



From a Drawing by W. H. Robinson.

**Sancho Panza and Dapple.**

"How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple?"

(Reproduced from "Don Quixote," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

of resource, the tender humanity ever balancing between smiles and tears, the sounding of emotion to its base, that make Shakespeare's plays immortal, have done similar service to "Don Quixote"; and the two books stand with the poems of Homer and Dante, aloof from all other profane literary products of the human brain; standards of excellence for all time to come.

The success of "Don Quixote" brought to its author fame and popularity, but little or no money. He still for a time was in and out of prison on various pretexts, still wrote slowly and laboriously, promising much more than he could perform. Eight years passed before his collection of short stories, twelve of them, was pub-

lished by Robles, of Madrid, under the name of "The Exemplary Novels"; the publisher having bought the manuscript for £33. These again are supremely excellent in their way; crammed full of the same fine qualities that have made his famous masterpiece immortal; and in the prologue to them he proudly claims to be the first author to naturalise such stories in Spain. Through all these years of poverty and neglect he still continued to work heavily and laboriously, as his wont was, at the continuation of "Don Quixote." When he had reached the fifty-ninth chapter he learned (in 1614) that someone else, under the pseudonym of Avellaneda, had published a spurious sequel. Who wrote it no one knows, but it is extremely fine, and will almost compare with the work of Cervantes himself. But the fraud stung Cervantes to the quick, and the insolence and cruelty of Avellaneda's preface turned his heart to gall. Hurriedly finishing his own second part, with many a bitter jibe at his imitator, he hurried it through the press almost at the same time as the spurious sequel was brought out. Cervantes' second part is in some respects, especially in style, superior to the first. The satire on the romances of chivalry is considerably relaxed, for it was now less necessary and timely than it had been years previously, but the incidents of the novel themselves are traced with a firmer touch, and with the confidence of an accepted master. Other works Cervantes had in hand, as well as the long promised continuation of "Galatea," but one pledge only was redeemed. On his death-bed, in poverty and pain, he dedicated "Persiles y Sigismundo," which he meant to be "the best or worst book ever written in our tongue," to the Duke of Lemos. This was signed on the 19th April, 1616, with, as the writer says, "one foot already in the stirrup," to post down the road to the valley of death. On the 23rd April the other foot was raised from earth, and the immortal Cervantes was hustled into an unmarked grave in the Convent of Barefoot Trinitarians in the Street of Cantaranas. Like Shakespeare, his fame needs no monument. "Don Quixote" will outlive marble, and whilst "Quixote" lives Cervantes will be loved, not only because of his transcendent genius, but also because he was very, very human.

## THE HUNTING-GROUND OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY HENRY BERNARD

(Author of "In Pursuit of Dulcinea.")

WHEN my poor friend Tomás, the philosopher of Manzanares, took me in quite ignorant faith to see the Vista del Frances, he not only dallied with passing untruths, but with the verities

called eternal. "As we advance in life," says Froude, "we learn the limits of our abilities"; and as on that historic day we sought for the view which the Frenchman extolled, we learnt in the

direst of all schools, we learnt the limits of applied geography. I have no doubt at all that Tomás, in spite of the culinary and transcendental affairs with which he was chiefly concerned, would have been as delighted to show me the Frenchman's view as to reveal Don Quixote's precise wind-mill. And if such a task should be beyond human strength it will at any rate be less dolorous than that of the wayfarer who comes to Vaucluse and the desecrating paper-mills. Tomás, perhaps, was too little of this world, but a Manchegan of average wisdom would conduct the pious, and that most accurately, from scene to scene of Don Quixote's exploits. He would, waiving his natural surliness, be willing to show where each act had been committed for which our Knight is held responsible, and not merely like the guardian of Stratford-on-Avon, celebrated by Henry James, to demonstrate where the great man was accidentally born. But the ways of the faithful are past finding out; they will—like so many common people—gaze at certain houses in Ayr, although this involves but slight inconvenience, and they will neglect to go to La Mancha, although the story of what they suffered would gain them considerable applause. Also, their quest will not be absolutely futile; for if the native imagination has met with scant encouragement, there have been sundry foreign benefactors who have moved quixotically over that region.

