wicked enemy with the dagger which was meant to be his own death.

Thus was Aladdin delivered from the two brothers who were magicians. Within a few years the Sultan died at a good old age, and, as he left no male children, the Princess Buddir al Buddoor came to the throne, and she and Aladdin reigned together many years.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

I

There once lived in a town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim and the other Ali Baba. Their father divided his small property equally between them. Cassim married a very rich wife, and became a wealthy merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting wood and bringing it upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba had cut just enough wood in the forest to load his asses, he noticed far off a great cloud of dust. As it drew nearer, he saw that it was made by a body of horsemen, whom he suspected to be robbers. Leaving the asses, he climbed a large tree which grew on a high rock, and had branches thick enough to hide him completely while he saw what passed beneath. The troop, forty in number, all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock on which the tree stood, and there

dismounted. Each man unbridled his horse, tied him to a shrub, and hung about his neck a bag of corn. Then each of them took off his saddle-bag, which from its weight seemed to Ali Baba full of gold and silver. One, whom he took to be their captain, came under the tree in which Ali Baba was concealed; and, making his way through some shrubs, spoke the words, “Open, Sesame.” As soon as the captain of the robbers said this, a door opened in the rock, and after he had made all his troop enter before him, he followed them, when the door shut again of itself.

Page 160

The robbers stayed some time within, and Ali Baba, fearful of being caught, remained in the tree. At last the door opened again, and the captain came out first, and stood to see all the troop pass by him. Then Ali Baba heard him make the door close by saying, “Shut, Sesame.” Every man at once bridled his horse, fastened his wallet, and mounted again. When the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the way they had come.

Ali Baba watched them out of sight, and then waited some time before coming down. Wishing to see whether the captain’s words would have the same effect if he should speak them, he found the door hidden in the shrubs, stood before it, and said, “Open, Sesame.” Instantly the door flew wide open.

Instead of a dark, dismal cavern, Ali Baba was surprised to see a large chamber, well lighted from the top, and in it all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk, stuff, brocade, and carpeting, gold and silver ingots in great heaps, and money in bags.

Ali Baba went boldly into the cave, and collected as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, as he thought his asses could carry. When he had loaded them with the bags, he laid wood over them so that they could not be seen, and, passing out of the door for the last time, stood before it and said, “Shut, Sesame.” The door closed of itself, and he made the best of his way to town.

When he reached home, he carefully closed the gate of his little yard, threw off the wood, and carried the bags into the house. They were emptied before his wife, and the great heap of gold dazzled her eyes. Then he told her the whole adventure, and warned her, above all things, to keep it secret.

Ali Baba would not let her take the time to count it out as she wished, but said, “I will dig a hole and bury it.”

[Illustration: HE CAREFULLY CLOSED THE GATE OF HIS LITTLE YARD, THREW OFF THE WOOD, AND CARRIED THE BAGS INTO THE HOUSE. THEY WERE EMPTIED BEFORE HIS WIFE, AND THE GREAT HEAP OF GOLD DAZZLED HER EYES. THEN HE TOLD HER THE WHOLE ADVENTURE, AND WARNED HER, ABOVE ALL THINGS, TO KEEP IT SECRET. ALI BABA WOULD NOT LET HER TAKE TIME TO COUNT IT OUT AS SHE WISHED, BUT SAID: “I WILL DIG A HOLE AND BURY IT”]

“But let us know as nearly as may be,” she said, “how much we have. I will borrow a small measure, and measure it, while you dig a hole.”

Away she ran to the wife of Cassim, who lived near by, and asked for a measure. The sister-in-law, knowing Ali Baba’s poverty, was curious to learn what sort of grain his wife wished to measure out, and artfully managed to put some suet in the bottom of the

measure before she handed it over. Ali Baba's wife wanted to show how careful she was in small matters, and, after she had measured the gold, hurried back, even while her husband was burying it, with the borrowed measure, never noticing that a coin had stuck to its bottom.

Page 161

“What,” said Cassim’s wife, as soon as her sister-in-law had left her, “has Ali Baba gold in such plenty that he measures it? Whence has he all this wealth?” And envy possessed her breast.

When Cassim came home she said to him, “Cassim, you think yourself rich, but Ali Baba is much richer. He does not count his money; he measures it.” Then she explained to him how she had found it out, and they looked together at the piece of money, which was so old that they could not tell in what prince’s reign it was coined.

Cassim, since marrying the rich widow, had never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but neglected him. Now, instead of being pleased, he was filled with a base envy. Early in the morning, after a sleepless night, he went to him and said, “Ali Baba, you pretend to be wretchedly poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday.”

Ali Baba saw that there was no use of trying to conceal his good fortune, and told the whole story, offering his brother part of the treasure to keep the secret.

“I expect as much,” replied Cassim haughtily; “but I must know just where this treasure is and how to visit myself when I choose. Otherwise I will inform against you, and you will lose even what you have now.”

Ali Baba told him all he wished to know, even to the words he must speak at the door of the cave.

Cassim rose before the sun the next morning, and set out for the forest with ten mules bearing great chests which he meant to fill. With little trouble he found the rock and the door, and, standing before it, spoke the words, “Open, Sesame.” The door opened at once, and when he was within closed upon him. Here indeed were the riches of which his brother had told. He quickly brought as many bags of gold as he could carry to the door of the cavern; but his thoughts were so full of his new wealth that he could not think of the word that should let him out. Instead of “Sesame,” he said, “Open, Barley,” and was much amazed to find that the door remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, but still the door would not open.

Cassim had never expected such a disaster, and was so frightened that the more he tried to recall the word “Sesame,” the more confused his mind became. It was as if he had never heard the word at all. He threw down the bags in his hands, and walked wildly up and down, without a thought of the riches lying round about him.

At noon the robbers visited their cave. From afar they saw Cassim’s mules straggling about the rock, and galloped full speed to the cave. Driving the mules out of sight, they went at once, with their naked sabres in their hands, to the door, which opened as soon as the captain had spoken the proper words before it.

Cassim had heard the noise of the horses' feet, and guessed that the robbers had come. He resolved to make one effort for his life. As soon as the door opened, he rushed out and threw the leader down, but could not pass the other robbers, who with their scimitars soon put him to death.

Page 162

The first care of the robbers was to examine the cave. They found all the bags Cassim had brought to the door, but did not miss what Ali Baba had taken. As for Cassim himself, they guessed rightly that, once within, he could not get out again; but how he had managed to learn their secret words that let him in, they could not tell. One thing was certain—there he was; and to warn all others who might know their secret and follow in Cassim's footsteps, they agreed to cut his body into four quarters—to hang two on one side and two on the other, within the door of the cave. This they did at once, and leaving the place of their hoards well closed, mounted their horses and set out to attack the caravans they might meet.

II

When night came, and Cassim did not return, his wife became very uneasy. She ran to Ali Baba for comfort, and he told her that Cassim would certainly think it unwise to enter the town till night was well advanced. By midnight Cassim's wife was still more alarmed, and wept till morning, cursing her desire to pry into the affairs of her brother and sister in law. In the early day she went again, in tears, to Ali Baba.

He did not wait for her to ask him to go and see what had happened to Cassim, but set out at once for the forest with his three asses. Finding some blood at the door of the cave, he took it for an ill omen; but when he had spoken the words, and the door had opened, he was struck with horror at the dismal sight of his brother's body. He could not leave it there, and hastened within to find something to wrap around it. Laying the body on one of his asses, he covered it with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them also with wood as before. Then bidding the door shut, he came away, but stopped some time at the edge of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he reached home he left the two asses, laden with gold, in his little yard for his wife to unload, and led the other to his sister-in-law's house.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a clever slave, full of devices to conquer difficulties. When he came into the court and unloaded the ass, he took Morgiana aside, and said to her,—

"You must observe a strict secrecy. Your master's body is contained in these two panniers. We must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Go now and tell your mistress. I leave the matter to your wit and skillful devices."

They placed the body in Cassim's house, and, charging Morgiana to act well her part, Ali Baba returned home with his ass.

Early the next morning, Morgiana went to a druggist, and asked for a sort of lozenge used in the most dangerous illness. When he asked her for whom she wanted it, she answered with a sigh, "My good master Cassim. He can neither eat nor speak." In the evening she went to the same druggist, and with tears in her eyes asked for an essence

given to sick persons for whose life there is little hope. “Alas!” said she, “I am afraid even this will not save my good master.”

Page 163

All that day Ali Baba and his wife were seen going sadly between their house and Cassim's, and in the evening nobody was surprised to hear the shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who told everybody that her master was dead.

The next morning at daybreak she went to an old cobbler, who was always early at work, and, putting a piece of gold in his hand, said,—

"Baba Mustapha, you must bring your sewing tackle and come with me; but I must tell you, I shall blindfold you when we reach a certain place."

"Oh! oh!" replied he, "you would have me do something against my conscience or my honor."

"God forbid!" said Morgiana, putting another piece of gold in his hand; "only come along with me, and fear nothing."

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, and at a certain place she bound his eyes with a handkerchief, which she never unloosed till they had entered the room of her master's house, where she had put the corpse together.

"Baba Mustapha," said she, "you must make haste, and sew the parts of this body together, and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold."

After Baba Mustapha had finished his task, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold she had promised, and, charging him with secrecy, took him back to the place where she had first bound his eyes. Taking off the bandage, she watched him till he was out of sight, lest he should return and dog her; then she went home.

At Cassim's house she made all things ready for the funeral, which was duly performed by the imaun and other ministers of the mosque. Morgiana, as a slave of the dead man, walked in the procession, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair. Cassim's wife stayed at home, uttering doleful cries with the women of the neighborhood, who, according to custom, came to mourn with her. The whole quarter was filled with sounds of sorrow.

Thus the manner of Cassim's death was hushed up, and, besides his widow, Ali Baba, and Morgiana, the slave, nobody in the city suspected the cause of it. Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his few goods openly to his sister-in-law's house, in which he was to live in the future; but the money he had taken from the robbers was carried thither by night. As for Cassim's warehouse, Ali Baba put it entirely under the charge of his eldest son.

III

While all this was going on, the forty robbers again visited their cave in the forest. Great was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, with some of their bags of gold.

"We are certainly found out," said the captain; "the body and the money have been taken by some one else who knows our secret. For our own lives' sake, we must try and find him. What say you, my lads?"

The robbers all agreed that this must be done.

"Well," said the captain, "one of you, the boldest and most skillful, must go to the town, disguised as a stranger, and try if he can hear any talk of the man we killed, and find out where he lived. This matter is so important that the man who undertakes it and fails should suffer death. What say you?"

Page 164

One of the robbers, without waiting to know what the rest might think, started up, and said, “I submit to this condition, and think it an honor to expose my life to serve the troop.”

This won great praise from the robber’s comrades, and he disguised himself at once so that nobody could take him for what he was. Just at daybreak he entered the town, and walked up and down till he came by chance to Baba Mustapha’s stall, which was always open before any of the shops.

The old cobbler was just going to work when the robber bade him good-morrow, and said,—

“Honest man, you begin to work very early; how can one of your age see so well? Even if it were lighter, I question whether you could see to stitch.”

“You do not know me,” replied Baba Mustapha; “for old as I am I have excellent eyes. You will not doubt me when I tell you that I sewed the body of a dead man together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now.”

“A dead body!” exclaimed the robber amazed.

“Yes, yes,” answered Baba Mustapha; “I see you want to know more, but you shall not.”

The robber felt sure that he was on the right track. He put a piece of gold into Baba Mustapha’s hand, and said to him,—

“I do not want to learn your secret, though you could safely trust me with it. The only thing I ask of you is to show me the house where you stitched up the dead body.”

“I could not do that,” replied Baba Mustapha, “if I would. I was taken to a certain place, whence I was led blindfold to the house, and afterwards brought back again in the same manner.”

“Well,” replied the robber, “you may remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together, and perhaps you may recall the way. Here is another piece of gold for you.”

This was enough to bring Baba Mustapha to his feet. They soon reached the place where Morgiana had bandaged his eyes, and here he was blindfolded again. Baba Mustapha and the robber walked on till they came to Cassim’s house, where Ali Baba now lived. Here the old man stopped, and when the thief pulled off the band, and found that his guide could not tell him whose house it was, he let him go. But before he started back for the forest himself, well pleased with what he had learned, he marked the door with a piece of chalk which he had ready in his hand.

