



James Wadham Whitchurch: Don Quixote, A Comedy

Citation

Mata, Emilio Martínez and Clark Colahan. 2016. "James Wadham Whitchurch: Don Quixote, A Comedy." Harvard Library Bulletin ns 27, no. 3: 1-119.

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HARVARD LIBRARY BULLETIN



Don Quixote, A Comedy

“If it were in my power to help you”:
Victorian Literary Patronage in Four
Unpublished Thomas Carlyle Letters

The Ward Dance Manuscript:
A New Source for Seventeenth-Century
English County Dance

Fall 2016
Volume 27: Number 3

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James Wadham Whitchurch

with edition, introduction and notes by
Emilio Martínez Mata and Clark Colahan

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Tim Sommer

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Aaron Macks

Fall 2016
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HARVARD LIBRARY BULLETIN
VOLUME 27: NUMBER 3 (FALL 2016)
PUBLISHED DECEMBER 2018
ISSN 0017-8136

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The Harvard Library Bulletin is published three times a year, by Houghton Library. Annual subscription \$35 (U.S., Canada, and Mexico), \$41 (foreign); single issue \$15.

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Publication of the Bulletin is made possible by a bequest from George L. Lincoln, Class of 1895, and by a fund established in memory of William A. Jackson.

The paper used in this publication meets the minimum requirements of the American National Standard for Information Sciences—Permanence of Paper for Printed Materials, ANSI z39.49-1984.

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Publisher's notice: Volume 28, Nos. 1–3 of the *Harvard Library Bulletin* will be the last to be published in the present format. Any checks received for Volume 29 and beyond will be returned. Subscribers will be contacted when the new *HLB* is launched. Thank you for your ongoing interest in the journal.

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James Wadham Whitchurch:
Don Quixote, A Comedy

Edition, introduction, and notes by
Emilio Martínez Mata and Clark Colahan

NOTE FROM THE GUEST EDITOR

READERS OF THIS ISSUE OF THE *HARVARD LIBRARY BULLETIN* ARE IN for a rare treat. With the present edition of *Don Quixote: A Comedy*, admirers of Cervantes's masterpiece and its celebrated imitations in English and American literature will be introduced to a recently rediscovered relation from that literary line. Never brought out in print—nor, apparently, put on the stage—either during its author's short lifetime or since, the only extant manuscript version of this five-act play by James Wadham Whitchurch (1749 or 1750–1776) has since 1986 been housed, by happy chance, in Houghton Library. Here, in 2011, it caught the sharp eye of Spanish scholar Emilio Martínez Mata of the University of Oviedo (Asturias) during a research stay at Harvard University.

Professor Martínez Mata was drawn to Houghton's collection of first editions, period reprints, and pirated editions in Spanish of the surprise bestseller, whose two volumes were first published in 1605 and 1615, respectively, as well as to the library's holdings in early translations and reworkings of the novel in English, French, Italian, and other languages. Colleagues and graduate students with whom he shared his findings in two special seminars are likely to recall not only the exhaustive detail and impeccable precision of his account of the first centuries of *Don Quixote's* sallies and meanderings on the printed page, but our guest's emotion on first seeing, displayed on the seminar room table, more than a dozen priceless volumes. So moved was he by the opportunity for simultaneous perusal and physical comparison of texts whose histories are so inextricably intertwined, that he devoted more than a few minutes to reminding his audience that the privilege, which he had never encountered in any of the European collections he had spent years scouring, was one not to be taken for granted by those of us who enjoy such access regularly as a precious tool of our scholarly and teaching lives.

For Martínez Mata, the remarkable range, depth, and accessibility of these holdings would, of themselves, have made spending sabbatical time at Harvard worthwhile. But there was to be more. The collaborative research initiative devoted to the reception and interpretation of *Don Quixote* from 1605 to 1800, which he founded and has directed since 2002 at his home university, had decided to focus its efforts on the history of adaptations of Cervantes's novel for the stage. With that agenda in view, in the course of inventorying copies of a number of well-studied English texts with the invaluable assistance of research librarian Susan Halpert, he discovered Whitchurch's virtually unknown and still unpublished play in the unique manuscript copy that became part of Houghton Library's collection more than three decades ago through the generosity of Gwynne Blakemore Evans (1912–2005), the Cabot Professor of English Literature at Harvard from 1975 until his retirement in 1982. In the course of his research at Houghton Library, Martínez Mata initiated digital color imaging of the entire manuscript. This invaluable resource, created by the Harvard College Library Digital Imaging Group and funded by Martínez Mata, was made available online in 2012.

Meanwhile, the work of making Whitchurch's manuscript play still more accessible got underway. Martínez Mata enlisted the collaboration of veteran Cervantes translator Clark A. Colahan, the author (with Celia Richmond Weller) of a critically acclaimed English translation of the novelist's Byzantine romance *Los trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*. Their project, which provides a complete print transcription, explanatory notes, and an introductory essay, culminates in the present edition. The transcribers have retained eighteenth-century spellings (complete with variations), while removing any difficulties posed by the manuscript's late eighteenth-century hand (albeit quite an elegant one), but have opted to suppress the period's habitual capitalization of common nouns, weed out superfluous commas, and tame run-on sentences. The result is a highly readable version that not only facilitates further study but also invites twenty-first-century revival in performance, perhaps of the sort James Wadham Whitchurch could have looked forward to promoting among the play's first readers, his parishioners in Nunney.

Emilio Martínez Mata, professor of Spanish literature at the University of Oviedo, is no stranger to American universities, having taught at the University of Massachusetts Amherst and Whitman College. He is widely recognized for his work on the reception history of *Don Quixote* in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century England, France, and Spain. In *Cervantes comenta el "Quijote"* (translated by Colahan as *Cervantes on Don Quixote*), he traces a clear line between Cervantes's text itself and the tangled history of its subsequent interpretations. A distinguished scholar of eighteenth-century Spanish literature and editor of many of the period's classic works, Martínez Mata draws in addition on his knowledge of the European Enlightenment in the introduction to the present edition, where he and Colahan tease out the cultural concerns that dictated the comedy's fine-tuning of Cervantes's plot and the philosophical rationale behind the

young vicar's word choices, nuances otherwise likely to be imperceptible to modern readers. Their comparative analysis of this late-eighteenth-century adaptation of the story of Cardenio allows Whitchurch's *Don Quixote* and Cardenio to emerge clearly as creatures of Enlightenment thinking, whose voices seek to join a lively dialogue, one that was being carried on vigorously in the many of the period's many novels, plays, and treatises on the nature of man and the benefits of community.

Clark A. Colahan, emeritus professor of foreign languages and literatures, Spanish, and the Anderson Professor of Humanities at Whitman College, has supplied a generous annotation of the text. His notes clarify the manuscript's occasional obscure references and illuminate the colorful expressions, particularly from Sancho Panza, that make Whitchurch's play a linguistic banquet for the reader. Medievalist, Cervantes scholar, and wide-ranging comparatist whose writings often link early literature with contemporary culture, Colahan is the author of a number of critical studies on Cervantes's works and their European reception, including one that examines proto-feminist readings in eighteenth-century France of the Spanish writer's posthumous book.

With their edition, Martínez Mata and Colahan not only give *Don Quixote, A Comedy* its rightful place in the reception history of Cervantes's novel, but open the door to further explorations. Tantalizing questions remain, some unlikely to be answered. Did the comedy's author know Spanish? Did he ever travel to Spain, or to other European countries? In his *Essay upon Education*, Whitchurch urges that the ideal tutor "should have studied Mankind, and made himself acquainted with their foibles; that he may be able to point out, and instruct his Pupil to avoid those Rocks on which others have been wrecked."¹ To obtain such knowledge, he outlines a curriculum for boys from twelve to eighteen, stressing language learning (all skills, in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian) and a reading syllabus heavily bent toward the ancient classics. Crowning this course of study, the culminating event of such an education is the tour of Europe, to whose advantages and disadvantages the master tutor devotes the third and final part of his treatise.² One looks in vain to his manual for any mention of the Spanish language or of its best-known work of literature. He may not have judged Cervantes's burlesque novel suitable fare for young scholars. But we can't help wondering whether Whitchurch might not have thought of its insights in the same spirit he recommends real-world travel: "By an intimate acquaintance with a Diversity of Characters, their [travelers'] Sentiments are enlarged, and the Prejudices contracted in their native Country effectually destroyed."³

1 James Wadham Whitchurch, *An Essay upon Education* (London: printed for T. Becket, and P. A. de Hondt, in the Strand, 1772), 126.

2 *Ibid.*, 191–220.

3 *Ibid.*, 208.

To judge from the text of his comedy, such substitute travel figured prominently in Whitchurch's own too-short life. And here we come upon a neat paradox. While the pedagogue excludes *Don Quixote* and its literary progeny from his academic program, Whitchurch clearly spent many hours studying Cervantes's text. In their introduction, Martínez Mata and Colahan pose, yet leave open, the question of his indebtedness to period translators. For this reader, as will surely be the case for many other obsessive students of *Don Quixote*, the play brims with echoes. Indeed, so close to the original does the playwright keep, notably in the characters' lengthy accounts of their histories, that one hears the novel's dialogues as though whispered in voice-over translation. Curiosity has led me to Motteux, Smollett, and particularly the Jarvis translation, where I find much evidence of detailed familiarity and even dependence, if not of word-for-word indebtedness. That question, beyond the scope of this project, remains still to be explored. In the meantime, the picture of a twenty-something reader, poring in mid-1770s Somersetshire over multiple versions of the work that was to convert his youthful admiration into an act of creative imitation, is a compelling one for latter-day teachers, students, and scholars. What the introduction makes clear is that this ardent reader was looking not for philological ore but for answers to life's burning questions.

No introduction to this edition would be complete without grateful recognition of the extraordinary gift made to Houghton Library by Gwynne Blakemore Evans. For the serendipity of this unique manuscript's arrival at Harvard is anything but pure. As many readers will know, Evans taught here during the final years of his teaching career, coming to Harvard as an eminent Shakespeare scholar and editor, not only of the Riverside Shakespeare series and of editions of some of those plays for Penguin and Oxford, but of a number of less well-known seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English playwrights and poets. Several of these facsimile editions, indeed, were published in the very Harvard Library Bulletin in which the present contribution appears. Known—as Marjorie Garber, William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of English and Visual and Environmental Studies, recalls—for his great kindness toward colleagues and the graduate students who worked with him on revisions of his Riverside Shakespeare, Evans showed himself no less generous toward Houghton Library itself and the future generations of scholars who would reap the benefits of his numerous gifts. Among these, the volumes most pertinent to the present project contain works recommended by Reverend Whitchurch: Homer's *Iliad*, translated by “Mr. Pope” (1720) and a 1710 translation into Scottish verse of Virgil's *Aeneid*. Others feature source materials for the early modern history of the Scottish and Irish stages, demonstrating a specialist's attention to the ins and outs of poetic and dramatic cultures, the very instinct that animates Martínez Mata and Colahan's edition of *Don Quixote, A Comedy*.

We can trace these interests back to Evan's days as a graduate student at Harvard, where in 1940 he defended a three-volume PhD thesis on *The Life and Works of William Cartwright* (1611–1643). Shortly after graduation, he did a stint in England with the

Gwynne Blackmore Evans
— 1944.

Figure 1.1. Signature of Gwynne Blackmore Evans. James Wadham Whitchurch's *Don Quixote, A Comedy*. Manuscript, 21 cm. MS Eng 1367, fol. 1.

Army Signal Corps Intelligence unit, and it was likely there, in the thick of the Second World War, perhaps in Oxford itself, that he came upon Whitchurch's manuscript, which bears his signature with the date 1944 (see figure 1.1). It is possible that Evans's collected papers, now housed in the Harvard University Archives, could shed further light on the context of this fortunate purchase and its possible resonance in his own scholarship and teaching. For now, it is enough to recognize with gratitude the fact that the manuscript's permanent residence in Houghton Library will make possible many further chapters in the scholarly community's ongoing romance of reading.

MARY MALCOLM GAYLORD
*Sosland Family Research Professor of Romance
Languages and Literatures*
September 10, 2018

An Adaptation of Cardenio's Story

HARVARD UNIVERSITY'S HOUGHTON LIBRARY PRESERVES A MANUSCRIPT (MS Eng 1367) containing a previously unknown theatrical adaptation of *Don Quixote* dating from the middle of the eighteenth century. The title is *Don Quixote, A Comedy*, written by James Wadham Whitchurch, a play that, to our knowledge, was never produced or published.¹ The manuscript, bound after 1795, was donated by Gwynne Blakemore Evans and has formed part of Houghton Library collection since 1986. Whitchurch's five-act play adapts a popular sequence of episodes from Cervantes's tale for the stage. The focus of the action is Cardenio's story, not that of Cervantes's two principal characters, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, whose role here is chiefly to establish the narrative context while providing a clear reference to the well-known novel.

Little is known about Whitchurch's brief life (1749 or 1750–1776). He graduated with the degree of Master of Arts from Christ Church College, Oxford University, on July 11, 1774.² He was the vicar of a church at Nunney, a village in Somerset County. He published a single book, a treatise on pedagogy called *An Essay upon Education* (1772).³ His tombstone supplies the information that he was the “beloved vicar of Nunney, January 5, 1776 . . . [son of] the Reverend Samuel Whitchurch, rector, and Elizabeth, his wife.”⁴ The father should not be confused with the poet of the same name who fought in North America against the American Revolution and is known for some volumes of poetry published between 1784 and 1816. Whitchurch is the name of a town in Hampshire, and a noble family of the same name appears to go back to Saxon times.

In accordance with English custom regarding middle names, it is not unlikely that Wadham was his mother's family name, also old and aristocratic, and there is a Wadham College at Oxford. To judge by the college's history, the author came from a line of strong women who would have beamed with approval on Cervantes's Luscinda and Dorotea. The college sketches its origin on its website as follows:

1 James Wadham Whitchurch, *Don Quixote, A Comedy*. Harvard University, Houghton Library, MS Eng 1367, ca. 1774. <<http://nrs.harvard.edu/urn-3:FHCL.HOUGH:9571115>> (accessed October 22, 2018).

2 *The Catalogue of Graduates, &c. in the University of Oxford, Continued from Oct. 10, 1770, to Oct. 10, 1782* (Oxford: Oxford University, 1782).

3 James Wadham Whitchurch, *An Essay upon Education* (London: T. Becket and P. A. de Hondt, in the Strand, 1772).

4 Benjamin Edward Rawlings, “Nunney,” in *Somerset Standard Village Histories*, vol. 1, (Frome, England: *The Somerset Standard and Wilts and Dorset Advertiser*, 1887).

DON QUIXOTE

A COMEDY.

From, CERVANTES.

BY JAMES WADHAM WHITCHURCH. A. B.

Mixtoque Insania Cucta.

Optime

Figure 1.2. Title page. James Wadham Whitchurch's *Don Quixote, A Comedy*.
Manuscript, 21 cm. MS Eng 1367, fol. 3.

Wadham College was founded by Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham in the reign of King James I. Nicholas Wadham, a member of an ancient Somerset family, died in 1609 leaving his fortune to endow a college at Oxford. The hard work of translating intentions into reality fell on his widow, Dorothy, a formidable lady of 75. She fought all the claims of Nicholas's relations, lobbied at court, negotiated the purchase of a site and drew up the college statutes. She appointed the first Warden, Fellows and Scholars, as well as the college cook, to such effect that the college was ready for opening within four years of Nicholas's death. She added considerably to the endowment from her own resources, and kept tight control of its affairs until her death in 1618, although she never actually visited Oxford from her home in Devon to see the results of her generosity and business acumen. Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham are honoured as the co-founders of the college.⁵

In *Don Quixote, A Comedy* (cited hereafter as *DQAC*), we find, in spite of the title (but just as in other adaptations of Cervantes in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries such as those by Guillén de Castro or D'Urfey) the predominance of Cardenio's story at the expense of Don Quixote's. The reasons for this practice may be found partly in the use of the name "Don Quixote" almost as a commercial tactic—tying the play to a well-known novel—and partly in a concept of *Don Quixote* that, unlike most interpretations today, was very conscious of the importance of the interpolated episodes in Cervantes's work and their literary value. As we shall discuss below, Cardenio was seen in the period as a distillation of the protagonist's most essential qualities.

RETELLING CARDENIO'S STORY

Cervantes's story of Cardenio, Luscinda, Don Fernando, and Dorotea has stirred up exceptional interest. On the one hand, it is the only link between the two preeminent geniuses of Western literature, Shakespeare and Cervantes, who lived at practically the same time but without any known literary contact except for Shakespeare's play *Cardenio*. On the other, in Cervantes's novel, *Don Quijote de la Mancha*,⁶ Cardenio's story brings into play (in addition to a romantic subplot) forms of human behavior as fundamental as cowardice and indecisiveness (seen in Cardenio), faithfulness to

5 "History," Wadham College, University of Oxford <<https://www.wadham.ox.ac.uk/about-wadham/history-and-archives>> (accessed October 22, 2018).

6 Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quijote de la Mancha*, ed. Francisco Rico (Barcelona: Instituto Cervantes, 1998) <<https://cvc.cervantes.es/literatura/clasicos/quijote/default.htm>> (accessed October 22, 2018).

one's beloved and keeping promises (Luscinda), obeying nothing but one's feelings and abusing a position of power (in Don Fernando), and self-control under the most trying circumstances, together with the use of intelligence and truth to defeat enemies vastly more powerful (seen in Dorotea).

A clear demonstration of the interest stirred up by Cardenio's story even today is The Cardenio Project, headed by Stephen Greenblatt, one of the best-known Shakespearean scholars. The undertaking has stimulated work in several countries. Inspired by Shakespeare's lost play, Greenblatt and the playwright Charles Mee wrote a *Cardenio* together in 2003 that was staged in 2008 by the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts. That same play was given a staged reading by the Shakespeare Project of Chicago at the Newberry Library in April of 2016. With the support of the Mellon Foundation, The Cardenio Project has spurred several free adaptations of Greenblatt and Mee's text, and these have been staged in Brazil, Croatia, Egypt, India, Japan, Poland, Serbia, South Africa, Spain, and Turkey.

In England, Greg Doran has written an adaptation that opened in 2011 at The Swan Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon, which billed it as "Shakespeare's 'Lost Play' Re-Imagined." It keeps Fletcher and Shakespeare's title, but, as critic Michael Billington wrote in *The Guardian* on April 27, 2011, "What Doran has done, with the assistance of the Spanish dramatist Antonio Alama, is to graft Thomas Shelton's version of the Cervantes story on to Theobald's text. Far from being a mad, bits-and-pieces patchwork, the result is a strangely coherent and ultimately moving drama." Billington points out that the double marriage and reconciliation at the end fits in perfectly with Shakespeare's late romances, and adds that the play "proves that Cervantes had a profound effect on English cultural life."

What has especially stood out in Cardenio's story are its theatrical elements and a love intrigue that takes place in a single setting, the inn and its surroundings, as though it were a seventeenth-century theater. Also contributing to this impression is the fact that much of the story unfolds in scenes, events largely taking place before the reader's eyes in a series that extends all the way up to the happy ending. In addition, this resolution is accomplished through a revelation made in an inn perceived as being at a crossroads. Doubtless this sensation of a theatrical setting accounts for the fact that there have been so many staged adaptations from the earliest years of the book's reception history, first in Spain by Guillén de Castro (*Don Quijote de la Mancha*, written in 1605 or 1606 but published in 1618), then in England with Shakespeare and Fletcher (*Cardenno*, 1613), and then in France with Pichou (*Les folies de Cardenio*, 1630) and Guérin of Bouscal (*Don Quixote de la Manche*, 1639).⁷

7 For detailed information on the various *Cardenios*, see Roger Chartier, *Cardenio between Cervantes and Shakespeare: The Story of a Lost Play* (Cambridge: Polity, 2013).

Cardenio's story traces that character's devotion to Luscinda, a bond that has grown since childhood yet seems destined to tragedy due to the irresponsible and devastating behavior of Don Fernando, the second son of a Spanish grandee who is guided by only his position of power and his desire. This "lustful appetite" has led him first to Dorotea's bedroom and then to a semi-secret wedding with Luscinda that betrays his friendship with Cardenio. Yet, unlike the later adaptations, Cervantes's characterization of Cardenio does not focus on the triumph of love, as usually happens in theater, but that of truth and virtue that have subdued the passions by means of rational behavior and self-control. It represents a victory over human weaknesses—lustful desire, anger, and selfish pride.

Twentieth-century Cervantes criticism paid particular attention to Cardenio himself, rather than the story surrounding him, owing basically to his symptoms of madness. Similar to those of Don Quixote, these symptoms offer another perspective on the country gentleman. Such an approach betrays a view of the secondary character shaped by Don Quixote's importance, even though several other characters tied to Cardenio had already, on their own merits, seduced readers and a substantial number of writers. Indeed, as Anthony Close has shown, over the nearly two centuries from its publication until the Romantics generated their new interpretation of *Don Quixote*, Cardenio's story provided the starting point for a large number of adaptations for the stage in Spain, England, and France.⁸

In Cervantes's text, read without the shadings of subsequent appropriations, the narrative sequence in which Cardenio appears has its own set of emphases. Its female characters, in particular, shine as individuals. Luscinda is incapable of controlling her fate because that would oblige her to disobey her parents. They impose on her a wedding with Don Fernando, something that, from her point of view, calls for an impossible choice, since she is unwilling to betray Cardenio. As a result, she sees no solution other than sacrificing her own life, and so carries a hidden knife to kill herself during the wedding ceremony; only her fainting prevents that from happening.

Dorotea's case is markedly different. While the other characters are driven by circumstances or by personal weakness (Don Fernando by his instincts and pride, Cardenio by cowardice and indecisiveness, Luscinda by obedience to her parents), Dorotea is capable of facing up to her circumstances, no matter how desperate they seem. She is the character who acts most rationally, making clear-cut decisions and showing a will to rule over her own fate.

In the other characters' encounters with Cardenio and later with Dorotea, there are obvious common threads between the two wronged lovers, but also a noticeable

8 Anthony Close, *The Romantic Approach to "Don Quixote"* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1978). Published in Spanish as *La concepción romántica del "Quijote,"* trans. Gonzalo G. Djembé (Barcelona: Crítica, 2005).

difference. Cardenio suffers bouts of madness brought on by the bitterness of his indecisiveness, but is incapable of confronting his sufferings by trying to remedy them (i.e., standing up to Don Fernando). Dorotea, by contrast, shows an exceptional clarity of mind and intelligence that allow her to act resolutely to end her misfortune. During his episodes of madness, Cardenio becomes quite violent, while Dorotea makes use only of reason and truth. Violence, represented by the sword that Cardenio was incapable of using against Don Fernando during Luscinda's wedding ceremony, belongs fundamentally to the world of chivalry, to feudalism, in which courage or strength are the forces responsible for restoring honor or punishing a traitor. Making a well-argued claim that promises, once made, must be kept (as Dorotea does in the inn) belongs to the modern world ruled by laws of the community and society's norms for living together.

We see, therefore, that the male characters occupy a lower moral level than the women, and that they behave with the weaknesses traditionally attributed to women: allowing oneself to be trapped by passions (Don Fernando) and by cowardice and indecisiveness (Cardenio). In the case of the women, Dorotea confronts adversity rationally, and Luscinda, despite being unable to disobey her parents, remains faithful to the promise she made to Cardenio. She can find no way forward within that fidelity except by taking her own life.

SHAKESPEARE AND FLETCHER'S *CARDENIO*

The text of *Cardenio* has not survived except in Lewis Theobald's *Double Falsehood*, performed in 1727 in London's Drury Lane Theatre and published in London and Dublin.⁹ There is a record, however, that on May 20, 1613, a payment was authorized to Shakespeare's company (the King's Men) for the performance of six works, one of them entitled *Cardenio*. This is an unmistakable reference to Cervantes's Cardenio, as the 1605 *Don Quixote* was translated into English by Thomas Shelton in 1612. Shakespeare's company received another payment less than two months later, on July 9, for the performance of a play listed as *Cardenna* before the Duke of Savoy.¹⁰ Fletcher, a successful Elizabethan playwright, wrote, together with Beaumont, works based on

9 Lewis Theobald, *Double Falsehood, or the Distrest Lovers. A Play, As It Is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane. Written Originally by W. Shakespeare; And Now Revised and Adapted for the Stage By Mr. Theobald, the Author of Shakespeare Restor'd* (London: J. Watts, 1728).

10 Ángel Luis Pujante, "El *Cardenio*, o los avatares de una obra perdida," *Monteagudo* 10 (2005): 51–63, clearly summarizes the history of the lost *Cardenio/Cardenna* and outlines how it may have been recast by Lewis Theobald as *Double Falsehood*. More recently Chartier provides an in-depth study of the question.

Cervantes's *Exemplary Tales* and the *Persiles* even before their publication in English translation.¹¹

Lewis Theobald, along with Alexander Pope and Warburton, was one of the most important editors of Shakespeare in the first half of the eighteenth century. He states that he used three manuscripts for his version of the play, but not having access to the work's registration, he must have been unaware of Shakespeare's collaboration with Fletcher. Thanks to a later note in an English newspaper from 1770, we know that a manuscript of Shakespeare and Fletcher's *Cardenio* had been preserved in the Covent Garden Theatre museum, although it was lost in the 1808 fire.¹² As a result of the loss or destruction of the manuscripts, we have no source for knowing the text of Shakespeare and Fletcher's *Cardenio* other than Lewis Theobald's claimed reconstruction done in the eighteenth century.