And now we may look at the Venta de Quesada, perchance too at the burly Sancho who watches there, undisposed to argue, and we may know that in this place our hero piled his arms when he spent the time in vigil. The fat innkeeper who knighted him has gone the way of all his flesh, so that from those crumbling walls one must march with hunger and thirst along the lonely, royal road to Manzanares, and there the grey *patrona*, with her weary retainer Maria Jesús (if the strategic barber has not yet married her), will be glad to bestow on man and beast all that attention of which they are capable. But if the *patrona's* parti-coloured petticoat should happen to be troubling her soul, she would welcome the departure of any traveller, however lucrative, who promises to convey the garment to her misguided brother at Argamasilla, where also Cervantes was imprisoned. That small, subterranean chamber, where the tax-gatherer began his great revenge, has been left in its primitive condition, just like the road which runs to Argamasilla. And yet the good Spaniards who refuse to tamper with antiquities have been somewhat tainted by the modern spirit, for your driver will hasten in the most reckless fashion up and down a road which demands other treatment. But Argamasilla de Alba herself, lying in the midst of the *despoblado*, presents, in Don José, so warm a welcome that even a purgatorial night at the inn, with its populous beds and its sallow host and its murderous club, will be transfigured



From a Drawing by W. H. Robinson.

Don Quixote.

"He rushed with Rocinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at."  
(Reproduced from "Don Quixote," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

in recollection. Before you settle down at Don José's, lolling sweet hours in his white *patio*, go with all speed to the church. Isabella's hand is very tremulous, her candle threatens the famous picture—it may be you will arrive too late, and then even her opinions on art, howbeit original, will not divert you. This portrait, which stands in the north transept, is of Don Rodrigo de Pacheco, who was one of that numerous and still surviving class which achieves immortality by persecuting genius. He, the sole hidalgo of the town, was the cause of Cervantes's incarceration, and if his Malvolio-like features are a little too prosperous for a Knight of the Rueful Countenance we may suppose that the words of Cervantes have more of the truth than another's brush. Moreover, we read on this picture (which displays Don Rodrigo and his niece prostrate before the Virgin) that "Our Lady appeared to Don Rodrigo de Pacheco on the eve of St. Matthew, in the year 1601, and cured him—who had promised her a lamp of silver, and called day and night upon her in his great affliction—of a great pain he had in his brain through a chilliness which had fallen into it."





From a Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

#### Sancho Panza and the Duchess.

But Argamasilla's principal boast is the Casa de Medrano which, unlike the chief birthplace of its famous tenant at Alcalá de Henares, has been judged worthy of preservation. There seems to be no dispute that here in the prison-like harem, which betrays the Moorish influence, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was held in captivity. But how much he wrought in this dark cell, whose ceiling is but seven feet from the earthen floor, must remain undecided: the most careful of historians will admit that in this place the book was probably conceived, for the prologue to the first part informs us that it was "engendered in a prison." There is, on the other hand, a school of more romantic historians to which belongs most fervidly the entire population of Argamasilla, save one or two, such as the gambling magistrate and, of course, Dolores and Don José, my friend of the sun-rise, who being another Tertullian is sometimes bound to say "Credo, quia absurdum." But with these exceptions the prevailing faith is a mere matter of degree, it being held by the most advanced school that the Casa de Medrano is the birthplace not only of the first part of the book and of the second, which was written ten years later, but also of every episode in the life of Cervantes, including the battle of Lepanto.

There is no reason why you should not start for the Cave of Montesinos, taking a rope and a small bell. The fashionable method is to set out by night, so that you may try to let the cart shake you to sleep while it traverses the dreary plain. Then it is good to waken when you reach the wilder district. A desolation of discoloured rocks, distorted shrubs, inhospitable soil—league after league in the pitiless sunshine (for at other seasons you will not travel) and possibly you will meet Mateo. Not to do so would be deplorable, wherefore it is well to dispense with a Guardia Civil, whom that

uncouth but paternal *alcalde* of Argamasilla will place at your service. In a land of general monarchy, Mateo is a professed republican, and for the reason that policemen wear uniforms his misunderstandings with them have been chronic. Time was when his little stone hut in the wilderness (his "shooting-box," as I have heard it called) was the mark of many sturdy Guardias, for the Government was anxious to possess Mateo's head. Nothing could have been more pathetic—Mateo in love with all the world, longing beyond everything to raise the downtrodden and utterly unable to prevent himself from shooting at Guardias, took tearful leave of his native Catalonia, where Guardias are plentiful, and retired to these Manchegan solitudes which no man used to tread. This he did in the prime of life, at the sole bidding of one he loved, and when she died he remained in the wilderness—enduring the cost to his purse and his principles. So small were the means that presented themselves for gaining his own and Bianca his infant daughter's bread, that if the Government had been sagacious they would simply have allowed him to starve. Instead of which they must needs send a man in uniform, and after his death another and another, so that the prayers which Mateo was wont to say for the repose of their souls made considerable inroads upon his leisure. Usually their names were unknown to him, wherefore he would remember them by their official numbers. "Señor Dios," he used to pray, "I beg you to regard with mercy 3854 and 2871, who were riding near the stream, and 3563, the square man, and the one who was hiding behind a rock—I forget his number, but you will know, Señor Dios, and I too am a sinner." As the years fled he began enthusiastically to devote himself to the education of Bianca, a maiden of wistful loveliness. In most things she revered him, but



From a Water-Colour Painting by Sir John Gilbert.