Soon after this Morgiana came out upon some errand, and when she returned she saw the mark the robber had made, and stopped to look at it.

“What can this mean?” she said to herself. “Somebody intends my master harm, and in any case it is best to guard against the worst.” Then she fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side in the same manner, saying nothing to her master or mistress.

When the robber rejoined his troop in the forest, and told of his good fortune in meeting the one man that could have helped him, they were all delighted.

Page 165

“Comrades,” said the captain, “we have no time to lose. Let us set off at once, well armed and disguised, enter the town by twos, and join at the great square. Meanwhile our comrade who has brought us the good news and I will go and find out the house, and decide what had best be done.”

Two by two they entered the town. Last of all went the captain and the spy. When they came to the first of the houses which Morgiana had marked, the spy pointed it out. But the captain noticed that the next door was chalked in the same manner, and asked his guide which house it was, that or the first. The guide knew not what answer to make, and was still more puzzled when he and the captain saw five or six houses marked after this same fashion. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who had chalked the rest, nor could he say at which house the cobbler had stopped.

There was nothing to do but to join the other robbers, and tell them to go back to the cave. Here they were told why they had all returned, and the guide was declared by all to be worthy of death. Indeed, he condemned himself, owning that he ought to have been more careful, and prepared to receive the stroke which was to cut off his head.

The safety of the troop still demanded that the second comer to the cave should be found, and another of the gang offered to try it, with the same penalty if he should fail. Like the other robber, he found out Baba Mustapha, and, through him, the house, which he marked, in a place remote from sight, with red chalk.

But nothing could escape Morgiana’s eyes, and when she went out, not long after, and saw the red chalk, she argued with herself as before, and marked the other houses near by in the same place and manner.

The robber, when he told his comrades what he had done, prided himself on his carefulness, and the captain and all the troop thought they must succeed this time. Again they entered the town by twos; but when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same trouble. The captain was enraged, and the robber as much confused as the former guide had been. Thus the captain and his troop went back again to the cave, and the robber who had failed willingly gave himself up to death.

IV

The captain could not afford to lose any more of his brave fellows, and decided to take upon himself the task in which two had failed. Like the others, he went to Baba Mustapha, and was shown the house. Unlike them he put no mark on it, but studied it carefully and passed it so often that he could not possibly mistake it.

When he returned to the troop, who were waiting for him in the cave, he said,—

“Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge, as I am certain of the house. As I returned I thought of a way to do our work, but if any one thinks of a better, let him speak.”

Page 166

He told them his plan, and, as they thought it good, he ordered them to go into the villages about, and buy nineteen mules, with thirty-eight large leather jars, one full of oil and the others empty. Within two or three days they returned with the mules and the jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for the captain's purpose, he caused them to be widened. Having put one of his men into each jar, with the weapons which he thought fit, and having a seam wide enough open for each man to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Thus prepared they set out for the town, the nineteen mules loaded with the thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil, with the captain as their driver. When he reached Ali Baba's door, he found Ali Baba sitting there taking a little fresh air after his supper. The captain stopped his mules, and said,—

"I have brought some oil a great way to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is now so late that I do not know where to lodge. Will you do me the favor to let me pass the night with you?"

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain in the forest, and had heard him speak, he could not know him in the disguise of an oil merchant, and bade him welcome. He opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard, and ordered a slave to put them in a stable and feed them when they were unloaded, and then called Morgiana to get a good supper for his guest. After supper he charged her afresh to take good care of the stranger, and said to her,—

"To-morrow morning I intend to go to the bath before day; take care to have my bathing linen ready; give it to Abdalla" (which was his slave's name), "and make me some good broth against my return." After this he went to bed.

In the meantime the captain of the robbers went into the yard, and took off the lid of each jar, and told his people what they must do. To each, in turn, he said,—

"As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to come out, and I will join you at once."

Then he went into the house, and Morgiana showed him his chamber, where he soon put out the light, and laid himself down in his clothes.

To carry out Ali Baba's orders, Morgiana got his bathing linen ready, and bade Abdalla to set on the pot for the broth; but soon the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. She knew not what to do, till the slave reminded her of the oil jars in the yard. She thanked him for the thought, took the oil pot, and went out. When she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, "Is it time?"

Of course she was surprised to find a man in the jar instead of the oil, but she saw at once that she must keep silence, as Ali Baba, his family, and she herself were in great danger. Therefore she answered, without showing any fear, “Not yet, but presently.” In this manner she went to all the jars and gave the same answers, till she came to the jar of oil.

Page 167

By this means Morgiana found that her master had admitted to his house thirty-eight robbers, of whom the pretended oil merchant, their captain, was one. She made what haste she could to fill her oil pot, and returned to her kitchen, lighted her lamp, and taking a great kettle went back to the oil jar and filled it. Then she set the kettle on a large wood fire, and as soon as it boiled went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this deed, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was done without any noise, as she had planned, she returned to the kitchen with the empty kettle, put out the lamp, and left just enough of the fire to make the broth. Then she sat silent, resolving not to go to rest till she had seen through the window that opened on the yard whatever might happen there.

It was not long before the captain of the robbers got up, and, seeing that all was dark and quiet, gave the appointed signal by throwing little stones, some of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. As there was no response, he threw stones a second and a third time, and could not imagine why there was no answer to his signal.

Much alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and, going to the first jar to ask the robber if he was ready, smelt the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar. From this he suspected that his plot was found out, and, looking into the jars one by one, he found that all his gang were dead. Enraged to despair, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and made his escape. When Morgiana saw him go, she went to bed, well pleased that she had saved her master and his family.

Ali Baba rose before day, and went to the baths without knowing what had happened in the night. When he returned he was very much surprised to see the oil jars in the yard and the mules in the stable.

“God preserve you and all your family,” said Morgiana when she was asked what it meant; “you will know better when you have seen what I have to show you.”

So saying she led him to the first jar, and asked him to see if there was any oil. When he saw a man instead, he started back in alarm.

“Do not be afraid,” said Morgiana; “he can do neither you nor anybody else the least harm. He is dead. Now look into all the other jars.”

Ali Baba was more and more amazed as he went on, and saw all the dead men and the sunken oil jar at the end. He stood looking from the jars to Morgiana, till he found words to ask, “And what is become of the merchant?”

“Merchant!” answered she; “he is as much one as I am.”

Then she led him into the house, and told of all that she had done, from the first noticing of the chalkmark to the death of the robbers and the flight of their captain. On hearing of these brave deeds from Morgiana's own lips, Ali Baba said to her,—

"God, by your means, has delivered me from death. For the first token of what I owe you, I give you your liberty from this moment till I can fully reward you as I intend."

Page 168

Near the trees at the end of Ali Baba's long garden, he and Abdalla dug a trench large enough to hold the bodies of the robbers. When they were buried there, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and as the mules were of no use to him, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

V

The captain of the forty robbers had returned to his cave in the forest, but found himself so lonely there that the place became frightful to him. He resolved at the same time to avenge the fate of his comrades and to bring about the death of Ali Baba. For this purpose he returned to the town, disguised as a merchant of silks. By degrees he brought from his cavern many sorts of fine stuffs, and to dispose of these he took a warehouse that happened to be opposite Cassim's, which Ali Baba's son had occupied since the death of his uncle.

He took the name of Cogia Houssain, and as a newcomer was very civil to the merchants near him. Ali Baba's son was one of the first to converse with him, and the new merchant was most friendly. Within two or three days Ali Baba came to see his son, and the captain of the robbers knew him at once, and soon learned from his son who he was. From that time forth he was still more polite to Ali Baba's son, who soon felt bound to repay the many kindnesses of his new friend.

As his own house was small, he arranged with his father that on a certain afternoon, when he and the merchant were passing by Ali Baba's house they should stop, and he should ask them both to sup with him. This plan was carried out, though at first the merchant, with whose own plans it agreed perfectly, made as if to excuse himself. He even gave it as a reason for not remaining that he could eat no salt in his victuals.

"If that is all," said Ali Baba, "it need not deprive me of the honor of your company;" and he went to the kitchen and told Morgiana to put no salt into anything she was cooking that evening.

Thus Cogia Houssain was persuaded to stay, but to Morgiana it seemed very strange that any one should refuse to eat salt. She wished to see what manner of man it might be, and to this end, when she had finished what she had to do in the kitchen, she helped Abdalla carry up the dishes. Looking at Cogia Houssain, she knew him at first sight, in spite of his disguise, to be the captain of the robbers, and, scanning him very closely, saw that he had a dagger under his garment.

"I see now why this greatest enemy of my master would eat no salt with him. He intends to kill him; but I will prevent him."

While they were at supper Morgiana made up her mind to do one of the boldest deeds ever conceived. She dressed herself like a dancer, girded her waist with a silver-gilt

girdle, from which hung a poniard, and put a handsome mask on her face. Then, when the supper was ended, she said to Abdalla,—

“Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his son’s friend, as we sometimes do when he is alone.”

Page 169

They presented themselves at the door with a low bow, and Morgiana was bidden to enter and show Cogia Houssain how well she danced. This, he knew, would interrupt him in carrying out his wicked purpose, but he had to make the best of it, and to seem pleased with Morgiana's dancing. She was indeed a good dancer, and on this occasion outdid herself in graceful and surprising motions. At the last, she took the tabor from Abdalla's hand, and held it out like those who dance for money.

Ali Baba put a piece of gold into it, and so did his son. When Cogia Houssain saw that she was coming to him he pulled out his purse from his bosom to make her a present; but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with courage worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart.

"Unhappy woman!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what have you done to ruin me and my family?"

"It was to preserve, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana. Then she showed the dagger in Cogia Houssain's garment, and said, "Look well at him, and you will see that he is both the pretended oil merchant and the captain of the band of forty robbers. As soon as you told me that he would eat no salt with you, I suspected who it was, and when I saw him I knew."

Ali Baba embraced her, and said, "Morgiana, I gave you your liberty before, and promised you more in time; now I would make you my daughter-in-law. Consider," he said, turning to his son, "that by marrying Morgiana, you marry the preserver of my family and yours."

The son was all the more ready to carry out his father's wishes, because they were the same as his own, and within a few days he and Morgiana were married, but before this, the captain of the robbers was buried with his comrades, and so secretly was it done, that their bones were not found till many years had passed, when no one had any concern in making this strange story known.

For a whole year Ali Baba did not visit the robbers' cave. At the end of that time, as nobody had tried to disturb him, he made another journey to the forest, and, standing before the entrance to the cave, said, "Open, Sesame." The door opened at once, and from the appearance of everything within the cavern, he judged that nobody had been there since the captain had fetched the goods for his shop. From this time forth, he took as much of the treasure as his needs demanded. Some years later he carried his son to the cave, and taught him the secret, which he handed down in his family, who used their good fortune wisely, and lived in great honor and splendor.

THE STORY OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

In the reign of the same Caliph, Haroun Al-Raschid, of whom we have already heard, there lived at Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One day, when the weather was very hot, he was employed to carry a heavy burden from one end of the town to the other. Being much fatigued, he took off his load, and sat upon it, near a large mansion.

Page 170

He was much pleased that he stopped at this place, for the air was completely filled with the pleasant scent of wood of aloes and rose-water, wafted from the house. Besides, he heard from within a concert of sweet music, mixed with the notes of nightingales and other birds. There was also the smell of several sorts of savory dishes, and Hindbad was sure there must be a great feast within. He knew not to whom the mansion belonged, and asked one of the servants standing by the gate in rich apparel.

“How,” replied the servant, “do you live in Bagdad, and know not that this is the house of Sindbad the Sailor, the famous voyager who has sailed around the world?”

The porter lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, loud enough to be heard,—

“Almighty Creator of all things, consider the difference between Sindbad and me! Every day I suffer fatigue and distress, and can scarce get coarse barley bread for myself and my family, whilst happy Sindbad freely spends vast riches, and leads a life of unbroken pleasure. What has he done to obtain from thee a lot so agreeable? And what have I done to deserve one so wretched?”

While the porter was speaking thus, a servant came out of the house, and, taking him by the arm, made him enter, for Sindbad, his master, wanted to speak to him. He was led into a great hall, where many people sat round a table covered with all sorts of savory dishes. At the upper end sat a comely, venerable gentleman, with a long white beard, and behind him stood a number of officers and servants, all ready to attend his pleasure. This person was Sindbad. Hindbad was much abashed, and saluted the company trembling. But Sindbad seated him at his right hand and served him himself with excellent wine.