The growing number of scholars who have come to consider it probable that behind *Double Falsehood* there indeed lies a play by Shakespeare and Fletcher, registered in 1613 and called *Cardenno o Cardenna*, led in 2010 to the inclusion, with many explanations and annotations, of the 1727 play in the *Arden Shakespeare*.¹³ Many scholars, however, remain unconvinced.¹⁴ Robert Folkenflik concisely summarizes the closest we have to a rough consensus: "Much of what Theobald says about the play and neglects to say smells of a hoax. The external evidence about a possible collaboration of Shakespeare and Fletcher, along with some internal evidence, suggests the possibility of such a play behind *Double Falsehood*."¹⁵

Skeptics point out that no one ever saw the three old Shakespearean manuscripts Theobald claimed to have. Still, they recognize that there is evidence for the idea that, with a view to restaging an old play by Shakespeare, Theobald pieced together incomplete prompt copies somehow obtained in the 1660s by the theater company that restarted Shakespeare's King's Men and adapted them to the tastes of the eighteenth century. Alternatively, such a reconstruction might have been begun by William

11 Miguel de Cervantes, *The Trials of Persiles and Sigismunda: A Northern Story. Los trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda: historia septentrional* (1617), trans. Clark A. Colahan and Celia Weller (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1989; Boston: Hackett Publishing, 2009). We refer to both editions.

12 Brean S. Hammond, "Theobald's *Double Falsehood*: An 'Agreeable Cheat'?" *Notes and Queries* 31, no. 1 (1984): 2–3.

13 Lewis Theobald, *Double Falsehood*, ed. Brean Hammond (London: Arden Shakespeare, 2010). Subsequent citations refer to this edition.

14 For a listing of those who now favor the theory of a Shakespearean root to the play and those who think of it primarily as a forgery, see Robert Folkenflik, "'Shakespeareque': The Arden *Double Falsehood*," *The Huntington Library Quarterly* 75, no. 1 (2012): 131–143. For the case justifying skepticism, made with particular thoroughness, see Tiffany Stern, "The Forgery of Some Modern Author?: Theobald's Shakespeare and Cardenio's *Double Falsehood*," *Shakespeare Quarterly* 62, no. 4 (2011): 555–593.

15 Folkenflik, 143.

Davenant, the manager of that company, which was further adjusted in the following century by Theobald. Davenant had adapted several earlier plays, including some by Shakespeare; at the time, there was a fashion for plays set in Spain.

How much of Shakespeare and Fletcher's *Cardenio* would have remained in such a restoration/reworking, or in such a pastiche put together in the eighteenth century by writers so able to imitate their original styles, has proved hard to demonstrate by any sort of analysis. Folkenflik again cuts to the chase:

The fact that he [Theobald] had been a Shakespeare adapter (*Richard II*, 1720) and had shown himself a Shakespeare critic and potential editor (*The Censor*, 1715, 1717; *Shakespeare Restored*, 1726) suggests that he was led to write the play he did not find, and that his experience made him a competent hoaxer. Furthermore, an earlier poem of his, *The Cave of Poverty*, was "Written in imitation of Shakespeare", as the title page proclaims.¹⁶

In the opinion of Charles Ley, the recent translator into Spanish of *Double Falsehood*, the changes introduced by Theobald were probably not important, precisely because he shows himself proud of a very lightweight innovation, the addition of a few lines in the scene of Don Fernando's serenade.¹⁷ Ley is so convinced of this that his translation removes what he considers Theobald's additions—which he does not identify or reproduce—to a work by Shakespeare and Fletcher. The most obvious change in Theobald's version occurs in the naming of characters: Cardenio becomes Julio, Luscinda turns into Leonora, Don Fernando into Henriques, and Dorotea into Violante. But other changes are substantial. Not only does the scene become largely urban (the work begins in the duke's palace), but the characters' behavior and attitudes differ markedly from those of their models. The surprising actions of Don Fernando's parents, of Cardenio and Luscinda—who intervene in the final resolution by showing repentance (Luscinda) and pain (Cardenio)—and of several other characters show significant differences with Cervantes's storyline.

In general, Theobald's Leonora (Luscinda) acts much as she does in *Don Quixote*, but Julio (Cardenio), Henriques (Don Fernando), and Violante (Dorotea) take on clearly new traits. Julio lacks the cowardice and indecision that mark Cervantes's Cardenio. He is prepared to kill the traitor and is restrained only by Leonora's counsel that such an act of violence would not help their cause. Still, at the moment of her wedding to Henriques, Julio is unable to control himself any longer and rushes out, sword in hand, though he achieves nothing thereby, since the nobleman orders his

¹⁶ Ibid., 132.

¹⁷ See William Shakespeare and John Fletcher, *Historia de Cardenio*, trans. Charles Ley (Madrid: José Esteban, 1987; Madrid: Rey Lear, 2007), 26. Citations refer to the Rey Lear edition.

servants to throw him out, almost as though he deserved no attention. This rewritten scene would have allowed its audience to form an image of Julio (Cardenio) as a character who has nothing of cowardice about him, instead presenting the image of a faithful and bold lover whose madness seems entirely understandable. Violante, on the other hand, lacks the resolve and skill of Cervantes's Dorotea. She is incapable of freeing herself from obstacles, even needing to be saved by the arrival of Don Pedro, Henriques's brother, from harassment at the hands of the owner of the flocks she is tending; and it is also Don Pedro who arranges the final recognition scene. Violante obtains her faithless lover's repentance not by proclaiming the truth, as Cervantes's Dorotea does, but by simply showing her love.

The most striking change of all happens in the character of Henriques (Don Fernando), who seems to be an almost innocent victim of love, whose force overpowers his will to resist.¹⁸ Some of the innovations in the plot also attenuate his guilt. He informs Violante (Dorotea) by letter of his decision to leave her, in contrast with his Cervantine counterpart, who abandons her without any warning. Shakespeare and Fletcher's Don Fernando, aware of his own treachery, knows that love is controlling his actions in violation of the conventions of honor.¹⁹ Most remarkably, Theobald's Henriques quickly repents of his actions. He repents, first, of the violence he used against Violante (Dorotea) in her bedroom at the very moment when he was planning to make a conquest of Leonora (Luscinda), and he repents of his treachery to Julio (Cardenio). He is prepared to set off to find the latter to obtain his pardon after having asked for Leonora's. Later, when Julio reveals his identity to those present and offers that pardon, attributing his former friend's guilt to love, his rival renews their friendship by embracing him. This is a far cry, of course, from the tension between the two characters in the corresponding scene in *Don Quixote*. There, Don Fernando, on seeing Luscinda embracing Cardenio—and in spite of the fact that he has just been overwhelmed by Dorotea's "truths" and has proclaimed her his lady—changes color and, as noted, moves his hand toward his sword. This threat is removed only by Dorotea's entreaties and the conciliatory intervention of the priest, as mentioned, while Cardenio, still embracing Luscinda, "didn't take his eyes off Don Fernando, determined as he was that if he saw

18 "O, that a man / Could reason down this fever of the blood, / Or soothe with words the tumult in his heart! / Then, Julio, I might be indeed thy friend. / They, they only should condemn me, / Who, born devoid of passion, ne'er have provid' / The fierce disputes 'twixt virtue and desire" (Theobald, *Double Falsehood*, 214).

19 "Mine honour / Begins to sicken in this black reflection. / How can it be that with my honour safe / I should pursue Leonora for my wife? / That were accumulating injuries, / To Violante first, and now to Julio; / To her a perjurd wretch, to him perfidious, / And to myself in strongest terms accus'd / Of murd'ring Honour wilfully, without which / My dog's the creature of the nobler kind" (Theobald, *Double Falsehood*, 218–219).

any hostile movement he'd defend himself and attack as best he could anyone who attacked him, even if it cost him his life."²⁰ In Cervantes's text, the final reconciliation requires the sensible words of the priest and Dorotea's entreaties to Don Fernando to sanction Luscinda and Cardenio's love, so that "all the world will be able to see that reason has more power over you than passion," "passion" here meaning anger and the impulse to revenge against Cardenio for being Luscinda's beloved.²¹

D'URFEY'S COMICAL HISTORY

The second English dramatization of Cardenio's story appeared in the last decade of the seventeenth century. A musical comedy in three parts entitled *The Comical History of Don Quixote*, it premiered in 1694–1695 and achieved resounding success. The author, Thomas D'Urfey, was a playwright, poet and, above all, the author of a large number of songs. While he enjoyed enormous popularity as a songwriter, he was unable to rouse the same enthusiasm from the literary elite of his time. In our day, critics have stressed the contrast in his work between a somewhat coarse though lively style of comedy and a sentimental, didactic approach to contrastingly serious storylines.²²

In the trilogy, D'Urfey weaves episodes from Don Quixote's story, such as that of the windmills, into Cardenio's, and the characters associated with the latter come on the scene sooner than they do in the novel. Through the priest and the barber, the audience learns that Dorotea, who appears here as the priest's niece, has fled from her parents' home, that Luscinda has shown some weakness at the ceremony, that her parents have their defects (especially their overrating the importance of money) and that Don Fernando has shown himself to be an arrant traitor. In sum, Cardenio's madness is fully explained by the undeniable fact of his being a victim.

Another distinctive note of this adaptation is the prominent role played by female characters and the abundance of scenes in which they appear. For example, Dorotea is already present at the poet-shepherd Grisóstomo's funeral, where she reacts against Ambrosio's misogyny. D'Urfey not only keeps but amplifies the virtues that Cervantes had bestowed on this character—her capacity for taking the initiative and persuading

20 Miguel de Cervantes, *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*, trans. John Rutherford (New York: Penguin, 2001) part 1, chapter 36, 344. Text references cited hereafter as DQ refer to this edition. Subsequent citations from this and other translations of Cervantes's text, unless otherwise specified, appear in parentheses and likewise reference part, chapter, and page.

21 "It seemed to Dorotea that Don Fernando had paled and was about to avenge himself on Cardenio, because she saw his hand moving towards his sword" (DQ, 1.36.343).

22 Knowles and Armistead offer a panoramic view of what the critics have written about D'Urfey: Jack Knowles and J. M. Armistead, "Thomas D'Urfey and Three Centuries of Critical Response," *Restoration* 8, no. 2 (1984): 72–80.

others that she is in the right. The predominance of the women is not limited to Dorotea and Luscinda. It is reinforced, too, by the shepherdess Marcela's tragic role and the comic one of Sanchica (renamed Mary the Buxom by D'Urfey). Sancho's wife and daughter visit him on his "island," providing the occasion for a humorous episode in which one of the duke's servants tries to teach them to speak and behave like ladies. Unlike Cervantes's vanishing apostle of personal freedom, D'Urfey's Marcela is not limited to her appearance at Grisóstomo's funeral but has a prominent role at several points in the plot, such as the scene in which she is saved from an attempted rape and the moments when she shows her desperate love for the misogynistic Ambrosio.

Compared to Cervantes's Luscinda, who is a prisoner of the contradiction between her love for Cardenio and her obedience to her parents, D'Urfey's character plays a role closer to that of Dorotea. She participates first in a heated debate with Don Fernando, eloquently denouncing his treachery and its consequences to Cardenio. Later she joins with Dorotea to wring from the unfaithful nobleman his ultimate repentance.

Don Fernando's treachery is underscored in D'Urfey's work by two perverse acts not found in *Don Quixote*. He abandons Dorotea, knowing that she is pregnant, and forges a letter from Luscinda to Cardenio implying that she no longer loves him; this is exactly the opposite of what occurs in the novel, where Luscinda lets Cardenio know by letter of Don Fernando's intentions while at the same time reiterating her own expressions of love. The counterfeit letter becomes the cause of Cardenio's madness, and he lacks any of the sense of guilt present in Cervantes's Cardenio for not having intervened in Luscinda's wedding. Neither does he show any signs of cowardice, instead boldly standing up to Don Fernando.

Still, the resolution of the case will come, as in Cervantes's novel, thanks to the female characters—two of them this time, Dorotea and Luscinda. This denouement marks a clear departure from Shakespeare and Fletcher's play, in which the happy ending is brought about by the actions of Don Fernando's older brother and father. However, there are also differences from Cervantes's ending. Dorotea offers herself to Don Fernando as a submissive lover, blind to his actions and accepting of all that may come from him, even the death with which he has threatened her. It is Dorotea's unconditional love, not truth expressed in long and elaborate arguments as in *Don Quixote*, that moves Don Fernando to change his attitude completely: "I was thy Tyrant, but am now thy Slave."

DON QUIXOTE, A COMEDY, BY JAMES WADHAM WHITCHURCH

Whitchurch's retelling is, from the point of the plot, probably the most faithful to the original, taking fewer liberties than any other, although naturally he was unable to avoid altering the order of the episodes in their modification for the theater. The most important differences from Cervantes are found in the characters' behavior and,

as with Shakespeare and Fletcher, in the final resolution of the conflict. The work ends with an epilogue, a reflection on life, and it is placed in the mouth of Leonora (Cervantes's Luscinda). It is not the country gentleman who makes this concluding speech but one of the main characters in Cardenio's story, even though Whitchurch's Don Quixote, when outside the world of chivalric fiction, repeatedly shows himself capable of sensible philosophizing.

In the resolution of the conflict, it is Dorothea's love that triumphs over Don Fernando's treachery. He attributes his heartless abandonment of her to a providential design whereby, having become aware in this way of Dorothea's constancy and goodness, he can now better value her virtues. Don Fernando repeatedly asks Dorothea, Cardenio, and Leonora, too, to pardon him, humbling himself before them one after another. He declares that he no longer deserves Dorothea's love and faithfulness, but that he will make an effort to be worthy of them. To this she replies generously, to say the least, stressing his goodness. This concluding scene is once again a far cry from the tension of the equivalent moment in *Don Quixote*.

The offender's conduct as shown in Whitchurch's play is quite different from that of Cervantes's character. Don Fernando changes his attitude so much that his repentance leads him to hand his sword over to Cardenio, saying: "Here thou beholds't a man unworthy of the sacred name of friend. Take then this sword and plunge it in the bosom of one too base to live."²³ A reconciliation is reached surprisingly quickly, thanks to an almost instantaneous transformation of Don Fernando. Balancing that out, though, a much longer scene is devoted to his repentance and asking for pardon, which are given prominence since they will lead to re-establishing the bonds of friendship.

In fact, Whitchurch's adaptation places more emphasis on friendship having been saved than on the happiness of the couples, something that follows from the high ethical value placed on friendship by Enlightenment thinkers. The words "friend" and "friendship" are mentioned five times, "happiness" only twice. Cardenio asks Leonora if she is able to pardon Don Fernando: "What says my Leonora? May I not hope he still will be a friend?" Leonora, in spite of the abuse she has suffered from Don Fernando, immediately pleads his case. Then Cardenio calls him "my friend" and embraces him with the words, "Now let us be reunited by the indissoluble bonds of friendship." Cardenio rounds out his enthusiasm by saying: "We will be perfect friends" (*DQAC*, 5.1).

In this exchange, Cardenio becomes a moral judge, and his pardon sets the example that Leonora follows. Similarly, Cardenio points to the birth of the "new" Don Fernando when he throws the sword the latter offers him as an instrument of justice to be used against the "old" Don Fernando onto the floor. Symbolically, the honor code of the old regime gives way before the humanitarian practices and the egalitarian ideals

23 *DQAC*, act 5, scene 1 (*DQAC*, 5.1). Subsequent parenthetical references follow the latter format.

Epilogue.

Spoken by Leonora.

In Life what strange vicissitudes are felt!
We freeze with Cold, or else with Heat we melt.

Life is a Game; compare it if you will
To Ombre, to Piquet, Whist, or Quadrille.
Our Cards are shuffled, cut, and dealt about,
Each wishes hers may be the best no doubt.
Sometimes our hands with Picture-Cards abound,

Figure 1.3. Epilogue. James Wadham Whitchurch's *Don Quixote, A Comedy*.
Manuscript, 21 cm. MS Eng 1367, fol. 68.

Fears nor Threats shall ever part me more
from the sole support, and comfort of my Life.

Cardenio.

Heaven has no doubt decreed this unexpected
meeting, to shew us, that when we most
despair of happiness, it may be then at hand.

Don Ferdinand.

drawing his sword, and approaching Cardenio presents it him.

Here thou beholdest a Man, unworthy of the
sacred ^{name} of Friend. Take then this Sword, and
plunge it in the bosom of one too base to live.

Cardenio. throwing down the Sword.

Thou still retainst a faint Resemblance of the Man thou wast.

Don Ferdinand.

And canst thou then forget the Injury I did
thee? Hast thou a Soul so great as to forgive?

Figure 1.4. Reconciliation Scene. James Wadham Whitchurch's *Don Quixote, A Comedy*.
Manuscript, 21 cm. MS Eng 1367, fol. 58.

of the new society. Cardenio brings out the optimism of this new way of thinking by affirming, “Heaven has no doubt decreed this unexpected meeting to shew us that when we most despair of happiness it *may* be then at hand” (*DQAC*, 5.1).

Whitchurch’s retelling of Cardenio’s story is unquestionably the product of his enlightened time and reflects a change in attitudes that privileges social morality: benevolence, the desire of the good of others, sympathy in its double sense of participation in the feelings of others (illustrated by joy and compassion), and meriting others’ approval. These are the values popularized by Adam Smith in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, whose roots are found in the works of Lord Shaftesbury and Francis Hutcheson.²⁴ Lord Shaftesbury believed that anyone living in society naturally develops benevolent feelings, coming to value the welfare of others.²⁵ Hutcheson identifies the virtuous person with benevolence, which he sees as the source of happiness.

The concern of Whitchurch’s characters at the play’s conclusion with achieving not only their own happiness but also that of their friends can only be explained by an ethic similar to Adam Smith’s, which emphasizes participating in others’ feelings:

How selfish so ever man may be supposed, there are evidently some principles in his nature, which interest him in the fortune of others, and render their happiness necessary to him, though he derives nothing from it except the pleasure of seeing it.²⁶

As a result, caring about the condition of others, even of those who are most guilty—Don Fernando, in this case—is viewed as something natural, since proper benevolence is “the most graceful and agreeable of all the affections.”²⁷ The quick and surprising transformation of Don Fernando found in Whitchurch, compared with the tense and drawn-out scene in Cervantes, is underwritten by the idea that even the most evil person possesses some capacity for empathetic sympathy: “The greatest ruffian, the most hardened violator of the laws of society, is not altogether without it.”²⁸

24 Adam Smith, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, new ed., 2 vols. (Basil: J.J. Tournaisen, 1793).

25 Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times*, ed. J. M. Robertson, 2 vols. (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1964).

26 Smith, *Theory*, 1:1.

27 *Ibid.*, 2:197.

28 *Ibid.*, 1:2.

THE CONTEXT OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BRITISH LITERATURE:
ECHOES OF *DON QUIXOTE*

English translations of *Don Quixote* abounded, one could almost say proliferated, as icons of a cultural shift taking place during Whitchurch's life. The vicar of Nunney sticks close to the text of Cervantes's novel, but we do not know if he followed a particular translation, drew on several, or perhaps read the work in the original Spanish. We have sampled the first, early-seventeenth-century version by Thomas Shelton, as well the eighteenth-century ones that Whitchurch was more likely to use: Peter Anthony Motteux (1700), Charles Jarvis (1742), and Tobias Smollet (1761).²⁹ Motteux's was hugely popular and reissued in 1771, shortly before the time when Whitchurch probably wrote the play, either while he was at Oxford or immediately thereafter. This later edition was scholarly in the extreme.³⁰ It appears that Whitchurch drew both upon it and Smollett's slightly earlier version.

Whereas in general Whitchurch, although adhering closely to Cervantes's text, consistently demonstrates his independence from the expressions and wording used by previous translators, one finds in Motteux at least one case of an essentially word-for-word use. When Don Quixote addresses Dorotea disguised as the Princess Micomicona, to reject any possibility of marrying her, Motteux has him say: "As long as I shall have my memory full of her image, my will captivated, and my understanding wholly subjected to her whom I now forbear to name, it is impossible I should in the

29 Miguel de Cervantes, *The History of the Renown'd Don Quixote de la Mancha. Written in Spanish by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated from the original by several hand: And publish'd by Petter Moutteux.* 4 vols. (London: Sam. Buckley, 1700–1703.). Cervantes, *The Life and Exploits of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha*, trans. Charles Jarvis, Esq. (London: J. and R. Tolson and R. Dodsley, 1742). Cervantes, *The History and Adventures of the Renowned Don Quixote by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, 1547–1616*, trans. Tobias George Smollett, 6th ed., 4 vols. (Dublin: J. Chambers, 1796) <<http://nrs.harvard.edu/urn3:HUL.FIG:002863951>> (accessed October 22, 2018). Cited hereafter as Smollett. See also the second Jarvis edition, *The History of the Renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha . . . Translated by Many Hands. Revised A-new from the Best Spanish Editions, to Which Are Added Explanatory Notes from Jarvis* (London: M. Cooper, 1747).

30 Miguel de Cervantes, *The History of the Renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha. Written in Spanish by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated by Several Hands: And Published by the Late Mr. Motteux. Revis'd a-new from the best Spanish Edition, by Mr. Ozell: Who Has Likewise Added Explanatory Notes from Jarvis, Oudin, Sobrino, Pineda, Gregorio, and the Royal Academy dictionary of Madrid*, 4 vols. (Glasgow: Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1771). Cited hereafter as Motteux, *Don Quoxite*. Cited in Julie Chandler Hayes, "Eighteenth-Century Translations of *Don Quixote*," in *The Cervantean Heritage: Reception and Influence of Cervantes in Britain*, ed. J. A. G. Ardila (London: Legenda, Modern Humanities Research Association and Maney Publishing, 2009), 74n16.

least deviate from the affection I bear to her.”³¹ In *DQAC*, nearly the same speech is made to Princess Micomicona on the same subject, although slightly extended in a comic vein by Whitchurch to make it more his own:

As long as I shall have my memory full of her image, my will captivated and my understanding wholly subjected to her whom I now forbear to name, 'tis impossible I should in the least deviate from the affection I bear to her, or be induced to think of marrying, tho' it were a phoenix. (4.2)

In the same episode involving the play-acting Dorotea, Motteux refers to Princess Micomicona several times as “illustrious princess,” perhaps influenced by his own French-language childhood. Similarly, Whitchurch has Don Quixote introduce her to the innkeeper as follows:

Don Quixote: Welcome, fair princess, to this castle. (*To Dorothea*) For you must know, Mr. Governor, (*to Bernardo*) that the illustrious Princess Micomicona condescends to visit you. I need not command you to lodge her in your state apartment and to shew her all the marks of honour which are suitable to her dignity. (5.3)

In Motteux's rendition, one is reminded of Don Quixote's parallel insistence on her royalty when speaking to the innkeeper while at the inn during the final chapters of part one of the novel: “It is a castle,’ returned Don Quixote, ‘ay, and one of the best in the province; and contains one who has held a sceptre in her hand, and wore a crown on her head.’”³²

Sometimes one comes across a phrase in Whitchurch that recalls another translator, but it is not clear whether the similarities have sprung from the shared source in Cervantes. In the episode of the frightening mill where cloth is full, Smollett has Sancho tell Don Quixote: “For if I stir but an inch from your worship, fear instantly lays hold on me, and insults me in a thousand horrid shapes and visions; and let this serve to apprise you, that henceforward I will not budge a finger's breadth from your presence.”³³ In *DQAC*, Sancho tells Don Quixote something similar, but not verbatim: “If I but offer to stir an inch from you, I'm almost frightened out of my seven senses. And let this serve you hereafter for warning, that you may not send me a nail's breadth from your presence” (1.4). The much more concise phrase in the Spanish text of *Don Quixote*, not afraid to foreground Sancho's need to empty his bowels, reads: “mas era

31 Motteux, 2:42

32 Motteux, 2:222.

33 Smollett, 1:311–312.

tanto el miedo que había entrado en su corazón, que no osaba apartarse un negro de uña de su amo; pues pensar de no hacer lo que tenía gana, tampoco era posible.” Translated, this becomes “but the fear that had entered his heart was so great that he didn’t dare separate himself a fingernail’s breadth from his master; but to think of not doing what he had an urge to do was likewise impossible” (Part 1, ch. 20, translation ours). In this case, it seems likely that the earlier translator’s circumlocution in the interest of decorum was taken as a model by Whitchurch.