Ashbee Collection.

#### Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

in one she resembled her dead mother, for she felt and expressed the strongest repugnance against his drastic custom with Guardias. And now he shoots no more—whenever one of the corps draws near he shuts himself up with Bianca, lest the temptation should prove too powerful. So much of grace, too, the Government owns; for, thinking that he is repentant, they have taken the price from his head and even restrain the young Guardias from needlessly crossing his district. The last one he slew was a Catalan, who for a glance from Bianca's eyes braved the prejudices of her father. I suppose he might have come incognito, but those trappings made him so splendid that his one thought was to charm Bianca. Unluckily she was away from home, and Mateo, from whom I have the story, has never ceased to regret that fact. "*Por la barba de Dios,*" said he, for like other solitary men he possesses close knowledge of the Deity; "*por Dios, Señor,*" and here he placed his thin hand upon my knee, "there never was a man whom I killed with greater grief." The poor fellow's voice was husky; then he tossed his dishevelled hair, and fixing his singularly blue eyes upon me, he resumed: "This man was unlike the rest; he came for Bianca, not for me. Ah, my sweet Bianca! to think of what I have deprived her. . . . There was the foolish Guardia riding up an empty torrent-bed, and I was a little further up. *Vaya*, there are times when one would sooner be dead. He was magnificent, and was coming honourably to sing to Bianca, and I knew that I must kill him. '*Por vida del demonio,*' I shouted, 'run from here, run away quickly,' and the man stopped his horse. *Caramba*, he was like a monument. I was keeping myself behind a rock . . . the man looked about him. I shouted again—if he could have seen me! All the life in me had run into my fingers, all

my passion, my valour—but I kept them from the gun. Then I prayed that he would fly. *Señor*, such was my anguish that I prayed aloud, and the man heard me and he laughed—it was not well. I sent a bullet into his wrist, one into his elbow, one into his left hand so that his rifle was of no value. Then I went towards him . . . naturally I was exasperated—what would you? 'Offspring of a detestable gipsy,' said I, 'for this insolence you shall pay.' He was sitting quite limply upon that horse, and when he saw me he began to swear. As I listened to him all my anger vanished, for he was swearing in Catalan and so beautifully, *señorito*, that I would have kissed him. *Cristo*, to think that I was about to kill this man! It was difficult . . . difficult. If ever you find yourself in such a position, my friend, you have my sympathy. 'Keep quiet,' said I, 'and it will be finished instantly, without pain.' Still he continued swearing—his face was nearly as blue as his uniform, and I took the gun very carefully in my arms. But he was inexperienced, thoughtless—he moved and I missed his heart. It was dreadful to see him lying on the ground, shaking his battered arm at me and cursing—as if I had not done everything to save him. . . . Beyond all else I wanted him to think better of me, so I approached and knelt at his side. I told him that rivers could not help flowing and beggars could not help begging and I could not help myself shooting Guardias. '*Hombrecito,*' said I, 'we must be friends.' *Vaya*, for that man, *señor*, I would have done everything, and what think you was his reply? He turned towards me and he laughed, and when he had ceased laughing he was dead."

But if you should not encounter Mateo there is still the Cave of Montesinos, wherein—for this we have a knightly word—are such sublime and unheard-of

marvels that many people will not believe in them. Near the ruins of Rocafria we skirt the lagoons of Ruidera. This chain of lakes was visited by Don Quixote, Sancho and the student on their way to the wonderful cave. As for the ruins, you may not discern them, since in these parts every jagged mountain seems to consist of deserted dwellings. Grey, tawny mountains of the solitude that parody Spain's empty towns. The cave, which may be an old Roman coppermine, is no less difficult to discover, for its mouth even in the time of Cervantes was "large and broad, but full of box-thorns and wild fig-trees, of common brambles and thickets, so dense and intertwined that they completely cover and hide it." Yet with the prescribed piece of rope, more rope and the small bell there should be joy for the least adventurous. Do not forget when you dangle in mid-air that the recess of which Don Quixote speaks is on the right hand. You will otherwise, like a certain commentator, not only see nothing, but will also be unable to persuade us that you have been there. At no great distance from the cave is that picturesque Ermita de Saelices at which on their return our three predecessors lingered. The knight, indeed, was so tolerant of human frailties that he considered it possible to be a good hermit even without those ancient rigours, namely, those of the deserts of