Now Sindbad had heard the porter’s complaint through the window, and this it was that led him to send for Hindbad. When the feast was over, Sindbad addressed him, asking his name and employment, and said, “I wish to hear from your own mouth what you said just now in the street.”

Hindbad hung his head in shame, and answered,—

“My lord, I confess that my fatigue put me out of humor, and, for the rash words I uttered, I beg your pardon.”

“Do not think me so unjust,” said Sindbad, “as to resent them. But I must set you right about myself. You think, no doubt, that I gained without labor or trouble the ease I now enjoy. Do not mistake; before attaining this estate I suffered for several years more trouble of body and mind than can well be imagined. Yes, gentlemen,” he added, turning to the whole company, “what I have endured would cure the greatest miser of his love of riches; and with your leave I will relate to you the dangers I have met.”

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

My father was a rich merchant of good fame. He left me a large estate, which I wasted in riotous living. I quickly saw my error, especially in misspending my time, which is of all things the most valuable. I remembered the saying of the great Solomon, which I had often heard from my father, “A good name is better than precious ointment;” and again, “Wisdom is good with an inheritance.” I resolved to walk in my father’s ways, and embarked with some merchants on board a ship we had fitted out together.

Page 171

We steered our course towards the Indies. At first I was troubled with seasickness, but speedily regained my health. In our voyage we touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day, whilst under sail, we were becalmed near a small island rising but little above the level of the water and resembling a green meadow. The captain permitted such persons as were so inclined to land; of this number I was one. But whilst we were eating and drinking, and resting from the fatigue of the sea, the island of a sudden trembled and shook us terribly.

The trembling of the island was soon noticed on board the ship, and we were called to reembark quickly, or we should all be lost; for what we took to be an island proved to be the back of a sea monster. The nimblest got into the sloop; others betook themselves to swimming; as for me, I was still upon the island when it sank into the sea, and I had only time to catch hold of a piece of wood that we brought from the ship to make a fire. Meanwhile the captain, having taken the others on board, resolved to make the most of the favoring gale that had just risen, and sailed away.

Thus was I left to the mercy of the waves for the rest of the day and the night that followed. By this time I found my strength gone, and was despairing of my life, when happily a wave threw me against an island. The bank was high and rugged, but some roots of trees helped me to get up. When the sun arose, I was very feeble, but managed to find some herbs that were fit to eat, and a spring of good water. Thus refreshed, I advanced farther into the island, and reached a fine plain, where I saw some horses feeding. As I went towards them, I heard the voice of a man who appeared and asked me who I was. When I had told him my adventure, he led me by the hand into a cave, where there were several other people, no less amazed to see me than I was to see them.

I partook of some food which they gave me, and then learned that they were grooms belonging to the sovereign of the island, where they brought the king's horses every year for pasturage. They were to return home on the morrow, and had I been one day later I must have perished, because the inhabited part of the island was far off, and I could never have reached it without a guide.

The next morning they took me to the capital of the island, and presented me to the sovereign. When at his request I told him of my misfortune, he was much concerned, and gave orders that I should want for nothing; and his commands were carefully fulfilled.

As a merchant I met with many men of my own profession, and sought news from Bagdad, and the opportunity to return; for the capital of the island has a fine harbor, where ships arrive daily from many quarters of the world. I took delight also in hearing the talk of learned Indians, and withal paid my court to the sovereign, and met with the governors and petty kings that were subject to him, telling and learning much.

Page 172

There belongs to this king an island named Cassel, where the mariners said that every night the noise of drums might be heard. This wonderful place I visited, and on the way thither saw fishes of one hundred and two hundred cubits in length, that occasion more fear than hurt; for they are so timid that they will fly upon the rattling of two sticks or boards. I saw likewise other fishes, about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls.

One day, as I was at the port after this visit, the ship arrived in which I had embarked at Bussorah. I knew the captain at once, and went and asked him for my bales. “I am Sindbad,” said I, “and those bales marked with his name are mine.”

“Heavens!” he exclaimed, “whom can we trust in these times? I saw Sindbad perish with my own eyes, and now you tell this tale to possess yourself of what does not belong to you.”

But at length he was persuaded that I was no cheat, for there came people from his ship who knew me, and expressed much joy at seeing me alive. “Heaven be praised,” said he at last, “for your happy escape! There are your goods; take and do with them as you please.” What was of greatest worth in them I presented to the sovereign, who was much pleased to hear of my good fortune, and gave me in return a gift of still greater value. Then I took leave of him, and went aboard the same ship after I had exchanged my goods for products of that country. I carried with me wood of aloes, sandals, camphire, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We passed by several islands, and at last arrived at Bussorah, whence I came to this city with great wealth.

Here Sindbad stopped, and gave Hindbad a purse of money, bidding him return the next day, and hear the story of the next voyage. This was repeated each day, till all the voyages were described.

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

After my first voyage, I meant to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but I soon grew weary of an idle life, and put to sea a second time, with merchants of known honesty. We embarked on board a good ship, and after committing ourselves to God set sail. We traded from island to island with great profit. One day we landed on an island where we could see neither man nor animal. There were many fruits and flowers, and whilst some were gathering them, I took my wine and food, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad plight, I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. Why was I not content with the produce of my first voyage, which would have kept me in comfort all my life? But it was too late to repent. At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not

knowing what to do, I climbed to the top of a lofty tree, where I could look about on all sides for signs of hope. Towards the sea there was nothing but sky and water. Looking over the land, I saw something white, and, coming down, took some of the food I had left, and went towards it, not knowing at the great distance what it was.

Page 173

As I drew near, I thought it to be a white dome of enormous size; and when I touched it I found it to be very smooth. There was no opening on any side, and there was no climbing to the top over the smooth surface. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was amazed at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it was caused by a bird of monstrous size that came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a marvelous bird called the roc, and felt sure that the great dome by which I stood must be its egg. In short, the bird alighted and sat over the egg. As I saw her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island. After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high that I could not see the earth. Then she descended with so much speed that I lost my senses. But when I found myself on the ground, I quickly untied the knot, and had scarcely done so when the roc, having taken up a serpent of monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The spot where I was left was surrounded on all sides by mountains, that seemed to reach above the clouds, and so steep that I could not possibly get out of the valley. It seemed to me that the place was no better than the desert island from which the roc had brought me.

As I walked through the valley, I found it strewed with diamonds of a surprising bigness. But the pleasure of looking at them was soon destroyed by another sight, which filled me with terror, namely, a great number of serpents, so monstrous that the least of them could swallow an elephant. In the daytime they hid in their dens from their enemy, the roc, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about in the valley. When night came I went into a cave where I thought I might rest in safety. I closed the low and narrow entrance with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents, but did not shut out all the light. Soon the serpents began hissing around me and put me in such extreme fear that I could not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say that I walked upon diamonds without feeling any desire to touch them. At last I sat down, and ate some of my food, and, in spite of my fears, fell asleep, for I had not closed my eyes during the night. Scarcely were they shut when something that fell by me with a great noise awoke me. This was a large piece of raw meat; and at the same time, I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

Page 174

I had never believed what I had heard sailors and others tell of the valley of diamonds, and of the means employed by merchants to obtain jewels from it. But now I found that I had heard the truth. For the fact is, that merchants come to this valley when the eagles have young ones, and throw great joints of meat into it; the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon these pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the edge of the rocks to feed their young; then the merchants run to their nests, drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

In this device I saw the means of my escape.

I gathered the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into a leather bag fastened at my waist. Then I took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close around me with the cloth of my turban, and laid myself upon the ground, with my face downwards. I had scarcely placed myself thus when one of the eagles bore me, with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants at once began their shouting to frighten the eagles, and when they had driven the birds away, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he first saw me, but soon began to quarrel, and asked me why I stole his goods.

“Do not be uneasy,” said I; “here are diamonds enough for you and me, more than all the others have together. They have to take what chance brings them, but I chose for myself, in the valley, those which you see in this bag.”

The other merchants now crowded around in amazement, and led me to their camp. When I showed them the diamonds in my bag, they confessed that they had never seen any of such size and beauty. I prayed the merchant who owned the nest to which I was carried (for every merchant had his own) to take for his share as many as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that the least of them, and, when I urged him to take more, said,—

“No, this will save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire.”

When each of the merchants was satisfied with the diamonds which the eagles brought them, we left the place, and traveled near high mountains, where there were serpents of prodigious length, and from these we had the good fortune to escape. We took ship at the first port we reached, and touched at the Isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphor. Here also is found the rhinoceros. This animal fights with the elephant, runs his horn into his belly, and carries him off upon his head; but when the blood and fat of the elephant run into his eyes and make him blind, he falls to the ground; then, strange to relate, the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws, for food for her young ones.

In this island I exchanged my diamonds for merchandise. After trading at various towns, we landed at Bussorah, whence I proceeded to Bagdad. There I gave large presents to the poor, and lived in honor upon the vast riches I had gained with so much fatigue.

Page 175

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I grew weary soon again of living an idle life, and, hardening myself against the thought of any danger, embarked with some merchants on another long voyage. After trading at several ports, we were overtaken one day by a dreadful tempest, which drove us from our course. Before it ceased we were brought to the port of an island, which the captain was very unwilling to enter; but we were obliged to cast anchor. The captain then told us that in this and some islands near it dwelt hairy savages who would soon attack us; and, though they were but dwarfs, we must not resist them, for they were more in number than the locusts, and, if we happened to kill one, they would all fall upon us and destroy us.

We soon found the captain's words but too true. A great multitude of frightful savages, about two feet high, covered all over with red hair, came swimming towards us, and surrounded the ship. They chattered as they came near, but we understood not their language. They climbed up the sides of the ship with surprising quickness. They took down our sails, cut the cable, and, hauling the vessel to the shore, made us all get out, and then carried the ship into another island, from which they had come. We saw at a distance a vast pile of building, and made towards it. We found it to be a palace, elegantly built, and very lofty, with a gate of ebony of two leaves, which we opened. Before us was a large room, with a porch, having on one side a heap of human bones, and on the other a vast number of roasting spits. We trembled at this sight, and were seized with deadly fear, when suddenly the gate of the room opened with a loud crash, and there came out the horrible figure of a black man, as tall as a lofty palm-tree. He had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead, where it blazed bright as a burning coal. His fore-teeth were very long and sharp, and stood out of his mouth, which was as deep as that of a horse. His upper lip hung down upon his breast. His ears were like an elephant's, and covered his shoulders; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of the greatest birds. At the sight of so frightful a genie, we lost our senses, and lay like dead men.

At last we came to ourselves, and saw him sitting in the porch, looking closely at us. Then he advanced, and, laying his hand upon me, took me up by the nape of my neck, and turned me round, as a butcher would turn a sheep's head. When he saw that I had nothing but skin and bone, he let me go. He took up all the rest one by one, and viewed them in the same manner. As the captain was the fattest, he held him with one hand, as I would a sparrow, and thrust a spit through him; he then kindled a great fire, roasted, and ate him for his supper. Then he fell asleep, snoring louder than thunder. He slept thus till morning. As to ourselves, it was not possible for us to enjoy any rest, and we passed the night in the most painful fear. When day appeared the giant awoke, went out, and left us in the palace.

Page 176

The next night we revenged ourselves on the brutish giant in the following manner. After he had finished his inhuman supper on another of our seamen, he lay down on his back and fell asleep. As soon as we heard him snore, nine of the boldest among us, and I, took each of us a spit, and, putting the points of them into the fire till they were burning hot, we thrust them into his eye all at once, and blinded him. The pain made him break out in a frightful yell; he started up, and stretched out his hand to seize and kill us; but we ran to such places as he could not reach. After having sought for us in vain, he groped for the gate, and went out, howling in agony.

We left the palace at once, and came to the shore, where we made some rafts, each large enough to carry three men. We waited till day before getting on them, for we hoped that by morning the howling, which we still heard, would cease, and that the giant would be dead; and if that happened we meant to stay in the island, and not to risk our lives upon the rafts. But day had scarcely appeared when we saw our cruel enemy, with two giants, almost of the same size, leading him; and a great number were coming before him at a quick pace.