Well-known English translations of *Don Quixote* aside, the influence of Henry Fielding’s novels, and to a surprising extent those of his sister Sarah (both of whom knew Cervantes’s masterpiece well), became powerful in Britain from about 1740. Their literary accomplishments were extolled by contemporaries, and their reputations have held up over the generations. J. A. G. Ardila writes that Henry Fielding “is nowadays remembered as one of the finest English novelists; Walter Scott christened him ‘the father of the English novel.’”³⁴ Samuel Richardson pronounced the siblings’ talents equally great, while another critic, thought to have been Samuel Johnson, considered Sarah’s knowledge of human nature to be deeper. Sarah’s novel *The Adventures of David Simple* (1744), which Whitchurch had clearly read with appreciation, was a particular success and a sequel was soon written (*David Simple: Volume the Last*, 1753) and translated into French and German.³⁵

Together, the celebrated siblings’ interpretations of *Don Quixote* help to make sense of Whitchurch’s, which—while in general closer to Cervantes’s conception than the Romantic readings most often encountered today—requires some acquaintance with the Enlightenment to bring it into focus. In spite of (or perhaps in part due to) his thoroughly natural and kind-hearted sexual adventures, Tom Jones, Henry Fielding’s most famous hero, exhibits a moral stature unmatched by any of the other characters in the novel that bears his name. As the author makes clear, he is an improved Quixote, at a more appropriate age than his Spanish forerunner, blundering through the forest of his desires with good intentions, looking for a better life and eventually winning it along with an ideal princess named Wisdom. Ardila stresses the connection to Spanish chivalry, in that Tom’s “noble values certainly alienate him from his society and he is quixotic in as much as his generosity and knightly ideals confront the meanness of

34 J. A. G. Ardila, “Henry Fielding: from Quixotic Satire to the Cervantean Novel,” in *The Cervantean Heritage: Reception and Influence of Cervantes in Britain*, ed. J. A. G. Ardila (London: Legenda, Modern Humanities Research Association and Maney Publishing, 2009), 124.

35 Sarah Fielding, *The Adventures of David Simple, Containing An Account of his Travels Through the Cities of London and Westminster, In the Search of A Real Friend*, 2 vols. (London: A. Millar, 1744). Unless otherwise stated, citations are taken from this edition. Sarah Fielding, *The Adventures of David Simple. Volume the Last, in which his history is concluded*. (London: A. Millar, 1753).

society; so amiss he seems in his society that he is believed to be a madman by some characters.”³⁶

Whitchurch’s title, *Don Quixote, A Comedy*, stressing the work’s genre, may have been selected to distinguish the play from the translations of the novel that abounded at the time. Additionally, it probably reflects the concern with classification of literary works typical of the Enlightenment and expounded by Fielding in the well-known prologue to *Joseph Andrews*, a concise piece of literary theory doubtless familiar to Whitchurch.³⁷ Suggesting the ambitious goals he had in mind, Fielding writes, “Now a comic romance is a comic epic-poem in prose; differing from comedy, as the serious epic from tragedy.”³⁸ The English novelist even claims that Homer wrote a now-lost comic epic, just as in the famous discussion between Don Quixote and the Canon of Toledo near the end of the first part of the novel, the learned churchman—and fan of chivalric fiction—asserts that the epic can be written in prose. The high prestige of the ancient Greco-Roman authors, as well as of works of the classical genres, was of course very similar in both the Renaissance and the Enlightenment.

On the title page itself of *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding declares that the novel is written “In imitation of the manner of Cervantes, author of *Don Quixote*.” It contains, in addition to a parody of naïve idealists whose moral guidebooks are woefully inadequate (e.g., the title character), a satire of society that is developed through the highly admirable but equally impractical figure of Parson Adams. On this eighteenth-century perception of Cervantes’s novel as offering a parody of knighthood combined with a timely and pertinent judgment of society from the point of view of chivalric standards, Staves writes, “With the eighteenth century also came an emphasis on *Don Quixote* as a satiric work, indeed, as a work which accomplished exactly those tasks which the Augustan satirists set for themselves. The burlesque humour enjoyed for its own sake by seventeenth-century readers was now seen to have a moral purpose.”³⁹

36 Ardila, 137.

37 Henry Fielding, *Joseph Andrews* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1961).

38 *Ibid.*, 7.

39 Susan Staves, “Don Quixote in Eighteenth-Century England,” *Comparative Literature* 24, no. 3 (1972): 194, <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/1769895>> (accessed October 22, 2018). On the combination of parody with satire specifically in *Joseph Andrews* see Pedro Javier Pardo García, “Formas de imitación del *Quijote* en la novela inglesa del siglo XVIII: *Joseph Andrews* y *Tristram Shandy*,” *Anales cervantinos* 33 (1995–1997): 133–164. Pardo García shows that Fielding chose to grasp opportunities available in *Don Quixote* to criticize both defective literary models and corrupt societies that fail to live up to foundational moral guidelines: “Tanto en Joseph, el joven héroe de la novela, como en el párroco Adams, su compañero de aventuras, se produce el quijotesco desfase entre literatura y vida. En el caso de Joseph la insuficiencia del modelo literario que es su manual de conducta (la obra *Pamela* de Samuel Richardson, 1740), se vuelve contra este modelo, es parodia. En el de Adams, este desfase no actúa contra los modelos literarios y los clásicos,

As Fielding affectionately characterizes him, Parson Adams is “as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world, as an infant just entered into it could possibly be.”⁴⁰ He is quixotic in the most idealized sense, an exemplary Christian who repeatedly runs aground on the shoals of his unawareness of the guile of others, following the classics and the Bible instead of chivalric fiction but constantly stubbing his toe and his soul on the hard problem of applying them to current English life. There is little escape from the collision of moral continents in which he is trapped. Britton summarizes: “Parson Adams [is] an obviously Quixotic figure, whose unworldliness, active Christian charity and classical learning bring him into continual conflict with the vanity, hypocrisy and moral expediency of everyday life.”⁴¹

In his prologue to his play, Whitchurch calls for a worthy stage adaptation of Cervantes’s novel when he considers “if this honour worthily was plac’d” (DQAC, Prologue). Among other plays based on *Don Quixote* in the preceding two hundred years, Henry Fielding’s *Don Quixote in England*, a satire of the corrupt manner in which the English professions were being practiced, was successfully staged in London about a half century before Whitchurch’s play was written and then revived shortly before its composition. On the face of it, it would appear that Whitchurch did not know of any previous English stage version of *Don Quixote*, but it is much more probable that he meant to say he did not think highly of any of them; hence the qualifier “worthily.”

He could hardly not have known about *Don Quixote in England*. In 1772, it was revived with music at the Haymarket Theatre as a satiric piece under the title *Squire Badger*; in 1775, titled *The Sot*, it appeared again at the same venue. From the titles alone, it’s not hard to see how the question of a “worthy” stage version of the Quixote story might have roused Whitchurch to write.⁴² Alternatively, he may have considered any adaptation set in England to be an entirely new work, and so retained the setting in Spain for his own play in order to stress the universal quality of the themes found in the original.

sino contra el mundo que se ha alejado de tales modelos, es sátira”, “Both in Joseph, the novel’s young hero, and in Parson Adams, his companion in adventures, there is generated the Quixotic disconnection between literature and life. In Joseph’s case the inadequacy of the literary model that is his conduct manual (the work *Pamela* by Samuel Richardson, 1740) undermines the model and becomes parody. In the case of Adams, the disconnection does not turn against the literary models and the Classics, but rather against the world that has abandoned those models; it becomes satire” (translation ours, 135).

40 Henry Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, 17.

41 R. K. Britton, “Don Quixote’s Fourth Sally: Cervantes and the Eighteenth-Century Novel,” *New Comparison* 15 (1993): 23.

42 On these plays, see Rita Gnutzmann, “*Don Quixote in England* de Henry Fielding con relación al *Don Quijote* de Cervantes,” *Anales Cervantinos* 22 (1984): 99n37.

Prologue ..

The Poet of to Night brings nothing new,
But what before the great Cervantes drew;
Yet hopes, that what has pleas'd in every Age,
Might be approv'd upon a British Stage.
Let not the aspiring Poet hope in vain,
Let him (for much he fears) applause obtain.

All round the World in every Language flown,
The Story of La Mancha's Knight is known;
And if this honour worthily was plac'd,
The British Stage might by the Tale be grac'd.

Figure 1.5. Prologue. James Wadham Whitchurch's *Don Quixote, A Comedy*.
Manuscript, 21 cm. MS Eng 1367, fol. 3v.

Sarah Fielding's enthusiastically received early example of a sentimental novel, *David Simple*, offers the same idealized reading of Cervantes's protagonist against the backdrop of a corrupt society found in her brother's work, but it reveals even more specific parallels to *DQAC*. David's self-generated mission in life is remarkably close to the modern idea of Dulcinea as soul mate. If he can convince himself that he has found a man (or a woman, as it turns out) whose outspoken compassion for and defense of others in distress matches his, then his faith in human nature will be restored. In just this way, Cardenio's belief in human moral potential will triumphantly be strengthened by Luscinda's virtues and love in Whitchurch's play, and her once entirely disillusioned lover will be reintegrated into society. Sarah Fielding enunciates the connection to the corresponding chapters in *Don Quixote*, which are featured in *DQAC* as well:

[An acquaintance] believed he was mad; for no Person, in his Senses, could ever have enter'd into such a Scheme as that of hunting after a real Friend; which was just the same thing as little Children do, when they cry for the Moon . . . David, in whom it was difficult to raise a Resentment, yet found an Indignation within him at having his favourite Scheme made a jest of: for his Man of Goodness and Virtue was, to him, what *Dulcinea* was to *Don Quixote*; and to hear it was thought impossible for any such thing to be found, had an equal Effect on him as what Sancho had on the Knight, when he told him, "His great Princess was winnowing of Wheat, and sifting Corn."⁴³

FELLOW-FEELING, HOBBYHORSES, AND HEROIC MELANCHOLY

As Wendy Matooka has pointed out, the eighteenth century in Britain is known as both the "Age of Reason" and the "Age of Sentiment."⁴⁴ How can that be, and how did it shape portrayals of Don Quixote? Much of the contemporary reaction to Cervantes's novel was wrapped up with a concept we would call obsession, and how this obsession was the locus for the interplay of "sense and sensibility," as Jane Austen put it. A "quixote" was understood to mean someone whose approach to the world, while not delusional in the sense of generating false images of things—say, a giant seen where a windmill is—is drastically skewed by some fixed idea. Such obsessions are prominent in Lawrence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, where they are presented as typically English and are known, with a mixture of ridicule and affection, as "hobbyhorses." Skinner observes, "a curious cultural phenomenon of the eighteenth century is the fascination of the English with

43 Sarah Fielding, *David Simple*, 1:176.

44 Wendy Matooka, *The Age of Reasons: Quixotism, Sentimentalism and Political Economy in Eighteenth-Century Britain* (London, England: Routledge, 1998), 2.

their own eccentricity, if indeed this form of self-consciousness is not a permanent feature of the English character.”⁴⁵ In the case of David Simple, Sarah Fielding calls it “his Darling Passion of doing good.”⁴⁶

To understand the mixture of scoffing at and reverence for a madman like Don Quixote, or the close approximation to madness in an extreme idealist such as David Simple, it is helpful to know that a modern notion was then emerging regarding the origin of these “ruling passions,” i.e., obsessions. In essence, as the result of some emotional trauma such as a glitch in a person’s sense of well-being, in his beliefs and resultant aspirations, he is led to differently *interpret* common customs and behaviors experienced throughout society. Such deviations from the interpretive norm, although recognized as possibly opening up valuable new perspectives when accompanied by benevolence, were instead often seen as a harmful malfunction of the rational process.

Still, natural sympathy and its expression were the criterion for a person’s value to society, and when strongly present weighed more in the final balance than even highly eccentric views of the world. For writers such as the Fieldings and Whitchurch, emphatically modern and not postmodern in their view of ethics and politics, there existed the concept of a natural set of human emotions, although there were variations associated with the individual’s place in society.⁴⁷ As discussed above, these emotions were supposed to incline us all, albeit in varying degrees, to altruistic “sympathy,” “fellow-feeling,” and the idea that “no man is an island,” to mention a seventeenth-century affirmation of the same idea.⁴⁸

On approaching the resolute optimism of Sarah Fielding’s *David Simple*, it is also helpful to see the link established between virtue and happiness by Lord Shaftesbury: “To have natural, kindly, or generous affections strong and powerful toward the good of the public, is to have the chief means and power of self-enjoyment.”⁴⁹

45 John Skinner, “*Don Quixote* in 18th-Century England: A Study in Reader Response,” *Cervantes: Bulletin of the Cervantes Society of America* 7, no. 1 (1987): 53.

46 Sarah Fielding, *Joseph Simple*, 2:304.

47 Though universal ethics and human nature are two of the most prominent Enlightenment concepts that have now fallen from general consensus, they were foundational in the mid-eighteenth century: Britton observes that “The influence of Fielding . . . gave important currency to the comic novel, which was essentially motivated by a good-natured moral concern, that tended to seek virtue in what was natural, and was neither purposely damaging in its intentions nor tragic in its consequences. It is precisely in this that the spirit of Cervantes is most clearly evident beneath the immediate presence of his eighteenth-century English followers” (23).

48 Henry Fielding referred to the idea on another occasion when he wrote that the protagonist of Cervantes’ novel possesses “Great Innocence, integrity and humour, and [is] of the highest benevolence.” Cited in Gnutzmann, 99.

49 Shaftesbury, 1:292.

Compared with the insignificant role played by friendship in Christian ethics, a consequence of medieval asceticism's mistrust of human beings (humans are inconstant, and the only true friendship is with God), and in contrast with the obstacles to interpersonal communication found in the hierarchical society of the baroque period (in which honor became a principle that is incompatible with the leveling character of friendship), Enlightenment thought returns to the ideas of ancient Latin authors on friendship and ties them to the concept of benevolence in use among British moralists. More concretely, it ties them to Shaftesbury's idea of the exercise of goodness and generosity as the path to happiness.

Sarah Fielding's protagonist, David Simple, spends most of the novel looking for a real friend, which, she explains, means anyone "good-natured." For Fielding, this implies having the emotional good health to not only feel sympathy instead of antagonism, but also to express it honestly, forthrightly, and bodily. But in addition to defending this idea of natural benevolence, she also reacts against a contrary psychological concept that had important consequences for eighteenth-century politics, the superior value of pride over humility. The philosopher David Hume published his *Treatise of Human Nature* in 1740, four years before *David Simple* came out, and Fielding clearly intended for her novel to be read as a reply. For Hume, pride, in its function as an active defense of oneself, holds personality together. The idea reflects the period's preoccupation with individual rights, unlike the atmosphere of the two previous centuries, when Puritan reformers had recommended individual surrender to God as the motor of social improvement. Sarah Fielding observed and expressed in *David Simple* the dangers to society, and to personal happiness, of the forms of aggression that all too frequently are associated with pride and so turn it from an orienting and animating principle of the mind into a supposedly preventative tactic of aggression. Her situation as a woman, in a period when women's positions as heirs and property owners deteriorated in English society even as they were commonly expected to be models of modesty and humility, no doubt contributed to her awareness of the growing danger.

To make clear the consequences of what today might be called phallic behavior, Sarah Fielding chose to make her title character a man who reacts to abuse like a traditional woman. As Gross observes, David Simple does and says very little. In a word, he is passive, and the plot basically moves to the rhythm of unforeseen developments to which he adapts himself.⁵⁰ But at the story's end, the final outcome is a happiness achieved by avoiding the hostile competition and violence that flow from pride.

In that characterization lies another similarity to Cardenio, and perhaps the one that best explains why Whitchurch chose to approach Don Quixote through the door of a secondary character. Passivity is the trait that best defines his Cardenio, a mental

50 See Daniel M. Gross, *The Secret History of Emotion: From Aristotle's Rhetoric to Modern Brain Science* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2006), 153–154.

passivity when he too trustingly allows Don Fernando to see Luscinda and to deceive him, a physical passivity when he fails to interrupt the wedding ceremony and flees to the hills. The intervals of violent madness that later pursue him contrast with both his previous inactivity and his meek and humble behavior toward the shepherds in his moments of lucidity. That same contrast is present, too, in Don Quixote, who comes and goes between the expression of noble humanitarian sentiments and unjustified aggression. As we shall see, eighteenth-century Britons did everything possible to reduce this latter aspect of their favorite moral hero to a minimum, and it would not have been illogical to transfer this disagreeable defect of the main character to Cardenio.

While in *Don Quixote* it is the active rhetoric and the fearless but nonviolent courage of Dorotea that bring about the happy ending, the fact that Cardenio does not attack Don Fernando plays a role too. It is this secondary aspect of the conflict resolution in Cervantes that David Simple takes up simply by abstaining from violence and revenge. In this way, Fielding's refutation of the importance given by Hume to selfish pride fuses with the picture of Christian pardon and justice painted by Cervantes in Whitchurch's work.

The origins of Don Quixote's obsession were not particularly mysterious for writers of Whitchurch's time. For them, the trauma from which Don Quixote suffers is the result of coping badly with a limiting village environment by means of counterproductive withdrawal into the world of chivalric fantasy. Until he is cured at the end of the novel, Alonso Quijano, a shy, sedentary, fiftyish country gentleman and bachelor secretly enamored of a lively peasant girl, is shown resolutely misinterpreting those around him in the desperate hope of becoming famous as a benevolent paladin and thereby winning the heart and hand of a princess en route to becoming a king.

Don Quixote's keen desire for fame as a stepping stone to bigger things is pointed out more than once in *DQAC*, as when he speaks of an adventure "which flatters my ambition with hopes of fresh adventures to signalize my valour" (*DQAC*, 1.1). The more tangible benefits of fame are specified in Don Quixote's boast to Sancho as regards the Princess Micomicona: "See now whether we have not a kingdom which we may command and a queen whom we may espouse" (*DQAC*, 4.2).

A similar example of casting one's lot with empty fantasies is found in *Don Quixote* with the innkeeper's belief in the truth of chivalric fiction, while in his *Essay upon Education*, Whitchurch writes of the confusing effect on children of the "numerous absurdities with which fables ever will abound."⁵¹ In the innkeeper's case, the emotional imbalance responsible for his comparatively harmless obsession is nothing more than craving the disorienting stimulation to the imagination and emotions that he derives

51 Whitchurch, *An Essay*, 83.

when taking the tales seriously: “A pleasant jest, faith, that you should pretend to persuade me now that these notable books are lies and stories” (*DQAC*, 5,3).

So desperate is Don Quixote’s gamble with the transformation of his life that he is willing to get into fights; routinely, he breaks the law, his teeth are knocked out, his ribs are battered, and he succeeds in injuring others. Dorothea, disguised as Princess Micomicona, points out the great harm he has done freeing the king’s prisoners and relates that her retinue has been murdered by those freed criminals. The danger of obsession leading to violence is obvious in his self-ignorant response:

I did what my conscience and my profession obliged me to. And what has any man to say to this? If any one dares say otherwise . . . I say he knows little of knight-errantry and lies like a son of a whore and a base-born villain. And this I will make him know, more effectually with the convincing edge of my sword.
(4.2)

Sancho parodies this characteristic lapse into insults and violent threats toward anyone who contradicts his master’s desires and views:

Let the Lady Dulcinea look to’t. For if she does not answer as she would do, I protest solemnly I’ll force an answer out of her guts by dint of good kicks and fisticuffs. For ’tis not to be endured that such a notable knight-errant as your worship is should thus run out of his wits without knowing why or wherefore, for such a—[sic] Odsbobs, I know what I know. (3.4)

Today, however, our culture is warmer and fuzzier on the subject of the would-be knight’s violence, retaining much of the later Romantic interpretation that greatly amplified the Enlightenment’s admiration for Don Quixote’s altruism.⁵² Skinner has documented the eighteenth century’s appreciation:

The immediate impression is that they unduly flatter Cervantes’ hero: “the most Moral and Reasoning Madman in the World” (Pope), showing “perfect good Breeding and Civility . . . upon every occasion” (Corbyn Morris), a “strong and beautiful representation of human nature” (Sarah Fielding), or simply “the

52 On the changing attitudes of English readers toward Don Quixote from the late eighteenth century into the nineteenth, Staves writes, “Some notion of the failure of these ideals to correspond to the realities of the world lingers, but the failure is regarded as unimportant” (206). On the Romantic interpretation of Don Quixote as universal archetype of idealistic and altruistic individuals, see Close, *La concepción romántica del “Quijote,”* 89–100.

finest Gentleman we read of in romance” (Henry Brooke). The list could be prolonged considerably.⁵³

As a result we have come to see the “Don’s” death by a final bout of melancholy as the fault of the world. Noting the disparity of this interpretation from Cervantes’s own view of his character, Skinner concludes that “in terms of temperament, English humorists inclined to melancholy, whereas the Spanish knight’s disposition is explicitly portrayed as choleric . . . For the eighteenth-century reader, however, melancholy appears to predominate.”⁵⁴ Sarah Fielding, very typically, tells her readers that as for the high-minded David Simple, “In short, the Generality of Scenes he saw, he could never mention without a Sigh, or think of without a Tear.”⁵⁵

The Latin epigraph taken from Virgil’s *Aeneid* that Whitchurch places at the beginning of his play means “mingling madness and grief.” It suggests, by its combination of insanity and mourning in an epic context, the precise shade of noble melancholy perceived at the time in Don Quixote. An idealistic, larger-than-life hero was felt to be mourning for a morally imperfect world that he finds he cannot change.

In this same vein is the passage where Sancho asks Don Quixote, “Have you so soon then forgot the drubbing you receiv’d from the officers of the Holy Brotherhood when you releas’d the gallyslaves?” Don Quixote replies, “No, I have not forgot it. The danger I was in made no impression on me, but the black ingratitude of those base, degenerate monsters whom I reliev’d is all that I reflect upon with pain” (*DQAC*, 1.1). It is a melancholy situation, indeed, and a self-attribution of a stoic mind-set that at first glance does seem to rise above mere obsession.

Still, all that sentimental delight in the depth of Don Quixote’s professed feelings did not change the primary drive of the Enlightenment. It was committed to rational analysis and correction of the personal and collective flaws within society, and naturally that went for Don Quixote’s ruling passion. The eighteenth-century British, along with Cervantes himself, did not fail to perceive that at least part of the blame was the *hidalgo*’s. Their concern for the social effects of literature reminded them that although his commitment to doing good was related to the idea of altruistic sympathy, his obsession with turning himself into a renowned knight produced insignificant or even harmful consequences.

53 Skinner, 52.

54 *Ibid.*, 55.

55 Sarah Fielding, *David Simple*, 1:76.

SANCHO, NATURAL MAN AND PRAGMATIST

Much beloved in the period, Sancho gives off the sweaty and healthy smell of natural man, standing (or riding his donkey) in contrast to his master.⁵⁶ Along this same line, in his *Essay upon Education*, Whitchurch writes about the advantages held by someone who is simple and content with a low station (i.e., Sancho as portrayed in *DQAC*) relative to someone who, like Don Quixote, has filled his head with unattainable ideas of rising in society:

Be it known, then, that the poor are taught at a very early age to have no wants but those of nature, which are few in number, and easily supplied. From daily labour they derive health, the most inestimable of all possessions. From the same source they derive wherewithal to satisfy every wish that they can form . . . The rich, on the other hand, are taught from their infancy to desert the paths of nature and to regulate all their actions by the will and opinion of others. To remain contented with hereditary honours is with them to betray certain indications of a weak and abject mind. They are instructed to soar above the rank in which nature has placed them, and to aspire after honours to which they were not born, and to which they can have no reasonable expectations of being promoted.⁵⁷

Early in the play the would-be knight tells his would-be squire, “Sancho, thou art an honest fellow, but an impenetrable blockhead” (*DQAC*, 1.1). With this speech, Whitchurch immediately establishes Sancho’s character—at least, as the country gentleman will somewhat naïvely perceive it. Such a basically positive view of Sancho, instead of the seventeenth century’s version of him as a greedy and ludicrous fool, matches the Enlightenment take on Don Quixote himself as no clumsy lunatic, but rather as someone who, though confused by the practicalities of ways and means, is wise on almost all subjects and filled with more fellow-feeling than most of us.

In a broader context, ignorant Sancho, doing what seems best for himself in every situation, is aligned with nature—eating, drinking, and sleeping in accordance with nature’s commands—in contrast with the overly well-read Don Quixote’s unrealistic attempts to ignore the needs of the body. Early in the play the would-be knight boasts, albeit rather unconvincingly, “The thoughts which this romantic scene suggests to my

56 Ardila writes that Ronald Paulson, in *Don Quixote in England: The Aesthetics of Laughter*, “had introduced [Sancho] as ‘a Masterpiece in Humour of which we never have, nor ever shall see the like,’” and explains that Sancho was the main character in *Don Quixote in England*. Indeed, the Manchegan squire was an extremely popular character in England during the eighteenth century and after” (129).

57 Whitchurch, *An Essay*, 102–104.

Dramatis Persona.

Don Quixote de La Mancha.	-----	Knight Errant.	
Sancho Panca.	-----	His Esquire.	
Don Ferdinand.	-----	Grande of Spain.	
Cardenio.	-----	A Spanish Gentleman.	
Francisco.	-----	A Benedictine.	
Bernardo.	-----	An Innkeeper.	
Arrivagus.	}	-----	Shepherds.
Colin			
Sylvius			
Amyntas.			
Rodrigo.	-----	Attendant on Francisco.	