Egypt where they clothed themselves in palm leaves and fed upon roots; nor did he comment upon the fact that in the absence of the hermit they should be received by his feminine deputy. Her disposition, at all events, was kindly, though Sancho, desirous of wine, did not appreciate her offer. "If," said he, "it had been a water thirst, there are wells on the road where I could have quenched it."

Other parts of La Mancha remain, such as the Campo de Monteil, which Don Quixote traversed in search of adventures. Monteil is a village of outward wretchedness, lying at the foot of gigantic ruins. In such a spot one thinks of the battle between Don Pedro the Cruel and Henry of Trastamara as having polluted the neighbouring fields not in 1369 but yesterday. Monteil's desolate, wind-swept plateau, where an occasional shepherd is a sight to startle one, brings forth a harvest of briar and rocks. Man with his little works does not accord to that vast, grey wilderness; he that would enter it—who has the right to?—must be no less mad than Don Quixote.

And I have said nothing of Toboso, for that last journey no pen can paint. Likewise it behoves each traveller to plan the route for himself. All I can do is to wish you God-speed, in the final hope that, as fortunate as I was, you may not meet your Dulcinea.

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## HISTORIANS AND CRITICS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

MY friend Dr. Hay Fleming (I daresay he will allow me to call him my friend, and to drop the "Dr.") is certainly the best qualified critic of my writings on Scottish history; especially in the period of the Reformation and Covenant. For that reason he is also the most severe of my critics, though probably he might be infinitely more severe if he had more space at his disposal. Mr. Squeers found, when first he whopped a boy in a cab, that the situation cramped his style. But, if I am an inexpert historian, I am a critic of some experience, and possibly I may be allowed deferentially to drop a few hints to Mr. Hay Fleming on his own critical method, confining my remarks to his censures on the third volume of my "History of Scotland," in THE BOOKMAN (Christmas Number, 1904).

The volume had an idea pervading it, namely, that the period of James VI., Charles I., the Cromwellian Conquest, and the Restoration was occupied by a struggle between two intolerable tyrannies: the Divine Right of the Kirk, with its "Discipline," and the Divine Right of the Stuarts. Both notions were mischievous, uncritical, fallacious, hostile to the freedom of the commonwealth and of the individual, and both were based on misapplications of detached scriptural texts. The two tyrannies clashed and crushed each other: the Stuarts were expelled; the Kirk had to drop the Covenant as binding on all generations; to put up with an uncovenanted King; and, though still permitted to persecute, was obliged slowly to draw in her horns.

That was the general idea of the volume; Mr. Hay Fleming did not say a word about the general idea. He

said that the "Solemn League and Covenant" (he might have added the Covenant) is my *bête noire*. So it is; not because I disapprove of the resistance to the self-popery of Charles I.—I highly approve of it—but because the documents—the Covenants—making fancied treaties with Omnipotence, treaties to be binding on all generations, were stupid anachronisms. Can any mortal deny it? I called the Covenant "a paper fetich" (I think), and that is my opinion. Scotland was not Israel; the Liturgy was not "Baal worship"; the Royalists were not Amalekites; and the hanging, or drowning, or otherwise doing to death in cold blood of a few poor Irish women, prisoners, months after they were taken at Philiphaugh, was an abominably unchristian action. We all know this; the opinion is not a "prejudice"; it is a Christian verity. The clamour of the preachers for the blood of Cavalier captives—as for the blood of Kirkcaldy of Grange seventy years earlier—on the ground that "God's plague will not cease till the land be purged of blood"—by blood—(Morton to Killigrew, August 5th, 1573) was a revival of a savage superstition in a Christian country. The ordinary popular books about the Covenant do not bring such things into prominence. Not in them will you read that "the martyred Earl of Argyll," in a letter, expressed approval of torturing the Presbyterian preachers who were out with the rebels, such as Mr. Mackail. It was my business (and pleasure) to expose many things usually overlooked.

My book is not "an apology or a vindication" of Montrose; it is rather a prose hymn to the great Mar-