We waited no longer to take to our rafts, and put to sea with all the speed we could. The giants, seeing this, took up great stones, and, running to the shore, entered the water up to the middle, and threw so exactly that they sank all the rafts but that I was upon; and all my comrades, except the two with me, were drowned. We rowed with all our might, and got out of the reach of the giants. The next morning, after a night of fear, we were thrown upon an island, where we landed with much joy, and found good fruit, which refreshed us greatly.

At night we went to sleep on the seashore, but were awakened by the noise of a serpent of surprising length and thickness, whose scales made a rustling noise as it moved itself along. It swallowed up one of my comrades, in spite of his loud cries and his efforts to save himself. Dashing him several times against the ground, it crushed him, and we could hear it gnaw and tear the poor fellow's bones, though we had fled far off. The next day, to our great terror, we saw the serpent again. "O Heaven, to what dangers are we exposed!" I cried. "We escape from a giant and the waves, only to meet with this!"

The next night, having satisfied our hunger with fruit, we mounted a tall tree, hoping to pass the night in safety. But soon the serpent came hissing to its foot, raised itself up against the trunk, and, reaching my comrade, who sat lower than I, swallowed him at once and went off.

Page 177

In the morning when I came down, I was ready to throw myself into the sea in my despair. But I resisted this impulse, and collected a great quantity of small wood, brambles, and dry thorns, and, making them up into fagots, made a wide circle with them round the tree, and also tied some of them to the branches over my head. Within this circle I shut myself up when night came, with such satisfaction as I could get from having neglected nothing that could save me. The serpent failed not to come at the usual hour, but was prevented from reaching me by the rampart I had made. He lay below me till day, like a cat watching in vain for a mouse that has reached a place of safety. When day appeared he retired, but I dared not to leave my fort until the sun arose.

God took pity on my hopeless state, for, just as I was about to cast myself into the sea, I saw a ship in the distance. I cried aloud and waved the linen of my turban. Then I was seen, and the captain sent his boat for me. When I came on board, the merchants and seamen flocked about me to hear how I came into that deserted island, in a region where cannibal giants and serpents were known by the oldest sailors to abound. When I stood before the captain in rags, he gave me one of his own suits. Looking steadfastly upon him, I knew him to be the person who, in my second voyage, had left me in the island where I fell asleep, and sailed without me or sending to seek for me.

“Captain,” said I, “look at me, and you may know that I am Sindbad, whom you left in that desert island.”

“God be praised!” he cried, after he had scanned me closely. “I rejoice that fortune has set right my fault. There are your goods, which I always took care to preserve.” I took them from him, and thanked him for his care of them.

We remained at sea for some time, touched at several islands, and landed at last at the island of Salabat, where sandalwood is obtained. In another island I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. After a long voyage, in the course of which I saw such strange creatures as a tortoise twenty cubits in length and breadth, I arrived at Bussorah, and thence returned to Bagdad, with so much wealth that I knew not its extent. I gave a great deal to the poor, and bought another large estate besides what I had already.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

After I had rested from the dangers of my third voyage my passion for trade and novelty soon drove me from home again. When I had settled my affairs and taken a stock of goods for traffic, I took the route of Persia, traveled over several provinces, and arrived at a port where I embarked. It was not long before our ship was wrecked. Several of the merchants and seamen were drowned, and the cargo was lost.

I had the good fortune, with a few others, to get upon some planks, and we were carried by the current to an island which lay before us. There we found fruit and spring water, which saved our lives. Early the next morning, we explored the island, and saw some houses, which we approached. As soon as we drew near, we were surrounded by a great number of negroes, who seized us, shared us among them, and carried us to their respective abodes.

Page 178

I and five of my comrades were carried to one place; here they made us sit down, and gave us a certain herb, which they made signs to us to eat. My comrades did not notice that the blacks took none of it themselves, and ate greedily. But I, suspecting some trick, would not so much as taste it, which happened well for me, for in a little time I saw that my comrades had lost their senses, and that when they spoke to me they knew not what they said.

The negroes fed us afterwards with rice to make us fat, for they were cannibals and meant to eat us. My comrades, who had lost their senses, ate heartily of it, but I very sparingly. They were devoured one by one, and I, with my senses entire, as you may readily guess, grew leaner every day. The fear of death turned all my food into poison. I fell into a sickness which proved my safety, for the negroes, having killed and eaten my comrades, and seeing me to be withered, lean, and sick, put off my death.

Meanwhile I had much liberty, and scarcely any notice was taken of what I did. Therefore one day, when no one but an old man was left about the houses, I made my escape. For seven days I traveled, avoiding places which seemed to be inhabited, and living on cocoanuts, which served me both for meat and drink. On the eighth day, I came near the sea, and saw some white people, like myself, gathering pepper, of which there was a great plenty in that place. To them I went without fear.

They came to meet me when they saw me, and asked me, in Arabic, who I was and whence I came. I was overjoyed to hear them speak in my own language, and told them of my shipwreck, and how I fell into the hands of the negroes.

“Those negroes,” replied they, “eat men. By what miracle did you escape?”

Then I told them what I have just told you, and they were greatly surprised. When they had finished gathering pepper, they took me with them to the island whence they had come, and presented me to their king, who was a good prince. He listened with surprise to the story of my adventures, and gave me clothes, and commanded that care be taken of me.

The island was well peopled, and the capital a place of great trade. The prince treated me with much kindness, and I, delighted with such a retreat after my misfortunes, was soon looked upon rather as a native than as a stranger. I observed one thing which seemed to me very strange. All the people, even the king, rode horses without bridle or stirrups. One day I found workmen who made, under my directions, a saddle with stirrups and a bit. These I presented to the king, who was so pleased with them that he made me large presents. I made several others for the ministers and chief officers of his household, which gained me great repute and regard.

One day the king, to whom I constantly paid court, said,—

“Sindbad, I love thee; I have one thing to demand of thee, which thou must grant. I have a mind thou shouldst marry, that so thou mayst stay with us, and think no more of thy own country.”

Page 179

I durst not resist the prince's will, and soon I was married to one of the ladies of his court, noble, beautiful, and rich. We lived together in perfect harmony, but I could not forget Bagdad, and planned to make my escape as soon as might be.

At this time the wife of one of my neighbors, with whom I had made a very strict friendship, fell sick and died. I went to comfort him in his sorrow, and said as soon as I saw him, "God preserve you and grant you a long life."

"Alas!" replied he, "how may that be? I have not above an hour to live, for I must be buried this day with my wife. That is a law in this island. The living husband is buried with the dead wife, and the living wife with the dead husband."

While he was telling me of this barbarous custom, the very account of which chilled my blood, his kindred, friends, and neighbors came to assist at the funeral. They dressed the corpse of the woman in her richest robes and all her jewels, as if it had been her wedding-day; then they placed her on an open bier, and began their march to the place of burial. The husband walked first, next to the dead body. When they reached a high mountain, they took up a large stone, which formed the mouth of a deep pit, and let down the body with all its apparel and jewels. Then the husband, embracing his kindred and friends, let himself be placed on another bier, with a pot of water, and seven small loaves, and was led down in the same manner. The mouth of the pit was again covered with the stone, and the company returned.

I describe all this the more carefully, because I in a few weeks' time was to be the chief actor on a similar occasion. Alas! my own wife fell sick and died. I made every plea I could to the king not to expose me, a foreigner, to this inhuman law. I appealed in vain. The king and all his court, with the chief persons of the city, sought to soften my sorrow by honoring the funeral with their presence; and when the ceremony was finished I was lowered into the pit with a vessel full of water and seven loaves. As I neared the bottom, I saw, by the aid of a little light that came from above, what sort of place it was. It seemed an endless cavern, and might be about fifty fathoms deep.

I lived for some time upon my bread and water, when one day, just as I was nearly exhausted, I heard something tread, and breathing or panting as it moved. I followed the sound. The animal seemed to stop sometimes, but always fled and breathed hard as I approached. I pursued it till at last I saw a light, like a star. I went on, sometimes lost sight of it, but always found it again, and at last discovered that it came through a hole in the rock, which I got through, and found myself, to my great joy, upon the seashore. I fell upon the shore to thank God for his mercy, and shortly afterwards saw a ship making for the place where I was. I made a sign with the linen of my turban, and called to the crew as loud as I could. They heard me, and sent a boat to bring me on board. It was fortunate for me that they did not inspect the place where they found me, but bore me away at once.

Page 180

We passed by several islands,—the Isle of Bells, Serendib, and Kela, where lead mines are found, also Indian canes and excellent camphor. The people of these places are so barbarous that they still eat human flesh. We touched at several other ports, and finished our traffic, and at last I arrived happily at Bagdad. Out of gratitude to God for his mercies, I gave large sums towards the support of several mosques and to the poor, and enjoyed myself with my friends.

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

All that I had undergone could not cure me of my desire to make new voyages. Therefore I bought goods, departed with them for the best seaport, and, that I might have a ship at my own command, waited till one was built for me. As I had not goods enough of my own to load her, I took with me several merchants, of different nations, with their wares.

We sailed with the first fair wind, and the first place we touched at, after some time, was a desert island, where we found an egg of a roc, equal in size to the one I have mentioned already. There was a young roc in it, just ready to be hatched, and its beak had begun to break the egg.

The merchants who landed with me broke the egg with hatchets, and made a hole in it, pulled out the young roc piecemeal, and roasted it. I had begged them in vain not to meddle with the egg.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when there appeared in the air far off two great clouds. The captain of my ship, knowing by experience what they meant, said they were the male and female parents of the roc, and urged us to reembark with all speed.

The two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken and their young one gone. They flew back in the direction they had come, and were gone for some time, while we made all the sail we could, to try to prevent that which unhappily befell us.

They soon returned, and we saw that each of them carried in its talons a huge rock. When they came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them let go his rock; but by the quickness of the steersman it missed us, and fell into the sea. The other so exactly hit the middle of the ship as to split it into pieces. The seamen and merchants were all crushed to death or fell into the sea. I myself was of the number of the latter; but, as I came up again, I fortunately caught hold of a piece of the wreck, and swimming, sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast to the plank, the wind and the tide favoring me, I came to an island, and got safely ashore.

[Illustration: THE TWO ROCS APPROACHED WITH A FRIGHTFUL NOISE, WHICH THEY REDOUBLED WHEN THEY SAW THE EGG BROKEN. WE SAW THAT EACH OF THEM CARRIED IN ITS TALONS A HUGE ROCK. WHEN THEY CAME DIRECTLY OVER MY SHIP, THEY HOVERED, AND ONE OF THEM LET GO HIS ROCK; BUT BY THE QUICKNESS OF THE STEERSMAN IT MISSED US, AND FELL INTO THE SEA. THE OTHER SO EXACTLY HIT THE MIDDLE OF THE SHIP]

Page 181

I sat down upon the grass to rest, and then went into the island to explore it. It seemed to be a delicious garden. Everywhere I found fruit and streams of fresh, pure water. Of these I ate and drank.

When I had gone a little way into the island, I saw an old man who appeared very weak and infirm. He was sitting on the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went towards him and saluted him, but he only slightly bowed his head. I asked him why he sat so still, but, instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back, and carry him over the brook.

I believed him really to stand in need of my help, took him upon my back, and, having carried him over, bade him get down. To that end, I stooped, that he might get off with ease; but instead of doing so—and I laugh every time I think of it—the old man, who to me appeared quite feeble, threw his legs nimbly about my neck. He sat astride upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight that I thought he would have strangled me, and I fainted away.

In spite of my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow still kept his seat upon my neck. When I got my breath again, he thrust one of his feet against my side, and struck me so rudely with the other, that he forced me to rise up against my will. Then he made me carry him under the trees, and obliged me now and then to stop, that he might gather and eat fruit. He never left his seat all day; and when I lay down to rest at night, he laid himself down with me, holding still fast about my neck. Every morning he pinched me to make me awake, and afterwards forced me to get up and walk, and spurred me with his feet.

One day I found several dry gourds that had fallen from a tree. I took a large one, and, after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island. Having filled the gourd, I put it by, and, going for it some days after, tasted and found the wine so good that it gave me new vigor, and so raised my spirits that I began to sing and dance as I carried my burden.

The old man, noticing the effect of the wine upon me, made me a sign to give him some of it. I handed him the gourd, and, the liquor pleasing his palate, he drank it off. As there was some quantity of it, he soon began to sing, and to move from side to side in his seat upon my shoulders, and by degrees to loosen his legs from about me. Finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion; then I took up a great stone and slew him.