Leonora.	-----	Daughter of a Spanish Gentleman.
Dorothea.	-----	A Spanish Lady.
Antonia.	-----	Wife to Bernardo.
Clara.	-----	Servant to Antonia.
Servants Attendants, &c &c.		

Scene in Spain.

Figure 1.6. Dramatis Persona. James Wadham Whitchurch's *Don Quixote, A Comedy*. Manuscript, 21 cm. MS Eng 1367, fol. 4v.

imagination are more grateful to me than the most luxurious table, as they afford one a much more exquisite entertainment” (*DQAC*, 1.1). In response to Sancho’s scepticism about this set of aesthetic and gastronomic priorities having ever been put into practice, Don Quixote alludes to the suicide of the Roman patriot Cato. In his rebuttal, Sancho attributes Cato’s suicide to being underfed and so listless, not to grand ideas, surmising that Cato must have been eating only “slip-slops” (which, curiously, is the name of the unappetizing serving woman who, in Henry Fielding’s novel, tries to force her sexual favors on Joseph Andrews).

Don Quixote also claims to transcend physical pain. Sancho weighs in with an attitude firmly grounded in a person’s physical and mental limitations. The master proclaims inflatedly, “Remind me not of evils that are past, for when they are forgot, ’tis just the same as if they ne’er had been.” Sancho’s questioning reply denies the feasibility of this approach: “Are they so? But mayhap we mayn’t always be able to forget ’em so soon as we would” (*DQAC*, 1.1).

In spite of Sancho’s tendency to spout off proverbs in the novel, he can’t stomach categorical statements. When Cardenio hyperbolizes the gravity of his sorrows: “nor are they to be remedied by wealth, for goods of fortune avail but little against the anger of Heaven,” Sancho punctures the tragic atmosphere with an aside: “Ay, ay, come, come, many men of many minds” (*DQAC*, 2.3).

Though his behavior in both the novel and the play is not always honest, as when he whips the forest trees instead of himself to obtain money from his master, or when he steals the golden coins from Cardenio’s saddlebag, Sancho is a reminder—only occasionally taken to heart by Don Quixote—that an element of balancing moral pragmatism is a necessary thing in the real world. This happens in the novel, for example, when the knight tacitly agrees to Sancho’s recommendation that the two of them hide in the mountains from the highway patrol after illegally freeing the royal prisoners. The Romanticism of the nineteenth century, unlike the more practical Enlightenment, made a practice of overlooking this side of the Quixote-Sancho pair.

Whitchurch, true to the unflinching empiricism of the best thinkers of the Enlightenment, shows that Sancho’s commitment to taking care of “number one” has its drawbacks, too. Sancho tells Don Quixote, “If I but offer to stir an inch from you, I’m almost frightened out of my seven senses” (*DQAC*, 1.2). Enslaving fear is clearly the consequence of his own two obsessions: the avoidance of anything that remotely resembles danger, and the acquisition of anything that might help meet his physical needs. He confesses to his master that he doesn’t want to find the owner of the gold coins, because if he spends them before that happens, he will be legally “free from the law” (*DQAC*, 1.4). So now it is Sancho, the obsessive pursuer of bottom-line advantage, not Don Quixote, the seeker of fame, a princess and a kingdom, who is prepared to violate the law for what he thinks he needs. Against the foil of Sancho’s materialism, we see in Don Quixote’s reply the value of both courage and adherence to a self-imposed

code of conduct: “If we find him [Cardenio] out, ’twill extremely ease my mind” (*DQAC*, 1.4).

Between these two extremes there is an implied golden mean. Whitchurch, with his eighteenth-century commitment to a logical system, does not fail to spell out where it lies. That angle of repose between an axis of altruism and an abscissa of self-preservation is affirmed—better than in Don Quixote’s summing up of Sancho’s character—in the self-evaluation of the man of common sense: “Come, come, Sir, for all I’m but a clown or a bumpkin, as you may say, yet I’d have you to know as how I know what’s what, and have always taken care of the main chance.” Offering a practical balance sheet of pleasure and pain, Sancho forthrightly proclaims:

I neither have, nor want, any of that same flosafy, for I have always observ’d that it never does a man any good, he never gets anything by it, and you know the worth of a thing is what it will bring . . . [Philosophy] always puts some gincumcracks into a man’s head that never were there before.⁵⁸

Not only Sancho’s approach to life, but his language, too, is pragmatic. Even his renowned malapropisms trumpet practicality. Sancho lives in the real world, and this is reflected in his vocabulary. When Don Quixote enthuses affectedly, as in “under yon tufted tree upon the flow’ry herbage of the field,” his flowery language taken from chivalric romance immediately stands out as evidence of his living in another mental construct. Lest we gloss over the strangeness of the words, Sancho misunderstands and mangles Don Quixote’s high-flown lexicon (“upon this same flow’ry garbage that you talk of”), providing a comic deflation to remind us of another more utilitarian and generally accepted view of things. The same can be said of the common, innocuous, but slightly vulgar oaths that Whitchurch places in his mouth. Sancho’s use of earthy religio-bodily expressions, such as “Odsnigs,” clashes with Don Quixote’s use of language that is sometimes so refined as to lose all force. Even if he knew words from a higher rhetorical register, Sancho’s down-to-earth vocabulary would still serve him better at the social level he usually inhabits.

THE DESPAIR OF ISOLATION, THE FORGIVENESS OF COMMUNITY

An uncomfortable disconnect, then, stretched between Don Quixote’s professed fellow-feeling on the one hand, and his rigidly ambitious and counterproductive interpretation of the world on the other. This tension within the response of British readers was resolved by transforming him. Whitchurch’s Don Quixote, for example, becomes unexpectedly patient toward what he sees as others’ obtuseness. He accepts

58 *DQAC*, 1.1.

the blame for his discomfitures instead of making evil enchanters his scapegoat. He even agrees, albeit taking great offense, to pay his inn bill: “Madam, if you are insensible of the honour of entertaining an illustrious princess and knight-errant, your sordid soul shall be gratified to the full” (*DQAC*, 5.3).

As critics have observed, a great deal of energy was expended by British writers of the period to bring Don Quixote into the social consensus.⁵⁹ He becomes less insistent on his craziness, less prone to engaging in violence in order to maintain his idiosyncratic view of the world, and is often portrayed as truly disinterested. When, in Whitchurch’s play, he is disappointed by the news that Dorothea is no longer the princess of Micomicon, he expresses himself with self-restraint and a very traditional British adherence to duty—a far cry from either an impulsive attack on those guarding the royal prisoners or one of Sterne’s “hobbyhorses”: “Let her be what she will, I will discharge my duty and obey the dictates of my conscience, according to the rules of my profession” (*DQAC*, 4.1). Even more striking is this Don Quixote who gives up his fondest dream in order to remain true to Dulcinea, something that, as Maritornes could attest, he does not consistently manage in the novel: “For as long as I shall have my memory full of her image, my will captivated and my understanding wholly subjected to her whom I now forbear to name, ’tis impossible I should in the least deviate from the affection I bear to her, or be induced to think of marrying” (*DQAC*, 4.1).

But Whitchurch’s Don Quixote is not obliged to do all that moral heavy lifting by himself. Those who surround the protagonist in Enlightenment adaptations that are invariably social satires, such as Henry Fielding’s *Don Quixote in England*, reflect the mean human qualities that Cardenio attributes to Leonora and Ferdinand: “I have seen something of the world, and seen enough to know its baseness” (*DQAC*, 1.2). For Whitchurch, though, that world is only the urban world, where venality, suspicion, and the cash nexus between society’s members rule, represented in the play by the innkeeper Bernardo, his wife Antonia, and the flirtatious servant Clara. After a tête-à-tête between the older Bernardo and the girlish Clara, in which she tells him he looks much younger than the unattractive Don Quixote, he calls out to her, “Od so, there’s Antonia! Run, fly, you little gipsey! If she should see us talking together, she’ll play

59 Hammond approaches the phenomenon from the Romantic perspective of social “control” instead of social consensus: “One main form of Don Quixote’s madness is his constant disregard for state law [. . .] Eighteenth-century versions cannot stomach the subversive aspects of Don Quixote being taken at his own estimate [. . .] They put much energy into the dehumouring of their Quixotic figures, ending in restoration to sanity, marriage and social control.” See Brean Hammond, “The Cervantic Legacy in the Eighteenth-Century Novel,” in *The Cervantean Heritage: Reception and Influence of Cervantes in Britain*, ed. J. A. G. Ardila (London: Legenda, Modern Humanities Research Association and Maney Publishing, 2009), 101–102.

the devil with me” (*DQAC*, 2.2). Antonia is suspicious of Don Quixote’s motives, too, seeing him as feigning madness to dodge paying the bill.

In Henry Fielding’s *Don Quixote in England*, this portrayal of the suspicious and grasping innkeeper’s wife, whose disagreeable character is more strongly shared by her husband than in Whitchurch’s play, is also present. There, she calls Don Quixote’s vigil no more than an excuse to try to rob her as soon as he gets a chance.⁶⁰ In *David Simple*, the landlady is similarly portrayed as the height of “bad nature”: “David presently went out, got a good Lodging for them [i.e., two new friends in distress] and himself, returned, and paid the Landlady his and their Bills, (the whole of what she had been so clamorous about, amounting to the Sum of only one Guinea.) He could not help reflecting with pleasure, that this Woman had been a Loser by her Cruelty —and Ill-nature.”⁶¹

In *DQAC*, Clara, in addition to leading on her married boss, tells the story of Maritornes’s cruel barnyard trick on Don Quixote, in which she took part. There is no suggestion of it being just punishment for his having held Maritornes by the wrist when Don Quixote surprised her going by his bed in the loft, something which is implied in the novel, and it appears simply to be a mocking of the deranged knight’s vanity. In contrast, Whitchurch’s uncorrupted shepherds treat Don Quixote with almost fraternal love, just as Francisco and Rodrigo rescue Don Quixote from himself in a kindly manner, with a sympathy stressed by Cardenio himself as to make clear the author’s emphasis on a loving community that heals and welcomes back to its bosom the most extravagant obsessive, provided that he be “good-natured” at heart: “I am convinced, my generous benefactors, that all the virtues that adorn humanity have left mankind to dwell with you” (*DQAC*, 1.2). The audience has no reason to doubt the sincerity of the shepherds’ reply to this.

Like Don Quixote’s traumatic emotional deficiencies, alluded to specifically, the origins of and cures for Britain’s political and religious obsessions seem at least implied by Whitchurch. At the level of domestic relations, while traveling around London to observe human nature in a variety of forms, David Simple sees how the emotionally driven, dissonant perspectives that characterize individuals can play out from one marriage to the next:

When David came to reflect, he was perfectly amazed, how it was possible for one Man to be continually rejoicing in his own Happiness, and declaring he had the best of Wives, altho’ she spent all his Substance, and threw the burden of every thing upon him; while another was continually complaining of his

60 See Gnutzmann, 94.

61 Sarah Fielding, *David Simple*, 1:245.

Wife, when her whole Time and Labour was spent to promote his Interest, and support him and his Children.⁶²

More prominently political is the yarn of the dispossessed Princess Micomicona, who has traveled from the far end of the earth to beg Don Quixote to restore her kingdom. Her need to recover the throne to defend her rights lends itself to the political implications of Britain seen as a land of obsessives.⁶³ A comment on the causes of rulers' errors both in general and in Britain seems present in the detail that the Benedictine monk Francisco, like Cervantes, explains as the equivalent of post-traumatic stress when Dorothea forgets the name of the royal character she is playing:

No wonder then that the Princess Micomicona, lawful heiress of the vast kingdom of Micomicon, disorder'd with so many misfortunes and perplex'd with so many various thoughts for the recovery of her crown, should have her imagination and memory so encumber'd.⁶⁴

If the emotions and worries that afflict a legitimate ruler can make the sovereign forget his or her very name, is there not a danger that less gifted members of society may, in troubled times, forget their obligations to the law and the rights of others? The usurper of Micomicon (an evil giant, we are told) is surnamed "of the Gloomy Light," and the name reflects the link seen in the Enlightenment and the Renaissance between wrongful actions and darkness in the mind. Such a characterization of a political enemy seems a humorous stereotype of uncivil discourse.

The path toward cooperation among competing views is hinted at when Don Quixote begins to undress upon hearing Dorothea say that her father, the king, predicted that the savior of the kingdom would have a certain sort of mole in a certain place. Sancho assures him, quickly lying in the interests of social decorum, that he does have such a mole. Dorothea plays along for the same reasons, but in words that also call for trust within society, even if a white lie or two is involved: "That's enough. Friends may believe one another without such a strict examination" (*DQAC*, 4.2).

The social conflicts that lacerated sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Britain, the wars between Protestants and Catholics and their political quarrels, were also seen as a failure of obsessive groups to get along with people from different backgrounds. On all sides, the enemies were viewed as clinging to not only unfounded but also fearfully

62 Sarah Fielding, *David Simple*, 1:96.

63 Henry Fielding's *Don Quixote in England* also links Cervantes's character to politics. Don Quixote is proposed as a candidate for the elections to Parliament and makes several speeches on correcting the moral problems of the day. See Gnutzmann, 86.

64 *DQAC*, 4.2.

threatening creeds. Enlightened thinkers, however, could understand them as parties that had experienced the social trauma of bloody persecutions, locking them into mutually opposed interpretations of and aspirations for the country.

Just as the Don Quixote of contemporary British adaptations became more tolerant of others' views, so too mainstream writers like Whitchurch urged the factions to be more tolerant of other perspectives—and less likely to resort to murder in order to defend their own. The Book of Common Prayer commissioned by James I was composed by a committee representing different approaches to Christianity; it was designed to set up unity of ritual while downplaying differences in theological belief. Broad-minded Anglican clergymen who, like Whitchurch, advocated repentance, forgiveness, and relative tolerance all around were known as “latitudinarian divines.” Hence the joking maxim that the American Episcopal Church has been traditionally divided into the high and crazy, the low and lazy, and the broad and hazy.

Other characters in Whitchurch's play echo Don Quixote's profile of skewed rationality, mixed altruism/ambition, emotional scars, and occasional hair-trigger violence. The closest match, by far, is, of course, Cardenio. One of the shepherds delivers a description of that character that brings out their shared madness, buffoonery, and noble dignity: “Colin gave him the fool's coat and hat that we divert ourselves with on our festivals, in which tho' he makes a very ridiculous appearance yet he still retains a certain dignity in his air and behavior that convinces me he is of noble parentage” (*DQAC*, 1.2).

When Don Quixote and Cardenio meet, they are full of expressions of goodwill for each other. The would-be knight gushes, “In me, Sir, you behold a friend to the miserable” (*DQAC*, 2.3). Yet he will get into a fistfight with Cardenio out of his obsessive need to defend the reputation of a fictional lady found in chivalric romance. His reasoning, overwhelmed by his obsession, is incapable of effectively embodying his underlying fellow-feeling.

Very similarly, Cardenio, for all his desire to be on his best behavior and despite his possession of a measure of self-knowledge, will flip into a raging frenzy because someone has dared to interrupt, and so implicitly tamper with, the narrative he has concocted of how he came to be wandering dangerously through the wilderness. He warns his listeners, “The very remembrance of my former misfortunes proves a new one to me” (*DQAC*, 2.3), but it occurs to the audience, as it does to readers of the novel, that the pain involved springs from having to review and possibly rethink the facts. The possible extrapolation and amplification into politics, both then and now, of this safeguarding of a rigid and fragile way of remembering past sufferings is evident. We might say today that both Cardenio and Don Quixote tend to resort to filibustering, even brawling in the aisles, instead of debating and voting in order to reach a consensus.

Yet the quality of Cardenio that bears most directly on the play's principal theme—society assisting the obsessed to gain self-knowledge, to repent, and so to be welcomed

back—is his despair. As noted above, Cardenio groundlessly despairs of Leonora's faithfulness, just as in the Sierra Morena, Don Quixote despairs just as needlessly of Dulcinea's good will. In a poem of Cardenio's found in his saddlebags, the distraught young lover chooses to surrender to the mystery of life's injustices instead of trying to get the facts and do something about them: "When thus we ill unknown endure 'Tis shortest to despair." With the blind foolishness of a rash slacker, he writes an epistolary poem to Leonora, though without posting it, complaining that "The falsehood of your promises, and my despair, hurry me from you for ever" (*DQAC*, 1.4).

Cardenio's sin of despair leads not only to madness, but also to violence, just as Don Quixote more ridiculously engages in mock acts of masochism while convincing himself that Dulcinea is angry with him. The shepherds recount that "it behov'd him so to be that he might fulfill a certain penance enjoind him for the great sins he had committed" (*DQAC*, 1.4). The reader of the novel perceives that this sin is principally cowardice.⁶⁵ It appears with more nuance in the play as a lack of faith in others, and it provides a religious framework to explain why mental deviation is linked to violence in the paired madmen. That link is also present in the medieval and Renaissance literary tradition of the wild man, who in romances such as *Ivain or the Knight with the Lion* and *Amadis of Gaul* commits a transgression, leaves society for the woods, and there marauds, without cause, to obtain food.

Yet Whitchurch provides the therapy of community for Cardenio. Much as in *The Wizard of Oz* the Cowardly Lion is inspired to courage by a bond of solidarity with Dorothy, Cardenio and Dorothea are strengthened by their shared suffering and agreement to support each other:

Here on the word of a Christian and a gentleman I vow and promise not to forsake you till he [Ferdinand] has done you justice, and to oblige him to do it at the hazard of my life, should reason and generosity prove ineffectual to force him to be blest with you. We have been partners in affliction.

Dorothea

And may we be partners in happiness!⁶⁶

A long tale whose plot and theme run close to those of Cardenio, but whose tragic conclusion highlights the dangers of a community failing to communicate honestly and

⁶⁵ Edmund Gayton had already underlined it in his mid-seventeenth-century commentary on *DQ*. E. M. Wilson offers that observation as evidence of Gayton's occasional flashes of insight: see E. M. Wilson, "Edmund Gayton on Don Quixote, Andrés, and Juan Haldudo," *Comparative Literature* 2 (1950): 65.

⁶⁶ *DQAC*, 3.6.

compassionately among its members, is inserted into *David Simple*. Isabelle, a noble Frenchwoman living in pained isolation, recounts with an emotional intensity close to Cardenio's that her brother, heir to the Stainville title, is married to the exquisitely beautiful Dorimene, but that she, for her part, is infatuated with Dumont. Dumont and Isabelle, like Cardenio and Luscinda, have been long deeply in love and are anxious to marry, but Dorimene threatens Dumont that she will kill Isabelle if he marries her rival. Somewhat bizarrely, Dumont says nothing of this, and he and Dorimene several times meet secretly in the woods so that Dorimene can continue to threaten Dumont. Learning about these meetings through a servant, Stainville rushes into the presence of his wife and stabs Dumont, his best friend.

Upon learning the truth from Dumont before he dies, Stainville—in a melodramatically serious version of the mock violence found in *Don Quixote*—falls on his own sword to kill himself, but the wound does not prove fatal. In the same vein, Dorimene confesses all to Isabelle after fatally poisoning herself. This confusion by Stainville, of taking such violent action when deceived into thinking that his friend is guilty of adultery with his wife, recalls Cardenio rashly convincing himself that Don Fernando and Luscinda have betrayed him. Of course, Don Fernando is in fact guilty, but Luscinda, whose love matters to him much more than Fernando's friendship, is entirely innocent. Cardenio turns the violence on himself by running mad into the wilderness, while Stainville turns the violence on his best friend. Isabelle concludes that there is nothing left that anyone can do to heal her emotional pain, a verdict endorsed by her listeners, so she resolves to become a nun and thereby permanently leave society.⁶⁷

As observed above, the moral regeneration of Whitchurch's Ferdinand is virtually incredible for readers today. He is overcome with a change of heart so profound that it compels us to recall both Whitchurch's priestly role as absolver of sins and the flamboyant gestures of repentance not uncommon near the ending of eighteenth-century English plays. It also brings to mind the conclusion, characterized by pardon and forbearance, that Sarah Fielding provides for *David Simple*. David forgives his brother for having attempted to swindle him out of his inheritance, although he has already conveniently died as the result of his vicious way of life. Camilla and Valentine forgive their father for having believed the calumny of their supposed incest fabricated by their evil and now deceased stepmother, Livia.

The novel ends in the very same spirit that animates Whitchurch's *Don Quixote*, *A Comedy*, with a celebration of and exhortation to creating loving and morally disciplined community:

67 Sarah Fielding, *David Simple*, 2:169–210.

Each of them [was] endeavouring to make every thing contribute to the Happiness of the others . . . In short, it is impossible for the most lively Imagination to form an Idea more pleasing than what this little Society enjoyed, in the true Proofs of each other's Love: And, as strong a Picture as this is of real Happiness, it is in the power of every Community to attain it, if every Member of it would perform the Part allotted him by *Nature*, or his *Station in Life*, with a sincere Regard to the Interest and Pleasure of the whole.⁶⁸

68 Ibid. 2:319.

Don Quixote, A Comedy From Cervantes

by James Wadham Whitchurch, A.B.

*Mixtoque Insania Luctu*¹

Prologue

The poet of tonight brings nothing new
But what before the great Cervantes drew.
Yet *hopes* that what has pleas'd in ev'ry age,
Might be approv'd upon a British stage.
Let not the aspiring poet *hope* in vain.
Let him (for much he fears) applause obtain.
All round the world in ev'ry language flown
The story of La Mancha's Knight is known
And if this honour worthily was plac'd
The British stage might by the tale be grac'd.
'Tis old you say, and consequently dull;
We should be all of expectation full.
'Tis old I grant; but so is Homer's fire,
Horace's wit, and Virgil's tuneful lyre.
If in each page the marks of genius shine
Those solid beauties suffer not by time,
As when old Titian's pictures we survey,
Where the bright col'ring suffers no decay.
The story simple, and the figures few,
We still contemplate, still find something new.

¹ "Mingling madness and grief." The reference is taken from Virgil's *Aeneid* and describes Turnus, the hero with whom Aeneas fights for control of the Italian region where Rome will be founded. See Virgil, *The works of Virgil, in Latin & English*, trans. Christopher Pitt, (London: J. Dodsley, 1778) 10.871.

Thus much for you.² The poet dreads your laws, (*To Pit*)
And therefore to the fair commends his cause, (*To Boxes*)
Entreats them not to be displeas'd at sight
Of a poor weak and weather-beaten knight
Torn by hard Fate from Dulcinea's arms
And all that Heav'n of beauty in her charms.

2 Addressed to audience members who might be inclined to carp at defects in the play.

Dramatis Personae

Don Quixote de la Mancha	Knight Errant
Sancho Panca	His Esquire
Don Ferdinand	Grandee of Spain
Cardenio	A Spanish Gentleman
Francisco	A Benedictine
Bernardo	An Innkeeper
Arviragus ³	A Shepherd
Colin ⁴	A Shepherd
Sylvius ⁵	A Shepherd
Amyntas ⁶	A Shepherd
Rodrigo	Attendant on Francisco
Leonora	Daughter of a Spanish Nobleman
Dorothea	A Spanish Lady
Antonia	Wife to Bernardo
Clara	Servant to Antonia
Servants, Attendants, etc., etc.	

Scene in Spain

3 Arviragus was a legendary British king of the first century c.e. Hence the name's connotations of an unspoiled British past.

4 Colin, a name often given to shepherds in British song and literature, is an Anglicized form of the Gaelic name "Cailean" or "Coileáin," meaning "cub," or "young pup."

5 Sylvius is a Latin name meaning "from the woods."

6 Amyntas was an ancient Greek shepherd king. Strabo wrote that he first possessed Lycaonia, where he maintained more than three hundred flocks.

DON QUIXOTE, A COMEDY

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE THE FIRST

A Wood. Enter Don Quixote and Sancho.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, let Rozinante graze under yon tufted tree upon the flow'ry herbage of the field.

SANCHO

Odsnigs,⁷ Sir, there's no fear the poor beast should surfeit upon this same flow'ry garbage that you talk of.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, thou art an honest fellow, but an impenetrable blockhead. Thou hast no conceptions above the vulgar. I said 'the flow'ry herbage of the field,' meaning the grass, and speaking with poetical licence.

SANCHO

Come, come, Sir, for all I'm but a clown or a bumpkin, as you may say, yet I'd have you to know as how I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main chance.

DON QUIXOTE

'Tis well. But know that now I am arrived at this vast mountain, which if I mistake not is called the Sierra Morena. I am quite transported with pleasure and experience a joy to which I was before an utter stranger.

7 The several colloquial expressions beginning with "od" used by Sancho are defined by the *Oxford English Dictionary* as "a euphemistic substitute for *God* in asseverative or exclamatory formulae. Now *arch.* and *regional.*" *Oxford English Dictionary*, 3rd ed., s.v. "od." <<http://www.oed.com/>> (accessed October 22, 2018). Cited hereafter as *OED*. The specific meaning of "nigs" and "niggers" in such expressions is no longer known, though parallels from the period suggest that it refers to some part of God's body.

SANCHO

Why, Sir, have you so soon then forgot the drubbing you receiv'd from the officers of the Holy Brotherhood when you releas'd the gallyslaves ?

DON QUIXOTE

No, I have not forgot it. The danger I was in made no impression on me, but the black ingratitude of those base, degenerate monsters whom I reliev'd is all that I reflect upon with pain.

