



*James del.*

*Adler Smith A. sc.*

*Zoraida and the captive arriving at the Inn*



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you do me, and the good opinion you have of me ; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, or it shall cost me my life, and even more, if more it could cost me."

Many compliments, and many offers of service, passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando: but all was put a stop to by a traveller, that just then entered the inn; who by his garb seemed to be a Christian newly come from among the Moors; for he had on a blue cloth loose coat, with short skirts, half sleeves, and no collar: his breeches also were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the same colour: he had on a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a Moorish scimitar hung in a shoulder-belt, that came cross his breast. There came immediately after him a woman mounted on an ass in a Moorish dress, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust and agreeable make, a little above forty years old, of a brownish complexion, large whiskers, and a well-set beard: in short, his mien, if he had been well dressed, would have denoted him a person of quality and well born. At coming in, he asked for a room, and, being told there was none to spare at the inn, he seemed to be troubled, and going to the woman, who by her habit seemed to be a Moor, he took her down in his arms. Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Mari-

tornes, gathered about the Moorish lady, on account of the novelty of her dress, the like of which they had never seen before: and Dorothea, who was always obliging, complaisant, and discreet, imagining that both she and her conductor were uneasy for want of a room, said to her: "Be not much concerned, Madam, about proper accommodations; it is what one must not expect to meet with at inns. And since it is so, if you please to take share with us" (pointing to Lucinda), "perhaps, in the course of your journey, you may have met with worse entertainment." The veiled lady returned no answer, but only, rising from her seat, and laying her hands across on her breast, bowed her head and body, in token that she thanked her. By her silence they concluded she must be a Moor, and could not speak the Christian language.

By this time her companion, who had hitherto been employed about something else, came in, and seeing, that they were all standing about the woman, who came with him, and that, whatever they said to her, she continued silent, he said: "Ladies, this young woman understands scarcely any thing of our language, nor can she speak any other than that of her own country; and this is the reason she has not answered to any thing, you may have asked her."—"Nothing has been asked her," answered Lucinda, "but only whether she would accept of our company for this night, and

take part of our lodging, where she shall be accommodated, and entertained, as well as the place will afford, and with that good will, which is due to all strangers, that are in need of it, and especially from us to her, as she is of our own sex.”—“Dear Madam,” answered the stranger, “I kiss your hands for her and myself, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at such a time, and from such persons as you appear to be, must be owned to be very great.”—“Pray tell me, Signor,” said Dorothea, “is this lady a Christian or a Moor? For her habit and her silence make us think she is what we wish she were not.”—“She is a Moor,” answered the stranger, “in her attire and in her body; but, in her soul, she is already very much a Christian, having a very strong desire to become one.”—“She is not yet baptized then?” added Lucinda. “There has been no time for that yet,” answered the stranger, “since she left Algiers, her native country and place of abode, and she has not hitherto been in any danger of death so imminent, as to make it necessary to have her baptized, before she be instructed in all the ceremonies our holy Mother the Church enjoins; but I hope, if it please God, she shall soon be baptized, with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what either her habit or mine seem to denote.”

This discourse gave all, who heard him, a de-



sire to know, who the Moor and the stranger were: but nobody would ask them just then, seeing it was more proper, at that time, to let them take some rest, than to be inquiring into their lives. Dorothea took her by the hand, and led her to sit down by her, desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the stranger, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in Arabic, that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so: accordingly she did, and discovered a face so beautiful, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, and Lucinda than Dorothea; and all the bystanders saw, that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs, it must be that of the Moor; nay, some of them thought, she surpassed them in some things. And as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds, and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful Moor. Don Fernando asked of the stranger the Moor's name, who answered, Lela Zoraida; and as soon as she heard this, understanding what they had inquired of the Christian, she said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air, "No, not Zoraida; Maria, Maria;" letting them know her name was Maria, and not Zoraida. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those, who heard

her; especially from the women, who were naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her very affectionately, saying to her: "Yes, yes, Maria, Maria;" to whom the Moor answered: "Yes, yes, Maria, Zoraida macange:" as much as to say, not Zoraida.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of Don Fernando and his company, the innkeeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get; which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round nor a square one, in the house. They gave the upper end and principal seat, though he would have declined it, to Don Quixote, who would needs have the Lady Micomicona sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down Lucinda and Zoraida, and opposite to them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; and next to the ladies sat the Priest and the Barber: and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction; and it gave them an additional pleasure to hear Don Quixote, who, moved by such another spirit, as that which had moved him to talk so much, when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, spoke as follows:

"In truth, Gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of Knight-errantry. If

any one thinks otherwise, let me ask him, what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? Who could say, that this Lady, sitting here by my side, is that great Queen that we all know her to be, and that I am the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There is no doubt, but that this art and profession exceeds all, that have been ever invented by men; and so much the more honourable is it, by how much it is exposed to more dangers. Away with those who say, that letters have the advantage over arms: I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say. For the reason they usually give, and which they lay the greatest stress upon, is, that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in this, which we, who profess it, call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them; or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body: If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the de-

signs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten: for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being so then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar's, or the warrior's. And this may be determined by the scope and ultimate end of each: for that intention is to be the most esteemed, which has the noblest end for its object. Now the end and design of letters (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to Heaven; for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared), I speak of human learning, whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed; an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that, which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds, *Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men*: and the salutation, which the best Master of earth or Heaven taught his followers and disciples, was, that, when they en-

tered into any house, they should say, *Peace be to this house*: and many other times he said; *My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be amongst you*. A jewel and legacy, worthy of coming from such a hand! A jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in Heaven! This peace is the true end of war; for to say arms or war is the same thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms; and let us see, which are the greatest."

Don Quixote went on with his discourse, in such a manner, and in such proper expressions, that none of those, who heard him at that time, could take him for a madman. On the contrary, most of his hearers being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with pleasure, and he continued, saying:

"I say then, that the hardships of the scholar are these: in the first place, poverty: not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible: and when I have said, that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to show his misery; for he, who is poor, is destitute of every good thing: he endures poverty in all its parts, sometimes in hunger and cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in

all these together. Notwithstanding all this, it is not so great, but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, either of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by what is called among them going a-sopping. Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some other person, which, if it does not quite warm them, at least abates their extreme cold: and lastly, at night, they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the thinness and thread-bareness of their clothes, nor that laying about them with so much eagerness and pleasure, when good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By the way, that I have described, rough and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they desire; which being attained, we have seen many who, having passed these Syrtes, these Scyllas, these Charybdis's, buoyed up as it were by favourable fortune; I say, we have seen them from a chair command and govern the world; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in holland and damask: a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, opposed to and compared with those of the warrior, fall far short of them, as I shall presently show."



## CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF DON QUIXOTE'S CURIOUS DIS-  
COURSE UPON ARMS AND LETTERS.

**D**ON Quixote, continuing his discourse, said :  
“ Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty, and its several branches, let us see, whether the soldier be richer. And we shall find, that poverty itself is not poorer: for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never; or else on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. And sometimes his nakedness is such, that his slashed buff-doublet serves him both for finery and shirt; and in the midst of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth, which, issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold, against all the rules of nature. But let us wait until night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences: and that, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness; for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself upon it at pleasure without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose now the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession; I say, suppose the day of battle come; and then his doctorial cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot, which, perhaps, has gone through his temples, or

lamed him in the leg or the arm. And though this should not happen, but merciful Heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he will remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get any thing considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. And tell me, Gentlemen, if you have observed it, how much fewer are they, who are rewarded for their services in war, than those, who have perished in it? Doubtless, you must answer, that there is no comparison between the numbers; that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas those, who live and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures. All this is quite otherwise with scholars, who from the gown (I am loth to say the sleeves<sup>26</sup>) are all handsomely provided for. Thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. But to this it may be answered, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars, than thirty thousand soldiers; for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which must of course be given to men of their profession; whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master, whom they serve: and this impossibility serves to strengthen my assertion.

“ But, setting aside this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms

over letters; a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong are the reasons, which each party alleges on its own side: for, besides those I have already mentioned, letters say, that, without them, arms could not subsist: for war also has its laws, to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters, and learned men. To this arms answer, that laws cannot be supported without them: for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, and the seas are cleared from corsairs and pirates; in short, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journies by land and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion, which war carries along with it, while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its privileges and its power. Besides, it is past dispute, that what costs most the attaining, is, and ought to be, most esteemed. Now, in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning, it costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other similar inconveniences, as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier, costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much a greater degree, that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. And what dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar, equal to that, which a sol-