I was extremely glad to be thus freed forever from this troublesome fellow. I now walked towards the beach, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor, to take in water. When I told them of my adventure, they said, “You fell into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling. He never quitted those he had once embraced till he had destroyed them, and many are the men he has slain.”

Page 182

Their captain received me with great kindness, and after some days' sail we arrived at the harbor of a great city, the houses of which overhung the sea.

With some of the people of this town I went to gather cocoanuts after their own method. When we reached a thick forest of cocoanut trees, we saw a great number of apes of several sizes, which fled as soon as they saw us, and climbed to the tops of the trees with amazing swiftness.

The merchants with whom I was gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the trees. I did the same; and the apes, out of revenge, threw cocoanuts at us so fast and with such gestures as to show their anger clearly. We gathered up the cocoanuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes. In this way we filled our bags with cocoanuts, and by degrees I got enough to produce me no small sum of money.

We set sail, and traded in various islands, at one of which I hired divers and with other merchants went a-pearl-fishing. Some of the pearls they brought me up were very large and pure. Then I returned to Bagdad, and gave a tenth of my gains in alms, and rested from my fatigues.

THE SIXTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I know, my friends, that you will wish to hear how, after having been shipwrecked and having escaped so many dangers, I could resolve again to tempt fortune, and expose myself to new hardships. When I reflect upon it now it seems that I must have been led by destiny, from which none can escape. Be this as it may, after a year's rest, I prepared for a sixth voyage, though my kindred and friends did all in their power to dissuade me.

Once more I traveled through several provinces of Persia and the Indies, and arrived at a seaport, where I embarked on a ship bound on a long voyage, in which the captain and the pilot lost their course. Suddenly we saw the captain quit his rudder, lamenting loudly, pulling his beard and beating his head like a madman. In reply to our questions, he answered,—

"A rapid current carries the ship along with it, and we shall all perish in less than a quarter of an hour. Pray God to deliver us from this peril. We cannot escape, if He does not take pity on us."

At these words he ordered the sails to be lowered, but all the ropes broke, and the current carried the ship to the foot of a mountain, where she struck and went to pieces, but in such a way that we saved our lives, our provisions, and the best of our goods.

The foot of the mountain was covered with wrecks, with a vast number of human bones, and goods and riches of all kinds beyond belief. In all other places it is usual for rivers

to run into the sea; but here a river of fresh water runs from the sea into a dark cavern, with a very high and spacious entrance. What is most strange in this place is that the stones of the mountain are of crystal, rubies, and other precious stones. Here also are ambergris and wood of aloes.

Page 183

It is not possible for ships to get off from this place when once they approach within a certain distance. If the wind is from the sea, this and the current drive them on. If it is a land wind, it is stopped by the height of the mountain, which causes a calm, so that the force of the current carries them ashore. What is worse, it is no more possible to ascend the mountain than to escape by sea. Here we remained in a state of despair, expecting death every day.

When we landed, we divided the food equally, and thus each one lived a longer or shorter time, according to the use he made of his share. I outlived my comrades, and, when I buried the last of them, had so little food left that I dug a grave for myself. But God once more took pity on me, and put it in my mind to go to the bank of the river which ran into the cavern. I said to myself,—

“This underground river must somewhere have an outlet. If I make a raft, and leave myself to the current, it will convey me to some inhabited country, or I shall perish. If I be drowned, I only change one kind of death for another.”

Out of pieces of timber and cables from the wrecks, I soon made myself a solid raft. Then I loaded it carefully with some chests of rubies, emeralds, ambergris, rock crystal, and bales of rich stuffs, and went on board with two oars that I had made, leaving the raft to the course of the river, and resigning myself to the will of God.

As soon as I entered the cavern, I lost all light, and the stream carried me I knew not whither. Thus I floated on, eating only enough to keep myself alive. But the food was soon spent, and I lost my senses. When I revived, I found myself on the brink of a river, where my raft was tied, amidst a great number of negroes. When I saluted them, they spoke to me, but I did not understand their tongue. In my joy I recited aloud the following words in Arabic,—

“Call upon the Almighty. He will help thee; shut thine eyes, and while thou art asleep, God will change thy bad fortune into good.”

One of the negroes, who understood Arabic, came forward and told me that they had seen my raft, and fastened it until I should awake. Through him I told the others, at their request, of all that had befallen me. The story was so strange that they said I must tell it to their king myself. Then they mounted me on a horse, and some led the way, and some followed with my raft and cargo.

The king received me kindly, and bade me sit by his side while I told him what I have told you. When my bales were opened in his presence, he marveled at what they contained, above all at the rubies and emeralds, which surpassed any in his treasury.

When I saw with what pleasure he viewed them, I fell at his feet and said,—

“Sire, not only is my person at your majesty’s service, but the cargo of the raft, and I beg of you to dispose of it as your own.”

But he would take none of my goods, and promised that I should leave his realm richer than I came. His officers were charged to serve me at his expense, and every day I paid the king my court, and saw what was most worthy of notice in the city. By way of devotion I made a pilgrimage to the place where Adam was confined after his banishment from Paradise.

Page 184

Then I prayed the king to allow me to return to my own country, and his permission was most kindly given. He would force a rich present upon me; and at the same time charged me with a letter for the Commander of the Faithful, our sovereign, saying to me, “I pray you give this present for me, and this letter, to the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, and assure him of my friendship.”

The letter from the king of Serendib was written on the skin of a certain animal of great value, very scarce, and of a yellowish color. The characters of the letter were of azure, and the contents as follows:—

“The king of the Indies, before whom march one hundred elephants, who lives in a palace that shines with one hundred thousand rubies, and who has in his treasury twenty thousand crowns enriched with diamonds, to Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid.

“Though the present we send you be slight, receive it as a brother and friend, in token of the hearty friendship we bear for you, and of which we are willing to give you proof. We desire the same part in your friendship, since we believe it to be our merit, for we are both kings. We send you this letter as from one brother to another. Farewell.”

The present consisted of one ruby made into a cup, about half a foot high, an inch thick, and filled with round pearls of half a drachm each; and the skin of a serpent, whose scales were as bright as a piece of gold, and preserved from sickness those who lay upon it; besides a vast quantity of the best quality of wood of aloes and camphor, and a female slave of great beauty, whose robe was covered over with jewels.

As soon as I reached Bagdad I presented myself before the Caliph with the letter and gift. When he had read the letter he asked if the king of Serendib were indeed so rich and potent, and, bowing to his feet, I assured him that it was all true, and told him in what state the prince appeared in public, with a throne on the back of an elephant, surrounded by officers and a guard of a thousand men.

“The officer who is before on his elephant,” I said, “cries from time to time with a loud voice, ’Behold the great monarch, the mighty Sultan of the Indies, greater than Solomon.’ Then the officer behind the throne cries in his turn, ’This monarch, so great and powerful, must die, must die, must die.’ And the officer before him replies, ‘Praise alone be to Him who liveth for ever and ever.’”

The Caliph was much pleased with my account, and sent me home with a rich present.

THE SEVENTH AND LAST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

After my sixth voyage I had given up all thoughts of going to sea again, for my age required rest, and I wished to expose myself to no more risks, but to pass the rest of my

days in peace. One day, however, an officer from the palace came and said the Caliph must speak to me.

“Sindbad,” said he, when I had bowed to the floor before the throne, “I stand in need of your service; you must carry my answer and present to the king of Serendib.”

Page 185

This command was to me like a clap of thunder. Though I had made a vow never to leave Bagdad, I saw that I must obey. The Caliph was well pleased, and ordered me a sum of money ample for my needs.

In a few days I departed with the letter and present, and, after a safe voyage, reached the isle of Serendib.

“Sindbad,” said the king, when I was brought before him with great pomp, and had bowed to the earth, “you are welcome; I have many times thought of you. I bless the day on which I see you once more.”

I thanked him for his kindness, and delivered the gifts from my august master. The Caliph’s letter was as follows:—

“Greeting, in the name of the Sovereign Guide of the Right Way, from the Servant of God, Haroun Al-Raschid, whom God hath set in the place of viceregent to his Prophet, after his ancestors of happy memory, to the potent and esteemed king of Serendib.

“We received your letter with joy, and send you this from our imperial residence, the garden of superior wits. We hope when you look upon it you will perceive our good will, and be pleased with it. Farewell.”

The Caliph’s present was a complete suit of cloth of gold, fifty robes of rich stuff, a hundred of white cloth, the finest of Cairo, Suez, and Alexandria; a vessel of agate, half a foot wide, on the bottom of which was carved a man with one knee on the ground, who held a bow and an arrow, ready to discharge at a lion. He sent also a rich tablet, which, according to tradition, belonged to the great Solomon.

The king of Serendib was highly pleased. Soon I obtained leave to depart, though not easily. Dismissed with a large present, I sailed at once for Bagdad, but had not the good fortune to arrive there so soon as I had hoped. God ordered it otherwise.

Three or four days after sailing, we were attacked by pirates. Some of the crew were killed, and I, with others who did not resist, was taken to a remote island and sold.

I fell into the hands of a rich merchant, who treated me well, and dressed me handsomely as a slave. In a few days he asked me if I knew any trade. I told him I was a merchant, robbed of all I possessed. “Tell me,” said he, “can you shoot with a bow?” I said it had been one of the exercises of my youth. Then he gave me a bow and arrow, took me behind him on an elephant, and carried me to a thick forest. Stopping before a great tree, he said, “Climb up that, and shoot at the elephants, of which there are many in this forest, as you see them pass by, and if any of them fall, come and give me notice.” Then he left me, and returned to the town, and I remained upon the tree all night.

In the morning I shot one of the many elephants that passed under the tree, and when the others had left it dead, I went into the town and told my patron of my success, which pleased him greatly. Then we returned, and dug a hole for the elephant, in which my patron meant to leave it until it was rotten, when he would take its teeth and trade with them.

Page 186

For two months I did this service. One morning I was amazed to see that the elephants, instead of passing by, stopped and came towards my tree with a horrible noise, in such numbers that the plain was covered, and shook under them. They surrounded the tree, with their trunks uplifted, and all fixed their eyes upon me. This frightened me so that my bow and arrows fell out of my hand.

My fears were not without cause, for soon one of the largest of the elephants put his trunk round the foot of the tree, plucked it up, and threw it on the ground. I fell with the tree, and the elephant, taking me up with his trunk, laid me on his back, where I sat more like one dead than alive. He put himself at the head of the rest, who followed him in line, carried me some distance, then laid me down on the ground, and retired with all the others. When they were gone, I got up, and found that I was upon a long and broad hill, almost covered with the bones and teeth of elephants. I doubted not but that this was their burial place, and that they carried me thither on purpose to tell me that I should no longer kill them, now that I knew where to get their teeth without doing them harm. I did not stay on the hill, but turned towards the city, and, traveling a day and a night, came to my patron.

He had believed me dead, for he had found the tree pulled up in the forest, and my bow and arrows on the ground. When he had heard of my escape, we set out for the hill, and brought back as many teeth as an elephant could bear. Then my master told me how many slaves had been killed by the elephants, and blessed me for making him and his whole city rich. “I can treat you no more as a slave,” he said, “but as a brother. I give you your liberty henceforth. I will also give you riches.”

To this I answered that the only reward I wished was leave to return to my own country. “Very well,” said he, “the monsoon will soon bring ships for ivory. Then I will send you home.”

While waiting for the monsoon we made many journeys to the hill, and, when my ship sailed, my master loaded half of it with ivory on my account. With this I traded at various ports, gaining vast sums of money. Besides the ivory, my master gave me precious gifts. The last portion of my journey I made by land, and when it was done I was happy in thinking I had nothing more to fear from the seas, from pirates, from serpents, or from the other perils to which I had been exposed. Safe at Bagdad, I waited upon the Caliph at once, and told him how I had fulfilled his mission. He loaded me with honors and rich presents, and I have ever since devoted myself to my family, kindred, and friends.

Sindbad here finished the story of his seventh and last voyage. “Well, friend,” he said, turning to Hindbad, “did you ever hear of any person that suffered so much as I have done? Is it not just that after all this I should enjoy a quiet and pleasant life?”

Page 187

Hindbad in answer kissed his hand and said, “Sir, my pains are not to be compared with yours. You not only deserve a quiet life, but are worthy of all the riches you possess, since you make so good a use of them. May you live happily for a long time.”