SANCHO

Odsheartlikins!⁸ Sir, but they made an impression upon my shoulders, and if I am not plaguily mistaken, no slight one upon yours.

DON QUIXOTE

Remind me not of evils that are past, for when they are forgot, 'tis just the same as if they ne'er had been.

SANCHO

Are they so? But mayhap we mayn't always be able to forget 'em so soon as we would.

DON QUIXOTE

Such growling souls⁹ as thine forever must sustain the burthen of their cares. Men of more refin'd sentiments and elevated conceptions call in the aid of philosophy, and that sometimes proves ineffectual. But that is a commodity which I suppose thou neither hast nor wishest to have.

SANCHO

Why there now, Sir, you speak something to the purpose. I think as how I neither have, nor want, any of that same flosafy, for I have always observ'd that it never does a man any good, he never gets anything by it, and you know the worth of

8 "Little heart: a term of endearment. ods-heartikins!, a minced oath (God's heart)" *OED*, s.v. "heartikin.," "od."

9 I.e., "growling souls," always complaining.

a thing is what it will bring. And more than that, I have always observ'd, I say, that it always puts some gincumcracks¹⁰ into a man's head that never were there before.¹¹

DON QUIXOTE

But to return to the subject of our discourse. I was saying—let me see, what was I saying? Oh, I was saying that I was quite transported with joy at finding myself in the craggy and almost inaccessible retreats of this vast mountain, which flatters my ambition with hopes of fresh adventures to signalize my valour.

SANCHO (Aside)

Lud, deliver us from any more ventures, say I.

DON QUIXOTE

For these extensive desarts bring to my remembrance the wonderful exploits of Amadis, Belianis, Orlando and other knights errant performed in such solitudes and recorded by the best and most sublime authors of every age.

SANCHO

As for my part, I should not dislike these solitudes if, instead of these hugeous oaks, there was a little better cheer, and more belly-timber to be met with.

DON QUIXOTE

Belly-timber, as thou call'st it, seems to ingross thy whole attention. Therefore, whenever thou art oppress'd with hunger, I would have thee, without waiting for me, satisfy the cravings of thy appetite, and cram thy voracious maw. As for me, the thoughts which this romantic scene suggests to my imagination are more grateful to me than the most luxurious table, as they afford one a much more exquisite entertainment.

SANCHO

I humbly thank your worship for the piece of good advice you gave me just now. I'll be sure to remember it as long as there remains a crust of bread in my wallet. But for the present, I have just now taken pretty good care of number one.

¹⁰ Though this word is not in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, “gimcrack” is: “now usually applied to a showy, unsubstantial thing; esp. to a useless ornament, a trumpery article, a knick-knack.” *OED*, s.v. “gimcrack.”

¹¹ Marginal note in another hand: “how ridiculous to make a Spanish peasant speak *English* vulgarisms.”

DON QUIXOTE

I dare answer for it thou hast not been deficient in that point. Thou hast too tender a concern for the preservation of thy carcase.

SANCHO

Why, look you now. I always thought self-murder a most scandalous and terrible crime. My blood always runs cold at the very thoughts of it. And I'll stand to it, 'tis just the same thing whether a man puts an end to his life by suffering love, or care, or some such foolish thing, to rot in his gizzard, or by a pistol ball, or by denying himself his natural food and rest, as your worship too often does by running into ventures, where 'tis ten to one but he comes off with the worst on't, or lastly by tucking himself up with a hempen cord.

DON QUIXOTE

Say not a word more Sancho, for thou hast express'd thy opinion upon this weighty subject with the most consummate elocution. I approve of thy sentiments with regard to the main point, but I would not have them degenerate into a puerile timidity which might render thee unable to encounter any dangerous adventure by reason of the apprehension or probability of death. For in a just cause a contempt of Death is not only allowable but highly necessary. And antiquity furnishes us with numerous examples, not only of men who have died to save their country, but of those who have declared themselves unable to survive its ruin.

SANCHO

But were there ever any that really did kill themselves upon this account?

DON QUIXOTE

Yes, the illustrious Cato will ever remain a memorable example of this to succeeding ages. He, when he found his country irretrievably lost, unable to survive the fall of Rome, applied the fatal poniard to his breast, exclaiming:

I'm sick to Death. Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow?
And yet, when he had done the deed, he shudder'd at the thought.
Alas, I fear, says he, I've been too hasty.
Oh, ye powers that search
The heart of man and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not.
The best may err.

SANCHO

It comes into my head that this same Cato was kept some time upon low diet. For he says, I'm sick to death. Ay, Ay, 'tis a plain case. They gave him nothing but water-gruel, and such cruel nasty slip-slops¹² that were enough to turn any man's stomach.

DON QUIXOTE

I believe thou imaginest there is no evil upon earth but might be cured by good eating.

SANCHO

Why, let me tell you, good eating will do a great deal. But perhaps he was poor and could not come at it.

DON QUIXOTE

No, he was rich, and a man of power and could not be supposed to stand in need of anything.

SANCHO

Then trust me, Sir, he was no conjuror. I warrant you now, he had a larder well stored with provisions and some twenty or thirty skins of good wine in his cellar. Now if he had but made an end of these before he set about it, my word for it, he'd never have executed his mad project or went out of the world so sheakingly.

DON QUIXOTE

Were I to suffer thy impertinencies thou wouldst prate eternally. Therefore, I would have thee for the present close thy lips and follow me in silence, whilst I reconnoitre these dreary woods and solitary scenes, where I may perhaps discover some hermit's cell or some Inchanter's castle where I may signalize my valour and set at liberty some captive maid.

SANCHO

Sir, I'll do my best.

DON QUIXOTE

Come on then. (*Exeunt*)

12 "A sloppy compound used as a food, beverage, or medicine." *OED*, s.v. "slip-slop."

SCENE THE SECOND

A shepherd's cottage. Enter Arviragus, Colin, Sylvius.

ARVIRAGUS

I can't think what should be the cause of his madness, but he is certainly as mad as a March hare.

SYLVIUS

It comes into my head that 'tis love has made the poor gentleman out of his senses, for I have heard him sometimes sing in a most lamentable manner. At one time, he runs away from every one he sees, at another he comes to us and speaks very courteously, sometimes he is talking to himself. Sometimes he stands looking on the ground for an hour together, sighing and weeping and then clenching his fists, and knitting brows he cries 'base Ferdinand.'

ARVIRAGUS

Who he is or what he is I know not, but his courteous behaviour and the dress he wore when we first saw him speak him to be a person of distinction.

SYLVIUS

Very true. When he first came here he had the appearance of a gentleman, but the dress he then had on is now all in rags, so Colin gave him the fool's coat and hat that we divert ourselves with on our festivals, in which tho' he makes a very ridiculous appearance yet he still retains a certain dignity in his air and behaviour that convinces me he is of noble parentage.

COLIN

He met me the other day, and what do you think he said?

ARVIRAGUS

I can't imagine.

COLIN

Why he fell down upon one knee in a very becoming manner and said, "Thanks for this dress, it suits me well, it is the motly emblem of my mind, all patchwork, all confused".

SYLVIUS

Methinks I wish we could convey him to the neighbouring village, where he might be taken proper care of and his friends, who no doubt are in search of him, might hear of him again.

ARVIRAGUS

I could wish what you say were done, but in his distracted fits he raves like any madman, and 'tis unsafe to come near him. He fell upon me once when I brought him something to eat, and I verily thought he would have demolished me. Next day he saw me and wept like a child for what he had done, and beg'd I would pardon him, for that he fear'd he sometimes was not as he should be.

COLIN

He desired me to carry his provision to the stump of an hollow tree, near an old cave where in his sober hours he might be sure to find it. For, said he, "I fear it sometimes is not safe to meet me". But now we are talking of the poor gentleman, here he comes. (*Enter Cardenio*)

CARDENIO

I am convinced, my generous benefactors, that all the virtues that adorn humanity have left mankind to dwell with you. I have seen something of the world, and seen enough to know its baseness. In cities you may find the specious, dazzling forms of friendship and benevolence, but all is tinsel there. If you believe your senses, all are friends, but if you wait conviction, all are foes. In woods and unfrequented solitudes are found intrinsic worth and artless innocence. Here disregarded lies the rough unpolis'd diamond.

SYLVIUS

Had we not supply'd you with the necessaries of life we should have been unworthy the name of men. The good offices we have done you are too inconsiderable to be worth mentioning. But as we sincerely pity your unhappy situation, we are ready to do you any service that shall lay in our power.

CARDENIO

All I can offer in return are thanks.

ARVIRAGUS

We wish no more.

CARDENIO

Have you seen nothing uncommon this day?

SHEPHERDS

No.

CARDENIO

Then I have.

COLIN

What may it be?

CARDENIO

In troth, I can't very well tell.

ARVIRAGUS

But what did it appear to be?

CARDENIO

Why, they *appear'd* to be two men. But such oddities. Ha, Ha, Ha.

SYLVIUS

Did you see them at any distance?

CARDENIO

At some distance, but near enough to distinguish that one of them wore armour and appear'd to be one of that order, which you find described in romances, by the name of a knight errant.

COLIN

Let us all go and find him out.

ARVIRAGUS

And neglect our flocks?

COLIN

Why, that's true. I did not consider on't.

CARDENIO

My curiosity is so much excited that I will undertake to find them out and bring you a faithful account of them. For which I will attend you so far as yonder hill, under which your flocks are grazing and which way they bent their course. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE THE THIRD

An inn adjacent to the Sierra Morena. Enter Antonia, Clara.

ANTONIA

Don't tell me of knight errants! Not one of 'em shall ever enter my house again unless they bring company with 'em that will pay for their extravagancies.

CLARA

Why, Madam, the poor gentleman is more to be pitied than rail'd at. For they tell me he is out of his senses.

ANTONIA

So my husband says, but he, poor man, knows nothing of the matter. If he had been crazy, he'd have look'd at the sum total of a bill as long as my arm and paid it immediately. Instead of that, he call'd my house a castle, and my husband, forsooth, the governor on't and then rode off without paying a single farthing.

CLARA

Nay Meem, but to be sure he *must be a little crack'd*, or so.

ANTONIA

If anything could persuade me on't, 'twould be his calling my *husband* a *governor*. A pretty man truly to be a *governor*!

CLARA

'Twas not long ago (somebody was saying) that two gentlemen came here in search of him, and having got *intellects* about him, set out in pursuit of him immediately.

ANTONIA

Ay, say you so? If they should call again then be sure to detail 'em and tell 'em how much care I took of the poor gentleman. But don't say a single word about his sitting on horseback all night in the court yard.

CLARA

No, to be sure, Meem. (*Exit*)

ANTONIA

Let me see! I begin to suspect that the gentleman is a little disorder'd. To be sure, nobody in his senses would ever have thought of calling my husband a *governor*.
(Exit)

SCENE THE FOURTH

A wood. Enter Don Quixote and Sancho bringing in a portmanteau.

DON QUIXOTE

Bring it hither, Sancho, and we'll examine the contents.

SANCHO

Bless my eyesight! And now, Heaven, I thank thee for sending us such a lucky 'venture, once in our lives.

DON QUIXOTE

Adventure, thou shouldst say.

SANCHO

Ay, ay, adventure, or bad venture. I'm sure we've had none but bad ones hitherto, but this makes amends for all.

DON QUIXOTE

Why, what hast thou got there?

SANCHO

A purse of gold that I perceive to be about a hundred ducats.

DON QUIXOTE

Is there anything else?

SANCHO

A fine neck-cloth, by which I suppose there has been some fine linen.

DON QUIXOTE

And nothing else?

SANCHO

Nothing but a pocket-book, richly bound.

DON QUIXOTE

Give me that then, and do thou keep the gold.

SANCHO

Heaven reward your worship. (*Gives it him*)

DON QUIXOTE

I fancy that some person having lost his way in these mountains has been met by robbers, who have murder'd him and buried his body somewhere hereabouts.

SANCHO

Sure your worship's mistaken, for had they been highwaymen they would never have left such a booty behind them.

DON QUIXOTE

Thou art in the right, and therefore I cannot imagine what it must be. But stay. I will examine the pocketbook. Perhaps we shall find something written in that which will help us to discover what I would know. First, then, I'll read this paper:

From Phyllis ? No, why do I pause?
Such cruel ills ne'er boast so sweet a cause,
Nor from the gods, such torments we do bear.
Let death, then, quickly, quickly be my care.
When thus we ills unknown endure
'Tis shortest to despair.

SANCHO

The De'il of any thing can be pick'd out of this, unless you can tell who that same Phyll is?

DON QUIXOTE

I did not read Phyll, but Phyllis.

SANCHO

O, then mayhap the man has lost his filly-foal.

DON QUIXOTE

Phyllis is the name of a lady, that's belov'd by the author of this sonnet, who truly seems to be a tolerable poet, or I've but little judgment.

SANCHO

Why then, belike your worship understands how to make verses, too?

DON QUIXOTE

That I do, and better than thou imaginest. For I must tell thee, friend Sancho, all the knights errant, or at least the greatest part of 'em, in former times were great poets and as good musicians, those qualifications, or to speak better, those two gifts, or accomplishments, being almost inseparable from amorous adventures. Though I must confess the verses of the knights in former ages are not altogether so polite, nor so adorn'd with words as with thoughts and inventions.

SANCHO

Good Sir, look again into the pocketbook. Mayhap you will find somewhat that will inform you of what you'd know.

DON QUIXOTE

Let me see! Here's some prose, and I think 'tis the sketch of a love-letter.

SANCHO

O good your worship, read it out by all means, for I mightily delight in hearing of love stories.

DON QUIXOTE

“The falsehood of your promises, and my despair, hurry me from you for ever, and you shall sooner hear the news of my death than the cause of my complaints. You have forsaken me, ungrateful fair, for one more wealthy, indeed, but not more deserving than your abandon'd slave. Were virtue esteem'd a treasure equal to its worth by your unthinking sex, I must presume to say I should have no reason to envy the wealth of others and no misfortune to bewail. What your beauty has rais'd, your actions have destroy'd. The first made me mistake you for an angel, but the last convince me you're a very woman. However, O too lovely disturber of my peace, may uninterrupted rest and downy ease engross your happy hours, and may forgiving Heaven still keep your husband's perfidiousness conceal'd lest it should cost your repenting heart a sigh for the injustice you have done so faithful a lover, and so I should be prompted to a revenge which I do not desire to take. *Farewell.*”

This letter does not give us any further insight into the things we would know. All I can infer from it is that the person who wrote it was a betray'd lover.

SANCHO

Very likely, Sir.

DON QUIXOTE

However, I am resolv'd to find out that unhappy creature, though I were to bestow a whole year in the search, and to that intent you, Sancho, shall beat on one side of the mountain while I hunt on the other.

SANCHO

In good sooth, your worship must excuse me as to that, for if I but offer to stir an inch from you, I'm almost frighted out of my seven senses. And let this serve you hereafter for warning, that you may not send me a nail's breadth from your presence.

DON QUIXOTE

Well, I will take thy case into consideration, and it does not displease me, Sancho, to see thee thus rely upon my valour, which I dare assure thee shall never fail thee though thy very soul should be scared out of thy body. Follow me, therefore, step by step with as much haste as is consistent with good speed, and let thy eyes pry everywhere while we search every part of this rock, where 'tis probable we may meet with that wretched mortal who doubtless is the owner of the portmanteau.

SANCHO

Odsnigs! Sir, I had rather get out of his way, for should we chance to meet him, 'tis a plain case, I shall be forced to part with the money. And therefore I think it much better without making so much ado, to let me keep it bona fide till we can light on the right owner some more easy way and without dancing after him, which mayn't happen till we have spent all the money, and in that I'm free from the law, and he may go whistle for't.

DON QUIXOTE

Thou art mistaken, for seeing we have some reason to think that we know who is the owner, we are bound in conscience to find him out, and restore it to him. The rather because should we not now strive to meet him, yet the strong presumption we have that the goods belong to him would make us possessors of them *mala fide*, and render us as guilty as if the party whom we suspect to have lost the things were really the right owner. Therefore do not think much of searching for him, since if we find him out, 'twill extremely ease my mind.

SANCHO (A wistling behind the scenes)

Hark, Hark! What's that?

DON QUIXOTE

A shepherd wistling as he goes, for want of thought.

SANCHO

I'll go look for him.

DON QUIXOTE

Do so, and bring him hither.

SANCHO

There he is! Master, Master! (*Calling out*)

AMYNTAS (Behind the scene)

Who's there?

SANCHO

The Knight of the Woeful Figure and his Squire.

(*Enter*) *AMYNTAS*

The Knight of the Woeful Figure, indeed! What may your worship be pleas'd to want of me?

DON QUIXOTE

Not far from this place we have found a portmanteau.

AMYNTAS

And pray tell me, good people, have not you met the master of it by the way?

DON QUIXOTE

We have met nobody.

AMYNTAS

Why then, I have seen that same portmanteau, too, but I never durst meddle with it, not so much as come near it, for fear of some misdemeanor, least I should be charg'd with having stolen something out of it. For who knows what might happen? The devil is subtle and sometimes lays baits in our way to tempt us, or blocks to make us stumble.

SANCHO

'Tis just so with me, gaffer, for I saw the portmanteau, too, dy'e see, but the devil a bit would I come within a stone's throw of it. No, there I found it, and there I left it. In faith it shall e'en lye there still for me. He that steals a bell-weather shall be discover'd by the bell.

DON QUIXOTE

Tell me, honest friend, dost thou know who is the owner of those things?

AMYNTAS

All I know of the matter is that 'tis now ten days, little more or less, since to a certain sheep fold some three leagues off there came a young, well-featur'd, proper gentleman, in good cloaths, and under him a mule which lies dead hard by with the portmanteau which you say you found. He ask'd us which was the most desert and least frequented part of these mountains. And we told him this, where we are now, and in that we spoke the plain truth, for should you venture to go but half a league further you would hardly be able to get back again in haste; and I marvel how you could get even thus far, for there's neither highway nor footpath that may direct a man this way.

DON QUIXOTE

Well, but proceed.

AMYNTAS

Now as soon as the young gentleman had heard our answer he turn'd about his mule and made to the place we shew'd him, leaving us all with a hugeous liking to his comeliness and strangely marvelling at his demand and at the haste he made towards the middle of the mountain. After that, we heard no more of him in a great while, till one day by chance one of the shepherds coming by, he fell upon him without saying why or wherefore, and beat him without mercy. After that he went to the ass that carried our victuals, and taking away all our provisions, he tripp'd back again to the mountain with wondrous speed. Hearing this, a good number of us together resolv'd to find him out, and when we had spent the best part of two days in the thickest of the forest we found him at last lurking in the hollow of a huge cork tree, from whence he came forth to meet us as mild could be. But then he was so alter'd, his face was so disfigured, wan and sun-burnt, that had it not been for his attire, which we made shift to know again tho' 'twas all in rags and tatters, we could not have thought it had been the same man.

DON QUIXOTE

And what follow'd?

AMYNTAS

Why, he saluted us courteously and told us in few words mighty handsomely put together that we were not to marvel to see him in that manner, for that it behov'd him so to be that he might fulfill a certain penance enjoind him for the great sins he had committed. We pray'd him to tell us who he was, but he would by no means do it. We likewise desired him to let us know where we might find him, that whensoever he wanted victuals we might bring him some, which we told him we would be sure to do, for otherwise he would be starv'd in that barren place, requesting him that if he did not like that notion, neither, he would at least wise come and ask us for what he wanted and not take it by force, as he had done.

DON QUIXOTE

What answer did he make?

AMYNTAS

He thank'd us heartily for our offer and beg'd pardon for that injury and promised to ask it henceforwards as an alms without setting upon any one. As for his place of abode, he told us he had none certain, but where ever night caught him, there he lay. And he ended his discourse with such bitter moans, that we must have had hearts of flint, had we not had a feeling of them and kept him company therein, chiefly considering we beheld him so strangely alter'd from what we had seen him before; for as I said, he was a very comely young man, and by his speech and behavior we could guess him to be well born and a court-like sort-of a body. For tho' we were clowns, yet such was his genteel behavior that we could not help being taken with it.

DON QUIXOTE

Honest fellow, I am given to be impatient. I therefore intreat thee not to be quite so prolix in thy narration.

AMYNTAS

Sir!

DON QUIXOTE

Don't crowd the narrative with so many circumlocutions.

AMYNTAS

I beg your pardon. I am not larned, and don't ken your honour's meaning.

DON QUIXOTE

I mean that you should not make so many whys and wherefores, but come to the point.

AMYNTAS

Why Sir, how would you have me tell a story?

SANCHO

Ay, Sir, how would you have him tell a story? For 'tis just in the very same manner they tell stories in my country, and they can't be told otherwise. Nor is it fit your worship should require us to make new customs.

DON QUIXOTE

Well, well. Go on and pursue your own method.

AMYNTAS

Let me see, where did I leave off? Oh! Now as he was talking to us, he stopp'd of a sudden, as if he had been struck dumb, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the ground; wherat we all stood in a maze. After he had thus stared a good while, he shut his eyes then open'd 'em again, bit his lips, knit his brows, clutch'd his fists, and then rising from the ground whereon he had thrown himself a little before, he flew at the man that stood next to him, with such a fury that if we had not pull'd him off by main force, he would have bit and thump'd him to death; and all the while he cried out, "Ah, traitor Ferdinand! Here, here thou shalt pay for the wrong thou hast done me. I must rip up that false heart of thine", and a deal more he added, all in dispraise of that same Ferdinand.

DON QUIXOTE

Ah, say you so?

AMYNTAS

After that he flung from us without saying a word, leaping over the bushes and brambles at such a strange rate that 'twas impossible for us to come at him, from which we gather'd that his madness comes on him by fits, and that some one call'd Ferdinand had done him an ill turn that had brought the young man to this pass. And to tell you the truth, Sirs, I and three others, my friends, agreed yesterday to look for him till we should find him out, either by fair means or by force to carry him to a neighbouring town, where we'll have him cured if possible, or at least we shall learn what he is when he comes to his wits, and whether he has any friends to whom he may be sent back.

DON QUIXOTE

The account thou hast given me, honest friend, is very surprising.

AMYNTAS

This is all I know of the matter, and I dare assure you that the person I have described is the owner of the things you saw in the way.

DON QUIXOTE

Thy story has lit up the candle of my curiosity, and it burns bright enough to light me on my way.

SANCHO

Why, Sir, there's no need of a candle and lanthorn, 'tis broad day-light.

DON QUIXOTE

Be dumb, thou magazine of impertinence.

AMYNTAS

If you have a mind to see the poor distracted wretch, I'll do my best endeavour to shew him to you.

DON QUIXOTE

Were I to traverse the habitable globe in search of him, I am resolv'd to see him.

SANCHO (Aside)

So am not I?

AMYNTAS

Come along with me then, and if we are in good luck, we may chance to find him quickly.

DON QUIXOTE

Where e'er you lead, I am prepar'd to follow. (*Exeunt*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE THE FIRST

Entrance of a Wood. Enter Francisco and Rodrigo.

FRANCISCO

Look well, Rodrigo! Does the entrance of this wood answer to the description which was given us of it?

RODRIGO

Perfectly. But I am afraid our intelligence came too late.

FRANCISCO

Why, as you say, there is reason to be afraid of that particular, for as he goes in search of nothing but adventures and is guided in his motions by nothing but his unaccountable madness, he might have quitted this wood with the same precipitation that he enter'd it.

RODRIGO

If so, our labour is altogether lost.

FRANCISCO

The only circumstance which gives me room to hope he has not left this wood is the extensive and romantic scene which it must so frequently present him with, which no doubt suits admirably with his Romantic imagination.

RODRIGO

Should we be so fortunate as to meet him, the greatest difficulty with me is how we shall be able to entice him home and prevail on him to leave his profession of knight-errantry.

FRANCISCO

Leave that to me. That is an affair the management of which will require much art and a previous examination of the degree of madness to which he is arriv'd.

RODRIGO

You will be able to manage that matter much better than I shall, as I believe you are somewhat conversant in romances and can address him in the swelling, pompous style of those books.

FRANCISCO

You say well. If I find his senses irrecoverably lost, I must lead him on with the hopes of an adventure.

RODRIGO

Come then, let us lose no more time, but enter upon our search.

SCENE THE SECOND

The inn. Enter Bernardo and Clara.

BERNARDO

Come come, you little gipsey, confess that you did give the knight the meeting.

CLARA

Who, I, Sir? Lau, how could you think of such a thing?

BERNARDO

Why, child, it's not impossible, but you might have a kindness for the gentleman.

CLARA

A kindness? What for one that has a face like a piece of shrivel'd parchment, and is old enough to be my grandfather.

BERNARDO

Come come, not so old neither. For the gentleman can't be many years my senior.

CLARA

Lau, Sir! You are quite a young man to him.

BERNARDO

In constitution, girl, I believe what thou say'st may be true, for they tell me I wear tolerably well, for one of my age. But no more of that, I must know the bottom of this affair.

CLARA

Why then, Sir, it was nothing more than a trick that my fellow servant Maritornes play'd him.

BERNARDO

A trick that Maritornes play'd him? Ha, ha, ha, it must be droll then.