dier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a centinel in some ravelin or cavalier<sup>27</sup>, perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place, where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger, that so nearly threatens him? All that he can do, in such a case, is, to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some countermine, and, in the mean time, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see, whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two gallies, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beakhead: and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body; and though he knows, that the first slip of his foot will send him to visit the profound depths of Neptune's bosom; notwithstanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour, that inspires him, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow pass, to force his way into the enemy's vessel: and what

is most to be admired, is, that scarcely is one fallen, whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another takes his place; and if he also falls into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another succeeds without any intermission between their deaths; an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier, and to which it is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which inflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one, who, perhaps, fled and was frightened at the very flash in the pan, and in an instant cuts short, and puts an end to the thoughts and life of him, who deserved to have lived for many ages. And therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say, I repent of having undertaken this profession of Knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as this, in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern, to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and re-

nowned, by the valour of my arm and edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth. But Heaven's will be done: I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, in proportion as the perils, to which I expose myself, are greater than those, to which the Knights-errant of past ages were exposed."

Don Quixote made this long harangue, while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him, he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased. Those, who heard him, were moved with fresh compassion, to see a man who, to every body's thinking, had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it, whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry. The Priest told him, there was great reason in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, though a scholar and a graduate, was of his opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes were preparing the chamber, where Don Quixote de la Mancha lay, in which it was ordered, that the ladies should be lodged by themselves that night, Don Fernando desired the stranger to relate to them the history of his life, since it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining,



if they might judge by his coming in company with Zoraida. To which the stranger answered, that he would very willingly do what they desired, and that he only feared the story would not prove such as might afford them the pleasure he wished; however, rather than not comply with their request, he would relate it. The Priest and all the rest thanked him, and entreated him to begin. And he, finding himself courted by so many, said: "There is no need of entreaties, Gentlemen, where you may command; and therefore, pray, be attentive, and you will hear a true story, not to be equalled, perhaps, by any feigned ones, though usually composed with the most curious and studied art." What he said made all the company seat themselves in order, and observe a strict silence; and he, finding they held their peace, expecting what he would say, with an agreeable and composed voice, began as follows:

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### CHAP. XXXIX.

WHEREIN THE CAPTIVE RELATES HIS LIFE AND  
ADVENTURES.

"IN a certain town in the mountains of Leon, my lineage had its beginning; to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune; though, amidst the penury of those parts, my father passed for a rich man, and really would have been such, had he had the art of saving, as he had of squan-

dering, his estate. This disposition of his to prodigality and profusion proceeded from his having been a soldier in his younger days; for the army is a school, in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal; and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters, but very rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal: a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality. My father had three sons, all men, and of age to choose their way of life: and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means, that made him a prodigal and a spendthrift, and this was to rid himself of his riches, without which Alexander himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day, calling us all three into a room by ourselves, he spoke to us in this or a similar manner:

“ ‘ My Sons, to tell you, that I love you, it is sufficient that I say, you are my children; and to make you think, that I do not love you, it is sufficient, that I am not master enough of myself to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may see, that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a step-father, I design to do a thing by you, which I have had in my thoughts this good while,

and weighed with mature deliberation. You are all now of an age to choose for yourselves a settlement in the world, or at least to pitch upon some way of life, which may be for your honour and profit, when you are grown up. Now, what I have resolved upon, is, to divide what I possess into four parts : three I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference ; and the fourth I will reserve to subsist upon for the remaining days of my life. But when each has the share that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of these ways I shall propose. We have a proverb here in Spain, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, being short sentences, drawn from long and wise experience ; and it is this : *The church, the sea, or the court* ; as if one should say, more plainly : Whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandising, or serve the King in his court ; for it is a saying, that *the King's bit is better than the Lord's bounty*. I say this, because it is my will, that one of you follow letters, another merchandise, and the third serve the King in his wars ; for it is difficult to get admission into his household : and though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they usually procure him much esteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money, without wronging you of a farthing.

as you will see in effect. Tell me now, whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed; and then he desired me, being the eldest, to answer. After I had requested him not to part with what he had, but to spend whatever he pleased, we being young enough to shift for ourselves, I concluded with assuring him I would do as he desired, and take to the army, there to serve God and the king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the Indies, turning his portion into merchandise. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said, he would take to the church, and finish his studies at Salamanca.