Sindbad ordered another purse of money to be given him, and told him to give up carrying burdens as a porter, and to eat henceforth at his table; for he wished Hindbad to remember all his life that he had a friend in Sindbad the Sailor.

THE TRAVELS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

THE BARON’S FIRST WANDERINGS

By Rodolph Eric Raspe

Some years before my beard announced approaching manhood, or, in other words, when I was neither man nor boy, but between both, I expressed in repeated conversations a strong desire of seeing the world, from which I was discouraged by my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveler himself, as will appear before I have reached the end of my singular and, I may add, interesting adventures. A cousin, by my mother’s side, took a liking to me, often said I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine, for my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had resided as governor many years.

We sailed from Amsterdam with dispatches from their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water. Some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth. However, as soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees). The weight of this couple, as the tree descended, over-balanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position: it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him on the spot. He had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened. The word fortunate, here, requires some explanation. This chief was a man of a very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber-gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

Page 188

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventures may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified (as who would not be?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan shot, and I had no other about me; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach, and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed. I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment; after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded: after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprung at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other! and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Page 189

[Illustration: I VENTURED TO RAISE MY HEAD AND LOOK ROUND, WHEN, TO MY UNSPEAKABLE JOY, I PERCEIVED THE LION HAD, BY THE EAGERNESS WITH WHICH HE SPRUNG AT ME, JUMPED FORWARD, AS I FELL, INTO THE CROCODILE'S MOUTH, WHICH WAS WIDE OPEN. THE HEAD OF THE ONE STUCK IN THE THROAT OF THE OTHER, AND THEY WERE STRUGGLING TO EXTRICATE THEMSELVES.]

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is that the crocodile turned about, snatched the *couteau de chasse* out of Monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart and killed him immediately!

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his inventions.

THE BARON'S JOURNEY TO ST. PETERSBURG

By Rodolph Eric Raspe

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of traveling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul; though I felt the severity of

the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying,—

“You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time.”

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Page 190

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple. Matters were now very plain to me: the village had been covered with snow over night; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to be the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey. [Here the baron seems to have forgotten his feelings; he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.]

He carried me well—advancing into the interior parts of Russia. I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly towards St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland or Jugemanland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the hind part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's body; it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt end of my whip. This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much, that he leaped forward with all his might: the horse's carcass dropped on the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually; we both arrived in full career safe at St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

Page 191

I shall not tire you, gentlemen, with the politics, arts, sciences, and history of this magnificent metropolis of Russia, nor trouble you with the various intrigues and pleasant adventures I had in the politer circles of that country, where the lady of the house always receives the visitor with a dram and a salute. I shall confine myself rather to the greater and nobler objects of your attention,—horses and dogs, my favorites in the brute creation; also to foxes, wolves, and bears, with which, and game in general, Russia abounds more than any other part of the world; and to such sports, manly exercises, and feats of gallantry and activity as show the gentleman better than musty Greek or Latin, or all the perfume, finery, and capers of French wits or *petit-maitres.*

THE BARON'S WONDERFUL HORSE

By Rodolph Eric Raspe

I remember with pleasure and tenderness a superb Lithuanian horse, which no money could have bought. He became mine by an accident, which gave me an opportunity of showing my horsemanship to a great advantage. I was at Count Przobossky's noble country seat in Lithuania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen were down in the yard to see a young horse of blood which had just arrived from the stud. We suddenly heard a noise of distress; I hastened downstairs, and found the horse so unruly that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horsemen stood dismayed and aghast; despondency was expressed in every countenance, when, in one leap, I was on his back, took him by surprise, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of. Fully to show this to the ladies, and save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the open windows of the tea room, walk round several times, pace, trot, and gallop, and at last made him mount the tea table, there to repeat his lessons in a pretty style of miniature which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies, for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer. It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that, with his usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full career to conquest and honor in the campaign against the Turks, which was soon to be opened, under the command of Count Munich.

I could not indeed have received a more agreeable present, nor a more ominous one at the opening of that campaign, in which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier. A horse so gentle, so spirited, and so fierce—at once a lamb and a Bucephalus—put me always in mind of the soldier's and the gentleman's duty, of young Alexander, and of the astonishing things he performed in the field.

We took the field, among several other reasons, it seems, with an intention to retrieve the character of the Russian arms, which had been blemished a little by Czar Peter's last campaign on the Pruth; and this we fully accomplished by several very fatiguing and glorious campaigns under the command of that great general I mentioned before.

Page 192

Modesty forbids individuals to arrogate to themselves great successes or victories, the glory of which is generally engrossed by the commander—nay, which is rather awkward, by kings and queens who never smelled gunpowder but at the field days and reviews of their troops; never saw a field of battle, or an enemy in battle array.

Nor do I claim any particular share of glory in the great engagements with the enemy. We all did our duty, which, in the patriot's, soldier's, and gentleman's language, is a very comprehensive word, of great honor, meaning, and import, and of which the generality of idle quidnuncs and coffee-house politicians can hardly form any but a very mean and contemptible idea. However having had the command of a body of hussars, I went upon several expeditions, with discretionary powers; and the success I then met with is, I think, fairly and only to be placed to my account, and to that of the brave fellows whom I led on to conquest and to victory. We had very hot work once in the van of the army, when we drove the Turks into Oczakow. My spirited Lithuanian had almost brought me into a scrape: I had an advanced forepost, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather uncertain about their actual numbers and real intentions: to wrap myself up in a similar cloud was common prudence, but would not have much advanced my knowledge or answered the end for which I had been sent out; therefore I let my flankers on both wings spread to the right and left, and make what dust they could, and I myself led on straight upon the enemy, to have a nearer sight of them; in this I was gratified, for they stood and fought, till, for fear of my flankers, they began to move off rather disorderly. This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit; we broke them entirely—made a terrible havoc amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our most sanguine expectation.

The swiftness of my Lithuanian enabled me to be foremost in the pursuit; and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market-place, to order the men to rendezvous. I stopped, gentlemen; but judge of my astonishment when in this market-place I saw not one of my hussars about me! Are they scouring the other streets? or what is become of them? They could not be far off, and must, at all events, soon join me. In that expectation I walked my panting Lithuanian to a spring in this market-place and let him drink. He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough; for when I looked round for my men, what should I see, gentlemen! the hind part of the poor creature—croup and legs were missing, as if he had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in, without refreshing or doing him any good! How it could have happened was quite a mystery to me, till I returned with him to the town gate.

Page 193

There I saw that when I rushed in pell-mell with the flying enemy, they had dropped the portcullis (a heavy falling door, with sharp spikes at the bottom, let down suddenly to prevent the entrance of an enemy into a fortified town) unperceived by me, which had totally cut off his hind part, that still lay quivering on the outside of the gate. It would have been an irreparable loss, had not our farrier contrived to bring both parts together while hot. He sewed them up with sprigs and young shoots of laurels that were at hand; the wound healed, and, what could not have happened but to so glorious a horse, the sprigs took root in his body, grew up, and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards I could go upon many other expeditions in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels.

THE BARON'S COLD DAY

By Rodolph Eric Raspe

Success was not always with me. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning: but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or

steps with my finger nails (the baron's nails were then of forty years' growth), and easily accomplished it.

Page 194

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way. There was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head; I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage; I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng, tereng, teng, teng*. We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn,—“The King of Prussia’s March,” “Over the Hill and over the Dale,” with many other favorite tunes; at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

By Charles and Mary Lamb

The states of Syracuse and Ephesus being at variance, there was a cruel law made at Ephesus, ordaining that if any merchant of Syracuse was seen in the city of Ephesus, he was to be put to death, unless he could pay a thousand marks for the ransom of his life.

AEgeon, an old merchant of Syracuse, was discovered in the streets of Ephesus and brought before the duke, either to pay this heavy fine or to receive sentence of death.

Page 195

AEgeon had no money to pay the fine, and the duke, before he pronounced the sentence of death upon him, desired him to relate the history of his life, and to tell for what cause he had ventured to come to the city of Ephesus, which it was death for any Syracusan merchant to enter.

AEgeon said that he did not fear to die, for sorrow had made him weary of his life, but that a heavier task could not have been imposed upon him than to relate the event of his unfortunate life. He then began his own history, in the following words:—

“I was born at Syracuse, and brought up to the profession of a merchant. I married a lady with whom I lived very happily, but being obliged to go to Epidamnum, I was detained there by my business six months, and then, finding I should be obliged to stay some time longer, I sent for my wife, who, as soon as she arrived, was brought to bed of two sons, and what was very strange, they were both so exactly alike that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. At the same time that my wife was brought to bed of these twin boys, a poor woman in the inn where my wife lodged was brought to bed of two sons, and these twins were as much like each other as my two sons were. The parents of these children being exceeding poor, I bought the two boys, and brought them up to attend upon my sons.

“My sons were very fine children, and my wife was not a little proud of two such boys; and she daily wishing to return home, I unwillingly agreed, and in an evil hour we got on shipboard; for we had not sailed above a league from Epidamnum before a dreadful storm arose, which continued with such violence that the sailors, seeing no chance of saving the ship, crowded into the boat to save their own lives, leaving us alone in the ship, which we every moment expected would be destroyed by the fury of the storm.

“The incessant weeping of my wife, and the piteous complaints of the pretty babes, who not knowing what to fear, wept for fashion, because they saw their mother weep, filled me with terror for them, though I did not for myself fear death; and all my thoughts were bent to contrive means for their safety. I tied my younger son to the end of a small spare mast, such as seafaring men provide against storms; at the other end I bound the younger of the twin slaves, and at the same time I directed my wife how to fasten the other children in like manner to another mast. She thus having the care of the two elder children, and I of the two younger, we bound ourselves separately to these masts with the children; and but for this contrivance we had all been lost, for the ship split on a mighty rock, and was dashed in pieces; and we, clinging to these slender masts, were supported above the water, where I, having the care of two children, was unable to assist my wife, who with the other children was soon separated from me; but while they were yet in my sight, they were taken up by a boat of fishermen, from Corinth (as I supposed), and seeing them in safety, I had no care but to struggle with the wild sea waves, to preserve my dear son and the younger slave. At length we in our turn were taken up by a ship, and the sailors, knowing me, gave us kind welcome and assistance,

and landed us in safety at Syracuse; but from that sad hour I have never known what became of my wife and elder child.

Page 196

“My younger son, and now my only care, when he was eighteen years of age, began to be inquisitive after his mother and his brother, and often importuned me that he might take his attendant, the young slave, who had also lost his brother, and go in search of them; at length I unwillingly gave consent, for though I anxiously desired to hear tidings of my wife and elder son, yet in sending my younger one to find them, I hazarded the loss of him also. It is now seven years since my son left me; five years have I passed in traveling through the world in search of him: I have been in farthest Greece, and through the bounds of Asia, and coasting homewards, I landed here in Ephesus, being unwilling to leave any place unsought that harbors men; but this day must end the story of my life, and happy should I think myself in my death, if I were assured my wife and sons were living.”

Here the hapless AEgeon ended the account of his misfortunes; and the duke, pitying this unfortunate father who had brought upon himself this great peril by his love for his lost son, said, if it were not against the laws, which his oath and dignity did not permit him to alter, he would freely pardon him; yet, instead of dooming him to instant death, as the strict letter of the law required, he would give him that day to try if he could beg or borrow the money to pay the fine.

This day of grace did seem no great favor to AEgeon, for not knowing any man in Ephesus, there seemed to him but little chance that any stranger would lend or give him a thousand marks to pay the fine; and helpless and hopeless of any relief, he retired from the presence of the duke in the custody of a jailer.

AEgeon supposed he knew no person in Ephesus; but at the very time he was in danger of losing his life through the careful search he was making after his youngest son, that son and his eldest son also were both in the city of Ephesus.

AEgeon’s sons, besides being exactly alike in face and person, were both named alike, being both called Antipholus, and the two twin slaves were also both named Dromio. AEgeon’s youngest son, Antipholus of Syracuse, he whom the old man had come to Ephesus to seek, happened to arrive at Ephesus with his slave Dromio that very same day that AEgeon did; and he being also a merchant of Syracuse, he would have been in the same danger that his father was, but by good fortune he met a friend who told him the peril an old merchant of Syracuse was in, and advised him to pass for a merchant of Epidamnum; this Antipholus agreed to do, and he was sorry to hear one of his own countrymen was in this danger, but he little thought this old merchant was his own father.

The oldest son of AEgeon (who must be called Antipholus of Ephesus, to distinguish him from his brother Antipholus of Syracuse) had lived at Ephesus twenty years, and, being a rich man, was well able to have paid the money for the ransom of his father’s life; but Antipholus knew nothing of his father, being so young when he was taken out of the sea with his mother by the fishermen that he only remembered he had been so

preserved, but he had no recollection of either his father or his mother; the fishermen who took up this Antipholus and his mother and the young slave Dromio having carried the two children away from her (to the great grief of that unhappy lady), intending to sell them.

Page 197

Antipholus and Dromio were sold by them to duke Menaphon, a famous warrior, who was uncle to the duke of Ephesus, and he carried the boys to Ephesus, when he went to visit the duke his nephew.

The duke of Ephesus taking a liking to young Antipholus, when he grew up, made him an officer in his army, in which he distinguished himself by his great bravery in the wars, where he saved the life of his patron the duke, who rewarded his merit by marrying him to Adriana, a rich lady of Ephesus, with whom he was living (his slave Dromio still attending him) at the time his father came there.

Antipholus of Syracuse, when he parted with his friend, who advised him to say he came from Epidamnum, gave his slave Dromio some money to carry to the inn where he intended to dine, and in the meantime he said he would walk about and view the city, and observe the manners of the people.

Dromio was a pleasant fellow, and when Antipholus was dull and melancholy he used to divert himself with the odd humors and merry jests of his slave, so that the freedoms of speech he allowed in Dromio were greater than is usual between masters and their servants.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had sent Dromio away he stood awhile thinking over his solitary wanderings in search of his mother and his brother, of whom in no place where he landed could he hear the least tidings, and he said sorrowfully to himself, “I am like a drop of water in the ocean, which seeking to find its fellow drop, loses itself in the wide sea. So I, unhappily, to find a mother and a brother, do lose myself.”

While he was thus meditating on his weary travels, which had hitherto been so useless, Dromio (as he thought) returned. Antipholus, wondering that he came back so soon, asked him where he had left the money. Now it was not his own Dromio, but the twin brother that lived with Antipholus of Ephesus, that he spoke to. The two Dromios and the two Antipholuses were still as much alike as AEgeon had said they were in their infancy; therefore no wonder Antipholus thought it was his own slave returned, and asked him why he came back so soon. Dromio replied, “My mistress sent me to bid you come to dinner. The capon burns, and the pig falls from the spit, and the meat will be all cold if you do not come home.” “These jests are out of season,” said Antipholus, “where did you leave the money?” Dromio still answering that his mistress had sent him to fetch Antipholus to dinner, “What mistress?” said Antipholus. “Why, your worship’s wife, sir,” replied Dromio. Antipholus having no wife, he was very angry with Dromio, and said, “Because I familiarly sometimes chat with you, you presume to jest with me in this free manner. I am not in a sportive humor now. Where is the money? we being strangers here, how dare you trust so great a charge from your own custody?” Dromio hearing his master, as he thought him, talk of their being strangers, supposed Antipholus was jesting, and replied merrily, “I pray you, sir, jest as you sit at dinner: I had no charge but to fetch you home, to dine with my mistress and her sister.” Now Antipholus lost all

patience, and beat Dromio, who ran home, and told his mistress that his master had refused to come to dinner, and said that he had no wife.

Page 198

Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, was very angry, when she heard that her husband said he had no wife; for she was of a jealous temper, and she said her husband meant that he loved another lady better than herself; and she began to fret and say unkind words of jealousy and reproach of her husband; and her sister Luciana, who lived with her, tried in vain to persuade her out of her groundless suspicions.

Antipholus of Syracuse went to the inn and found Dromio with the money in safety there, and seeing his own Dromio, he was going again to chide him for his free jests, when Adriana came up to him, and not doubting but it was her husband she saw, she began to reproach him for looking strange upon her (as well he might, never having seen this angry lady before); and then she told him how well he loved her before they were married, and that now he loved some other lady instead of her. "How comes it now, my husband," said she, "oh, how comes it that I have lost your love?" "Plead you to me, fair dame?" said the astonished Antipholus. It was in vain he told her he was not her husband, and that he had been in Ephesus but two hours; she insisted on his going home with her, and Antipholus at last being unable to get away, went with her to his brother's house, and dined with Adriana and her sister,—the one calling him husband and the other brother; he, all amazed, thinking he must have been married to her in his sleep, or that he was sleeping now. And Dromio, who followed them, was no less surprised, for the cookmaid, who was his brother's wife, also claimed him for her husband.

While Antipholus of Syracuse was dining with his brother's wife, his brother, the real husband, returned home to dinner with his slave Dromio; but the servants would not open the door, because their mistress had ordered them not to admit any company; and when they repeatedly knocked, and said they were Antipholus and Dromio, the maids laughed at them, and said that Antipholus was at dinner with their mistress, and Dromio was in the kitchen; and though they almost knocked the door down, they could not gain admittance, and at last Antipholus went away very angry, and strangely surprised at hearing a gentleman was dining with his wife.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had finished his dinner, he was so perplexed at the lady's still persisting in calling him husband, and at hearing that Dromio had also been claimed by the cookmaid, that he left the house, as soon as he could find any pretense to get away; for though he was very much pleased with Luciana, the sister, yet the jealous-tempered Adriana he disliked very much, nor was Dromio at all better satisfied with his fair wife in the kitchen: therefore both master and man were glad to get away from their new wives as fast as they could.

The moment Antipholus of Syracuse had left the house, he was met by a goldsmith, who mistaking him, as Adriana had done, for Antipholus of Ephesus, gave him a gold chain, calling him by his name; and when Antipholus would have refused the chain, saying it did not belong to him, the goldsmith replied he made it by his own orders; and went away, leaving the chain in the hands of Antipholus, who ordered his man Dromio to

get his things on board a ship, not choosing to stay in a place any longer, where he met with such strange adventures that he surely thought himself bewitched.

Page 199

The goldsmith who had given the chain to the wrong Antipholus, was arrested immediately after for a sum of money he owed; and Antipholus, the married brother, to whom the goldsmith thought he had given the chain, happened to come to the place where the officer was arresting the goldsmith, who, when he saw Antipholus, asked him to pay for the gold chain he had just delivered to him, the price amounting to nearly the same sum as that for which he had been arrested. Antipholus denying having received the chain, and the goldsmith persisting to declare that he had but a few minutes before given it to him, they disputed this matter a long time, both thinking they were right: for Antipholus knew the goldsmith never gave him the chain, and, so like were the two brothers, the goldsmith was as certain he had delivered the chain into his hands, till at last the officer took the goldsmith away to prison for the debt he owed, and at the same time the goldsmith made the officer arrest Antipholus for the price of the chain; so that at the conclusion of their dispute, Antipholus and the merchant were both taken away to prison together.

As Antipholus was going to prison, he met Dromio of Syracuse, his brother's slave, and mistaking him for his own, he ordered him to go to Adriana his wife, and tell her to send the money for which he was arrested. Dromio, wondering that his master should send him back to the strange house where he dined, and from which he had just before been in such haste to depart, did not dare to reply, though he came to tell his master the ship was ready to sail; for he saw Antipholus was in no humor to be jested with. Therefore he went away, grumbling within himself, that he must return to Adriana's house, "Where," said he, "Dowsabel claims me for a husband: but I must go, for servants must obey their masters' commands."

Adriana gave him the money, and as Dromio was returning, he met Antipholus of Syracuse, who was still in amaze at the surprising adventures he met with; for his brother being well known in Ephesus, there was hardly a man he met in the streets but saluted him as an old acquaintance: some offered him money which they said was owing to him, some invited him to come and see them, and others gave him thanks for kindnesses they said he had done them, all mistaking him for his brother. A tailor showed him some silks he had bought for him, and insisted upon taking measure of him for some clothes.

Antipholus began to think he was among a nation of sorcerers and witches, and Dromio did not at all relieve his master from his bewildered thoughts, by asking him how he got free from the officer who was carrying him to prison, and giving him the purse of gold which Adriana had sent to pay the debt with. This talk of Dromio's of the arrest and of a prison, and of the money he had brought from Adriana, perfectly confounded Antipholus, and he said, "This fellow Dromio is certainly distracted, and we wander here in illusions;" and quite terrified at his own confused thoughts, he cried out, "Some blessed power deliver us from this strange place!"

Page 200

And now another stranger came up to him, and she was a lady, and she too called him Antipholus, and told him he had dined with her that day, and asked him for a gold chain which she said he had promised to give her. Antipholus now lost all patience, and calling her a sorceress, he denied that he had ever promised her a chain, or dined with her, or had even seen her face before that moment. The lady persisted in affirming he had dined with her, and had promised her a chain, which Antipholus still denying, she further said that she had given him a valuable ring, and if he would not give her the gold chain, she insisted upon having her own ring again. On this Antipholus became quite frantic, and again calling her sorceress and witch, and denying all knowledge of her or her ring, ran away from her, leaving her astonished at his words and his wild looks, for nothing to her appeared more certain than that he had dined with her, and that she had given him a ring, in consequence of his promising to make her a present of a gold chain. But this lady had fallen into the same mistake the others had done, for she had taken him for his brother: the married Antipholus had done all the things she taxed this Antipholus with.

When the married Antipholus was denied entrance into his own house (those within supposing him to be already there), he had gone away very angry, believing it to be one of his wife's jealous freaks, to which she was very subject, and remembering that she had often falsely accused him of visiting other ladies, he, to be revenged on her for shutting him out of his own house, determined to go and dine with this lady, and she receiving him with great civility, and his wife having so highly offended him, Antipholus promised to give her a gold chain, which he had intended as a present for his wife; it was the same chain which the goldsmith by mistake had given to his brother. The lady liked so well the thoughts of having a fine gold chain, that she gave the married Antipholus a ring; which when, as she supposed (taking his brother for him), he denied, and said he did not know her, and left her in such a wild passion, she began to think he was certainly out of his senses; and presently she resolved to go and tell Adriana that her husband was mad. And while she was telling it to Adriana, he came, attended by the jailer (who allowed him to come home to get the money to pay the debt), for the purse of money, which Adriana had sent by Dromio, and he had delivered to the other Antipholus.

Adriana believed the story the lady told her of her husband's madness must be true when he reproached her for shutting him out of his own house; and remembering how he had protested all dinner time that he was not her husband, and had never been in Ephesus till that day, she had no doubt that he was mad; she therefore paid the jailer the money, and having discharged him, she ordered her servants to bind her husband with ropes, and had him conveyed into a dark room, and sent for a doctor to come and cure him of his madness: Antipholus all the while hotly exclaiming against this false accusation, which the exact likeness he bore to his brother had brought upon him. But his rage only the more confirmed them in the belief that he was mad; and Dromio persisting in the same story, they bound him also, and took him away along with his master.

Page 201

Soon after Adriana had put her husband into confinement, a servant came to tell her that Antipholus and Dromio must have broken loose from their keepers, for that they were both walking at liberty in the next street. On hearing this, Adriana ran out to fetch him home, taking some people with her to secure her husband again; and her sister went along with her. When they came to the gates of a convent in their neighborhood, there they saw Antipholus and Dromio, as they thought, being again deceived by the likeness of the twin brothers.

Antipholus of Syracuse was still beset with the perplexities this likeness had brought upon him. The chain which the goldsmith had given him was about his neck, and the goldsmith was reproaching him for denying that he had it, and refusing to pay for it, and Antipholus Was protesting that the goldsmith freely gave him the chain in the morning, and that from that hour he had never seen the goldsmith again.

And now Adriana came up to him and claimed him as her lunatic husband, who had escaped from his keepers; and the men she brought with her were going to lay violent hands on Antipholus and Dromio; but they ran into the convent, and Antipholus begged the abbess to give him shelter in her house.

And now came out the lady abbess herself to inquire into the cause of this disturbance. She was a grave and venerable lady, and wise to judge of what she saw, and she would not too hastily give up the man who had sought protection in her house; so she strictly questioned the wife about the story she told of her husband's madness, and she said, "What is the cause of this sudden distemper of your husband's? Has he lost his wealth at sea? Or is it the death of some dear friend that has disturbed his mind?" Adriana replied that no such things as these had been the cause. "Perhaps," said the abbess, "he has fixed his affections on some other lady than you his wife; and that has driven him to this state." Adriana said she had long thought the love of some other lady was the cause of his frequent absences from home. Now it was not his love for another, but the teasing jealousy of his wife's temper, that often obliged Antipholus to leave his home; and (the abbess suspecting this from the vehemence of Adriana's manner) to learn the truth, she said, "You should have reprehended him for this." "Why, so I did," replied Adriana. "Aye," said the abbess, "but perhaps not enough." Adriana, willing to convince the abbess that she had said enough to Antipholus on this subject, replied, "It was the constant subject of our conversation: in bed I would not let him sleep for speaking of it. At table I would not let him eat for speaking of it. When I was alone with him, I talked of nothing else; and in company I gave him frequent hints of it. Still all my talk was how vile and bad it was in him to love any lady better than me."

Page 202

The lady abbess, having drawn this full confession from the jealous Adriana, now said, “And therefore comes it that your husband is mad. The venomous clamor of a jealous woman is a more deadly poison than a mad dog’s tooth. It seems his sleep was hindered by your railing; no wonder that his head is light: and his meat was sauced with your upbraidings; unquiet meals make ill digestions, and that has thrown him into this fever. You say his sports were disturbed by your brawls; being debarred from the enjoyment of society and recreation, what could ensue but dull melancholy and comfortless despair? The consequence is then, that your jealous fits have made your husband mad.”

Luciana would have excused her sister, saying, she always reprehended her husband mildly; and she said to her sister, “Why do you hear these rebukes without answering them?” But the abbess had made her so plainly perceive her fault, that she could only answer, “She has betrayed me to my own reproof.”

Adriana, though ashamed of her own conduct, still insisted on having her husband delivered up to her; but the abbess would suffer no person to enter her house, nor would she deliver up this unhappy man to the care of the jealous wife, determining herself to use gentle means for his recovery, and she retired into her house again, and ordered her gates to be shut against them.

During the course of this eventful day, in which so many errors had happened from the likeness the twin brothers bore to each other, old AEgeon’s day of grace was passing away, it being now near sunset; and at sunset he was doomed to die, if he could not pay the money.

The place of his execution was near this convent, and here he arrived just as the abbess retired into the convent; the duke attending in person, that if any offered to pay the money, he might be present to pardon him.

Adriana stopped this melancholy procession and cried out to the duke for justice, telling him that the abbess had refused to deliver up her lunatic husband to her care. While she was speaking, her real husband and his servant Dromio, who had got loose, came before the duke to demand justice, complaining that his wife had confined him on a false charge of lunacy, and telling in what manner he had broken his bands, and eluded the vigilance of his keepers. Adriana was strangely surprised to see her husband, when she thought he had been within the convent.

AEgeon, seeing his son, concluded this was the son who had left him to go in search of his mother and his brother; and he felt secure that this dear son would readily pay the money demanded for his ransom. He therefore spoke to Antipholus in words of fatherly affection, with joyful hope that he should now be released. But to the utter astonishment of AEgeon, his son denied all knowledge of him, as well he might, for this

Antipholus had never seen his father since they were separated in the storm in his infancy; but

Page 203

while the poor old AEgeon was in vain endeavoring to make his son acknowledge him, thinking surely that either his griefs and the anxieties he had suffered had so strangely altered him that his son did not know him, or else that he was ashamed to acknowledge his father in his misery, in the midst of this perplexity, the lady abbess and the other Antipholus and Dromio came out, and the wondering Adriana saw two husbands and two Dromios standing before her.

And now these riddling errors, which had so perplexed them all, were clearly made out. When the duke saw the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios both so exactly alike, he at once conjectured aright of these seeming mysteries, for he remembered the story AEgeon had told him in the morning; and he said, these men must be the two sons of AEgeon and their twin slaves.

But now an unlooked-for joy, indeed, completed the history of AEgeon; and the tale he had in the morning told in sorrow, and under sentence of death, before the setting sun went down was brought to a happy conclusion, for the venerable lady abbess made herself known to be the long-lost wife of AEgeon, and the fond mother of the two Antipholuses.

When the fisherman took the eldest Antipholus and Dromio away from her, she entered a nunnery, and by her wise and virtuous conduct she was at length made lady abbess of this convent, and in discharging the rites of hospitality to an unhappy stranger she had unknowingly protected her own son.

Joyful congratulations and affectionate greetings between these long separated parents and their children made them for a while forget that AEgeon was yet under sentence of death; but when they were become a little calm, Antipholus of Ephesus offered the duke the ransom money for his father's life; but the duke freely pardoned AEgeon, and would not take the money. And the duke went with the abbess and her newly found husband and children into the convent, to hear this happy family discourse at leisure of the blessed ending of their adverse fortunes. And the two Dromios' humble joy must not be forgotten; they had their congratulations and greetings too, and each Dromio pleasantly complimented his brother on his good looks, being well pleased to see his own person (as in a glass) show so handsome in his brother.

Adriana had so well profited by the good counsel of her mother-in-law that she never after cherished unjust suspicions, or was jealous of her husband.

Antipholus of Syracuse married the fair Luciana, the sister of his brother's wife; and the good old AEgeon, with his wife and sons, lived at Ephesus many years. Nor did the unraveling of these perplexities so entirely remove every ground of mistake for the future, but that sometimes, to remind them of adventures past, comical blunders would

happen, and the one Antipholus and the one Dromio be mistaken for the other, making altogether a pleasant and diverting Comedy of Errors.

Page 204

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

By Charles and Mary Lamb

Shylock, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant, Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange) he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best-conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed he was one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him: he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me

and my well-earned bargains which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio, finding he was musing within

Page 205

himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, “Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?” To this question the Jew replied, “Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my moneys and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cutthroat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot as if I was a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me, and say, *Shylock, lend me moneys*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys?” Antonio replied, “I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty.”—“Why look you,” said Shylock, “how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money.” This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio’s love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

“Content,” said Antonio; “I will sign to this bond and say there is much kindness in the Jew.”

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, “O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are. Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break this day, what should I gain by the exaction of this forfeiture? A pound of man’s flesh taken from a man is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favor, I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu.”

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intention, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont; her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter and the wife of Brutus.

Page 206

Bassanio—being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life—set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, “Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring,” presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia’s waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

“With all my heart, Gratiano,” said Bassanio, “if you can get a wife.”

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia’s fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, “Madam, it is so, if you approve of it.” Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, “Then our wedding feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano.”

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio’s letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, “O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever

blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt."

Page 207

Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were, "Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

"O my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch all business, and be gone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind-hearted friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honor her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wifelike grace that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defense.

Portia had a relation who was a counselor in the law. To this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote; and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counselor. When the messenger returned he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Page 208

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counselor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counselor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counselor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform: and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy* as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it: and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counselor would endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favor, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks?"

Page 209

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond: and when she had read it, she said, “This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio’s heart.” Then said she to Shylock, “Be merciful: take the money, and bid me tear the bond.” But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said, “By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me.” “Why, then, Antonio,” said Portia, “you must prepare your bosom for the knife;” and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, “Have you anything to say?” Antonio, with a calm resignation, replied that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, “Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honorable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!” Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, “Antonio, I am married to a wife who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you.”

Portia, hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, “Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer.” And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio’s, and he said, in Nerissa’s hearing, who was writing in her clerk’s dress by the side of Portia, “I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew.” “It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house,” said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, “We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence.” And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, “Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death.” Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, “It is not so named in the bond.” Portia replied, “It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity.” To this all the answer Shylock would make was, “I cannot find it; it is not in the bond.” “Then,” said Portia, “a pound of Antonio’s flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it.” Again Shylock exclaimed, “O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!” And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, “Come, prepare!”

Page 210

“Tarry a little, Jew,” said Portia; “there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, ’a pound of flesh,’ If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice.” Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio’s blood, this wise discovery of Portia’s, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counselor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in words which Shylock had used, “O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!”

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent said, with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio’s unexpected deliverance, cried out, “Here is the money!” But Portia stopped him, saying, “Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood; nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeit to the senate.”

“Give me my money, and let me go,” said Shylock. “I have it ready,” said Bassanio; “here it is.”

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, “Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeit to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you.”

The duke then said to Shylock, “That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state.”

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock’s wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio’s, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this; and being thus disappointed in his revenge and despoiled of his riches, he said, “I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter.”—“Get thee gone, then,” said the duke, “and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches.”

Page 211

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counselor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, “I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly.” The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, “Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him.”

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, “Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew.” “And we shall stand indebted to you over and above,” said Antonio, “in love and service evermore.”

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept some reward, she said, “Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake;” and then, Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger: now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, “And for your love I will take this ring from you.” Bassanio was sadly distressed, that the counselor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife’s gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, “You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered.”

“Dear Bassanio,” said Antonio, “let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife’s displeasure.” Bassanio, ashamed to appear too ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be out-done in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies, to think when they got home how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, “That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world;” and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, “Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day.”

Page 212

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarreling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife, *Love me, and leave me not*."

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman."—"By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counselor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life: this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counselor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honor, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which, when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels!"

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will nevermore break his faith with you."—-"Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counselor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

Page 213

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives: Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that—

"while he lived, he'd fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring."

THE TEMPEST

By Charles and Mary Lamb

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Scyorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange, misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Scyorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's

way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Page 214

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. “O my dear father,” said she, “if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her.”

[Illustration: THE VESSEL WILL BE DASHED TO PIECES]

“Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda,” said Prospero; “there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age.”

“Certainly I can, sir,” replied Miranda.

“By what?” asked Prospero; “by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child.”

Miranda said, “It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?”

Prospero answered, “You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?”

“No, sir,” said Miranda, “I remember nothing more.”

“Twelve years ago, Miranda,” continued Prospero, “I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy.”

“Wherefore,” said Miranda, “did they not that hour destroy us?”

“My child,” answered her father, “they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.”

Page 215

“O my father,” said Miranda, “what a trouble must I have been to you then!”

“No, my love,” said Prospero, “you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.”

“Heaven thank you, my dear father,” said Miranda. “Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm?”

“Know, then,” said her father, “that by means of this storm my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.”

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship’s company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

“Well, my brave spirit,” said Prospero to Ariel, “how have you performed your task?”

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and the terrors of the mariners; and how the king’s son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. “But he is safe,” said Ariel, “in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before.”

“That’s my delicate Ariel,” said Prospero. “Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?”

“I left them,” answered Ariel, “searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship’s crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor.”

“Ariel,” said Prospero, “thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet.”

“Is there more work?” said Ariel. “Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling.”

“How now!” said Prospero. “You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me.”

“Sir, in Algiers,” said Ariel.

“Oh, was she so?” said Prospero. “I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from.”

Page 216

“Pardon me, dear master,” said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; “I will obey your commands.”

“Do so,” said Prospero, “and I will set you free.” He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

“O my young gentleman,” said Ariel, when he saw him, “I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me.” He then began singing,

“Full fathom five thy father lies;
  Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
  Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell.”

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel’s voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

“Miranda,” said Prospero, “tell me what you are looking at yonder.”

“O father,” said Miranda in a strange surprise, “surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?”

“No, girl,” answered her father; “it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.”

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and, from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at

first sight, but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Page 217

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, “Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one.”

“Silence,” said the father; “one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban.” This he said to prove his daughter’s constancy; and she replied, “My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man.”

“Come on, young man,” said Prospero to the prince; “you have no power to disobey me.”

“I have not, indeed,” answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, “My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man’s threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid.”

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings’ sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. “Alas!” said she, “do not work so hard; my father is at his studies,—he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself.”

“O my dear lady,” said Ferdinand, “I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest.”

“If you will sit down,” said Miranda, “I will carry your logs the while.” But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father’s express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter’s disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she

showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

Page 218

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, “This goes on exactly as I could wish: my girl will be queen of Naples.”

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

“Ah! sir,” said she, “I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me.”

Prospero prevented Ferdinand’s thanks by appearing visible before them.

“Fear nothing, my child,” said he; “I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise.” He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero’s brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero; “if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero

formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Page 219

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them, and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too;" and, opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and the excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had made when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life,—he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh, how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and

savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Page 220

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. “My quaint Ariel,” said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, “I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom.” “Thank you, my dear master,” said Ariel; “but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!” Here Ariel sang this pretty song:—

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.

END OF VOLUME V