CLARA

It was, and you shall hear it.

BERNARDO

That's a good girl.

CLARA

She had heard him say that he would continue all night on horseback in the courtyard to guard the house, which he called a castle, for the sake of us women, whom he took for princesses.

BERNARDO

Ha, ha, well.

CLARA

When the family was all quiet, she went to the window and observing by the light of the moon that he had taken his stand near it, she spoke in a low voice and beg'd that he would permit her to kiss one of his beautiful hands, whereby to satisfy that longing which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour, that if her lord and father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears.

BERNARDO

Admirable!

CLARA

I would fain see that, answered the knight, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did for having laid violent hands on the delicate member of his belov'd daughter.

BERNARDO

Tell me, you little jade, had you not a hand in this affair?

CLARA

No, upon my credit. I only tell it you word for word, as Maritornes told it me.

BERNARDO

Well, well.

CLARA

He made no delay, but instantly got upon his horse's saddle to reach the window, where he imagined the enamour'd damsel stood, and at giving her his hand he said, "I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may observe its nerves, its muscles, and its spacious veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of that arm, which has such a hand". "We shall soon see that," says she to herself, and making a running knot on a halter which she had in her hand, she clapp'd it on his wrist and fix'd the other end of it to a staple.

BERNARDO

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

ANTONIA (*Behind the scenes*)

Bernardo! Bernardo!

BERNARDO

Od so, there's Antonia! Run, fly, you little gipsey! If she should see us talking together, she'll play the devil with me. (*Exeunt severally*)

SCENE THE THIRD

A wood. Cardenio crosses the stage and on the same side enter Don Quixote, Sancho, Amyntas.

AMYNTAS

There he goes.

DON QUIXOTE

Run after him and inform him that the valourous Don Quixote, of whom doubtless he has heard, expects him here. (*Exit Amyntas*)

SANCHO

Suppose, Sir, this should be some knight-arrant.

DON QUIXOTE

Suppose rather thou should'st be an arrant blockhead. Dost not thou perceive he is unarm'd?

SANCHO

Well, Sir, have a care. Don't meddle with edge-tools. Pray speak civilly now, and don't fall to loggerheads.

DON QUIXOTE

I have often told thee, Sancho, and I tell thee again, that thou oughtest to bridle or immure thy saucy prating tongue. For tho' thou art but a dull-headed dunce, yet now and then thy ill-manner'd jests bite too sharp. But for the future, with all thy five senses, remember this. That whatsoever I do, have done, or shall do, is no more than what is the result of mature consideration, and strictly conformable to the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than all the knights that ever profess'd knight-errantry. (*Enter Cardenio and Amyntas*) In me, Sir, you behold a friend to the miserable.

CARDENIO

Truly, Sir, whoever you are (for I have not the honour to know you) I'm much obliged to you for your expressions of civility and friendship, and I could wish I were in a condition to convince you, otherwise than by words, of the deep sense I have of them.

SANCHO (Aside)

A good beginning, they say, makes a bad ending.

DON QUIXOTE

Is it possible, Sir, that you should not have heard of Don Quixote of La Mancha?

CARDENIO

Indeed, I never have.

DON QUIXOTE

In me, Sir, you behold that very knight, one who has so hearty a desire to serve you that I was fully resolv'd not to depart these mountains till I had found you out, that I might know from yourself whether the discontents that have urged you to make choice of this unusual course of life might not admit of a remedy. For if they do, assure yourself I will leave no means untried till I have purchas'd you that ease which I heartily wish you. Or if your disasters are of that fatal kind that exclude you for ever from the hopes of comfort or relief, then will I mingle sorrows with you, and by sharing your load of grief, help you to bear the oppressing weight of affliction. For 'tis the only comfort of the miserable to have partners in their woes. If, then, good intentions may plead merit, or a grateful requital, let me entreat you, Sir, by that generous nature that shoots through the gloom with which adversity has clouded your graceful outside, nay let me conjure you, by the darling object of your wishes, to let me know who you are and what strange misfortunes have urg'd you to withdraw from the converse of your fellow creatures to bury yourself alive in this horrid solitude, where you linger out a wretched being, a stranger to ease, to all mankind and to yourself. And I solemnly swear by the order of knighthood, of which I am an unworthy professor, that if you so far gratify my desires I will assist you to the utmost of my capacity, either by remedying your disaster if 'tis not past redress,

SANCHO (*Aside*)

Heaven grant it may!

DON QUIXOTE

Or at least I will become your partner in sorrow and strive to ease it by a society in sadness.

SANCHO (*Aside*)

That I'll give you leave to do, with all my heart.

CARDENIO

If, Sir, you intend to be inform'd of my misfortunes you must promise me beforehand not to cut off the thread of my doleful narrative with any questions or any other interruption, for in the very instant you do it, I shall leave off abruptly.

DON QUIXOTE

On my part, you may assure yourself of uninterrupted attention.

CARDENIO

I only use this precaution because I would be quick in my relation, for the very remembrance of my former misfortunes proves a new one to me, and yet I'll promise you to omit nothing that's material, that you may have as full an account of my disasters as I am sensible you desire.

SANCHO

Now for the story.

AMYNTAS

Honest friend, let me advise you to keep your tongue within your lips, or if you can't do that, don't make your observations so loud that the gentleman may hear you, for if you should interrupt him, as he says—Egad—it may be worse for you.

SANCHO

Ay, ay, let me alone for that. I neither say nor think, one way or t'other, not I. A word to the wise, and forward, forward.

CARDENIO

Well, Sir, my name is Cardenio, the place of my birth one of the best cities in Andalusia, my descent noble, my parents wealthy.

SANCHO (*Aside*)

So far, so good.

CARDENIO

But my misfortunes are so great that they have doubtless fill'd my relations with the deepest of sorrows, nor are they to be remedied by wealth, for goods of fortune avail but little against the anger of Heaven.

SANCHO (*Aside*)

Ay, ay, come, come, many men of many minds.

CARDENIO

In the same town dwelt the charming Leonora, the most beautiful creature that ever nature framed, equal in descent and fortune to myself but more happy and less constant. I lov'd, nay ador'd her, almost from her infancy. Our parents were conscious of that early friendship; nor did they oppose the growth of this inoffensive passion, which they perceiv'd could have no other consequences than a happy union of our families by marriage, a thing which the equality of our births and fortunes did

indeed of itself almost invite us to. Afterwards our loves so grew up with our years that Leonora's father, either judging our usual familiarity prejudicial to his daughter's honour or for some other reasons, sent to desire me to discontinue my frequent visits to his house. But this restraint only added impatience to desires. As our tongues were now debarr'd their former privilege, we had recourse to our pens, which assum'd the greater freedom to disclose the most hidden secrets of our hearts; for the presence of the beloved object often heightens a certain awe and bashfulness that disorders, confounds, and strikes dumb even the most passionate lover. How many letters have I writ to that lovely charmer, and how many soft, moving verses have I address'd to her! What kind yet honourable returns have I receiv'd from her, the mutual pledges of our secret love, and the innocent consolations of a violent passion! At length, languishing and wasting with desire, depriv'd of that reviving comfort of my soul, I resolv'd to remove those bars with which her father's care and decent caution obstructed my only happiness by demanding her of him in marriage. He very civilly told me that he thank'd me for the honour I did him, but that I had a father alive whose consent was to be obtain'd as well as his, and who was the most proper person to make such a proposal. I thank'd him for his civil answer and thought that it carried some shew of reason, not doubting but my father would readily consent to the proposal. I therefore immediately went to wait on him with a design to beg his approbation and assistance. I found him in his chamber with a letter open'd before him, which as soon as he saw me he put into my hand before I could have time to acquaint him with my business. Cardenio, said he, you'll see by this letter the extraordinary kindness that Duke Ricardo has for you. I read the letter and found it contain'd so kind and advantageous an offer that my father could not but accept of it with thankfulness. For the duke entreated him to send me to him with all speed, that I might be the companion of his eldest son, promising withall to advance me to a post answerable to the good opinion he had of me. This unexpected news struck me dumb, but my surprise and disappointment were much greater when I heard my father say to me, 'Cardenio, you must get ready to be gone in two days. After this he gave me several wise admonitions, both as a father and a man of business, and then he left me. The day fix'd for my journey quickly came. However, the night that preceded it I spoke to Leonora at her window and told her what had happend. I also made her father a visit and inform'd him of it, too, beseeching him to preserve his good opinion of me and defer the bestowing of his daughter till I had been with Duke Ricardo, which he kindly promised me; and then Leonora and I, after an exchange of vows and protestations of eternal fidelity, took our leaves of each other, with all the grief which two tender and passionate lovers can feel at a separation.

SANCHO (Aside)

Well, this is quite out of my spear!

CARDENIO

I left the town and went to wait upon the duke, who receiv'd and entertain'd me with that extraordinary kindness and civility that soon rais'd the envy of his greatest favourites. But he that most endearingly caress'd me was Don Ferdinand, the duke's second son, a young, airy, handsome, generous gentleman. He seem'd to be overjoy'd at my coming, and in a most obliging manner told me he would have me one of his most intimate friends. In short, he so really convinc'd me of his affection that tho' his elder brother gave me many testimonies of love and esteem, yet I could easily distinguish between their favours. Now as 'tis common for bosom friends to keep nothing secret from each other, Don Ferndinand, relying as much on my fidelity as I had reason to depend on his, reveal'd to me his most private thoughts, and amongst the rest his being in love with a daughter of a very rich farmer who was his father's vassal. The beauty of that lovely country maid, her virtue, her discretion, and the other graces of her mind, gained her the admiration of all those who approach'd her; and those uncommon endowments had so charm'd the soul of Don Ferdinand, that finding it absolutely impossible to corrupt her chastity, he resolv'd to marry her. I thought myself obliged by all the ties of gratitude and friendship to dissuade him from so unsuitable a match, and therefore I made use of such arguments as might have diverted any one but so confirm'd a lover from such an unequal choice. At last, finding them all ineffectual, I resolv'd to inform the duke his father of his intentions. But Don Ferdinand, was too clear-sighted not to read my design in my great dislike of his resolutions, and dreading such a discovery, which he knew my duty to his father might well warrant, in spite of our intimacy, since I look'd upon such a marriage as highly prejudicial to them both, he made it his business to hinder me from betraying his passion to his father by assuring me there would be no need to reveal it to him. To blind me the more effectually, he told me he was willing to try the power of absence, that common cure of love, thereby to wear out and lose his unhappy passion, and that in order to this, he would take a journey with me to my father's house, pretending to buy horses in our town, where the best in the world are bred.

SANCHO (*Aside*)

Now I begin to smell a rat.

CARDENIO

No sooner had I heard this plausible proposal, but I approv'd it, sway'd by the interest of my own love, that made me fond of an opportunity to see my absent Leonora. I have heard since that Don Ferdinand had already been bless'd by his mistress with all the liberty of boundless love upon a promise of marriage and that he only waited an opportunity to discover it with safety, being afraid of incurring his father's indignation. But as what we call love in young men is too often only an

irregular passion and boiling desire that has no other object than sensual pleasure, while real love fixing itself on the perfections of the mind is still improving and permanent. As soon as Don Ferdinand had accomplish'd his lawless desires, his affection slacken'd and his love grew cold. So that if at first his proposing to try the power of absence was only a pretence that he might get rid of his passion, there was nothing now which he more heartily desired. And therefore having obtained the duke's leave, away he posts to my father's house, where he was entertained according to his quality, and I went to visit my Leonora, who by a thousand endearments made me sensible that her love, like mine, was rather heighten'd, than weaken'd, by absence, if anything could heighten a love so great and so perfect. I then thought myself obliged by the laws of friendship not to conceal the secrets of my heart from so kind and intimate a friend, who had so generously entrusted me with his. And therefore to my eternal ruin I unhappily discover'd to him my passion, I prais'd Leonora's beauty, her wit, her virtue, and prais'd 'em so like a lover, so often, and so highly, that I rais'd in him a great desire to see so accomplish'd a lady. And to gratify his curiosity, I shew'd her to him by the help of a light one evening at a low window, where we used to have our interviews.

SANCHO (Aside)

Ay, Ay, kiss and cry roast-meat! Your gentlemen! Egad, they know nothing of making love.

CARDENIO

She prov'd but too charming and too strong a temptation to Don Ferdinand, and her prevailing image made so deep an impression on his soul that 'twas sufficient to blot out of his mind all those beauties that had till then employ'd his wanton thoughts. He was struck dumb with wonder and delight at the sight of the ravishing apparition, and in short to see her and to love her prov'd with him the same thing. And when I say to love her, I need not add, to desperation, for there's no loving her but to an extreme. If her face made him so soon take fire, her wit quickly set him all in a flame. He often importun'd me to communicate to him some of her letters, which I indeed would ne'er expose to any eyes but my own; but unhappily one day he found one, wherein she desired me to demand her of her father and to hasten the marriage. It was wrote with that tenderness and discretion that when he read it, he presently cried out that the charms which were scatter'd and divided among other beauties were all divinely center'd in Leonora. Shall I confess a shameful truth? Leonora's praises, tho' never so deserv'd, did not sound pleasantly to my ears out of Don Ferdinand's mouth. I began to entertain distrusts and jealous fears, the rather because he would be still improving the least opportunity of talking of her and insensibly turning the discourse he held of other matters to make her the subject, tho' never so far fetch'd,

of our constant talk. Not that I was apprehensive of the least infidelity from Leonora. Far from it, she gave me daily fresh assurances of her inviolable affection. But I fear'd every thing from my malignant stars, and lovers are commonly industrious to make themselves uneasy.

It happened one day that Leonora, who took great delight in reading books of knight-errantry, desired me to send her the Romance of Amadis de Gaul.

DON QUIXOTE

Sir, had you but told me when you first mentioned the lady Leonora that she was an admirer of books of knight-errantry, there had been no need of using any amplification to convince me of her being a person of uncommon sense. Yet, Sir, had she not used those mighty helps, those infallible guides to sense, tho' indulgent nature had strove to bless her with the richest gifts she can bestow, I might justly enough have doubted whether her perfections could have gained her the love of a person of your merit. But now you need not employ your eloquence to set forth the greatness of her beauty, the excellence of her worth, or the depth of her sense. For from this account which I have of her taking great delight in reading books of chivalry, I dare pronounce her to be the most beautiful, nay the most accomplish'd lady in the universe. And I heartily could have wish'd that with Amadis de Gaul you had sent her the worthy Don Rugel of Greece, for I am certain the lady Leonora would have been extremely delighted with them. But a time may yet be found to give her the satisfaction of reading those master-pieces if you will do me the honour to come to my house, for there I may supply you with above 300 volumes, which are my soul's greatest delight and the darling comfort of my life. I beg your pardon for giving you this interruption, contrary to my promise, but when I hear the least mention made of knight errantry, it is no more in my power to forbear speaking than 'tis in the sun-beams not to warm or in those of the moon not to impart her natural humidity. And therefore, Sir, I beseech you to go on. (*Cardenio is silent and knits his brows.*) What, Sir, will not you favour us with the sequel of your story?

CARDENIO

I am positively convinc'd, nor shall any man in the world ever persuade me to the contrary, and he's a blockhead who says that great villain Master Elisabat never lay with Queen Madasima.

DON QUIXOTE

'Tis false. By all the powers above 'tis false. 'Tis all scandal and base detraction to say this of Queen Madasima. She was a most noble and virtuous lady, nor is it to be presum'd that so great a princess would ever debase herself so far as to fall in love with a quack. Whoever dares to say she did lyes like an arrant villain, and

I'll make him acknowledge it, either a-foot or a-horseback, arm'd or unarm'd, by night or by day, or how he pleases.

CARDENIO

(Runs and with his club pushes him down.) Lay prostrate on the ground, thou base-born caitiff.

SANCHO

Hold off, Sir. Do you dare to abuse my master?

AMYNTAS

What, are you mad, honest friend?

CARDENIO

But one word more, thou shar'st thy master's fate.

SANCHO

Egad, Sir, I'll give you as good as you bring.

CARDENIO

(Running up to Sancho and pushing him over his master) Durst thou contend with me? Lay there, thou lump of lead, upon thy master's carcass. *(Exit)*

SANCHO

(Arises and assists Amyntas in helping up D. Quixote) Odsnigs! Sir, we got the wrong sow by the ear, but 'twas all this fellow's fault. *(To Amyntas)*

AMYNTAS

How so? I gave you warning at first, and if you could not hear, 'twas no fault of mine.

DON QUIXOTE

Honest friend, you are in the right. It was altogether owing to our inattention. But I could heartily wish I had not receiv'd such an ugly contusion in the thorax.

SANCHO

Did not I desire you, Sir, not to go to loggerheads. I was afraid 'twould come to that after all. And here you have been at it, ding dong, ass-roasting one another, tho' you were the best friends in the world but a minute before.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, the person was no arm'd knight. We have therefore receiv'd no disgrace.

AMYNTAS

The best thing I can advise you to, is to go with me and take some refreshment in our hovel, yonder.

DON QUIXOTE

We will accept your offer.

SANCHO

As for that, I'm your man. I always thought that it was better to come in at the end of a feast than the beginning of a fray. (*Exeunt*)

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE THE FIRST

A wood. Enter Dorothea in boy's cloathes.

DOROTHEA

Outcast of men, I wander here unknown. Happy I were if I could fly myself. But cruel recollection stings my heart. These tangled woods and pathless ways, these rocks and scenes irregularly great suit my distracted mind. O that I could find some dreary cell, where I might breath my last, in wishes for the base yet charming Ferdinand. Hark, did not I hear something? No, I see 'tis nothing but the rust'ling leaves. Alas! How ill I do become this dress! How ill disguise sits on me. Alas! I am a very woman in my fears. Yet what have I to fear? Life has no charms for me. My Ferdinand is lost, and I despair.*(Exit)*

SCENE THE SECOND

The shepherds' cottage, out of which enter Don Quixote and Sancho.

DON QUIXOTE

I tell thee, Sancho, I am resolv'd.

SANCHO

Well, Sir, I can't tell what to say to't, if you will play such pranks. For my part, I never thrust my nose into other men's porri[d]ge. It's no bread and butter of mine. Let him that owns the cow take her by the tail. Who can hedge in a cuckow? Little said is soon amended. Misunderstanding brings lyes to town, and there's no padlocking people's mouths, for a close mouth catches no flies.

DON QUIXOTE

I'm sure there's no padlocking thy mouth, Sancho. But as to what I was saying, I am come to a resolution of imitating Amadis in his madness and despair, rather than Belianis.

SANCHO

Well, but Sir, I dare say the knights who did these penances had some reason to be mad, but what need have you to be mad, too? When did you ever find that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso did otherwise than she should do? What lady has sent you a'packing, and so much as slighted you?

DON QUIXOTE

Why, there's the point. In this consists the singular perfection of *my* undertaking. For mark me, Sancho, for a knight-errant to run mad upon any just occasion is neither strange nor meritorious. No, the rarity is to run mad without a cause, without the least constraint or necessity. There's a refined and exquisite passion for you, Sancho!

SANCHO

Sir, I knock under. You've reason on your side in all you say, and I own myself an ass.

DON QUIXOTE

Thou must be sure to inform the Lady Dulcinea of every particular sort of penance that I have told thee I intend to undergo and shall certainly perform on the point of yon high mountain, where thou shalt find me at thy return.

SANCHO

But where's the letter all this while, that I may be jogging?

DON QUIXOTE

Follow me and I will give it thee in writing. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE THE THIRD

Enter Arviragus, Sylvius, Colin, Amyntas.

ARVIRAGUS

Ha, ha, ha. They are the greatest oddities that ever I met with.

SYLVIUS

It is scarce possible to say which is the most ridiculous.

AMYNTAS

I think we are very lucky to have such diverting characters come amongst us.

COLIN

Diverting, do you call them? I think they are rather to be pity'd, as they are certainly mad.

ARVIRAGUS

Mad they are, but their madness is the most ridiculous kind I ever heard of.

SYLVIUS

I dare say they are brought into many a scrape by it.

AMYNTAS

I saw 'em in a fine one just now. All I could say to 'em could not prevent their falling out with poor Cardenio. And I am sure they came off with the worst on't there.

(Enter Francisco and Rodrigo)

FRANCISCO

Pray, honest friends, have you seen anything of a whimsical mad-man, cas'd in armour?

ARVIRAGUS

We have just now parted with him.

RODRIGO

And another with him, whom he calls his Squire, no less mad and ridiculous?

AMYNTAS

They were both here together.

FRANCISCO

And which way did they go?

ARVIRAGUS

That we can't tell. When they went away they left us in the cottage, so that we could not see which way they bent their course.

RODRIGO

Well, why then all we have done now is to get scent of them.

SYLVIUS

You are very unlucky, gentlemen, for had you been here but five minutes sooner, you would have found them with us.

FRANCISCO

Well, Rodrigo, do you go one way, and I'll go another. Let us keep within hearing, and if you find them, call. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE THE FOURTH

Enter Don Quixote and Sancho

SANCHO

'Tis a folly, Sir, to think I can get it by heart, alas! My memory is so bad that many times I forget my own name! But yet for all that, read it out to me I beseech you, for I've a hugeous mind to hear it.

DON QUIXOTE

Well then, listen: "Don Quixote de la Mancha to Dulcinea del Toboso. High and sovereign lady. He that is stab'd to the quick with the poniard of absence, and wounded to the heart with love's most piercing darts, sends you that health which he wants himself, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso. If your beauty reject me, if your virtue refuse to raise my fainting hopes, if your disdain exclude me from relief, I must at last sink under the pressure of my woes, tho' much inured to sufferings. For my pains are not only too violent, but too lasting. My trusty Squire, Sancho, will give you an exact account of the condition to which love and you have reduc'd me, too beautiful ingrate! If you relent at last and pity my distress, then I may say I live, and you preserve what's yours. But if you abandon me to despair, I must patiently submit and by ceasing to breath, satisfy your cruelty and my passion. Yours till death, The Knight of the Woeful Figure".

SANCHO

By the life of my father, if ever I saw a finer thing in my born days! How neatly and roundly you tell her your mind. Well, there's no kind of thing in the varsal¹³ world but what you can turn your hand to.

DON QUIXOTE

A man ought to have some knowledge of every-thing, if he would be duly qualify'd for the employment I profess. Now Sancho, go, and may the genius of this wood speed thee on thy way. (*Gives him the letter*)

SANCHO

Sir, I'm in haste to be gone, for the sooner I go, the sooner I shall come back, and the way to be gone is not to stay here. I long to bring you an answer to your heart's content, and I'll be sure to do't, or let the Lady Dulcinea look to't. For if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly I'll force an answer out of her guts, by dint of good kicks and fisticuffs; for 'tis not to be endured that such a notable knight-errant as your worship is should thus run out of his wits, without knowing why or wherefore, for such a—[sic] Odsbobs, I know what I know; she had not best provoke me to speak it out, for by the Lord I shall let fly and out with it all by wholesale, tho' it spoil the market.

DON QUIXOTE

I protest, Sancho. I think thou art as mad as myself.

SANCHO

Nay, not so mad, neither, but somewhat more choleric. Well, good by t'ye, Sir Knight . . . But stay, let's see, how will you do for victuals when I'm gone?

DON QUIXOTE

Never let that trouble thy head, for tho' I had all the dainties that can feast a luxurious palate, I would feed upon nothing but the herbs and fruits which this wilderness will afford me.

SANCHO

If your worship can do that, you arn't likely to starve.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, farewell! Thou know'st where thou shalt find me at thy return.
(*Exeunt severally*)

13 I.e., "universal."

SCENE THE FIFTH

Enter Francisco

FRANCISCO

'Tis strange we should not yet have found them. However, I am resolv'd not to quit the search till I have examin'd every part of this wood.

RODRIGO (Behind the scenes)

What ho! Francisco.

FRANCISCO

Is't Rodrigo calls?

RODRIGO

We've sprung the game.

FRANCISCO

What, have you found him?

RODRIGO

Not the master, but the man.

FRANCISCO

Bring him with you, then.

(Enter Rodrigo, pulling in Sancho)

RODRIGO

Where's your master, Sirrah? Where's your master?

SANCHO

What's that to you? He's taken up with certain business of great consequence, at a certain place, which I durst not discover for my life.

FRANCISCO

How! You must not think to put us off with such a story. If you won't tell us where he is, we shall believe you've murder'd him. Therefore, either satisfy us where you've left him, or we'll have you laid by the heels.

SANCHO

Look you, neighbors. I an't afraid of words, d'ye see? I am neither a thief nor a man-slayer. I kill nobody, so nobody kill me. As for my master, I left him hard by frisking and doing penance to his heart's content, and I am now carrying a letter from him to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, Lorenzo's daughter, with whom he is up to the ears in love.

FRANCISCO

Astonishing! Let us see the letter.

SANCHO

That you shall, 'tis a deadly fine one. (*He searches and finds it lost.*) Odsniggers if I have not lost it, like a blockhead as I am, but I can say it by heart.

FRANCISCO

That will do as well.

SANCHO

Well, it begins thus. High and subterrane lady.

RODRIGO

Sovereign and superhumane lady, you would say.

SANCHO

Ay, ay, you're in the right. But stay, what follow'd? Ho, I have it. I ha't now. He that is wounded and wants sleep sends you the dagger—which he wants himself—that stab'd him to the heart.—And the hurt man does kiss your ladyship's hand.

FRANCISCO AND RODRIGO

Ha, ha, ha, ha. Thou hast an excellent memory, Sancho.

FRANCISCO

Go back to your master, carry him as favorable a message as you can invent by the way, and having done this, return and let us know the event.

SANCHO

Why, faith and troth, I think that will be making the best of a bad matter.
(Exit)

RODRIGO

Well, how shall we proceed now?

FRANCISCO

I have form'd the plan and will inform you of it immediately. But stay, who is this I see coming?

SCENE THE SIXTH

Enter Cardenio.

CARDENIO

I left off I think, gentlemen, rather abruptly in the story of my misfortunes.

FRANCISCO (*Aside*)

Have you seen any thing of this oddity, Rodrigo?

RODRIGO (*Aside*)

No, but let us pretend we have, that we may hear his adventures.

FRANCISCO (*To Cardenio*)

We wish, Sir, to hear the sequel of your story.

CARDENIO

When Leonora return'd the book I had lent her, there was between the leaves that letter which I before told you Don Ferdinand found, and in which she desired me to demand her once more of her father in marriage. My perfidious friend, Don Ferdinand, undertook the affair. And not many days after, I receiv'd from Leonora the following letter:

Don Ferdinand, according to his promise, has desired your father to speak to mine. But he has done that for himself, which you had engaged him to do for you. For he has demanded me for his wife, and my father, allur'd by the advantages which he expects from such an alliance, has so far consented that two days hence the marriage is to be perform'd, and with such privacy that only Heaven and some of the family are to be witnesses. Judge of the affliction of my soul by that concern which I guess fills your own. And therefore haste

to me, my dear Cardenio. The issue of this business will shew how much I love you.

When I received this letter, I was full two days journey distant from Leonora, having business that demand'd immediate attention. I had no sooner read it, but away I flew. Revenge, love and impatience gave me wings, and I found her at the window of her father's house, just as she was dress'd for the ceremony. "Cardenio," said Leonora, "my wedding-clothes are on, and the perfidious Ferdinand with my avaritious father and the rest stay for me in the hall to perform the marriage rites. But they shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubl'd, my dear Cardenio, but rather strive to be present at that sacrifice." Having said this, she was call'd away in great haste, leaving me struck dumb with sorrow and confusion. Methought I saw the sun for ever set, my every sense partook of my distraction. At length, I rous'd myself and got undiscover'd into the hall, where I hid myself behind the hangings where two pieces of tapestry met and gave me liberty to see without being seen. First came in Don Ferdinand, not like a bridegroom, but in his usual habit. Sometime after came Leonora, with her mother and two waiting women. She was richly dress'd, but nothing equal'd the lustre of her beauty that adorn'd her person much more than all her ornaments.—Oh, memory, thou fatal enemy of my ease, why dost thou now so faithfully represent to me Leonora's incomparable charms? Forgive me these tedious digressions, gentlemen. Alas! My woes are not such as can or ought to be related with brevity, for to me every circumstance seems worthy to be enlarged upon.

FRANCISCO

What you tell us is far from being tedious. We attend every word, with a mournful pleasure.

CARDENIO

All parties being met, the priest enter'd, and taking the young couple by the hands, he ask'd Leonora whether she were willing to take Don Ferdinand for her wedded husband. With that I thrust out my head from between the two pieces of tapestry, list'ning with anxious heart to hear her answer, upon which depended my life and happiness. The priest stood waiting for Leonora's answer a good while before she gave it; and all that time I expected she would have pull'd out the dagger or unloos'd her tongue to plead her former engagement to me. But alas! To my eternal disappointment I heard her at last with a feeble voice pronounce the fatal 'yes,' and then Don Ferdinand saying the same and giving her the ring, the sacred knot was tied which death alone can dissolve. Then the faithless bridegroom advanc'd to embrace his bride, but she, laying her hand upon her heart, in that very moment swoon'd away in her mother's arms, who when she unclasp'd her gown before to give her air, found a paper folded in her bosom. This Don Ferdinand snatch'd up and read

by the light of one of the tapers, and having read it fell into a chair, overcome with remorse. For my part, seeing all the house thus in an uproar, I resolv'd to leave the hated place, which in the confusion I did, unnotic'd. I mounted my mule, and rode along the fields, darkness and silence round me, venting my passion in execrations against the treacherous Ferdinand and the inconstant, ungrateful Leonora. I rode on all that night, and about break of day I struck into one of the passes that leads into these mountains, where I wander'd for two days without keeping any road, till at last I met some shepherds, of whom I enquired the way to the most craggy and inaccessible part of these rocks. They directed me to this place, and I made all the haste I could to get to it, resolv'd to linger out my hated life far from the converse of false, ungrateful mankind. Since that I have had but too much cause to think that my reason sometimes leaves me and that I commit those extravagancies which are the effects of senseless rage and frenzy. Such was my unhappy condition when I saw you last and treated you so ill.

FRANCISCO

We are as utter strangers to your person, Sir, as we are to the former part of your misfortunes. We were desirous of knowing and if possible alleviating your unhappy situation. We therefore would not deceive you.

CARDENIO

Alas! When reason is absent, no wonder memory should be so. I thank you, gentlemen, for your generous compassion and benevolence, but I beseech you prescribe no remedies to me, whose misfortunes are past relief.

FRANCISCO

Indeed, Sir, I sincerely pity you. But hope that there may yes . . .

DOROTHEA (*Behind the scenes*)

Ah me! Ah, wretched creature! To what extremity has affliction driven me, reduc'd to think these hideous woods and rocks a kind retreat.

FRANCISCO

Who can it be that utters this complaint? (*Runs to the side scene*)

CARDENIO

It speaks a grief as great almost as mine.

RODRIGO

I see. It is a stripling in appearance, more like an angel than an human form.

(Cardenio, Francisco, run up to Rodrigo)

CARDENIO

Did'st thou not see him take off his cap?

FRANCISCO

I did, and an incredible quantity of lovely hair flow'd down upon the shoulders, which convinces me that 'tis some beauteous female in disguise.

CARDENIO

Then let us run and speak to her. *(Exeunt)*

FRANCISCO *(Behind the scenes)*

Madam, whoever you are you have no reason to be apprehensive. We have no other design but to do you service.

(Enter Cardenio, Rodrigo and Francisco, leading in Dorothea)

FRANCISCO

Be not afraid, Madam. Tho' your hair has betray'd what your disguise conceal'd from us, we are but the more dispos'd to assist you. Then pray tell us how we may best do it. I imagine it was no slight occasion that made you obscure your singular beauty under so unworthy a disguise, and venture into this desert where it was the greatest chance in the world that e'er you met with us. However, we hope it is not impossible to find a remedy for your misfortunes, since there are none which reason and time will not at last surmount.

DOROTHEA

Alas! You know not what you say.

FRANCISCO

Certain it is that what I said was true. And therefore, Madam, if you have not absolutely renounc'd all human comfort, I beseech you tell us the cause of your affliction and assure yourself we do not ask this out of mere curiosity, but a real desire to serve you, and either to condole or assuage your grief.

DOROTHEA

Since this desert has not been able to conceal me, and my hair has betray'd me, 'twould be needless now to dissemble with you, and since you desire to know

what brought me here, after the obliging offers you have made me I can not in civility deny you. But yet, gentlemen, I am afraid it will make you sad and melancholy.

FRANCISCO

If so, we shall at the same time be interested in your afflictions, and of consequence shall not only commiserate but endeavour to remove them.

DOROTHEA

Well then. I was born in a certain town of Andalusia from whence a duke takes his title that makes him a grandee of Spain. This duke has two sons, the eldest heir to his estate, and as it may be presum'd, to his virtues. The youngest (but I will not utter any harsh expressions) is the cause of my unhappiness. My father is one of his vassals and a farmer, but his large possessions and his manner of living have by little and little, almost universally, gain'd him the name of gentleman. As I was an only child, my parents lov'd me with an indulgent tenderness. The whole house and estate was left to my management, and I took such care not to abuse the confidence they repos'd in me that I never forfeited their good opinion of my discretion. I lived extremely recluse, employing my leisure hours in working and music. While I thus lived the life of a nun, unseen as I thought by anybody but our own family, notwithstanding all the care that was taken to keep me from being seen, 'twas *unhappily* rumour'd abroad that I was handsome, and to my eternal disquiet, love intruded into my peaceful retirement. Don Ferdinand, second son to the duke I've mention'd, had a sight of me (*Here Cardenio starts and knits his brow, looking very attentively at Dorothea*). In short, after many repulses, with an amazing perseverance, a thousand protestations of a violent affection, and a solemn promise of marriage, he ruin'd me. (*Here she weeps*) For, not many days after, I heard he was married to a lady of rich and noble parentage and extremely handsome, whose name was Leonora. (*Here Cardenio weeps*) And withal, that in the midst of the ceremony she swoon'd away, and that there was a letter found in her bosom, in her own hand, wherein she declar'd she could not be Don Ferdinand's wife, because she was already contracted to a considerable gentleman of the same town, whose name was Cardenio. On this information, mad with despair, I left my father's house, by favour of the night and this disguise, taking with me my gold and jewels and a bundle of my own clothes. In the first town I pass'd through, I heard a crier publicly describe my person in the open street, promising a considerable reward to any that could bring tidings of Dorothea.

CARDENIO

How, Madam? *Are you then* the beautiful Dorothea, the only daughter of the rich Cleonardo?

DOROTHEA

You quite surprise me. Pray, who are you, friend, that know so well my father's name? For I think I did not mention it once throughout the whole relation of my afflictions.

CARDENIO

I am Cardenio, that unfortunate person whom Leonora, as you told us, declar'd to be her husband. I am that miserable Cardenio, whom the perfidiousness of the man who has reduc'd you to this deplorable condition has also brought to this wretched state, to rags, to despair, nay to madness itself, only enjoying the privilege of reason by short intervals to feel and bemoan my miseries the more.

FRANCISCO

Oh! How wonderful are the events of human life?

RODRIGO

Wonderful, indeed.

CARDENIO

I also abandon'd myself to despair, and having left a letter with a person whom I charg'd to deliver it into Leonora's own hands, I hastened to hide myself from the world in this desert, resolv'd to end here a life which from that moment I abhorr'd as my greatest enemy. But Fortune has preserv'd me, I see, that I may venture it upon a better cause. For now I am embolden'd to hope that Providence may yet reserve us both for a better fate. Heaven will restore your Don Ferdinand, who can not be Leonora's, and to me Leonora, who can not be Don Ferdinand's. For my part, tho' my interests were not link'd with yours, as they are, I have so deep a sense of your misfortunes that I would expose myself to any dangers to see justice done you by Don Ferdinand. And here on the word of a Christian and a gentleman I vow and promise not to forsake you till he has done you justice, and to oblige him to do it at the hazard of my life, should reason and generosity prove ineffectual to force him to be blest with you.

DOROTHEA

Oh, Sir, your generous sentiments and obliging offers quite oppress me.

CARDENIO

Say not so, my beauteous Dorothea. We have been partners in affliction.

DOROTHEA

And may we be partners in happiness! May Don Ferdinand never be mine if you possess not Leonora.

CARDENIO

Noble-minded woman!

FRANCISCO

Your generous resolution of finding out Don Ferdinand is highly to be applauded, and I sincerely wish you success. In the mean time, assure yourselves of my and my friend Rodrigo's best endeavours to promote it. I have a house not far off which is much at your service, where you may furnish yourselves with necessaries and consult together how to proceed.

CARDENIO

We shall, most thankfully, accept of your hospitable invitation.

DOROTHEA

May you never repent of your generous offer!

FRANCISCO

It is impossible I should ever repent of assisting injur'd innocence. And now perhaps you may both of you wonder what has drawn me and my friend Rodrigo hither. The case is, we have a very worthy neighbour, who by reading almost all the romances that were ever publish'd, has turn'd his brains. And having his imagination fir'd with the exploits of the heroes whose actions those books record, he has assum'd the profession of knight-errantry. He has for his squire a clown of the same village of whom it is hard to say whether he is more knave or fool. I got intelligence of his having enter'd this wood, and immediately came hither in search of him, with a design by some stratagem or other to get him home, and there have him taken care of and prevented from making any future excursions.

CARDENIO

A design so humane suits well the benevolence of your disposition. And we should be very ungrateful were we not to assist you in it to the utmost of our power.

FRANCISCO

If this lady and you *will* assist me, I make no doubt but my design shall have its desired effect.

DOROTHEA

You will make me very happy by giving me an opportunity of making any return for the obligations I have to you.

FRANCISCO

Did not you say, Madam, you brought with you a bundle of clothes and some jewels?

DOROTHEA

I did.

FRANCISCO

Then, Madam, if you would condescend to retire and put them on, and invest Cardenio with those you now wear, you must assume the title of the Princess Micomicona and beg of Don Quixote (for that is the knight's name) that he would destroy a giant who has seized upon your kingdom of Micomicon, which you must tell him is in Ethiopia. We shall be able to lead him on to the village where he lives, on pretence that the road to the next sea-port town goes through it.

DOROTHEA

I see your design, but what part is Cardenio to act?

FRANCISCO

He is to personate your gentleman usher, the only one of your attendants who escap'd a shipwreck. You may add what circumstances you please. As to you, Rodrigo, do you go before us to the inn and let them know we are coming.

DOROTHEA

Come then, let us lose no time in the execution of so benevolent a design.
(Exeunt severally)

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE THE FIRST

A Wood. Enter Don Quixote and Sancho.

DON QUIXOTE

I could scarcely believe it possible that thou should'st have perform'd one tenth part of the journey in so small a space of time. It appears to me that thou hast not been absent many hours. This must certainly be the work of some sage magician who is my friend, who seeing and pitying my forlorn condition and the profound sorrow which tortur'd my breast, caus'd that space of time which was really two days to appear to me to be no more than two hours.

SANCHO

There must be witch-craft in't, that's certain.

DON QUIXOTE

All this is mighty well, but know, Sancho, I am all impatience. You arriv'd, and how was that Queen of beauty then employ'd? On my conscience, thou found'st her stringing of orient pearls, or embroidering some curious device in gold for me, her captive knight. Was it not so, my Sancho?

SANCHO

No, faith. I found her winnowing a parcel of wheat, very seriously, in the back-yard.

DON QUIXOTE

Then you may rest assur'd that every corn of that wheat was a grain of pearl, since she did it the honour of touching it with her divine hand. Did'st thou observe the quality of the wheat? Was it not of the finest sort?

SANCHO

Very indifferent I thought.

DON QUIXOTE

Well, this at least you must allow; it must make the finest, whitest bread if sifted by her white hands. But, go on, when you deliver'd my letter, did she kiss it? Did she treasure it in her bosom? How did she behave herself?

SANCHO

Why truly, Sir, when I offer'd her the letter, she was very busy handling her sieve; and 'Pr'y thee honest friend, said she, do so much as lay that letter down upon the sack there. I can't read it till I have winnow'd out what's in my hands.

DON QUIXOTE

O, unparalle'd discretion! She knew that a perusal required leisure and therefore defer'd it for her more pleasing and private hours. But oh! My squire, while she was thus employ'd, what conferences past? What did she ask about her knight? And what did you reply? Say all, say all, my dearest Sancho. Let not the smallest circumstance scape they tongue. Speak all that thought can frame or pen describe.

SANCHO

Her questions were easily answer'd, Sir, for she ask'd me none at all. I told her, indeed, in what a sad pickle I had left you, for her sake, that you eat and slept like the brute-beasts, that you would let a razor as soon touch your throat as your beard. You were still blubbering and crying, or swearing and cursing your fortune.

DON QUIXOTE

There you mistook. I rather bless my fortune and always shall while life affords me breath, since I am thought to merit the esteem of so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso.

SANCHO

There you hit it. She is a high lady, indeed, Sir, for she's taller than I am by a foot and a half.

DON QUIXOTE

Why, how now, Sancho, hast thou measur'd with her?

SANCHO

Ay, marry, did I. For you must know that she desired me to lend her a hand in lifting a sack of wheat on an ass, and I came so close to her that I found she was taller than I by a full span at least.

DON QUIXOTE

Right, but thou art also conscious that the uncommon stature of her person is adorn'd with the innumerable graces and endowments of soul. But Sancho, when you approach'd the charming she, did not an aromatic smell strike they sense, a scent so odoriferous, pleasing and sweet that I want a name for it. Sweet as . . . You

understand me, as the richest fragrancý diffus'd around a perfumer's magazine of odours? This at least you must grant me.

SANCHO

I did indeed feel a sort of a scent a little unsavory, for I suppose she had wrought hard and sweat somewhat plentifully.

DON QUIXOTE

'Tis false. Thy smelling has been debauch'd by thy own scent or some canker in thy nose. If thou couldst tell the scent of opening roses, fragrant lilies, or the choicest amber, then thou mightst guess at hers.

SCENE THE SECOND

Enter Francisco, Dorothea and Cardenio

FRANCISCO (Running in before them and embracing Don Quixote)

Mirrou of chivalry, my noble countryman, Don Quixote de la Mancha! The cream and flower of gentility! The shelter and relief of the afflicted! And quintessence of knight-errantry! How over-joy'd am I to have found you! Permit me to conduct to your noble presence a distress'd princess who falls at your feet an humble suppliant.

DOROTHEA (Falling on her knees to Don Quixote)

Thrice valourous and invincible knight, never will I arise from this place, till your generosity has granted me a boon, which shall redound to your honour and the relief of the most disconsolate and most injured damsel that the sun ever saw. And, indeed, if your valour and the strength of your formidable arm be answerable to the extent of your immortal renown, you are bound by the laws of honour and the knighthood which you profess to succor a distress'd princess who, led by the resounding fame of your marvelous and redoubted feats of arms, comes from the remotest regions to implore your protection.

SANCHO (Aside)

Odsbobs!¹⁴ Master Francisco, who is this fine lady?

14 Od's bobs and od's bodikins: "(also od's bob) [perhaps alteration of *God's body*]" OED, s.v. "od."

FRANCISCO (Aside)

She's the only heiress in a direct line to the vast kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia and is come to desire your master to redress a wrong which a wicked giant has done her.

SANCHO (Aside)

Ods-buddikins, is she?

DON QUIXOTE

I cannot make you any answer, most beautiful lady, nor will I hear a word more, unless you vouchsafe to rise.

DOROTHEA

Pardon me, noble knight, my knees shall first be rooted here, unless you will courteously condescend to grant me the boon which I humbly request.

SANCHO (Running up to his master)

Grant it, Sir, grant it, I tell you. 'Tis but a trifle, next to nothing, only to kill a great looby of a giant. And she that asks this is the high and mighty princess Micomicona, Queen of the huge kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia.

DON QUIXOTE

Let her be what she will, I will discharge my duty and obey the dictates of my conscience, according to the rules of my profession. Rise, lady, I beseech you. I grant you the boon which your singular beauty demands.

DOROTHEA

The boon I have to beg of your magnanimous valour is that you will be pleas'd to go with me instantly whither I shall conduct you, and promise me not to engage in any other adventure, till you have reveng'd me on a traitor who usurps my kingdom, contrary to all laws both human and divine.

DON QUIXOTE

All this I grant you, lady, but I would fain know which way we must go to do you service, and who this traitor is.

FRANCISCO

Pray, Madam, towards what country is it your pleasure to take your progress? Is it not towards the kingdom of Micomicon? I am very much mistaken if that be not the part of the world whither you desire to go.

DOROTHEA

You are in the right, Sir.

FRANCISCO

Then your way lies directly through the village where I live, from whence we have a straight road to Carthagena, where you may conveniently take shipping, and if you have a fair wind and good weather, you may in something less than nine years reach the vast Lake of Meona. I mean the Palus Maotis, which lies somewhat more than a hundred days journey from your kingdom.

DOROTHEA

Surely, Sir, you are under a mistake, for 'tis not quite two years since I left the place; and besides we have had very little fair weather all the while, and yet I am already got hither and have so far succeeded as to have obtain'd the sight of the renown'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose achievements reach'd my ears as soon as I landed in Spain, in order to throw myself under his protection and commit the justice of my cause to his invincible valour.

DON QUIXOTE

No more, Madam, I beseech you. Spare me the trouble of hearing myself prais'd, for I mortally hate whatever may look like adulation. 'Tis my study to deserve and to avoid applause.

DOROTHEA

You wonder, no doubt, Sir, to see a person of my rank with so small a retinue.

DON QUIXOTE

Indeed I do, Madam.

DOROTHEA

The case is, I was so unfortunate as to lose by shipwreck the vessel which attended mine, and carried part of my retinue. The other part (chusing to travel privately) I order'd to precede me by a day's journey for the purpose of informing the inns upon the road of my approach, reserving out of my numerous retinue only this my gentleman usher as my immediate attendant. But as misfortunes seldom come unattended, that part of my retinue which I had order'd to precede me was in the second day's journey intercepted by a troop of banditti. Most of them were left dead upon the road, and some few carried off as prisoners. Now every body hereabouts says that the banditti consisted of a pack of rogues condemn'd to the gallies who as

they were going to punishment were rescu'd by a single man, and that with so much courage that in spite of the king's officer and his guards he alone set 'em all at liberty.

SANCHO

Faith and troth, he that did that rare jobb was my master, his own self, and that not for want of fair warning, for I bid him have a care what he did and told over and over 'twould be a grievous sin to let loose such a gang of wicked wretches.

DON QUIXOTE

You buffle-headed¹⁵ clown, is it for a knight-errant, when he meets with people laden with chains and under oppression, to examine whether they are in those circumstances for their crimes or only through misfortune? We are only to relieve the afflicted, to look on their distress and not on their crimes. I met a company of poor wretches who went along sorrowful, dejected, and link'd together like the beads of a rosary. Thereupon I did what my conscience and my profession obliged me to. And what has any man to say to this? If any one dares say otherwise, saving the reverend father's presence and the holy character he bears, I say he knows little of knight-errantry and lies like a son of a whore and a base-born villain. And this I will make him know, more effectually with the convincing edge of my sword.

DOROTHEA

I beseech you, Sir, remember the promise you have made me, and that you can not engage in any adventures whatsoever, 'till you have perform'd that we are going about.

DON QUIXOTE

I am satisfied, Madam, and for your sake the flame of my just indignation is quenched. Nor will I be induc'd to engage in any quarrel, 'till I have fulfill'd my promise to your Highness. Only in recompence of my good intentions, I beg you will give us a cursory account of your misfortunes, if this will not be too great a trouble to you. And let me know who, and what, and how many are the persons of whom I must have due and full satisfaction on your behalf.

DOROTHEA

Most willingly. First, gentlemen, you must know my name is . . .

FRANCISCO

'Tis not at all strange, Madam, that you should be so discompos'd by your disasters as to stumble at the very beginning of the account you are going to give of

15 With a head like a buffalo.

them. Extreme affliction often distracts the mind to that degree and so deprives us of memory that sometimes we for a while can scarce think on our very names. No wonder then that the Princess Micomicona, lawful heiress of the vast kingdom of Micomicon, disorder'd with so many misfortunes and perplex'd with so many various thoughts for the recovery of her crown, should have her imagination and memory so encumber'd. But I hope Your Highness will now recollect yourself and be able to proceed.

DOROTHEA

I hope so, too, and I will try to go through with my story without any further hesitation. Know then, gentlemen, that the king my father, who was call'd Tinacrio the Sage, having great skill in the magic art, understood by his profound knowledge in that science that Queen Xamarilla my mother should die before him, that he himself should not survive her long, and I should be left an orphan. But what troubled him most was he foresaw that soon after his death my dominions should be invaded by a certain giant, lord of a great island, near the confines of my kingdom, his name Pandafilando, surnam'd of the Gloomy Light, and that nothing could prevent it but my consenting to marry him, which as he had reason to think was very improbable, he found by his art that it was indispensably necessary to the recovery of my kingdom that I should direct my course towards Spain, where I should be sure to meet with a powerful champion in the person of a knight-errant whose fame should at that time be spread over all the kingdom; his name Don Quixote, otherwise call'd the Knight of the Woeful Figure. My father also describ'd him and said he should be a tall, thin-fac'd man, and that on his right side, under the left shoulder, or somewhere thereabouts, he should have a tawny mole, overgrown with a tuft of hair, not much unlike that of a horse's mane.

DON QUIXOTE

Here, Sancho, help me off with my clothes, for I'm resolv'd to see whether I be the Knight of whom the necromantic king has prophesied.

DOROTHEA

Pray, Sir, why would you pull off your clothes?

DON QUIXOTE

To see whether I have such a mole about me as your father mention'd.

SANCHO

Your worship need not strip to know that, for to my certain knowledge you've just such a mark as my lady says on the small of your back, which betokens you to be a strong-body'd man.

DOROTHEA

That's enough. Friends may believe one another without such a strict examination. And whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone, 'tis not very material. In short, I find my father aim'd right in all his predictions, and so do I in recommending myself to Don Quixote, whose stature and appearance so well agree with my father's description and whose renown is so far spread over all Spain, that I had no sooner landed at Ossuna, but the fame of his prowess reach'd my ears, so that I was satisfied in myself he was the person in quest of whom I came.

DON QUIXOTE

But, pray, Madam, how did you do to land at Ossuna, since 'tis no sea-port town?

FRANCISCO

Doubtless, Sir, the princess would say that after she landed at Malaga, the first place where she heard of your feats of arms was Ossuna.

DOROTHEA

That's what I would have said.

FRANCISCO

'Tis easily understood. Then pray let Your Majesty be pleas'd to go on with your relation.

DOROTHEA

I've nothing more to add, but that Fortune has at last so far favour'd me as to make me find the noble Don Quixote, of whom it is said in the prediction left by my royal father, that after he has destroy'd the giant and put me in possession of my kingdom, if he *should* ask me to marry him I should by no means refuse him but instantly surrender to him my person and my kingdom.

DON QUIXOTE

Well, friend Sancho, what thinks't thou now? Dost thou not hear how matters go? Did not I tell thee as much before? See now whether we have not a kingdom which we may command and a queen whom we may espouse.

SANCHO

Ah, merry, have you, and a pox take the son of a whore, I say, that will not wed and bed her Majesty's Grace, as soon as Master Pandafilando's windpipes are slit.

DON QUIXOTE

Madam, when I shall have laid your implacable enemy prostrate on the ground, sever'd his head from his body, and left you quietly possess'd of your throne, it shall be left at your own choice to dispose of your person as you shall think convenient. For as long as I shall have my memory full of her image, my will captivated, and my understanding wholly subjected to her whom I now forbear to name, 'tis impossible I should in the least deviate from the affection I bear to her, or be induc'd to think of marrying, tho' it were a Phoenix.

SANCHO

Body o' me, Sir Knight, what are you about?

DOROTHEA

Your noble generosity, Sir, can be equal'd by nothing but your disinterestedness.

DON QUIXOTE

From this moment, Lady, shake off all desponding thoughts that sit heavy upon your mind, and study to revive your drooping hopes; for by the assistance of Heaven and my strenuous arm you shall see yourself restor'd to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancestors in spite of all the traitors that dare oppose your right. Let us then hasten our performance. Delay always breeds danger, and to protract a great design is often to ruin it.

DOROTHEA

O, how shall I express the grateful sense I have of your goodness!

DON QUIXOTE

Lead the way, Madam, and I attend you.

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE THE FIRST.

The Inn. Enter Bernardo and Antonia.

BERNARDO

Do you know Antonia that the company is expected every minute?

ANTONIA

Yes, I do, and what of that?

BERNARDO

Why, have you got the rooms swept and the house put in order?

ANTONIA

'Tis in as good order as it used to be.

BERNARDO

That is to say, it is in no order at all. Holloa, chamberlain, waiter (*Running backward and forward upon the stage*) why don't you answer? Waiter, chamberlain! Deuce take ye. What, are you all deaf? But Antonia, Antonia, what have you got in the house for the company?

ANTONIA

A very plentiful bill of fare, truly. Just nothing at all.

BERNARDO

Hussy! You don't say so?

ANTONIA

I mean nothing that I can dress for 'em, nothing but a piece of cold beef.

BERNARDO

And some eggs and bacon, han't you?

ANTONIA

'Yes, but that is not fit for gentlefolks.

BERNARDO

Isn't it? Egad, they may go farther and fare worse. But d'ye mind me, tell 'em we have any thing they'd be pleas'd to have.

ANTONIA

What, when there are but two things in the house that they can have?

BERNARDO

Yes, you ninny-hammer. Why, don't we always do so? Holloa, waiter, chamberlain, where are you all?

WAITER AND CHAMBERLAIN (Behind the scenes)

Here, Sir. Coming, Sir, coming.

SCENE THE SECOND

Enter waiter and chamberlain.

BERNARDO

Why did not you come before, rascals?

WAITER

The company is just come in.

BERNARDO

Run out then, shew 'em in.

WAITER

Yes, Sir. *(Exit)*

BERNARDO

Run, fly, chamberlain.

CHAMBERLAIN

Yes, Sir, yes, Sir. *(Exit)*

BERNARDO

Come, Antonia. Step out with me to welcome the company. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE THE THIRD

Enter Don Quixote, Cardenio, Francisco, Dorothea, Antonia, Bernardo.

DON QUIXOTE

Welcome, fair princess, to this castle. (*To Dorothea*) For you must know, Mr. Governor, (*to Bernardo*) that the illustrious Princess Micomicona condescends to visit you. I need not command you to lodge her in your state apartment and to shew her all the marks of honour which are suitable to her dignity. But as for myself, I insist upon it that you prepare me a better bed than your last entertainment afforded me.

ANTONIA

Pay us better than you did then, and you shall have a bed for a prince.

DON QUIXOTE

Madam, if you are insensible of the honour of entertaining an illustrious princess and knight-errant, your sordid soul shall be gratified to the full.

FRANCISCO

Were it not better that the noble Don Quixote, after the innumerable fatigues to which the laborious and enterprizing profession of arms is subject should retire for the sake of a little repose 'till supper-time.

DON QUIXOTE

I seldom pay much attention to the importunities of nature, but will now act in conformity to your advice.

BERNARDO

Antonia, shew the knight a chamber. (*Exeunt Quixote and Antonia*)

FRANCISCO

Bernardo, I won't mention particulars, but get us as good an entertainment as you can.

BERNARDO

You shall have every thing as you wish it, Sir.

CARDENIO

Well, Sir, I have observ'd him very narrowly, and your friend Don Quixote's madness appears to me the most ridiculous and unaccountable of any that I ever remember to have met with. What think you of it, Madam? (*To Dorothea*)

DOROTHEA

'Tis very strange, indeed. Poor gentleman, if I can be instrumental in bringing him home, I shall be very glad.

FRANCISCO

Strange as it is, I insist upon it, that it proceeded from nothing but the reading of romances.

BERNARDO

Sir, you can't make me of your opinion, for in my mind it is the pleasantest reading that ever was. I have some books of that kind that really have kept me and many others alive. I could sit and hear 'em from morning to night. The knights whose exploits they relate must have been men of great courage.

FRANCISCO

Why, you don't imagine, friend, that there ever were such persons as your books of chivalry mention.

BERNARDO

Don't I, think you? But, indeed, I do.

FRANCISCO

Why, they are all nothing but the chimeras and fictions of idle and luxuriant wits.

BERNARDO

Sir, you must angle with another bait, or you'll catch no fish. I know what's what, as well as another, and you must not think to catch old birds with chaff. A pleasant jest, faith, that you should pretend to persuade me now that these notable books are lies and stories. Why, Sir, are they not in print? Are they not publish'd according to order? Licenc'd by authority from the Privy-Council?

FRANCISCO

I have told you already, friend, they are fictions. As to their being licenc'd, it is for our amusement, as tennis, billiards, and other recreations.

DOROTHEA (*Aside*)

I think our host seems capable of making a second part to Don Quixote.

CARDENIO (*Aside*)

I think so, too.

FRANCISCO

Neither could the government foresee this inconvenience from such books that you urge, because they could not reasonably suppose any rational person would believe their absurdities. I wish, honest friend, you may never halt of the same foot as your guest, don Quixote.

BERNARDO

There's no fear of that. I never design to turn knight-errant, because I find the customs that supported that noble order are quite out of doors.¹⁶ Oh, so, more guests, a brave jolly troop, on my word.

CARDENIO

What are they?

BERNARDO

Two running-footmen have just enter'd the gate. And at some distance, I see four men on horseback, with black masks, and a lady all in white that rides single and mask'd.

CARDENIO

This is something so singular I'll step out and observe them. (*Exit*)

(*Dorothea veils herself. Enter running-footmen*)

FRANCISCO

Pray, can you inform us who your masters are?

16 "Out of place, lost, abroad, irrelevant, worthless." *OED*, s.v. "out of door."

FIRST FOOTMAN

Indeed, Sir, that's more than we can tell you. They seem to be of no mean quality, especially that gentleman who you see is going to help the lady off. For the rest pay him great respect and his word is a law to them.

FRANCISCO

Well, but do you know who the lady is?

SECOND FOOTMAN

We know no more of her than of the rest, for we could never see her face all the time, and 'tis impossible we should know her, or them, any otherwise.

FRANCISCO

How so?

FIRST FOOTMAN

Why, they pick'd us up yesterday on the road, and prevail'd with us to wait on them to Andalusia, promising to pay us well for our trouble.

FRANCISCO

Could not you hear 'em name one another all this time?

FIRST FOOTMAN

We did not hear 'em speak a syllable all the way. The poor lady indeed us'd to sigh and grieve so piteously that we are perswaded she has no stomach to this journey. Whatever may be the cause, we know not. By her garb she seems to be a nun, but by her grief and melancholy one might guess they are going to make her one, when perhaps the poor girl has not a bit of nun's-flesh about her.

FRANCISCO

Not impossible. But here they come.

SCENE THE FOURTH

Enter Don Ferdinand leading in Leonora.

DON FERDINAND

As we are not likely to be known here, you may unmask. (*Leonora unmask*)
This being the only room in the house fit for our reception, we must beg you would permit us to be of your company, Madam.

DOROTHEA

We shall be extremely sensible of that honour, Sir.

(*Here Don Ferdinand unmask, and Dorothea feints, falling into Francisco's arms*)

Oh!

FRANCISCO

Run for water, Bernardo, and bring Antonia. (*Exit Bernardo*)

DON FERDINAND

What can this mean?

FRANCISCO

The lady, Sir, is ill.

DON FERDINAND

But why this sudden illness?

LEONORA

Your face, perfidious man, betrays you. I fear you know the cause.

(*Enter Bernardo and Antonia with water. Dorothea's veil being taken off, Don Ferdinand recollecting her and being in great confusion*)

DON FERDINAND

Heav'ns! What do I see? It is the lovely Dorothea! 'Tis but too true. I am the cause!

LEONORA

What, base deceiver, hast thou ruin'd then this masterpiece of Nature? Sure am I now that Heaven has interpos'd.

FRANCISCO

The lady recovers. Bernardo and Antonia, you may retire. (*Exeunt Bernardo and Antonia*)

DOROTHEA

What do I see? Is this Don Ferdinand? Or do my senses cheat me?

SANCHO (*Enter*)

My master's as mad as a March hare.

FRANCISCO

Sancho, be silent.

DOROTHEA

My lord, if that beauteous form has not dazzl'd your eyes, you may behold at your feet the once happy but now miserable Dorothea. I am that poor and humble villager whom your generous bounty—I dare not say your love—did condescend to raise to the honour of calling you her own. I am she who, once confin'd to peaceful innocence, led a contented life till your shew of honour and deluding words charm'd me from that retreat.

DON FERDINAND

(*Fixing his eyes for some time attentively on Dorothea*)

Thou hast conquer'd, charming Dorothea, thou hast conquer'd me. (*Running up to her*) Rise, Madam, rise. It is not proper that she should lye prostrate at my feet who triumphs over my soul. (*They embrace*) If I have not hitherto paid you the respect I ought, 'twas perhaps so order'd by Heaven that having by this a stronger conviction of your constancy and goodness, I may henceforth set the greater value on your merit. Let then the future respects and services I shall pay you plead pardon for my past transgressions.

SANCHO

Ay, ay, here's a pretty kettle of fish, indeed. (*Exit*)

(*Enter Cardenio running in and catching Leonora in his arms*)

CARDENIO

Thanks, gracious Heaven! My dear, my faithful wife! Thy sorrows now are ended, for where canst thou rest more safe than in my arms? Which now support thee as once they did, when my blest fortune first made thee mine.

LEONORA

May I believe my eyes? Yes. Thou art he. Thou art my lord, indeed! 'Tis even you yourself, the right owner of this poor harras'd captive. Now, Fortune, act thy worst, nor fears nor threats shall ever part me more from the sole support and comfort of my life.

CARDENIO

Heaven has no doubt decreed this unexpected meeting to shew us, that when we most despair of happiness, it *may* be then at hand.

DON FERDINAND (Drawing his sword, and approaching Cardenio, presents it him)

Here thou beholds't a man unworthy of the sacred name of friend. Take then this sword, and plunge it in the bosom of one too base to live.

CARDENIO (Throwing down the sword)

Thou still retainst a feint resemblance of the man thou wast.

DON FERDINAND

And canst thou then forget the injury I did thee? Hast thou a soul so great as to forgive?

CARDENIO

Thou hast restor'd the jewel of my heart. I can forgive thee.

DON FERDINAND

Then thou hast not thy equal upon earth. But say, canst thou *so far forgive* as to restore me to that place in your esteem I once possess'd? Alas, I fear I am unworthy that . . . Forgive me, Ladies, you here behold a man whom I have injur'd, *more* than you. (*He weeps*)

CARDENIO

What says my Leonora? May I not hope he still will be a friend?

LEONORA

Behold, he weeps, repents him of his baseness, and will be not unworthy [of] your affection.

DON FERDINAND

Can Leonora condescend to plead my cause?

CARDENIO

She does, and with such eloquence as cannot be resisted. Come, then, my friend, my Ferdinand, embrace me. (*They embrace*) Now let us be reunited by the indissoluble bonds of friendship.

DON FERDINAND

Sure, I am the only man that ever was so base.

CARDENIO

Name it no more. We will be perfect friends.

DON FERDINAND

But surely Leonora can not pardon?

DOROTHEA

She who did plead your cause will sure forgive you.

LEONORA

The great example of my long-lost husband is so striking and irresistible that were the injuries I receiv'd from you infinitely greater than they have been, I would blot them from my remembrance.

DON FERDINAND

Oh, Madam, if you had known the temptations I had to be guilty of such base ingratitude, then you might have had some reason to excuse me. But that particular will be for ever conceal'd from your knowledge, unless I inform you.

LEONORA

I pray you, Sir, explain yourself.

DON FERDINAND

The temptations, Madam, I mean, are your singular beauty and the surprising accomplishments of your mind, which will make Cardenio the happiest of men, which all men who behold admire, and which are hid from no one but yourself.

LEONORA

Your opinion of my little merit is by much too exalted.

DON FERDINAND

O, Cardenio, *you alone* are worthy [of] so divine a woman. You alone can make her happy.

CARDENIO

May you in your affection equal the love of beauteous Dorothea, and then there will not be a pair on earth more bless'd than you.

DON FERDINAND

Of her unparallel'd love and fidelity I am as yet unworthy, but it is what I shall study to deserve.

DOROTHEA

Oh, my lord, you oppress me with your goodness. This more than recompences all my troubles.

LEONORA (to Dorothea)

May you be as happy as you deserve to be!

DON FERDINAND

That will be more happy than I fear I can make her.

FRANCISCO

I have long wonder'd how this lady (*pointing to Leonora*) should be habitied as a nun. If I do not interrupt your happiness (*which I assure you I have been some time participating*) I should be much obliged to you, Sir, if you would inform me with regard to this particular.

DON FERDINAND

O, Dorothea, you have much to tell of what you suffer'd since you fled from home. But this shall be the subject of our future talk. As to that lovely woman, Sir, (*to Francisco*) the dress she wears is that of a nunnery, to which my baseness drove her, whither I went with some friends, and finding her walking in the cloyster carried her off by force. It is now three days since that event, and she has not yet had an opportunity of changing her habit.

FRANCISCO

I am satisfied, Sir, and can not but conclude that this surprising and unexpected meeting had something in it more than fortuitous.

DON FERDINAND

I am perfectly of your opinion. I must now in return beg of you to explain a thing which to me seems perfectly unintelligible. It happen'd not long ago, when the sense of my own baseness, and the lovely Dorothea's unparalle'd affection, fill'd my imagination with unspeakable horror and render'd it incapable of harbouring any other thought. There came on, if I mistake not, a person of a grotesque figure, who pronounc'd his master to be mad, upon which you immediately order'd him to be silent.

FRANCISCO

I did so.

DON FERDINAND

And he soon after went out?

FRANCISCO

I observ'd he did.

DON FERDINAND

Now, sir, this is the phenomenon, which I want to have explain'd.

FRANCISCO

The person whom you saw is the esquire to a worthy gentleman, a friend and neighbour of mine, who, by reason of a most ridiculous and unaccountable kind of madness, calls himself a knight-errant and is fully resolv'd to revive that ancient order.

DON FERDINAND

Very extraordinary, indeed!

FRANCISCO

And moreover, Sir, I am perfectly convinc'd that his madness proceeds solely from the reading of romances, of which he has upwards of three hundred volumes in his study. Now you must know, I came out with a friend of mine, with a design, under the colour of some adventure, to bring him home, where he ma[y] be prevented by the care of his servants from making any future excursions. This lady (*pointing to Dorothea*) has been so obliging as to assist us in the prosecution of our project, assuming the title of the Princess of Micomicon, who is come from the East to beg that he would go and revenge the injuries she has receiv'd from a giant who has usurp'd her dominions.

DON FERDINAND

Admirable! And is the gentleman in the house?

FRANCISCO

He is, and I dare say it will not be long before you see him. But I am under some apprehension that Dorothea's change of fortune will balk our design.

DON FERDINAND

No, no. Dorothea had better humour the jest still, if this honest gentleman's habitation be not very far off.

FRANCISCO

Only two days journey.

DON FERDINAND

I would ride twice as far for the pleasure of so good and charitable an action.

SCENE THE LAST

Enter Don Quixote, Sancho and Bernardo

DON QUIXOTE

I am inform'd by this my squire, beautiful lady, that your greatness is annihilated and your majesty reduc'd to nothing, for of a queen and mighty princess, as you us'd to be, you are become a private damsel.

DOROTHEA

Sir!

DON QUIXOTE

If any express order from the necromantick king your father (doubting the ability and success of my arm in reinstating you) has occasion'd this change, I must tell him that he is no conjurer in these matters and does not know one half of his trade, nor is he skill'd in the revolutions of chivalry.

DOROTHEA

A language so unexpected from a person of your rank and profession to a poor, weak and defenceless woman distresses me greatly.

DON QUIXOTE

From what I have said of your father I retract not a single word. For had he been conversant in the study of knight-errantry, as I have been, he might have found that in every age champions of less fame than Don Quixote de la Mancha have finish'd more desperate adventures; since the killing of a pitiful giant, how arrogant soever he may be, is no such great achievement. For I have just now encounter'd one myself. The success I will not mention, least the incredulity of some people might distrust the reality. But Time the discoverer of all things will disclose it when least expected.

BERNARDO

Hold there. 'Twas with two wine-skins, but no giant that you fought.

DON FERDINAND

By no means interrupt the lord Don Quixote.

DON QUIXOTE

To conclude, most high and disinherited lady, if your father, for the causes already mentioned, has caus'd this metamorphosis in your person, believe him not, for there is no peril on earth through which my sword shall not open a way; and assure yourself that in a few days, by the overthrow of your enemies [*sic*] head, it shall fix on yours that crown which is your lawful inheritance.

DOROTHEA

Whosoever has inform'd you, valourous Knight of the Woeful Figure, that I have alter'd or chang'd my condition has impos'd upon you, for I am just the same today as yesterday. 'Tis true some unexpected but fortunate accidents have varied some circumstances of my fortune, much to my advantage and far beyond my hopes, but I am neither chang'd in person nor alter'd in my resolution of employing the force of your redoubtable and invincible arm in my favour. I, therefore, apply myself to your usual generosity, to have those words spoken to my father's dishonour recall'd, and believe these easy and infallible means to redress my wrongs, the pure effects of his wisdom and policy, as the good fortune I now enjoy, has been the consequence of your surprising deeds, as this noble presence can testify. What should hinder us, then, from setting forward tomorrow morning, depending for a happy and successful conclusion on the will of Heaven and the power of your unparallel'd courage.

DON QUIXOTE

Now, must I tell thee, poor paltry hang-dog, thou art the veryest rascal in all Spain. Tell me, rogue, scoundrel, did not you just now inform me that this princess was chang'd into a little private damsel, call'd Dorothea, and that the head which I lopt from the giant's shoulders was the whore your mother, with a thousand other absurdities? Now, by all the powers of Heaven, I have a mind so to use thee as to make thee appear a miserable example to all succeeding squires that shall dare to tell a knight-errant a lie.

SANCHO

Good your worship, have patience, I beseech you. May hap I am mistaken, or so, about my lady Princess Micomicona's concern there. But that the giant's head came off the wine-skins shoulders, and that the blood was as good tent as ever was tipt over tongue, I'll take my corporal oath on't . . . Gadzookers, Sir, are not the skins all hack'd and slash'd within there at your bed's head and the wine all in a puddle in your chamber? But you'll guess at the meat presently by the sauce. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, Master. And if my landlord here don't let you know it to your cost, he's a very honest and civil fellow, that's all.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, I pronounce thee *non compos*.¹⁷ I therefore pardon thee and have done.

DON FERDINAND

'Tis enough. We therefore in pursuance of the Princess's orders, will this night refresh ourselves and tomorrow we will all of us set out to attend the lord Don Quixote in prosecution of this important enterprize he has undertaken, being all impatient to be eye-witnesses of his celebrated and matchless courage.

DON QUIXOTE

I shall be proud of the honour of serving and waiting upon you, my good lord, and reckon myself infinitely obliged by the favour and good opinion of so honourable a company, which I shall endeavour to improve and confirm, though at the expence of the last drop of my blood. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

THE END

17 *Non compos mentis*, that is, not in possession of one's right mind.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY LEONORA,

In life what strange vicissitudes are felt!
We freeze with cold, or else with heat we melt.
Life is a game. Compare it if you will
To ombre, to piquet, whist or quadrille.¹⁸
Our cards are shuffled, cut, and dealt about.
Each wishes hers may be the best, no doubt.
Sometimes our hands with picture-cards abound,
In turn, the rabble of the pack¹⁹ comes round.
Sometimes we greatly dare to play alone,
The profit and the honour's all our own.
At other times we kindly condescend,
Because our hand is weak, to call a friend.²⁰
Sometimes the trumps most equally we mix²¹
And what we lose by honours, win by tricks.²²
At other times we scarcely see spadille²³
Or basto²⁴ for an hour, a bitter pill!

18 Card games, related to today's bridge, popular in eighteenth-century Britain.

19 "The rabble of the pack," i.e., numbered cards, not the higher-ranking face cards.

20 Whist, for example, is played by four people divided into two partnerships. Depending on the relative strength of the two partners' hands, each of them chooses to what extent she will either take the initiative or follow the partner's lead.

21 I.e., we hold several trump cards of various ranks, which can win rounds in spite of not being face cards. See the following note.

22 The rules of whist state that a player leading a round can put out a card in any suit she wants, even the trump suit. The players that follow must put out cards in the same suit if they have at least one. The player who puts out the highest card in the suit takes the trick, unless someone has put out a trump card, in which case the highest trump card takes it. "Honours" are the top four trumps—Ace, King, Queen, Jack. Partners who hold all four honours in their hands score an extra four points, which they claim at the end of the play. Winning "by tricks" is accomplished by taking a large number of rounds, without these extra points. Whitchurch seems to pun on the word "honours," which here takes on a second meaning of an aristocratic rank in society, and on "win by tricks," used with the connotation of outsmarting one's enemies or in general making use of one's wits to overcome obstacles regardless of social station.

23 The ace of spades in ombre and quadrille.

24 The ace of clubs in ombre and quadrille.

The pool is almost out, we've nothing drawn.
 We are not able to redeem our pawn;²⁵
 When Fortune smiles and cheers the drooping soul
 With the rewards of a *sans-prendre vole*.²⁶
 This was *my* case, I lost my heart's ador'd,
 And (as I thought) was *basted off the board*.²⁷
 When disappointed of my fav'rite man,
 Plung'd in despair, I form'd a desp'rate plan.
 Ladies, I had resolv'd to take the veil.
 I shudder at the thought, my cheeks turn pale.
 I had resolv'd to bury in a cell
 This form, this face, *si degagé [sic], si belle*.²⁸
 But Fate reserv'd me for a happier lot;
 This melancholy scheme shall be forgot.
 Fate has restor'd me to my long-lost lord.
 I can not with the nuns, then, keep my word.

25 I.e., the ante. There is an entire chapter in Sarah Fielding's *David Simple* on the wildly popular fashion for large gambling parties centered on games of whist: "Book II, CHAP. I. *Which is writ only with a View to instruct our Readers, that Whist is a Game very much in Fashion.*" Whist continues to be played in Britain, often in local tournaments called "whist drives." Fielding, *The Adventures of David Simple, Containing An Account of his Travels Through the Cities of London and Westminster, In the Search of A Real Friend*, 2 vols. (London: A. Millar, 1744).

26 Vole: "The winning of all the tricks in certain card-games, as écarté, quadrille, or ombre. Freq. to win the vole [. . .] 1728 C. Cibber *Vanbrugh's Provok'd Husband* Unless . . . sometimes winning a great Stake; laying down a *Vole, sans prendre* may come up, to the profitable Pleasure you were speaking of." *OED*, s.v. "Vole." "Sans Prendre" is French for "without taking," apparently meaning without having to draw a card. "1732 H. Fielding *Mod. Husband* If it had not been for a cursed Sans-prendre-vole, that swept the whole Table." *OED*, s.v. "sans prendre."

27 I.e., trounced or beaten soundly.

28 French for "so clear, so beautiful."

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