“ As soon as we had agreed, and chosen our several professions, my father embraced us all; and, with the dispatch he had promised, put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I remember, was three thousand ducats; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. In one and the self-same day, we all took leave of our good father; and it then seeming to me inhuman to leave my father so old, and with so little to subsist on, I prevailed upon him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. My two brothers, incited by my example, returned him each

a thousand ducats ; so that my father now had four thousand in ready money, and three thousand more, which was the value of the land, that fell to his share, and which he would not sell. To be short, we took our leaves of him, and of our aforesaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all sides, they charging us to acquaint them with our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had opportunity. We promised so to do ; and they having embraced us, and giving us their blessings, one of us took the road to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I to Alicant, where I heard of a Genoese ship, that loaded wool there for Genoa. It is now two-and-twenty years, since I first left my father's house ; and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news, either of him, or of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the course of that time, I will briefly relate it.

"I embarked at Alicant, and had a good passage to Genoa : from thence I went to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms, and some military finery ; and from thence determined to go into the service in Piedmont : and being upon the road to Alexandria de la Paglia, I was informed that the great Duke d'Alva was passing into Flanders with an army. Upon this I changed my mind, went with him, and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the

death of the Counts d'Egmont and Horn. I got an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalajara, called Diego de Urbina. And, soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Pope Pius V. of happy memory, and Spain, against the common enemy, the Turk; who, about the same time, had taken with his fleet the famous island of Cyprus, which was before subject to the Venetians; a sad and unfortunate loss! It was known for certain, that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother of our good King Philip, was appointed generalissimo of this league, and great preparations for war were every where talked of. All which incited a vehement desire in me to be present in the battle, that was expected; and though I had reason to believe, and had some promises, and almost assurances, that, on the first occasion, that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of a captain, I resolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into Italy. And my good fortune would have it, that Don John of Austria was just then come to Genoa, and was going to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he afterwards did at Messina. In short, I was present at that glorious action, being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced, rather by my good fortune, than by my deserts. But that day, which was so fortunate to Christendom, for all nations were then



undeceived of their error, in believing that the Turks were invincible by sea; on that day, I say, on which the Ottoman pride and haughtiness were broken; among so many happy persons as were there, for surely the Christians, who died there, had better fortune than the survivors and conquerors, I alone remained unfortunate, since, instead of what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the Romans, some naval crown, I found myself, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet, and manacles on my hands. Which happened thus.

“Uchali King of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley of Malta, three Knights only being left alive in her, and those desperately wounded; the captain-galley of John Andrea d’Oria came up to her relief, on board of which I was with my company; and, doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy’s galley, which getting off suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me; and so I was left alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, as they were so many: in short, I was carried off prisoner, and sorely wounded. And, as you must have heard, Gentlemen, that Uchali escaped with his whole squadron, by that means I remained a captive in his power, being the only sad person, when so many were joyful; and a slave, when so many were freed:

for fifteen thousand Christians, who were at the oar in the Turkish gallies, that day recovered their long-wished-for liberty. They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Signor Selim made my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off, as a proof of his valour, the flag of the order of Malta. The year following, which was seventy-two, I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley of the Three Lanterns; and there I saw and observed the opportunity that was then lost of taking the whole Turkish navy in port. For all the Levantines and Janizaries on board took it for granted they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and their passamaques, or shoes, in readiness for running away immediately by land, without staying for an engagement: such terror had our navy struck into them. But Heaven ordered it otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the general, who commanded our men, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and ordains, that there should always be some scourges to chastise us. In short, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino, and putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay still, until the season of the year forced Don John to return home. In this campaign, the galley, called the Prize, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the captain-gal-

ley of Naples, called the She-wolf, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, Don Alvaro de Basan, Marquis of Santa Cruz. And I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of the Prize.

“The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so ill, that, as soon as they, who were at the oar, saw that the She-wolf was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars, and, laying hold on their captain, who stood near the poop<sup>28</sup>, calling out to them to row hard, and passing him along from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him such blows, that he had passed but little beyond the mast, before his soul was passed to hell: such was the cruelty with which he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him.

“We returned to Constantinople, and the year following, which was seventy-three, it was known there, that Don John had taken Tunis, and that kingdom from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession thereof, cutting off the hopes that Muley Hamida had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruellest, and yet bravest Moors, that ever was in the world. The Grand Turk felt this loss very sensibly, and putting in practice that sagacity, which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he clapped up a peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than he: and, the year following, being that of seventy-four, he attacked the fortress

of Goleta, and the fort, which Don John had left half finished near Tunis. During all these transactions, I was still at the oar without any hope of redemption: at least I did not expect to be ransomed; for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. In short, the Goleta was lost, and the fort also: before which places the Turks had seventy-five thousand men in pay, besides above four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from all parts of Africa: and this vast multitude was furnished with such quantities of ammunition, and such large warlike stores, together with so many pioneers, that, each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the Goleta and the fort. The Goleta, until then thought impregnable, was first taken, not through default of the besieged, who did all that men could do, but because experience had now shown, how easily trenches might be raised in that desert sand; for though the water used to be within two spans of the surface, the Turks now met with none within two yards; and so by the help of a great number of sacks of sand, they raised their works so high as to overlook and command the fortifications: and leveling from a cavalier, they put it out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of

debarkment: but they, who talk thus, speak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind. For, if there were scarcely seven thousand soldiers in the Goleta, and in the fort, how could so small a number, though ever so resolute, both take the field and garrison the forts, against such a multitude as that of the enemy? And how can a place be maintained, which is not relieved, and especially when besieged by an army, that is both numerous and obstinate, and in their own country too? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that Heaven did a particular grace and favour to Spain, in suffering the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that sponge, and that moth of infinite sums of money, idly spent there, to no other purpose, than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible Emperor Charles the Fifth. The fort also was taken at last: but the Turks were forced to purchase it inch by inch; for the soldiers, who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in two and twenty general assaults. And of three hundred, that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded: an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort also, or tower, in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, a cavalier of Valencia, and a famous soldier, sur-

rendered upon terms. They took prisoner Don Pedrò Portocarrero, general of Goleta, who did all that was possible for the defence of his fortress, and took the loss of it so much to heart, that he died for grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, called Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and a most valiant soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was Pagan d'Oria, Knight of Malta, a gentleman of great generosity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea d'Oria: and what made his death the more lamented was, his dying by the hands of some African Arabs, who, upon seeing that the fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small haven, or settlement, which the Genoese have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These Arabs cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the Turkish fleet, who made good upon them our Castilian proverb, that, *Though we love the treason, we hate the traitor*: for it is said, the general ordered those, who brought him the present, to be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive. Among the Christians, who were taken in the fort, was one Don Pedro d'Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a good



soldier, and a man of excellent parts: in particular he had a happy talent in poetry. I mention this, because his fortune brought him to be slave to the same patron with me, and we served in the same galley, and at the same oar: and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two sonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon Goleta, and the other upon the fort. And indeed I have a mind to repeat them; for I have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be entertaining than disagreeable to you."

At the instant the Captive named Don Pedro d'Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, and all three smiled; and when he mentioned the sonnets, one of them said: "Pray, Sir, before you go any further, be so good as to tell me, what became of that Don Pedro d'Aguilar you talk of?"—"All I know," answered the Captive, "is, that, after he had been two years at Constantinople, he escaped in the habit of an Arnaut<sup>29</sup>, with a Greek spy, and I cannot tell, whether he recovered his liberty: though I believe he did; for, about a year after, I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of that journey."—"He returned to Spain," said the gentleman; "for that Don Pedro is my brother, and is now in our town, in health, and rich; is married, and has three children."—"Thanks be to God," said the Captive, "for the blessings bestowed on

him; for, in my opinion, there is not on earth a satisfaction equal to that of recovering one's liberty."—"Besides," replied the gentleman, "I have by heart the sonnets my brother made."—"Then, pray, Sir, repeat them," said the Captive; "for you will be able to do it better than I can."—"With all my heart," answered the gentleman: "that upon Goleta was thus.

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## CHAP. XL.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF THE  
CAPTIVE.

### SONNET.

BLESS'D souls! that now remov'd from mortal strife;  
And from this sublunary scene below,  
Enjoy above a calm release from woe,  
And Heav'n's high attribute, eternal life:  
Heroic ardour, honourable zeal,  
Your mortal frames to death undaunted bore.  
Your blood incarnadin'd the sea and shore,  
O brave defenders of Goleta's weal!  
Nor did your valour cease, but with your breath.  
Your wearied arms, still conquering in defeat,  
Now hold the laurel crown and victor's seat:  
Yes! fate decreed you victory in death!  
And this your fall beneath the murd'rous blade,  
Claims endless glory for each honour'd shade."

"You have it right," said the Captive. "That on the fort," said the gentleman, "if I do not forget, was as follows: