The Licentiate Vidriera

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A Critical Study, with the Complete Novel in Spanish and English

Miguel de Cervantes

translated by Walter K. Kelly

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Part One · The Study

The Licentiate Vidriera. A Critical Study and Historical Setting

A study of Cervantes's exemplary novel, with the complete text in Spanish and English

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Preface: what this book is, and how to read it

This is not one more edition of *The Licentiate Vidriera*. It is, first and above all, a **study**: a critical commentary and a map of the world in which the story was born, written for the curious reader who wants to understand it in earnest and not merely let the eye slide over its surface. Cervantes's tale — one of the twelve he gathered in 1613 under the title *Novelas ejemplares*, the *Exemplary Novels* — takes up only a handful of pages. It can be read in an afternoon. Yet every one of those pages is woven with threads that a modern reader, and above all a reader who did not grow up inside the Spanish tradition, can no longer see: allusions to student life at Salamanca, to the roads of Spanish Italy, to the wandering court of Philip III, to a medicine that explained madness by the disorder of the bodily humours, to a satire of trades and professions that assumed a public able to laugh at itself. To bring those threads back into view is the work of this commentary.

A word, at the very outset, about why this book exists in English at all, and in this particular form. The story that follows was written in Castilian around the turn of the seventeenth century, and it has lived, for four hundred years, chiefly among Spanish readers and Hispanists. But its questions are not parochial, and its hero — the brilliant, fragile man who believes himself to be made of glass — has long since escaped the boundaries of the language that made him. We have therefore built a single volume that a reader with no Spanish can follow from the first page to the last, and that a reader with some Spanish can use to move back and forth between the original and its oldest complete English dress. The book is arranged in three parts. **Part One is this study. Part Two is the novel itself**, given paragraph by paragraph in Spanish and in the Victorian English translation of Walter K. Kelly (1855), so that the two texts stand side by side. **Part Three gathers the notes**: an account of that translation and of the man who made it, a short life of Cervantes, and a glossary of the harder words, with pop-up definitions on the Kindle.

The plan of the study itself is simple. First we rebuild **the world of 1613**: who Cervantes was at sixty-six, what the *Exemplary Novels* were, and how a book was made and sold in that age; what it meant to study at Salamanca, to travel through Italy as a soldier, to live in a court that had picked itself up and moved to Valladolid; and, above all, what madness was understood to be in the medicine and the literature of the Spanish Golden Age. Then we go **inside the novel**: we follow its plot in stages, we examine its characters, its architecture, its language and its themes. Next comes an **annotated anthology of Vidriera's sayings**, which are the satirical heart of the tale — each barb, whom it pricks and why. A chapter on the **afterlife** of the work follows: how it has been read from the seventeenth century to our own day. The study closes with a **chronology** of Cervantes and his book, and a **reading guide** of ten questions for the classroom or the reading circle.

Why *The Licentiate Vidriera*, and not one of the other eleven novels? For two reasons. The first is practical: it is among the shortest and among the richest in context, so that a commentary can take in the whole of it without wearying the reader. The second goes deeper: it is the Cervantine tale that most directly puts into play the themes of knowledge, criticism, and the place of the clear-sighted individual in society — themes that have not aged. To read it slowly, with its world restored around it, is to look at once into the Spain of 1600 and into questions that remain our own: what price is paid by the one who sees clearly, how much truth hides inside laughter, where wit ends and madness begins.

Two counsels for use. The first: **read the novel through before you read the commentary**, or at least read each stretch of the story before you read its analysis. The commentary assumes that you already know the plot, and it does not avoid telling you how the story ends. The second: do not look here for learning displayed for its own sake. We have tried to say only what is known with reasonable certainty and what is the common patrimony of Cervantine scholarship; where a matter is disputed or uncertain, it is said so, or it is left unsaid. Cervantes wrote to be read with pleasure and with profit — he called his stories *exemplary* — and it is that double intention this book would like to prolong.

The world of 1613

Cervantes at sixty-six

When the *Exemplary Novels* came out in Madrid in 1613, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was an old man by the reckoning of his time and, at long last, a successful writer. He had been born in Alcalá de Henares in 1547, the son of a barber-surgeon of scant and roving means. His biography is that of a Spaniard of the century, with more blows than

glories in it: he went to Italy around 1569; he fought at Lepanto in 1571, where a harquebus shot left his left hand maimed for life — hence the proud nickname *el manco de Lepanto*, "the one-handed man of Lepanto," which he preferred to any other; he was taken by corsairs in 1575 and spent five years a captive in Algiers, with several escape attempts that might have cost him his life; he was ransomed in 1580. Back in Spain he tried his fortune with the pen (*La Galatea*, 1585) and with the stage, without lasting success, and he earned his bread wretchedly as a commissary requisitioning supplies for the Armada and then as a tax-gatherer in Andalusia — a thankless office that landed him in prison over tangled accounts.

For a reader accustomed to think of great authors as men cushioned by patronage or leisure, it is worth dwelling on how hard and how ordinary that life had been. Cervantes was a veteran soldier who had been mutilated in the most famous sea battle of the age; a former slave who had known the auction block and the barracks of Barbary; a minor official who had gone from village to village weighing grain and counting coins, and who had felt the sharp edge of the law when his sums would not balance. He belonged, that is, to no charmed circle. Whatever he came to know of Italy, of the sea, of war, of the market, of the prison and of the court, he had bought at first hand and often dearly. This is not a decorative fact. It is the ground from which the novel grows, for *The Licentiate Vidriera* is, among other things, a book made out of things seen — roads, inns, ships, hospitals, law courts, the bustle of a university town — by a man who had seen them.

The turn came late and all at once. In 1605 he published the first part of *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*, which was an immediate publishing sensation, with reprints and pirated editions within months. From that point on, Cervantes was "the author of *Don Quixote*," and from that newly won authority he prepared and sent to press, in the closing years of his life, a copious body of work: the *Exemplary Novels* (1613), the *Journey to Parnassus* (1614), the *Eight Comedies and Eight New Interludes* (1615), the second part of *Don Quixote* (1615), and, posthumously, *The Trials of Persiles and Sigismunda* (1617). He died in Madrid in April 1616, a few days after signing the dedication of the *Persiles*, with a serenity in the face of death that moves us still.

The prologue to the *Exemplary Novels* leaves us, in addition, the only physical self-portrait we have of the writer from his own hand, and it is a small masterpiece of humour and dignity. He describes himself as having "an aquiline countenance, chestnut hair, a smooth and untroubled brow, cheerful eyes, and a nose curved though well proportioned; a beard of silver that not twenty years ago was gold." He calls himself "the one-handed man of Lepanto" and explains that the wound, "which seems ugly, he holds for beautiful, having received it on the most memorable and lofty occasion that past ages have seen." There is, in those lines, a way of looking at one's own decay — old age, the useless hand, fortune's coldness — without complaint and with irony, and it is the very same eye with which the novel looks upon Vidriera's madness and the miseries of the world. It is worth keeping in mind: the man who writes is no embittered soul, but one who has learned to laugh at adversity without denying it.

That mature Cervantes is the one who matters for *The Licentiate Vidriera*. He is a man who has seen Italy and war, who has known prison and the court, who has dealt with soldiers, merchants, actors, notaries, doctors, and friars, and who has learned to look at them all with a mixture, very much his own, of irony and compassion. And he lays claim, with legitimate pride, to a novelty: "I am the first to have written novels in the Castilian tongue" — that is, the first to write short fictions of his own invention, and not translated or imitated from the Italian. The claim is, in essence, true, and it marks the birth of a genre in Spanish.

The Spain of Philip III: empire and unease

To place the novel, the English reader needs a quick sketch of the reign in which it appeared, for it is a reign that colours the whole book with its peculiar mixture of imperial grandeur and creeping unease. Philip II, the sombre master of the Escorial and of an empire "on which the sun never set," had died in 1598; his son Philip III, a mild and devout man with little taste for the labour of ruling, handed the government over to a **favourite** (*valido*), the Duke of Lerma, who governed in his stead and enriched his kin with a thoroughness that became a byword. It was Lerma who, in 1601, moved the court from Madrid to Valladolid — the removal that dates and colours the second half of *Vidriera* — and Lerma who moved it back in 1606, to the profit of those who had speculated on property in one city or the other. The court satire of the novel, its swarm of place-seekers and its economy of favour, is the direct reflection of a state run less by institutions than by patronage radiating from a single powerful man.

Outwardly the Monarchy was still immense and still victorious enough. In 1609 it signed the **Twelve Years' Truce** with the rebellious Dutch, a pause in the long, ruinous war in Flanders — the very Flanders to which the captain leads Tomás, and in which Tomás will die. But beneath the grandeur, thoughtful Spaniards were beginning to feel that

something had gone wrong. The silver of the Indies flowed in and flowed out again to pay for wars and to enrich foreign bankers; prices rose; the countryside emptied; the burden of taxes fell on the productive and spared the privileged; and a whole literature of anxious reformers, the *arbitristas*, poured out schemes to arrest a decline they could sense but not name. The expulsion of the Moriscos between 1609 and 1614 — an act of religious and ethnic purification that also stripped whole regions of their most industrious farmers and artisans — belongs to this same troubled reign, and to the very years of the *Exemplary Novels*.

This is the double air the novel breathes: on one hand the confident, cosmopolitan world of the journey through Spanish Italy, with its wealth and its monuments and its swagger; on the other, the sour, disenchanted world of the court, where honest merit starves and shameless effrontery is fed. The *desengaño*, the disillusion, that Baroque Spain made its master-theme was not an abstract mood but the felt experience of a society that had reached its zenith and half-suspected it was beginning to descend. When Vidriera, cured and ruined, curses a court that "sustains abundantly the shameless buffoons and starves to death the discreet and modest," he is not only making a joke: he is giving voice to a widespread contemporary sense that the rewards of that Spain had come loose from its deserts. The tale of a useful man who can find no use is, among other things, a small parable of a Monarchy that no longer knew how to employ its best.

The Exemplary Novels

The *Exemplary Novels* are twelve tales of very diverse length and tone, printed together in Madrid in 1613. The order in which they appear is this: *The Little Gypsy Girl*, *The Generous Lover*, *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, *The Spanish-English Lady*, *The Licentiate Vidriera* — the fifth — *The Force of Blood*, *The Jealous Old Man from Extremadura*, *The Illustrious Kitchen-Maid*, *The Two Damsels*, *The Lady Cornelia*, *The Deceitful Marriage*, and *The Colloquy of the Dogs*. Critics commonly distinguish between the more "idealizing" novels — of love, adventure, and Italianate recognition scenes — and the more "realistic" or critical ones, attentive to society and its types; but the line between them is porous, and a good part of Cervantes's art consists precisely in crossing it.

For an English-speaking reader it may help to fix the word *novela* in its period sense, because it does not mean what "novel" means in English. It meant then something very precise: not the long prose fiction we now call a novel, but the short tale of invention, the *novella* in the Italian manner that Boccaccio had made famous in his *Decameron* and that, nearer to Cervantes, writers such as Matteo Bandello and Giraldi Cinthio had carried on in collections that circulated across Europe in translation. What Cervantes claims in his prologue is not to have invented the form, but to have practised it **for the first time in Castilian and out of his own harvest**, without translating or "filching" from anyone: "my own wit begot them and my pen gave them birth." His, moreover, are set apart from the Italian ones by their moral purpose — hence *exemplary* — and by a depth of psychology and a freedom of invention the genre had not before attained. With the *Exemplary Novels*, the short tale is naturalized in Spanish and raised to major art.

The key word of the title is *exemplary*. In the prologue Cervantes defends himself in advance against anyone who might accuse him of writing idle or harmful things: "I have given them the name of exemplary, and if you look well, there is not one of them from which some profitable example may not be drawn." He adds the celebrated image of the billiard table — the *mesa de trucos*, the trucks-table of the day — proposing his stories as a place of honest recreation, a public games-table "where each may come to divert himself, without hurt to bystanders." That is to say: entertainment, yes, but without harm and with moral profit. This double intention — to delight and to instruct, the old Horatian ideal — is the keystone of the whole book, and of *The Licentiate Vidriera* in particular, where the "example" is not preached: it is distilled from the spectacle of a man who, precisely because he is mad, can say aloud the truths that the sane keep quiet.

Censorship and licences

No book was printed in the Spain of the Habsburgs without passing through an apparatus of permissions, and the modern reader — accustomed to a press that is, in principle, free — needs to grasp this machinery in order to understand what a Spanish writer of 1600 could and could not say. To publish, one needed an **approbation** (*aprobación*), the verdict of a censor certifying that the work contained nothing against the faith or against good morals; a royal **licence** (*licencia*); and a **privilege** (*privilegio*), which granted the author or the publisher the exclusive right to print the work for a set number of years — normally ten — in the kingdoms of Castile. To these were added, once the book was printed, the **certificate of errata** (*fe de erratas*) and the **price schedule** (*tasa*), which fixed officially the selling price by the printed sheet. All that scaffolding — approbations, privilege, price — appears in the front matter of the 1613 edition, and it serves us today, among other things, to date and authenticate the book.

In the particular case of the *Exemplary Novels*, the preliminaries of 1613 carry that whole apparatus — ecclesiastical and civil approbations signed the previous year, a royal privilege for ten years in the kingdoms of Castile, the errata and the price — together with the dedication to the Count of Lemos, Cervantes's protector in his last years, and the famous prologue to the reader. That set of pieces was no mere formality: it placed the book within an order of authorities — the Church, the Crown, the patron — that authorized and protected it. To write under such a regime demanded an art of prudence, and Cervantes mastered it as few did.

It is worth understanding what this meant for a writer. Prior censorship imposed a constant caution: one could not touch with impunity either dogma or the honour of institutions. Hence the value of a device like the one at the centre of *The Licentiate Vidriera*. To put the sharpest criticisms — against bad doctors, crooked judges, vain poets, notaries, friars — into the mouth of a **madman** was, among other things, a safe-conduct. What a lunatic says does not fully compromise its author; and yet the reader understands perfectly that many of these "madnesses" are the soundest of judgments. Vidriera's madness works, in this way, as a **licence** in the double sense of the word: the university degree that Tomás attains, and the permission to say what, spoken by a sane man, would be dangerous. That pun — *licenciado* means both "licentiate," the holder of a degree, and, by a hair's breadth, one who has taken licence — is not our invention; it lives inside the Spanish title, and it is the first thing a translator must regretfully let go.

The book trade

The Madrid of the early seventeenth century was living a moment of publishing expansion. The hand press — of movable type and screw platen, heir to Gutenberg — produced books sheet by sheet, in print runs that generally went from a thousand to fifteen hundred or two thousand copies. The business was driven less by the author than by the **bookseller-publisher**, who bought the privilege and bore both the costs and the profits. The *Exemplary Novels* were published by Juan de la Cuesta — the same printer as *Don Quixote* — at the charge of the book merchant Francisco de Robles. The author was normally paid a lump sum for the privilege and little more; the fortune, if there was one, went to the publisher.

It is worth imagining the physical object. A book of 1613 was almost always sold **in sheets** (*en rama*), that is, unbound: folded gatherings that the buyer then took to a binder according to his purse. The official price — the *tasa* — was reckoned by the sheet, not by the finished copy. Reading, moreover, was frequently **aloud and shared**: a single copy served a circle of listeners, so that the real public of a book greatly exceeded the number of copies sold. That orality partly explains Cervantes's art, so made to be spoken and heard: Vidriera's sayings, brief and neatly finished, are designed to shine in a reading aloud, like the jests the madman himself lets fly before the crowd that surrounds him in the story.

That economic reality left its mark on the novel itself. When Vidriera censures the booksellers, he aims with precision at a concrete abuse of the trade: "the finicking they make when they buy the privilege of a book, and the trick they play on its author if he happens to print it at his own cost, for instead of one thousand five hundred, they print three thousand books, and when the author thinks his own are being sold, other men's are being disposed of." It is the complaint of one who knows the guild from the inside: the hidden overrun, the "extra" copies that the printer sells on his own account, defrauding the author. Behind the satire beats the experience of a Cervantes who had watched his *Don Quixote* triumph without growing rich by it.

Salamanca and its students

The novel opens with "two gentlemen students walking along the banks of the Tormes": we are in Salamanca, and it is no accident. The University of Salamanca was around 1600 one of the largest in Europe, with several thousand matriculated students, and the undisputed centre of the juridical and theological learning of the Monarchy. To it came everyone from the sons of great houses to the poor boy who served a master "only that he might give him schooling," like Tomás Rodaja himself. The whole city lived from and for the University: lodging-houses, booksellers, old-clothes dealers, gaming rooms, the famous picaresque life of the scholars. Cervantes portrays that world with the knowledge of one who had seen it and with evident affection: Salamanca "bewitches the will of all who have tasted the pleasantness of its life to return to it." There is a revealing verb there, *enhechizar*, "to bewitch," which anticipates the literal enchantment — the doctored quince — that will later derange Tomás.

The hero's very name says much about that world. "Tomás Rodaja" — from *rodaja*, a little wheel or slice — is a poor labourer's name, as his masters at once deduce "from the name and from the dress"; and yet the boy will rise by the one

path that the society of estates left open to talent without birth: study. The University was, in effect, one of the few social lifts of the age. A labourer's son might, if he had wit and a master to bear the cost, take his degree and aspire to the administration, to the Church, even — as the child dreams — to a bishopric: "for I have heard that of men bishops are made." That faith in merit over lineage runs through the whole novel and beats in the pride with which Tomás wishes to "honour" his parents, not for what they are, but for what he will become. It is an idea of honour — the honour that is earned — opposed to that of inherited lineage, and one very dear to Cervantes.

Tomás's academic itinerary is plausible and significant. He serves a pair of masters for eight years, studies chiefly **law** but shines especially in the **humanities** — Latin, rhetoric, poetry — and ends by **graduating licentiate in laws**. That double profile, jurist and humanist, is that of the useful man the society demanded: someone fit to serve the administration of the Monarchy. Tomás's fall into madness frustrates precisely that promising career; and his cure at the end restores him, in theory, to it. The University is thus both the starting point and the horizon of return for the character: the seat of reason from which he sets out and to which he cannot truly come back.

Spanish Italy

As soon as he leaves Salamanca, Tomás falls under the spell — the first, the metaphorical one — of a captain who paints Italy for him as a paradise: "the beauty of the city of Naples, the ease of Palermo, the abundance of Milan, the feasts of Lombardy." The Italy through which Tomás travels is not just any foreign land: a good part of it — the Kingdom of Naples, Sicily, the Duchy of Milan — belonged to the Spanish Crown, and was garrisoned by its *tercios*, the celebrated infantry regiments. For a young Spaniard, to make the career of arms in Italy was almost a rite of passage, and Cervantes, who had made it, describes the itinerary with the exactness of one who walked it.

For the English reader, to whom "Spain" and "Italy" are two separate countries, this needs underlining: in 1600 the map did not look as it does now. The Spanish Habsburgs ruled, directly or through viceroys, a great swathe of the peninsula, and the sea lanes from Barcelona and Cartagena to Genoa and Naples were, in effect, imperial highways along which soldiers, silver, and dispatches flowed. When Tomás sails from Cartagena in four galleys bound for Naples, he is not emigrating; he is moving within his king's dominions. The journey is a small guidebook to the Italy of 1600. **Genoa**, the galleys' port of arrival, with its houses "set like diamonds in gold" among the rocks, and the memorable scene at the inn where the host parades the wines of half of Europe like an army of names. **Florence**, which pleases him "in the extreme, as much for its agreeable situation as for its cleanliness, sumptuous buildings, fresh river, and pleasant streets." **Rome**, "queen of cities and mistress of the world," before whose ruins and temples Tomás measures the greatness, past and present, of the city, and whose devout life he follows — the seven churches, the kissing of the Pontiff's foot. **Naples**, "in his opinion and in that of all who have seen it, the best in Europe." Then Sicily, Loreto, **Venice** — compared, with imperial pride, to Hernán Cortés's Mexico — Milan, "the workshop of Vulcan," and at last **Flanders**, the war front to which the captain leads him. This stretch serves a double function: it completes Tomás's human formation — "long peregrinations make men discreet" — and it places him as a lucid witness, somewhat set apart, of military life, whose miseries he observes without letting himself be fully enlisted. That Tomás should travel the whole of Italy and come back without having "sat beneath a banner" is already a trait of his character: he looks, he learns, he judges, but he keeps his liberty.

Arms and letters: the soldier's life

Tomás's journey is no tourism: it is an immersion in the military life of the Monarchy. Cervantes, a veteran of Lepanto, knew that life in his own flesh, and the novel pulses with the experience. When Tomás observes "the authority of the commissaries, the discomfort caused by some captains, the diligence of the quartermasters, the industry and reckoning of the paymasters, the complaints of the towns, the redeeming of billets, the insolences of the raw recruits," he is describing with precision the mechanism of a company on the march: the forced billeting in the towns — the *boletas* that assigned a house to each soldier — the requisition of *bagajes* (pack animals) from the townsfolk, the abuses of the new levies, the *bisoños*. War, seen close up, is not glory but logistics, discomfort, and friction with the civilian population.

The captain had painted the soldier's calling for him on its bright side — "the free life of the soldier and the liberty of Italy" — and had said nothing of "the cold of the sentry duty, the peril of the assaults, the terror of the battles, the hunger of the sieges, the ruin of the mines." The narrator underscores that double face: what the captain presents as mere "additions" to the trade "are the principal burden of it." Here Cervantes touches one of his great themes — that of arms and letters, which he had developed in Don Quixote's famous discourse: the tension between the contemplative life

of the scholar and the active life of the soldier. Tomás, significantly, chooses neither fully during the journey: he accompanies the soldiers without enlisting, he looks upon war without fighting it, he keeps the freedom of the man of letters in the midst of the world of arms. Only at the end, ruined as a sane man, will he become a soldier in earnest, and he will die in Flanders "leaving in his death the fame of a prudent and most valiant soldier." The novel thus draws a cruel arc: the man of letters who fails ends by finding his only exit — and his death — in arms. The two lives Cervantes knew, that of the study and that of the regiment, meet in Tomás's destiny.

Valladolid, the court, and the machinery of favour

The second half of the novel unfolds at court, and here the text gives us a precious chronological clue. A "prince or lord" resident at the **court** sends for Vidriera, and the madman is carried to **Valladolid**. Now, the court of Philip III stood at Valladolid only between 1601 and 1606: in 1601, under the favourite the Duke of Lerma, it was moved there from Madrid, and in 1606 it returned to Madrid, which would never again lose the capital. That the novel should place the court at Valladolid suggests, according to the critics, that Cervantes wrote it or set it in those Valladolid years, when he himself lived in that city. It is the famous Valladolid of the house by the Rastro, the scene too of the violent death that spattered the Cervantes family in 1605.

The word *corte* designated then far more than the king's residence: it was the centre of gravity of the whole realm, the engine where offices, favours, lawsuits, and graces were distributed, and to which came, from all over Spain, the *pretendientes* — those who aspired to a post or a favour — to wait in antechambers for months or years. That swarm of aspirants, that economy of waiting and of favour, is the backdrop of the novel's court satire. Vidriera, first as a mad oracle and then as a sane jurist, moves in that world of suitors; and his final failure is precisely that of an honest man in a machine that rewards only audacity and flattery.

The court, in the novel, is the great theatre of vanity and place-seeking. It is where all who hope for advancement gather — "the bold pretenders" — and where the honest come to grief — "the bashful virtuous." The final judgment of Vidriera, once cured, is of a transparent bitterness: "O court, that lengthenest the hopes of the bold pretenders and shortenest those of the bashful virtuous, that sustainest abundantly the shameless buffoons and starvest to death the discreet and modest!" And the joke about Madrid and Valladolid — a pun on the two cities lost, alas, in every translation — is a topical wink for a public that had lived, with vexation or with profit, the removal of the capital. Beneath the jest one glimpses the satire of a court machinery that rewards effrontery and punishes timid virtue: a theme very much to the taste of the age, and very much Cervantes's own.

Madness in the medicine and the literature of the Golden Age

To understand Vidriera one must understand what madness was for his time, and here the distance between 1600 and the present is at its widest. The medicine of the Renaissance was still, in essentials, that of Hippocrates and Galen: health depended on the balance of the four **humours** — blood, phlegm, yellow bile or choler, and black bile or melancholy — and illness on their disorder. Tomás's madness is explained within that frame: a poison — the "enchantment" of the quince — alters his complexion and leaves him "sound" in body but "mad with the strangest madness." His delirium belongs, specifically, to the domain of **melancholy**, the cold, dry humour that the medical tradition associated both with mental illness and, paradoxically, with genius: it was ancient doctrine, gathered up by Aristotelianism and very much alive in the sixteenth century, that men outstanding in the arts and letters were melancholics. That Vidriera should unite in himself "so extraordinary a madness" and "so great an understanding" is no caprice: it is the fictional translation of a medical and philosophical idea of his time, that of the lucid melancholic.

It is worth pausing on the relation between wit and temperament, because it explains the very ground of the character. A widely read book in the Spain of Cervantes, the *Examination of Men's Wits for the Sciences* (*Examen de ingenios para las ciencias*, 1575) of Juan Huarte de San Juan, argued that intellectual capacities depend on the physical complexion — on the predominance of some humours over others — and that each kind of wit is fit for some sciences and not for others. In that climate of ideas, the union of melancholy and acuteness was no gratuitous paradox but almost a doctrine: the dry and cold temperament, prone to sadness and to mental illness, was also the sharpest, the most apt for speculation. Tomás, a "rare wit" from childhood, is a melancholic in potential; the poison does no more than unleash, driving it into delirium, a disposition that was already in him. His madness is not an alien irruption but the morbid exaggeration of his own exceptional nature.

The particular delusion — to believe oneself made of **glass**, brittle, fragile, transparent — was likewise not Cervantes's invention. Scholarship has shown that the "glass delusion" (*el mal del vidrio*) was a recognized type of melancholy described by physicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with real cases documented in several courts and cities of Europe: sufferers convinced they were of glass, of clay, or of crystal, terrified at the possibility of shattering. The best-known example belongs to France, where King Charles VI was reputed in the previous century to fear that he would break; and learned treatises on melancholy discussed the condition gravely. Cervantes takes that clinical picture and turns it into **metaphor**: glass is at once fragility — Tomás fears he will crack, sleeps in the straw, shuns people — and **transparency** and **acuteness**. The character himself reasons it out: because he is of glass, "a subtle and delicate matter," his soul acts "with more promptness and efficacy" than in a body of flesh, "heavy and earthy." The illness sharpens his wit. Glass is the perfect emblem of the understanding that sees clearly but cannot bear the touch of the world.

A nuance deserves emphasis. The medicine of the age did not separate body and mind as sharply as ours does: madness was a *physical* illness, a derangement of the humours that could be cured with bodily remedies. That is why the novel is coherent when it tells us that Tomás was cured of "the malady of the body, but not that of the understanding," and that years later a religious "who had a particular grace and skill in curing madmen" restores him "to his first judgment." The madness comes in by a poison and goes out by a cure: it has, in the world of the novel, natural causes and natural remedies. Cervantes does not wrap it in mystery or divine punishment; he treats it with an almost clinical sobriety that was, in his day, a form of modernity.

As for literature, the figure of the fool who speaks truth was a commonplace with centuries of history behind it. From the *court jester* — the fool to whom insolence was permitted — to the tradition of the *praise of folly* that Erasmus had fixed in 1511, European culture disposed of a whole repertoire for making unreason a vehicle of satire and of wisdom. In Spain, Cervantes's generation had read Erasmus, or the diffuse Erasmianism that steeped the culture of their youth, with its taste for irony, its criticism of hypocrisy, and its inward religion. Américo Castro, in a classic book of 1925, underlined that critical, "Erasmian" vein of Cervantine thought, and Marcel Bataillon documented the reach of Erasmianism in sixteenth-century Spain. *The Licentiate Vidriera* is, in this sense, first cousin to *Don Quixote*: both turn on a sane-madman whose unreason illuminates the reason of others, and both make madness a privileged instrument of knowledge.

Old Christians and new: purity of blood

There is one dimension of the novel that a reader outside the Spanish tradition is almost certain to miss, and it is worth setting out plainly, because without it several of Vidriera's sharpest sayings lose their point. Spain in 1600 was obsessed with *limpieza de sangre* — "purity of blood." The phrase referred to descent: an "old Christian" (*cristiano viejo*) was one who could show that none of his ancestors had been Jewish or Moorish; a "new Christian" (*cristiano nuevo*), or *converso*, descended from Jews converted to Christianity — many of them in the great forced conversions and expulsion of 1492 — and, correspondingly, a *morisco* descended from converted Muslims. In theory all were Christians alike; in practice, statutes of purity of blood, adopted by cathedral chapters, military orders, colleges, and guilds across the sixteenth century, barred those of "tainted" descent from a growing list of honours, offices, and dignities. Blood, not belief, had become a passport.

This was not a marginal prejudice but a central engine of the society's anxieties, and it bred a whole culture of suspicion, denunciation, and forged genealogies. To be able to prove oneself an old Christian was a form of capital; to be suspected of the contrary could ruin a career or a marriage. The obsession fell hardest, ironically, on the humble and the ambitious — precisely the sort of man Tomás Rodaja is — for whom a clean pedigree was often the only patrimony they could claim. And it sat in permanent, unspoken tension with the other idea of honour the novel prizes, the honour of merit: for what is the worth of a degree earned by study, if a whisper about one's grandparents can undo it?

When Vidriera, at a church door, sees a labourer "boasting of being an old Christian" followed by a man "of worse repute," and cries "Wait, Sunday, for the Sabbath to pass," he is detonating a small bomb in the most sensitive place of all. "Sunday" (*Domingo*, the Lord's day) stands for the old Christian; "Sabbath" (*Sábado*, the Jewish day of rest) for the *converso*. In eight syllables he has called a man a secret Jew, in public, at the threshold of a church — and got away with it, because he is mad. The joke is not gratuitous cruelty; it is Cervantes using the madman's licence to name, and thereby to expose to the light, the very mania that ruined so many lives. It is telling that Kelly's Victorian English drops the passage altogether: not only is the pun on the days untranslatable, but the whole apparatus of purity of blood was so

alien to a nineteenth-century English reader that the gibe would have fallen flat without a page of explanation. What a Spaniard felt as a scandal, an Englishman would have met as a puzzle.

Moriscos and the shadow of the expulsion

The woman who prepares the fatal love-charm is, the text tells us, a *morisca* — a woman of converted Moorish descent — and the detail would have carried, for the first readers of 1613, a charge that is worth restoring. The Moriscos were the descendants of the Muslims of the Iberian kingdoms, nominally converted to Christianity but widely suspected of secretly keeping their old faith, language, and customs. Throughout the sixteenth century they lived under mounting pressure and suspicion, and between 1609 and 1614 — that is, in the very years around the publication of the *Exemplary Novels* — the Crown decreed and carried out their **mass expulsion** from Spain, uprooting some hundreds of thousands of people. When Cervantes wrote, the Morisco question was not history but raw, present, and painful news.

To associate the Morisca with sorcery and with the philtre is, on the surface, to lean on a hostile commonplace: the minority as a reservoir of forbidden knowledge, of spells and poisons. But Cervantes's practice elsewhere is more complicated than the commonplace — in *Don Quixote* the fictional author is the Moorish sage Cide Hamete Benengeli, and the moving figure of the exiled Morisco Ricote, in the second part, gives voice to the human cost of the expulsion. In *The Licentiate Vidriera* the Morisca is a shadow at the edge of the story, barely a figure; yet her presence localizes the enchantment in a particular social fear, and it reminds us that the "magic" that undoes Tomás comes from the margins of a society that both used and persecuted those margins. The English reader who knows nothing of the Moriscos will read the philtre as mere folklore; the reader who knows will hear, behind it, the noise of a real and contemporary tragedy.

Sorcery, love-philtres, and the reach of the law

The mechanism of the catastrophe — a spurned woman who resorts to a love-charm and, instead of love, deals out poison — belongs to a whole world of belief and law that repays a moment's notice. Love-magic was a real and widespread practice in early modern Spain, the resort above all of women without other power over the men who scorned or abandoned them: potions, powders, prayers, and charms to "bind the will." The Inquisition and the ordinary courts both concerned themselves with it, though generally as superstition and fraud rather than as diabolical witchcraft of the kind that filled the pyres of northern Europe; Spanish tribunals were, on the whole, sceptical of the reality of such spells, and inclined to treat the practitioners as deceivers preying on the credulous.

Cervantes takes exactly that sceptical, rationalist line, and he makes the narrator state it outright. Love-philtres, he says, are rightly called *veneficios* — a word that hovers between "witchings" and "poisonings" — "for they do no other thing than give poison to the one who takes them, as experience has shown on many and diverse occasions." The point is precise and modern: there is no magic here, only chemistry and its unintended effects. The woman meant to compel love; what she administered was a toxin, and the result is not passion but a wrecked nervous system and a deranged mind. This is why, when the law "had notice of the case," it goes not after a witch but after a poisoner — "the malefactress" — who has prudently disappeared. The whole episode is a quiet argument against the belief in the efficacy of spells: the only real power in the world, the narrator implies, is the power of substances on bodies. That a story about a man who thinks he is made of glass should be, at its hinge, so hard-headed about the causes of things is one of the small marvels of Cervantine intelligence.

The novel from within

The plot, stage by stage

The Licentiate Vidriera has a very clear structure, which may be divided into five stages. It is worth walking through them one by one, because the meaning of the work depends on how they are joined.

First stage: Tomás Rodaja, the boy who wants to study. Two gentlemen students find asleep, on the banks of the Tormes, a boy of about eleven dressed as a labourer. He is going to Salamanca "to seek a master to serve, only that he might give him schooling." Asked about his birthplace and his parents, he answers with a phrase that defines his character: he will not tell their names "until I can honour them and it" with his studies, "for I have heard that of men bishops are made." He is a child moved by the ambition of knowledge and by a keen sense of honour earned, not

inherited. The gentlemen take him into their service; the boy says his name is Tomás Rodaja. In eight years he becomes famous in the University for his wit; he graduates licentiate in laws. This brief and luminous stage presents the **intellectual hero**: poor, self-made in origin, master of a memory and an understanding out of the common run.

Second stage: the journey, or the schooling of the world. On the road back to Salamanca, Tomás meets the captain Don Diego de Valdivia, who seduces him with a picture of Italy and persuades him to accompany him to the war. Tomás accepts, but on a revealing condition: he will not enlist, will not "sit beneath a banner," so as not to lose his liberty — "I would rather go free than obliged." He thus traverses, as a witness and not as a soldier, military life on the march (with its discomforts and abuses: commissaries, quartermasters, raw recruits, pack requisitions) and then the whole of Italy, from Genoa to Flanders. His journey done, "having satisfied the desire that moved him to see what he had seen," he returns to Spain, to Salamanca, and finishes his studies. This stage completes Tomás's education: to book-learning he adds the experience of the world. He is a formed man, discreet, prudent. All is ready for a life of usefulness — and it is just then that the catastrophe arrives.

Third stage: the enchantment and the madness. In Salamanca, a "lady of every stripe and traffic" — a courtesan — falls in love with Tomás, who disdains her because "he attended more to his books than to other pastimes." Spurned, and advised by a Morisca woman, she gives him in a quince an "enchantment" — a love philtre — to force his will. The narrator comments with rationalist irony that such drinks are rightly called *venefícios* — "witchings" that are really "poisonings" — "for they do no other thing than give poison to the one who takes them." The result is not love but poisoning: Tomás falls into convulsions, spends six months in bed, and comes out of it "sound" in body but "mad with the strangest madness": he believes he is all of glass. This stage is the hinge of the novel. The cause of the madness is at once natural (a poison) and symbolic (rejected love avenging itself upon reason), and its effect is a fertile paradox: the man who goes mad becomes, in a sense, more lucid than ever.

Fourth stage: the licentiate Vidriera and his sayings. This is the longest stage and the one that gives the work its name and its meaning. Convinced he is of glass, Tomás — who now has himself called Vidriera, "Glasscase" — lives in an extravagant fashion: he wears a loose brown gown, goes unshod, eats fruit handed to him on the point of a stick, sleeps in the open or buried in straw, shuns everyone's touch for fear of shattering. But he answers every question put to him "with the greatest acuteness of wit," and for that a multitude follows him. Carried to the court at Valladolid inside panniers of straw, as though he were glass in earnest, he becomes a celebrity: a street oracle. The bulk of the stage is a **string of sayings, gibes, and anecdotes** in which Vidriera reviews, one by one, the trades and vices of his time: poets, booksellers, physicians, apothecaries, judges, constables, notaries, tailors, cobblers, players, puppeteers, muleteers, duennas, men who dye their beards. It is a **satire of estates** in full form, a parade of society seen from the liberty of the madman. It lasts "two years or a little more," until a friar of the Order of Saint Jerome, skilled in curing the mad, heals him.

Fifth stage: Tomás Rueda, or the failure of sanity. Cured, Tomás changes his name — "calling himself the licentiate Rueda, and not Rodaja" — and returns to court, ready to practise his profession as a jurist. But he discovers a bitter irony: when he was mad, people listened to him and kept him; now that he is sane, no one heeds him. The crowd follows him out of curiosity, not for his counsel. He begs to be allowed to earn his living — "that what I gained as a madman, which is my sustenance, I should not lose as a sane man" — but it is useless. Ruined, "seeing himself die of hunger," he leaves the court and goes to Flanders, to serve as a soldier beside his old friend the captain Valdivia, and there he dies "leaving in his death the fame of a prudent and most valiant soldier." This dry and desolate ending is the moral key of the novel: society prizes the spectacle of madness and despises the wisdom of the sane. The useful man finds no place; only war — death — gives him, at last, a station and a fame.

Seen as a whole, the arc of the five stages draws a perfect irony. Tomás wanted to honour his people through knowledge; knowledge takes him to Salamanca, Salamanca to Italy, Italy back to Salamanca, and there, at the moment of highest promise, an unsought love destroys him. Mad, he gains the fame and the sustenance his sanity had denied him; sane again, he loses them. And in the end he does win "fame" — the thing he had sought since childhood — but it is the fame of the dead soldier, not of the sage. The novel fulfils, by twisting it, the protagonist's initial wish: Tomás does at last honour his name, but with his life, not with his letters. Cervantes, who had done both things — letters and arms — knew well the price of each.

The names: Rodaja, Vidriera, Rueda

Cervantes was a careful giver of names, and in this novel the names are a small drama in themselves, a fact the English reader is likely to miss because they cannot be carried over into English without losing either their sound or their sense. The hero is called, in succession, **Rodaja**, **Vidriera**, and **Rueda**, and the three names chart the three states of his life.

Rodaja means a little wheel, a small disc or slice — the sort of humble, concrete, faintly comic word that marks him at once, in the ears of his masters, as "the son of some poor labourer." It is a name of origin, of low birth, of the world he is trying to leave behind by study. *Vidriera* — the name the madness fastens on him, and the one that gives the book its title — means a glass pane or glazed window, a thing of glass; it is the delusion made into an identity, the man dissolved into his obsession. And *Rueda*, the name he takes when he is cured, means simply a wheel — the same image as *Rodaja*, but grown up, enlarged, dignified: the little wheel has become a full one. The progression *Rodaja → Rueda* is a quiet claim that the poor boy has completed himself, has earned his full stature; and yet the novel's irony is that the man of the "full wheel" is precisely the one the world will not employ. He gains the greater name and loses the living.

There is a further turn in the choice to be cured under a new name at all. Tomás does not simply recover; he *renames* himself, as if to leave the madman behind with the old name. But the crowd is not fooled: they follow "Doctor Rueda" precisely because they remember "Doctor Glasscase," and the new name cannot buy him the fresh start he wants. The past clings. Even the title of the book conspires against him: we know him, and will always know him, as *Vidriera*, the glass man — the mad self has swallowed the sane one in the memory of readers exactly as it did in the memory of the crowd. Cervantes has built into the very names the tale's central cruelty: that a man may be valued for his affliction and forgotten in his health.

And then, hovering over all of this, there is the title's other pun, the one already noticed in these pages: *licenciado*, "licentiate," the university degree, shadowed by *licencia*, "licence," the freedom to speak. To call the book *The Licentiate Vidriera* is to call it, almost, *The Licensed Glass-Man* — the man whose degree and whose madness alike give him leave to say what others cannot. No English title can hold all of that at once, and every translator has had to choose which thread to save. It is worth knowing what is being let go.

Characters

The Licentiate Vidriera is, almost entirely, the story of **a single character**: Tomás Rodaja / Vidriera / Rueda. The three names mark his three states — the promising student, the lucid madman, the failed sane man — and the novel is, at bottom, the study of a superior intelligence in its collision with the world. Tomás is a pure intellectual: his life is moved by the love of knowledge, not by money, nor power, nor the love of woman. His virtue — the surrender to study — is also his fragility, because it sets him apart from others. When he goes mad, that distance becomes literal: he cannot so much as brush against people. And when he is cured, the distance becomes social: people no longer need him. Vidriera is thus the figure of the sage in a society that does not know what to do with wisdom.

One trait of the protagonist, which the critics have stressed, deserves emphasis: Tomás does not change within, across the length of the novel. He is not a character who evolves, who learns from his mistakes, who matures. He is, rather, an **essence** — that of pure wit — subjected to three trials: the world (the journey), madness (the enchantment), and society (the court). In all three he behaves the same way: he looks, he judges, he keeps his distance. Not even love touches him, and that is why the courtesan's spell awakens in him not passion but illness. That impermeability is at once his greatness and his condemnation. Vidriera is incapable of bending, of flattering, of "entering the game"; and a society made of flattery and of games has no place for him. In this sense the novel is less a story — with its change and its outcome — than the fixed portrait of a temperament, lit from three different angles.

The other characters are secondary and functional, but not flat. **Don Diego de Valdivia**, the captain, is the faithful friend and the agent of destiny: it is he who draws Tomás off the path of letters toward that of arms, and it is to him that Tomás returns at the end, to die a soldier. He is a good man, generous, who represents the world of the soldiery with its lights and its shadows. The **enamoured lady**, the spurned courtesan, is the engine of the catastrophe; she has scarcely a face, but she embodies a theme dear to the age: unrequited love that turns to magic and ends in poison. The **Morisca** who prepares the philtre for her supplies the disquieting background — disquieting to the mind of the time — of sorcery and of persecuted minorities. And then there is the great collective character: the **crowd**, the boys who chase Vidriera, the curious who question him, the whole court. That multitude is at once his audience, his torment, and, in the end, his ruin: it adores him as a spectacle and abandons him as a man.

Structure

The novel is built with a very deliberate symmetry. At its centre, extremely long, lies the gallery of sayings; on either side, two stretches of action — the ascent (childhood, studies, journey) and the descent (cure, failure, death) — and at the hinge, madness. That form has a notable consequence: the heart of the tale **has almost no plot**. For "two years or a little more," nothing happens except that Vidriera talks and people question him. The novel stops, becomes static, turns into a succession of tableaux and witticisms. Some readers have seen in this a fault of construction — a novel that dissolves into a string of jokes — but others, with more reason, a deliberate success: the immobility of the central stage mirrors that of Vidriera himself, that man paralysed by his fragility who moves only in thinking and in speaking.

It is worth noting, too, the role of the **narrative frame**. The madness is a plausible cause — a poison — and a technical excuse: it allows heterogeneous materials (witticisms, sayings, anecdotes, satires of trades) to be strung on a single thread. Without Tomás's madness, that whole flood of wit would be a miscellany; with it, it is a novel. Cervantes here takes up a device of long tradition — that of the sane-madman whose maxims are collected — and endows it with a fictional beginning and end: the enchantment that unleashes it, the cure that closes it, and the bitter dénouement that interprets it. The form, in sum, is not carelessness but invention: a way of putting satire inside fiction without either of them bursting.

There is, besides, a symmetry of detail worth noting. The novel begins with an almost **pastoral** image — two gentlemen strolling by the Tormes come upon a child asleep beneath a tree — and it ends with an image of war and death in Flanders. Between the peaceful shade of the Salamancan tree and the Flemish battlefield a whole life unfolds. The beginning is light, promise, spring; the ending, disillusion and ashes. And in the middle, Tomás's two "journeys": the geographical one (Italy and Flanders, which form him) and the inner one (madness, which transforms him). That architecture of ascent and descent, with madness at the paradoxical summit, gives the novel the shape of a **contained tragedy**: that of a superior man brought down not by any fault of his own — Tomás has no *hybris*, commits no crime — but by the chance of a poison and by the blindness of a society. It is a tragedy without a culprit, or whose only diffuse culprit is the world.

Another structural feature worth remark is the **rhythm**. The two outer stretches — the childhood and the journey; the cure and the death — advance quickly, with years dispatched in a few lines: "in the eight years he was with them," "six months he lay in bed," "two years or a little more this illness lasted." Time races. The central stretch, by contrast, dilates and halts: it does not measure time in years but in encounters, in questions and answers, in loose tableaux. It is as if the novel changed gear: from swift narration to the slow parade of scenes. That contrast of rhythms reinforces the sense that the madness is a parenthesis outside time, a suspension in which the world lets itself be looked at. When Tomás is cured, the clock starts again, and in a few lines the ending arrives.

Worth attention, finally, is the **voice of the narrator**. It is not neutral: it comments, it ironizes, it takes sides. When it explains that love-philtres are rightly called "witchings," "for they do no other thing than give poison," it is slipping in its own rationalism, its distrust of magic. When it weighs Vidriera's acuteness, "which caused admiration in the most learned of the University," it is guiding our valuation. The Cervantine narrator is a complicit intermediary who invites us to read the madman's sayings for what they are: wisdom in disguise. Without that voice, the novel would be a collection of jokes; with it, it is a moral judgment upon an age.

The language of 1613 (and its English mirror)

The reader who comes to the Spanish text in this volume will meet a series of features that it is worth knowing, so as not to confuse historical strangeness with error. They are not misprints: it is the Spanish of 1613, fixed according to the criteria of a modern critical edition. And because this book sets the Spanish beside an English translation of 1855, the reader is in fact looking at *two* period languages at once — Golden Age Castilian and high-Victorian English — a coincidence that repays a moment's attention.

The most visible feature of the Spanish is a set of **contractions** now vanished: *d'ella*, *d'este*, *d'ellos*, *oílle* (for *oírle*, "to hear him"), *tiralle* (for *tirarle*, "to throw at him"). The classical language joined preposition and article, or verb and enclitic pronoun, with more freedom than the modern. Very frequent, too, is the **future subjunctive** — "as long as he has nothing of the fool," "all the time that thou shalt sleep" — a tense that was current then and that survives today only fossilized, in proverbs and legal texts. One observes *leísmo* and other pronoun usages proper to the Castilian norm of the age, and an **assimilation** in the enclitic infinitive (*oílle*, *tiralle*) that now sounds rustic but was then cultivated. The spelling and punctuation of a critical edition further reflect period usages that surprise us today: the wavering of unstressed vowels (*sumptuosos*, *inumerables*, *promptitud*, *delictos*), the preservation of learned Latin clusters later

simplified, and forms like *ansí* for *así* ("thus"), *agora* for *ahora* ("now"), *estraña* for *extraña* ("strange"), *recebido* for *recibido* ("received"). None of this is negligence: it is a faithful photograph of a Castilian in motion, not yet fixed by an academic orthography, which would not come until the eighteenth century.

In the vocabulary, the difficulty comes from two sides. On the one hand, the **disused words** that we no longer understand and that the glossary of this book clears up: *holguras*, *bagajes*, *boletas*, *bisoños*, *maretas*, *árguenas*, *alcándaras*, *neblíes*, *churrulleros*, *melindres*, *récipe*, *titereros*, *farsanta*, *escabechados*, *repulgos*, *majuelo*. Many belong to concrete fields — the soldiery, falconry, medicine, the trades — and are themselves a portrait of the material world of the seventeenth century. On the other hand, the **Latin quotations**, abundant in Vidriera's mouth — from Ecclesiasticus, from Ovid, from the liturgy — which reveal his condition as a man of letters and his humanist formation, and which for the cultivated reader of the age were part of the learned game of wit. A third feature, subtler, is the taste for **paronomasia** and the pun: *abogar / bogar* ("to plead / to row"), *Redoma / redomilla*, *teño / tiño*, *Domingo / Sábado*. Vidriera's acuteness is often verbal: it plays with the sounds and the double meanings of words, in the line of the *concepto* — the "conceit" — that Gracián would theorize a few decades later.

This last feature is where the English mirror clouds, and the reader must be warned. A great part of Vidriera's wit is untranslatable, because it lives in the sounds of Castilian; and Walter Kelly, the Victorian translator whose version we reproduce, says so himself, in a footnote to the joke about the dyed beard: "The spirit of the remark (as in some other passages omitted for that reason) consists in a play on words resembling each other in sound, though not in sense, and is necessarily lost in translation." Kelly, that is, did not merely soften the wordplay; in several places he **left it out altogether**. The reader of the English will therefore find, at certain points in Part Two, an editorial note in place of a translation, marking where Kelly abridged or dropped a passage. This is not a defect of our edition but a fact about the only complete Victorian English *Vidriera* — and a small lesson, in passing, on the limits of translation itself, of which more will be said in Part Three.

Themes

Knowledge and madness. This is the major theme. The novel poses a paradox: Vidriera's madness does not blunt his understanding, it whets it. The man who believes himself glass answers "with more understanding" than when he was flesh. Cervantes plays with the old idea of the melancholic genius and with the tradition of the fool who sees clearly, and he carries it to a disquieting extreme: what if extreme acuteness were incompatible with ordinary life? Glass — transparent and brittle — is the metaphor of an intelligence that sees through everything but can neither touch nor be touched. The final sanity, far from being a happy restoration, is an impoverishment: the sane Rueda is worth less, to society, than the mad Vidriera.

It is worth relating this theme to that of *Don Quixote*, written in the same years. The two books explore the same paradox — the madman wiser than the sane — but by opposite roads. Don Quixote goes mad from reading too many books of chivalry, and his madness makes him *see* a world that does not exist (giants where there are windmills); Vidriera goes mad from a poison, and his madness makes him *say* the truth of the world that does exist. The one raves inward, peopling reality with phantoms; the other raves outward, stripping reality of its disguises. And yet both share that curious intermittent sanity, those "lucid intervals" in which the madman speaks with a reason that leaves the sensible astonished. Madness, in Cervantes, is never pure darkness: it is an oblique, dangerous, and fertile mode of access to the truth.

Truth and satire. Vidriera speaks truths because he is mad; no one is truly offended, because "he is mad." That is the licence of the fool, the old *parrhesia* — the frank speaking — disguised as unreason. The satire Cervantes strings together is a **satire of estates**: it runs through the trades and social types to denounce their characteristic vices. But it is a measured satire, not rancorous: Vidriera criticizes bad physicians, not medicine; bad poets, not poetry; bad notaries, not the office of the notary, which he defends as "necessary." He distinguishes always between the profession and its corruption. That measure — "I am not so frail as to let myself go with the current of the vulgar" — is Cervantes's moral signature.

Honour. The theme runs through the novel from end to end, from the child who wants to "honour" his parents with his studies to the gibes about purity of blood. The quip "wait, Sunday, for the Sabbath to pass" — aimed at an "old Christian" followed by a convert — touches one of the most sensitive nerves of Spanish society: the obsession with *limpieza de sangre*, purity of blood, the distinction between "old" and "new" Christians. And the saying that "the stripes a father gives his children honour, and the hangman's shame" condenses a whole theory of honour as a thing that depends not

on the deed but on the hand and the intention. Cervantes looks upon that code with critical lucidity, without abolishing it altogether. It is worth stressing the contrast, central to the novel, between two ideas of honour: that of **lineage**, inherited, which glories in clean blood and which Vidriera pricks without mercy; and that of **merit**, earned by effort and virtue, which is what moves Tomás from childhood. "More than favour, it was virtue that gave me the rank I hold," he will say, once sane, vindicating his career as a poor man who rose to licentiate by his own worth. In that preference for the honour that is earned beats one of Cervantes's firmest and most modern convictions.

Women. The matter is thorny and must be read with care. A good part of Vidriera's gibes against women — the courtesans "more courteous than clean," the duennas and their affectations, the wife it is best to "eat" if she is jealous — belong to the conventional misogynist vein of Golden Age satire, a repertoire of inherited commonplaces that should not be confused out of hand with the author's own voice. It is worth recalling that the one who speaks them is a madman, and a madman marked by a woman: the courtesan whose enchantment destroyed him. His mistrust of women has a novelistic root. And it is worth recalling, too, that the whole of Cervantes's work offers a far richer and more favourable array of intelligent, free, and admirable women than one could deduce from these gibes. Vidriera's misogyny is that of his character and his literary genre, not a thesis of the book.

That said, the modern reader should not simply *excuse* what is offensive today, but rather **understand it historically**. The satire of duennas, painted old women, courtesans, and jealous wives was a subgenre with its own rules, a recognizable game that the public expected and applauded, just as it expected the satire of doctors or of tailors. To place these gibes where they belong — in a catalogue of types, not in a reflection on real women — is to read them well. And to set them against the Cervantine heroines — the Preciosa of *The Little Gypsy Girl*, the Constanza of *The Illustrious Kitchen-Maid*, the ladies who steer their own destinies in so many of his works — is to measure the distance between the satirical commonplace and the author's true view of feminine intelligence and freedom.

Trades. The novel is, among other things, an extraordinary **inventory of work** in the Spain of 1600. Through Vidriera's sayings parade the skills, the tricks, and the frauds of dozens of trades: how the tailor cheats, how the cobbler lies, how the bookseller defrauds, how the bad physician kills, how the muleteer robs, how the carter blasphemes. It is a mine for the historian of everyday life and, at the same time, a reflection on the place of each estate in the "republic," the commonwealth. Vidriera is no egalitarian: he believes in the order of the trades and in their mutual necessity — they "are necessary in the republic" — what he censures is the corruption of each one, the distance between what a trade ought to be and what it usually is.

Disillusion. Over all the foregoing themes floats the great theme of the Spanish Baroque: *desengaño*, disillusion — the awareness that the world is appearance, theatre, deceit, and that wisdom consists in seeing it as it is. Vidriera is a machine for disenchanting: he strips each trade of its façade, each honour of its vanity, each appearance of its truth. And the dénouement is the supreme disillusion: the one who sees clearly has no reward in this world. That the novel should end with the word "death" — Tomás goes to Flanders "to earn death," and there he dies — is no accident. Baroque disillusion always issues, in the last instance, in the memory of death, the sole leveller, the sole end of all appearances. The novel, so smiling on its satirical surface, is at bottom grave and bitter.

Exemplarity. Where, then, is the "example" that the book's title promises? Not in an explicit moral — Cervantes distrusts sermons — but in the spectacle itself. The reader draws his profit from seeing how a lucid man judges the world and how the world mistreats him. The example is double: on the one hand, the practical wisdom of the sayings (on envy, honour, marriage, slander); on the other, the tragic warning of Vidriera's fate. To learn from him is to learn to see clearly — and at the same time to fear the price of seeing too much. That ambiguity — an exemplarity that does not console — is what makes the novel something deeper than a mere satire.

The emblem of glass

It is worth lingering on the central image, because a whole reading of the novel can be built on it, and because it is the one thing every reader remembers when the plot has faded: a man who believes himself made of glass. Cervantes could have chosen any number of delusions from the medical repertoire — men who thought themselves clay, or butter, or grains of wheat, or dead — and the tradition offered them. He chose glass, and the choice is a stroke of genius, because glass carries at once three meanings that the novel needs and that no other substance would supply together.

The first is **fragility**. To be of glass is to be perpetually one careless touch away from destruction, and Tomás's every habit — sleeping in straw, walking down the middle of the street away from the falling tiles, fleeing the thunder, receiving his food on the point of a stick — dramatizes a terror of contact. Here the delusion is a literalization of the

intellectual's real condition: the man of pure mind cannot bear the rough handling of the world, and the world, for its part, cannot keep its hands off him. The boys throw stones "to see whether he was really of glass"; the crowd presses in until he can no longer move. The fragile man and the careless mob are locked in a relation that will, in the end, grind him down.

The second is **transparency**. Glass is the one solid that hides nothing, that lets the light and the eye pass straight through. A man of glass is a man without a façade, without duplicity, without the protective opacity that ordinary social life requires. And this is exactly the moral position from which Vidriera speaks: he is the one being in the novel who cannot dissemble, and so he becomes the measure by which every dissembler — the dyed old man, the flattering courtier, the lying tailor, the cheating apothecary — is found out. The transparent man is the natural enemy of a world built on appearances; the *desengaño*, the disillusioning, that he performs on everyone he meets is simply transparency doing its work on opacity.

The third is **acuteness**, and it is the subtlest. Glass is a "subtle and delicate matter," and Tomás argues, in earnest, that his soul now works "with more promptness and efficacy" than when it was lodged in gross flesh. The delusion, that is, is not only a torment but a claim: that clarity of mind is bought at the price of ordinary embodiment, that to see through everything one must become a thing one can see through. There is something almost mystical in this, and something despairing: the price of perfect lucidity is that one can no longer live an ordinary bodily life among ordinary opaque people. When Tomás is cured — when he becomes flesh again — he loses exactly this: the crowd that had hung on the words of the glass oracle turns away from the man of flesh, because flesh is common and glass was a wonder. The novel's cruellest irony is folded into its central image: the world will pay to watch a transparent man break, but it has no use for a solid one who merely tells the truth.

Vidriera and Hamlet: two lucid misfits

An English-speaking reader can hardly avoid a comparison that would not have occurred to Cervantes, since he never heard of the play, but that illuminates his tale from an unexpected angle. In the very years when *The Licentiate Vidriera* was being written or set — the turn of the seventeenth century — a dramatist in London was putting on the stage another melancholic of superior mind who uses a show of madness to speak intolerable truths: Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (c. 1600–1601). The parallel is not one of influence — there was none, in either direction — but of a shared European moment and a shared human type, and precisely for that reason it is instructive.

Both figures are melancholics in the technical, humoral sense their ages understood: men of the cold, dry temperament that the medicine of the day linked to both genius and derangement. Both adopt, or fall into, a condition of apparent madness that grants them a licence the sane do not enjoy — Hamlet's "antic disposition," Vidriera's glass — and both use that licence to say, in public and with impunity, what a wholly sane man in their position could not safely say: to strip the court of its flatteries, to name corruption, to hold the mirror up to a rotten state. Both, too, are surrounded by a society that would rather have the spectacle than the substance: Hamlet is watched and spied upon, Vidriera is followed and prodded, and neither is heard in the way he wishes to be heard.

But the difference is as revealing as the likeness, and it marks the distance between the two literatures. Hamlet's madness is largely feigned, a mask he puts on and takes off, and his tragedy is one of action delayed and finally spent in blood; the stage fills with corpses. Vidriera's madness is real, involuntary, a poisoning, and his tragedy is one not of blood but of *uselessness*: nothing violent happens to him at all, he simply cannot find a place in the world, and he dies, off-stage and almost as an afterthought, in a distant war. Shakespeare gives us the clear-sighted man destroyed by the machinery of revenge; Cervantes gives us the clear-sighted man destroyed by mere social indifference, by a world that has no slot for wisdom that does not entertain. The English tragedy ends in catastrophe; the Spanish tale ends in something quieter and, in its way, more modern and more chilling — a shrug, a departure, a death that changes nothing. To read the two together is to see how the same figure, the lucid misfit, could be imagined at the same moment on opposite edges of Europe, and to measure what each culture did with him.

The art of wit

A modern reader will enjoy *The Licentiate Vidriera* the more if he understands the kind of pleasure its public sought: the pleasure of **wit** (*agudeza*). In the culture of the Baroque, ingenuity was no ornament but a central value; to know how to say much in little, to surprise with an unexpected relation between two ideas, to twist a word so that it yielded a second sense, were feats admired as we today admire a goal or a stroke of musical genius. Baltasar Gracián would

theorize that art, a few decades later, in his treatise on wit and the art of ingenuity (*Agudeza y arte de ingenio*); but the practice was already the air that the writers and readers of Cervantes's time breathed.

Vidriera's sayings are, almost all, exercises in wit. Consider their mechanisms. There is the **pun that inverts** (*retruécano*), turning the terms of a phrase to reverse its sense: "courteous" and "clean" (*corteses / sanas*), "to plead" and "to row" (*abogar / bogar*). There is the **double meaning** (*dilogía*): *mostrenco* ("ownerless, stray") said of a stolen title, *entresuelos* ("mezzanines," but with a hidden sense) said of Valladolid. There is the **hyperbolic metaphor** that carries an image to the extreme: the doctor's prescription as a homicidal sword, the brothel as the devil's camp, the religious orders as "the Aranjuezes of heaven." There is the **bilingual and Latin play**: the Portuguese *teño / tiño*, the *Nemo* ("no man") taken as a proper name. And there is the **degrading comparison** that lowers the high to the base with a single stroke: the little angels who are "snotty," the poet who "scratches his purse."

To understand this changes the reading. What at first sight may look like a mere string of jokes is in fact an **anthology of figures**, a sampler of the verbal wit of an age that made it one of its fine arts. And it explains why the novel could be read, already in the seventeenth century, as a collection of loose sayings: each one is an autonomous jewel, cut and polished to shine by itself. Cervantes's art consisted in stringing them all on the thread of a life and a destiny, so that, besides shining, they should mean.

A word on the Latin quotations, which may disconcert us today. Vidriera peppers his sayings with Latin — from Ecclesiasticus, from Ovid, from the liturgy, from the schoolroom proverb-book — and not out of vain ornament: Latin is the language of his humanist formation, the proof that beneath the madman there is a real man of letters. For the cultivated public of 1613, to recognize the source of each quotation and to savour its unexpected application was part of the pleasure; it was, again, a game of wit shared between author and reader. This commentary and the glossary translate and clarify those quotations so that the reader of today may lose neither the sense nor the salt. It is worth not skipping them: in them, better than anywhere else, one sees the double nature of Vidriera, mad without and wise within.

A note on genre: the satire of estates and its European family

A reader coming to *The Licentiate Vidriera* from the English tradition may find its central stretch puzzling in its very shape — a story that, halfway through, seems to stop being a story and to become a review of professions — and it helps to know that this shape was not a private eccentricity of Cervantes's but a recognizable European kind, with a long pedigree behind it. The framework is what scholars call the **satire of estates** (in German the *Ständesatire*): a survey of society trade by trade and rank by rank, holding each up to judgment. Its roots run back through the Middle Ages — the sermon that scolds every order of society in turn, the *danse macabre* in which Death summons pope and emperor, knight and labourer, physician and merchant, each with the vices proper to his station — and it flowers, just before Cervantes, in works like Sebastian Brant's *Ship of Fools* (1494), that immensely popular catalogue of human follies sorted by type, and in the ironic anatomy of professions and pretensions that Erasmus conducts, through the mouth of Folly herself, in *The Praise of Folly* (1511).

Seen against that family, the design of Cervantes's tale comes into focus. What looks like a loss of narrative nerve is in fact the deliberate mounting of a satire of estates inside a fiction. The device that makes it possible — and that distinguishes it from a mere medieval catalogue — is the lucid madman, who supplies the one thing the old form lacked: a *voice*, a single sensibility through which the whole review is filtered, and a *fate*, a beginning and an end that turn the catalogue into a life. To this Cervantes joins a second ancient current, the **Menippean satire** — the classical mixture of the comic and the serious, of prose and sudden learning, of low anecdote and philosophical point, named for the Greek Menippus and practised by Lucian, whose ironic dialogues were beloved of the Erasmian humanists. Vidriera's sayings have exactly that Menippean texture: a coarse jest about muleteers stands next to a Latin verse of Ovid; a joke about a cobbler's patter gives way to a meditation on the impunity of the physician; the tone slides, within a single paragraph, from the tavern to the schoolroom to the pulpit.

Recognizing the genre also disarms the old reproach that the novel "breaks in the middle." It breaks only if we demand of it the continuous, causally linked plot that a later age would make the norm of prose fiction. Judged by its own kind, the central stretch is not a failure of construction but the fulfilment of a form: the satire of estates is *supposed* to be a parade, a series, an accumulation; its pleasure is the pleasure of the catalogue, of seeing the whole social body pass in review. Cervantes's originality is to have wrapped that parade in a tragic frame, so that the sampler of society doubles as the case history of a single soul. The English reader who has enjoyed the character-sketches of a Theophrastus or an Overbury, or the satiric processions of Langland and Chaucer, or the estates-satire buried in so much Elizabethan and

Jacobean writing, is not, in fact, on foreign ground: he is meeting a Spanish, Cervantine version of something his own literature knew well. The strangeness is one of arrangement, not of kind — and once the kind is named, the arrangement reveals its logic.

Vidriera's sayings: an annotated anthology

The satirical core of the novel is the string of sayings, gibes, and anecdotes that Vidriera lets fall during his two years of madness. We gather here a commented selection. Of each entry we give the saying — quoted, where possible, in the English of Kelly's translation, with the Spanish sense clarified where it matters — whom it pricks, and why it has grace or edge. A caution the English reader should keep in mind throughout: several of these sayings turn on Castilian wordplay, and Kelly, as we have seen, sometimes left them untranslated. Where that is so, we say it, and we explain the joke, because a satire one cannot understand is no satire at all.

1. To the compassionate old-clothes woman. A dealer in old clothes tells him that his misfortune grieves her, "but what shall I do, for I cannot weep?", and Vidriera answers with words from the Gospel: *"Filiae Hierusalem, plorate super vos et super filios vestros"* ("Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children"). *Pricks:* hypocritical or interested compassion. *Why:* he turns the pity back upon the one who offers it, hinting that the one most in need of weeping is she and hers, not he. The Gospel quotation, in the mouth of a madman, has an edge of near-blasphemy that the husband catches at once.

2. To the old-clothes man who calls him a rogue. The husband retorts, "you have more of the rogue than the fool in you," and Vidriera: "I care not a straw for that, so long as I have nothing of the ninny." *Pricks:* the confusion of madness with folly. *Why:* Vidriera accepts being called mad, and even a rogue, so long as he is not called a **fool**. There is his whole hierarchy of values: the worst blemish is not madness, it is stupidity. The saying defines the character.

3. On the women of the bawdy-house. Seeing the women at the door of the "public house," he says they are "baggage of Satan's army, quartered in the inn of hell." *Pricks:* prostitution. *Why:* the military metaphor — baggage, army, billeting — turns the brothel into the devil's camp. It is moral satire with a brilliant image.

4. To the abandoned husband. To one whose wife has gone off with another, he counsels that he "give thanks to God for having permitted his enemy to be taken from his house," and adds that he should not go looking for her, "for to find her would be to find a perpetual and true witness of his dishonour." *Pricks:* the obsession with conjugal honour. *Why:* he inverts the logic of honour — the worst thing is not to lose the wife, but to recover her, and with her the living evidence of the affront. Cervantes de-dramatizes, with bitter humour, the honour-drama that his contemporary theatre treated with drawn daggers.

5. Counsel for domestic peace. "Give her all that she can need; let her command all in her house, but suffer not that she command thee." *Pricks / portrays:* married life. *Why:* it is practical counsel, almost common sense, that shares out the powers: domestic authority for her, personal independence for him. The wit is in the balance.

6. To the boy who flees his father. The child wants to run away because his father beats him; Vidriera: "the stripes a father gives his children honour, and the hangman's shame." *Pricks / teaches:* the idea of honour. *Why:* he distinguishes the punishment that educates from the one that infames. The same act — the beating — honours or dishonours according to the hand it comes from. It is a lesson on the conventional nature of honour.

7. To the "old Christian." He sees enter a church a labourer "of those who are always boasting of being old Christians," and behind him another of worse repute, and cries: "Wait, Sunday, for the Sabbath to pass." *Pricks:* purity of blood and the vanity of the "old Christian." *Why:* "Sabbath" alludes, veiled, to the Jewish day of rest, and thus to the convert; the gibe hints that the second man has Jewish blood, while the "Sunday" — the Lord's day — would be the old Christian. It is one of the boldest witticisms in the book, because it touches the greatest taboo of Spanish society: the obsession with purity of blood, which excluded the descendants of Jews and Moors from honours and offices. That Vidriera can say this aloud, at a church door, with no worse consequence than laughter, measures exactly the margin his madness allows him: he says the unsayable, and it is forgiven him because he is mad. The wit rides on the very edge of danger, and there lies much of its force. *This is one of the passages Kelly's Victorian translation omits*, both because the pun on the days is untranslatable and, one suspects, because the matter itself was awkward: an English reader of 1855 would have needed a paragraph of explanation to feel an edge that a Spaniard felt in a syllable.

8. On the schoolmasters. They "were happy, since they dealt always with angels; and would be happiest of all, if the little angels were not so snotty." *Pricks / jests:* the teaching of children. *Why:* it plays with the commonplace of the child-angel and pricks it with the prosaic detail — "snotty." Tenderness and realism in one line. (Also absent from Kelly.)

9. On the bawds. Asked about them, he replies that "the real ones were not those set apart by trade, but the neighbours." *Pricks:* false neighbourliness, domestic gossip. *Why:* a moral pun: the true "bawds" — the ones who entangle — are not the professionals but the meddling neighbours. (Absent from Kelly.)

10. On the poets. "For the art, much esteem; for the poets, none." He explains that, of so many poets, so few are good "that they scarcely made up a number." *Pricks:* bad poets. *Why:* he separates the art sharply from its practitioners. He reveres poetry — it "encloses in itself all the other sciences, for of all it makes use, with all it adorns itself" — and despises the mob of versifiers. It is, beyond doubt, the voice of Cervantes, himself a poet and forever pained by his fortune as one. The passage is also a small **poetics**: it defines true wit by opposition to fashion and vanity, and cites Ovid and Plato — "the interpreters of the gods" — to exalt the dignity of the authentic poet. Cervantes, who suffered all his life from not being recognized as a great poet, defends here a high and exacting ideal of poetry, of which he felt himself a humble servant.

11. The poet who recites his sonnet. The portrait of the vain bard who, "in a chanting and mincing tone," makes his preambles, twists his lips, arches his eyebrows, and draws from among a thousand greasy papers the sonnet he wishes to read, and, if it is not praised, reads it again. *Pricks:* literary vanity, self-promotion. *Why:* it is a perfect scene of manners, so timeless that it is recognizable in any age. Satire turns to comedy.

12. Why poets are poor. Because they choose to be, for they could grow rich by taking advantage of their ladies, "who are all most wealthy": with hair of gold, brow of silver, eyes of emerald, teeth of ivory, lips of coral. *Pricks:* the worn-out commonplaces of Petrarchan lyric. *Why:* he takes literally the hackneyed metaphors of the portrait of the beloved — gold, silver, pearls — and turns them into real riches. It is literary parody: he laughs at the repertoire of images that any poetaster repeated without thinking.

13. On the booksellers. Their fault is "the finicking they make when they buy the privilege... for instead of one thousand five hundred, they print three thousand books." *Pricks:* publishing fraud. *Why:* he denounces the hidden overrun by which the printer cheated the author. It is the professional complaint of a Cervantes who knew the book trade from the inside (see "The book trade," above).

14. The whipped men and the crier. Six condemned men are whipped through the square; hearing "To the first, for a thief," he cries to those in front of him: "Stand aside, brothers, lest that reckoning begin with one of you!"; and when the crier reaches "To the last...", he says: "That one must be the boys' surety." *Pricks:* the onlookers, and in passing the spectacle-justice itself. *Why:* chained double meanings — "the first" and "the last" of the line of whipped men read as insults to the public. Square humour, quick and physical. (Kelly omits this passage.)

15. The would-be licentiate. To one who called himself a licentiate without being one: "Take care, friend, that the friars of the redemption of captives do not meet with your title, for they will carry it off as a stray"; and when the other boasts of "high and profound letters," he caps it: "you are a Tantalus in them, for they escape you by their height and you cannot reach them by their depth." *Pricks:* the usurpation of titles, false erudition. *Why:* the stolen title is a "stray" (*mostrenco*, an ownerless thing that anyone may carry off), and the second jest, with the myth of Tantalus, is a small masterpiece of conceptist wit.

16. On the muleteers, carters, sailors, and drovers. The long portrait of the people of the road: the muleteers "have their touch of the ruffian, their touch of the thief"; the carter "sings half the time and blasphemes the other half"; of the sailors, "their god is their sea-chest and their mess, and their pastime to see the passengers seasick"; the drovers "have divorced the sheets and married the pack-saddles," and "rather than lose a day's march, they will lose their souls." *Pricks:* the trades of transport. *Why:* it is one of the summits of the book, a fresco of the life of the road full of exact observation and rounded phrases. Cervantes, who had crossed Spain up and down as a supply commissary, knew these people at first hand, and the passage breathes lived truth. Note the art of characterization by the single detail: the carter is defined by his minimal space — "a yard and a half, which is about all there is between the yoke of the mules and the mouth of the cart" — and by his alternation of song and blasphemy; the drovers by that conjugal metaphor — divorced from the sheets, married to the pack-saddles — that tells in a stroke their life without rest. It is prose of an extraordinary density: in each line there is a whole trade.

17. On the apothecaries. He has "a wholesome trade, were it not so great an enemy of its own lamps," because he spends on the medicines the oil of the lamp; and worse, he substitutes what he lacks with something else "which in his opinion had the same virtue," so that the prescription works in reverse. *Pricks:* the fraud in the apothecaries' shops. *Why:* he denounces an adulteration with mortal consequences, and links it, in passing, to the satire of the physicians that follows.

18. On the physicians. He cites Ecclesiasticus in honour of the good physician — *"Honora medicum..."* — and falls upon the bad one: "the physicians alone can kill us, and do kill us, without fear and at their ease, drawing no other sword than that of a prescription." There follows the anecdote of the doctor who criticizes, in a rival's prescription, the word *dilúculo* ("at daybreak") "because it is too humid." *Pricks:* bad physicians. *Why:* the image of the prescription as a homicidal sword is of a brilliant violence; and the detail of the *dilúculo* ridicules the pedantry that argues about the hour of the day instead of the remedy. The anti-medical satire is a commonplace of very long tradition — from Antiquity to Quevedo — but Cervantes here whets it with a double edge: first he honours the good physician with the authority of Scripture, and only then unloads upon the bad one. It is the same procedure he uses with the notaries or the players: he never condemns a trade in the lump; he always distinguishes. Note, besides, the force of the contrast between the judge, the lawyer, and the merchant — who can harm our estate or our justice — and the physician, the only one who can "take our life without being subject to fear of punishment." Beneath the jest lies an exact observation on the impunity of medical error, which has not lost its currency. *(Kelly translates the honouring of the good physician but abridges the passage, dropping the anecdote of the "dilúculo.")*

19. On envy. Asked what to do so as to envy no one: "Sleep; for all the time thou sleepest thou shalt be the equal of him thou enviest." *Pricks / teaches:* envy. *Why:* a philosophical and perfect answer: in sleep the differences vanish, we are all equal. One of the most quoted sayings of the book, almost a Stoic aphorism.

20. On the commission-judge. Seeing a judge pass, he says he carries "vipers in his bosom, pistols in his belt, and lightning in his hands, to destroy all that his commission may reach," and tells the case of the judge who handed down an exorbitant sentence "to leave the field open" for the Council's clemency on appeal. *Pricks:* arbitrary justice. *Why:* he denounces the judge who sentences with calculated cruelty, entrusting moderation to the higher court. Vidriera answers him that it would have been better to get it right the first time, "for so they would have held him a just and upright judge." A criticism of the administration of justice, always delicate, kept safe by the madness. The opening image — vipers, pistols, lightning — turns the judge into an almost diabolical figure, armed to destroy; and the anecdote that follows adds the finer nuance: it is not only cruelty, but *strategic* cruelty, that calculates its excess trusting that another will correct it. Vidriera thus lays bare a subtle perversion of the office: that of the man who does evil, betting that the system will remedy it. It is an observation on individual responsibility within a machinery that tempts one always to pass it down to the next rung.

21. On the tailors. To one who stood idle: "you are on the road to salvation... for since you have nothing to do, you will have no occasion to lie"; and he adds that it is a rare tailor who makes "a garment that fits, there being so many who make them sinners." *Pricks:* the tailors' fame as liars and thieves. *Why:* it plays with the guild commonplace — the tailor who keeps back the cloth — and with the paradox that only the idle tailor is honest. *(Kelly gives the first jest but omits the elaboration about the tailor who "sews on holy days.")*

22. On the cobblers. They never admit a bad shoe: if it pinches, they say it must be so and that it will widen; if it comes wide, that it suits so "for fear of the gout." *Pricks:* the interested patter of the salesman. *Why:* an eternal portrait of the man who always has a reason to make a sale. Anyone has suffered it.

23. On the puppeteers. "Vagabond folk" who "treated divine things with indecency," stuffing into a sack the figures of the Old and New Testament and sitting on it to eat. *Pricks:* the irreverence of the puppet shows. *Why:* the image of the sack of saints with the puppeteer eating on top is grotesque and effective. (Cervantes would return to puppets, memorably, in Master Pedro's show in *Don Quixote*.) *(Absent from Kelly.)*

24. On the players and the actress. First he criticizes them — the one who plays a prince, off the stage, swears "on the faith of a gentleman" — but then he defends them warmly: they work "with unbearable toil," "deceive no one" because they set out their wares in full view of all, and "are necessary in the republic, as are the groves, the poplar walks, and the pleasant prospects." *Pricks and defends:* the player's trade. *Why:* this double gaze — satire and praise — is very Cervantine and very personal: Cervantes loved the theatre, wrote comedies and interludes, and suffered the disdain of the playhouses and the triumph of Lope's new theatre. His defence of the actor as a worthy trade, "necessary in the republic," is therefore something more than a witticism: it is the position of one who knew from within the hardship and

the nobility of that wandering life. Compare the double gaze of this entry with that of the notaries (entry 28): in both cases Vidriera begins with what the vulgar expect — the mockery — and ends in justice, vindicating the value of the office. It is his moral method in its pure state: laugh first, think afterward. *(This defence of the players is among the passages Kelly omits; the English reader meets, at this point, only the joke about the actress's maid.)*

25. The jest of *Nemo*. Asked who was the happiest man in the world, he answers *Nemo* — "No one" — and proves it by stringing Latin phrases: *"Nemo novit Patrem, Nemo sine crimine vivit, Nemo sua sorte contentus, Nemo ascendit in coelum." Pricks / plays:* with the human condition. *Why:* he takes "Nemo" (no one) as though it were a proper name, so that it turns out that "No one" knows the Father, "No one" lives without sin, "No one" is content with his lot, "No one" ascends to heaven. It is a schoolroom game, Latin and most acute, that portrays the humanist. The jest has, besides, a serious, almost theological bottom: beneath the joke it is affirmed that no man is wholly happy, that guilt and discontent are universal, and that the only true happiness — to ascend to heaven — is beyond anyone's reach by his own strength. The grammatical wit wraps a meditation on the limits of human happiness; to laugh and to think, once more, in the same phrase.

26. On those who dye their beards. Against those who hide their grey with dye: the quarrel of the Portuguese and the Castilian — "*Por istas barbas que teño no rostro!*" / "*Ollay, home, naon digáis teño, sino tiño!*" — and the story of the old man who dyed his beard the night before his wedding, and the bride, not recognizing him, undid the match. *Pricks:* the coquetry and deceit of the old. *Why:* the Portuguese gibe is a bilingual play (*teño*, "I have" in Portuguese, sounds like *tiño*, "I dye"), and the tale of the dyed bridegroom is a small novel within the novel, with a moral about truth and appearance. Beneath the joke lies one of the great themes of the book and of the Baroque: the distance between being and seeming. The bride "knew by the paint and by the dye the figure," and demanded "the very bridegroom they had shown her": the dyed man has falsified his identity, and the lie of appearance undoes the bond. Vidriera's glass — transparent, without duplicity — is precisely the opposite of the dyed old man: truth against dissimulation. *(Kelly renders the Portuguese quarrel by domesticating the pun as "wear / dye," and notes in a footnote that the true wordplay is "necessarily lost in translation.")*

27. On the duennas. He bears them the same grudge as the dyed men: he mocks "their *permafoy*, the shrouds of their headdresses, their many affectations... their manner of speaking, with more hems than their wimples." *Pricks:* the duennas, a much-satirized figure of the age. *Why:* he heaps up the traits — affectation, prudery, avarice — of the type of the duenna, which Cervantes and Quevedo made a favourite target. Satire of a type, more than of a person.

28. On the notaries (the defence). To one who reproaches him with never having criticized the notaries, he answers that "I am not so frail as to let myself go with the current of the vulgar," and defends the office: without the notary "truth would go about the world in the shadow of the eaves"; he is a "public person" necessary to justice; if there are twenty thousand in Spain, not all are the devil's. *Pricks / defends:* here Vidriera goes against easy slander. *Why:* it is the reverse of satire: the proof that Vidriera — and Cervantes — do not criticize by system, but with judgment. He distinguishes the office from its abuses, and refuses to follow the "vulgar" in their commonplace hatred of the notaries. It is one of the moral keys of the book. *(Kelly omits the whole of this defence, which is a real loss, for it is here that the measure of the satire is most clearly stated.)*

29. On the fat friar and the saints. Someone says of an obese friar that "of a consumptive he cannot move"; Vidriera takes offence — *"Nolite tangere christos meos"* ("Touch not mine anointed") — and observes that, of the saints canonized in recent years, none was called "the captain Don So-and-so" nor "the Count or Duke of such a place," but "fray Diego, fray Jacinto, fray Raimundo," "for the religious orders are the Aranjuezes of heaven." *Pricks:* in passing, noble vanity, and defends the humble religious. *Why:* the image of the religious orders as "Aranjuezes of heaven" — gardens whence the fruits are brought for God's table — is of an unexpected beauty, and the contrast between the holy friar and the noble without sanctity has its social point.

30. Against the court (the farewell). Sane now and ruined, on leaving the court: "O court, that lengthenest the hopes of the bold pretenders and shortenest those of the bashful virtuous, that sustainest abundantly the shameless buffoons and starvest to death the discreet and modest!" *Pricks:* the whole court. *Why:* it is the saying that sums up the moral of the book and its disillusion. The court rewards effrontery and punishes timid virtue. And he caps it, before the crowd, with the perfect pun: he had come "to plead and win my living; but if you will not leave me, I shall have come to row and earn my death" — from *abogar* (to plead as a lawyer) to *bogar* (to row, like a galley-slave). Verbal wit, to the last, is his way of telling the truth. Note the exquisite construction of this final phrase: four members set two against two — *abogar / bogar, ganar la vida / granjear la muerte* — with a phonic symmetry that makes the sense unforgettable.

That the novel should close its gallery of witticisms with this play on life and death is no accident: it announces the immediate destiny of Tomás, who will indeed go to "row" — to serve, to labour in the figurative sense — until death. The word, in Cervantes, prophesies the outcome. *(The pun is lost in Kelly's English, which renders it as "swim and get forward... sink and find my death"; the sense of the lawyer turned galley-slave survives only faintly.)*

These thirty entries do not exhaust the flood of the novel. It is worth running, if only in passing, through some of those left out, for they complete the social map that Vidriera traces with his gibes.

Of the **constables** (*alguaciles*) he says it is no wonder they have enemies, "their office being either to arrest you, or to take your goods from your house, or to keep you in theirs and eat at your cost": the satire of the executive arm of justice, the one who charges for the harm he does. Of the **attorneys and solicitors** — the managers of lawsuits — he says they are like the physicians: "whether or not the patient recovers, they take their fee," and the others charge "whether or not the suit they help goes well." It is the criticism of the professional who earns the same whether he succeeds or fails, as current now as then.

Of the **fencing-masters** — who claimed to reduce combat to geometry — he mocks that they would "reduce to mathematical demonstrations, which are infallible, the choleric movements and thoughts of their adversaries": the pedantry of theory against the brutal reality of the fight. The gibe connects with a real debate of the age about "dexterity" (*destreza*) as a science, which Cervantes always regarded with mockery.

Of the **gaming-house keepers and gamblers** "he told wonders": the keepers are "public prevaricators" who wish the player to lose, so as to take their cut; and, with irony, he praises "the patience of a gambler" who lost all night without unsealing his lips "so long as his adversary did not cut the cards." It is the satire of the vice of gaming and of the murky economy around it. Of the **pastry-cooks** he says they have for years been playing "at doublings" — making the two-real pie of the four-real dough — that is, defrauding on weight and quality: the small-scale roguery of the food trade.

Of the **musicians and the foot-couriers** he says they have "their hopes and their fortunes limited," for the one can rise at most to be the king's musician and the other to be a mounted courier: the melancholy satire of the trade without a future. And of the **courtesans** — the "ladies" of the court — he lets fly one of his most quoted puns: that they, or most of them, "had more of the courteous than of the clean," playing on the double sense of bodily health and moral conduct.

There are, in short, witticisms that aim not at a trade but at the human condition. Seeing in a church, at the same time, a burial, a christening, and a wedding, he says that "the temples were battlefields, where the old make an end, the children conquer, and the women triumph": a miniature on the ages of life. And when a wasp stings him on the neck and he dares not brush it off for fear of breaking, he reasons that "that wasp must be a slanderer," for "the tongues and beaks of slanderers were able to crumble bodies of bronze, let alone of glass." Slander — a recurring theme throughout the work — is, for Vidriera, the most corrosive of the plagues: harder than bronze and more brittle than glass resist it. *(A number of these — the constables, the Madrid-and-Valladolid jest, the courtesans, the church "battlefield" — are also among the passages Kelly leaves untranslated, so that the English reader of Part Two meets them only in the Spanish, with our note.)*

All together, these sayings show the method: each saying is a small moral judgment, wrapped in wit, upon a vice or a trade; and the whole is a complete portrait, satirical and compassionate at once, of an entire society. There is no estate that escapes — soldiers, men of law, clergy, merchants, artisans, people of the road, women, the powerful — and yet the tone is never one of hatred: it is the smiling disillusion of one who has seen much of the world and has learned to laugh at it without ceasing to love it.

Fortunes and readings: how the work has been read

Since 1613, *The Licentiate Vidriera* has never ceased to be read, but it has been read in very different ways according to the age. It is worth distinguishing the certain from the conjectural, and resisting the temptation — so frequent in popularization — to attribute to the work intentions or influences that cannot be proved. What follows keeps to the documented.

What is certain is that the novel enjoyed early success. The *Exemplary Novels* were reprinted many times in the seventeenth century itself, inside and outside Spain, and were translated soon into French and English; the collection was among the most read of Cervantes's works in Europe, on a level with, or ahead of, *Don Quixote* in some countries. It

is a fact easily forgotten by an English reader today, for whom Cervantes means, almost exclusively, *Don Quixote*: in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the *Exemplary Novels* were a European property, plundered by playwrights and imitated by novelists from Paris to London. Within the volume, *The Licentiate Vidriera* was always one of the most prized pieces for its wit, to the point that its sayings sometimes circulated on their own, as a collection of witticisms, apart from the story.

The novel spread, moreover, as part of a whole: the *Exemplary Novels* were almost always read and edited together, and that neighbourhood influenced their reception. *The Licentiate Vidriera* is in dialogue, within the volume, with the other pieces: with the picaresque and juridical world of *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, with the reflection on madness and language that culminates in *The Colloquy of the Dogs* — where, too, two beings on the margin of the human (two talking dogs) exercise social criticism — with the stories of love and honour in the idealizing novels. To read it within that set, and not in isolation, is to read it as Cervantes meant it to be read.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, first the Enlightened and then the Romantic critics prized above all the **picture of manners** and the satire. The novel was read as a most vivid portrait of the Spain of its time, and Vidriera as an acute moralist. It was also in that period that the reproach began to take shape which is still made to it today: that the work "breaks" in the middle, that the stretch of sayings is more a compilation of gibes than a novelistic action, and that the tale is worth more for its parts than for its whole. It is an attendable objection, and we have already discussed it: it can be seen as a fault or as a deliberate form.

The twentieth century renewed the reading thoroughly. The great editors and annotators — Francisco Rodríguez Marín at the beginning of the century, and later Juan Bautista Avalle-Arce and Harry Sieber, among others — fixed the text and cleared up its difficulties, and a modern critical edition, directed by Jorge García López under the seal of the Real Academia and the Instituto Cervantes, set the *Exemplary Novels* on solid philological ground. On the interpretive plane, Américo Castro, in *El pensamiento de Cervantes* (1925), underlined the critical, ironic, and "Erasmian" vein of the author, and that key — Cervantes as a free spirit who examines the prejudices of his society — illuminated also the reading of *Vidriera*. Joaquín Casalduero, in his study of the *Exemplary Novels* as a whole, proposed reading them as an architecture of meaning, and Agustín G. de Amezúa placed them in the history of the Spanish short novel. Edward C. Riley, for his part, showed the coherence of Cervantes's literary theory, attentive to the balance between the ideal and the plausible. The English-speaking reader will find in Riley — who wrote in English — a particularly congenial guide to what Cervantes thought he was doing.

The novel has had, too, a life beyond the printed letter. Its central figure — the man who believes himself of glass — has fascinated readers, playwrights, and artists of many ages, and has reappeared, under different names, each time culture has wished to think the frontier between genius and illness, between the one who sees clearly and the one who goes mad. The "licentiate Vidriera" has become, in time, a kind of archetype: that of the fragile, transparent intellectual, too lucid for the world. That his name is used today as an emblem — there are institutions, collections, and prizes that have taken it — proves the force of the Cervantine invention, capable of condensing into a single image (the glass) a whole way of being, or of not being able to be, in the world.

Out of all those readings a consensus has settled: *The Licentiate Vidriera* is at once a **satire of the society** of its time and a **reflection on knowledge and madness**, and the two things sustain each other. Madness is the watchtower from which society is seen; society is what madness illuminates. And beneath both beats a question that is still alive: what place is there, in the world, for the man who sees too clearly? The ending of the novel — the sage who finds a lodging only in the soldier's death — is Cervantes's disillusioned answer, and his modernity. We read Vidriera today not only as a period picture, but as the early portrait of a very contemporary figure: that of the lucid and marginalized intellectual, who speaks the truths no one wishes to hear, and whom no one, for that reason, knows where to place.

Why Vidriera now

It may be asked, by a reader with no special interest in the Spanish seventeenth century, why he should give his evenings to a four-hundred-year-old tale about a man who thought he was made of glass. The answer is that the novel's questions have, if anything, sharpened with time. We live in an age that produces the clear-sighted commentator in greater numbers than any before it, and that has grown expert at doing to him exactly what the crowd does to Vidriera: gathering to watch, prodding for a reaction, prizing the performance and ignoring the substance, feeding the spectacle and starving the man. The oracle surrounded by a mob that will not let him move, adored while he is a wonder and

abandoned the moment he becomes merely useful, is not a quaint figure from a vanished Spain; he is uncomfortably familiar.

So too is the tale's cool insistence that the world rewards the wrong things — that effrontery is fed and modesty starved, that the machinery of advancement runs on flattery and audacity rather than on merit — and its refusal to pretend that being right is the same as being heeded. Cervantes does not console us with a triumph of the clear-eyed; he shows the clear-eyed man walking out of the city that has no use for him, to die in a distant war, and he does not raise his voice. That refusal of consolation is part of the book's strange modernity. It asks a question it declines to answer: what is a society to do with the person who sees through it — and what is such a person to do with a society that would rather be entertained than told the truth? The reader who closes the book with that question alive in him has read it as it deserves.

There remains, to end, a caution of method that this commentary has tried to respect and that the reader will do well to demand of any study: not to confuse what the novel *says* with what we should like it to say. Cervantes is rich enough to sustain many readings — satirical, philosophical, biographical, social — but not just any. The pages that follow, with the complete text in two languages and its glossary, are there so that each reader may return to the source and judge for himself. The best commentary is the one that sends the reader back to the work with more wakeful eyes; if this one does so, it will have fulfilled its only purpose.

Chronology of Cervantes and the work

Year	Cervantes's life	Context and work
1547	Born in Alcalá de Henares (baptized 9 October).	Reign of Charles I (the Emperor Charles V).
c. 1569	Goes to Italy; serves Cardinal Acquaviva in Rome.	Comes to know Spanish Italy at first hand.
1571	Fights at the battle of Lepanto (7 October); his left hand is left useless ("the one-handed man of Lepanto").	Holy League against the Turk.
1575–1580	Captured by corsairs; captive in Algiers; ransomed in 1580.	Several escape attempts.
1584–1585	Marries Catalina de Salazar (1584); publishes *La Galatea* (1585).	Reign of Philip II.
c. 1587	Commissary of supplies for the Armada in Andalusia; later tax-collector.	Daily dealings with soldiers, merchants, and trades.
1597	Imprisoned in Seville over tangled accounts.	Tradition places here the germ of *Don Quixote* (an uncertain datum).
1601–1606	Lives in Valladolid, whither the court has moved.	The court at Valladolid: the setting of *The Licentiate Vidriera*.
c. 1604–1606	Probable writing or setting of *The Licentiate Vidriera* (according to the critics, from the allusions to the Valladolid court).	—
1605	Publishes the first part of *Don Quixote* (Juan de la Cuesta, Madrid; at the charge of Francisco de Robles).	Immediate publishing success.
1613	Publishes the ***Exemplary Novels*** (Madrid, Juan de la Cuesta, at the charge of Francisco de Robles); *The Licentiate Vidriera* is the fifth of the twelve.	Cervantes is 66.
1614	Publishes the *Journey to Parnassus*.	The apocryphal *Don Quixote* of Avellaneda appears.
1615	Publishes the second part of *Don Quixote* and the *Eight Comedies and Eight New Interludes*.	—
1616	Dies in Madrid on 22 April (buried the 23rd); a few days before, he signs the dedication of the *Persiles*.	—
1617	*The Trials of Persiles and Sigismunda* appears posthumously.	—

Note: the dates of birth, Lepanto, captivity, publications, and death are secure; the exact date of composition of *The Licentiate Vidriera* is unknown and is proposed by conjecture from internal evidence.

Reading guide: ten questions for the classroom or the reading circle

1. **The three names.** Tomás is called, in turn, Rodaja, Vidriera, and Rueda. What does each name represent? Why does he change "Rodaja" for "Rueda" on being cured, and what does he gain or lose by the change?

2. **The cause of the madness.** The narrator insists that the enchantment of the quince was, in reality, a poison. Why does it matter to Cervantes to give a natural — and not a magical — explanation of the madness? How does that fit the mentality of his age?

3. **The paradox of the glass.** Why does Tomás believe himself made of glass and not of some other matter? Enumerate the senses of the metaphor — fragility, transparency, acuteness — and discuss which weighs most in the novel.

4. **The madman's licence.** Vidriera says truths that a sane man could not. Which concrete criticisms does he "allow himself" thanks to his madness? Do you think Cervantes shares those criticisms or merely sets them out?

5. **Satire with measure.** Vidriera attacks bad physicians but respects medicine; he criticizes bad notaries but defends the office. What does that distinction tell us about Cervantes's moral attitude?

6. **The ending.** The cured sage fails and dies a soldier. Is it a pessimistic ending? What judgment on society — and on the place of knowledge in it — follows from that dénouement?

7. **The women.** Many of Vidriera's gibes are misogynist. To what degree are they the opinion of the character, a commonplace of the satirical genre, or a thesis of the author? Compare with other women in Cervantes's work that you may know.

8. **The court.** Compare the Salamanca of the beginning with the court of the ending. What values does each place embody? Why does the court turn out to be the worst place for a useful man?

9. **The structure.** The centre of the novel is almost all dialogue and saying, with hardly any action. Does that seem to you a fault or a success? How would the work change if it had more "plot"?

10. **Relevance.** Do you recognize today the figure of Vidriera — the uncomfortable lucid one to whom no one listens when he speaks in earnest? What trades and vices of our own time would you put in his mouth?

Sources really used

This study rests on the common knowledge of Cervantine scholarship and on the direct reading of the text. No quotations or dates have been invented; where a datum is uncertain, it is said so. The works and authors mentioned throughout the book, all of them real and standard references, are:

- **Miguel de Cervantes**, *Novelas ejemplares* (Madrid, Juan de la Cuesta, at the charge of Francisco de Robles, 1613), and in particular *El licenciado Vidriera*. The Spanish text reproduced in Part Two of this book comes from a revised modern critical edition (the *Clásicos molineros* series), with its glossary.

- **Miguel de Cervantes**, prologue to the *Novelas ejemplares* (the author's self-portrait; the declaration of being "the first to have written novels in the Castilian tongue"; the image of the "trucks-table").

- **Walter K. Kelly**, *The Exemplary Novels of Cervantes* (London, Henry G. Bohn, Bohn's Standard Library, 1855): the complete Victorian English translation reproduced in Part Two. On the translator and his method, see Part Three.

- **Américo Castro**, *El pensamiento de Cervantes* (1925): the critical and "Erasmian" vein of Cervantes.

- **Marcel Bataillon**, *Erasmo y España* (*Érasme et l'Espagne*): the diffusion of Erasmianism in sixteenth-century Spain.

- **Francisco Rodríguez Marín**, editions and annotations of the *Novelas ejemplares* (first decades of the twentieth century).

- **Juan Bautista Avalle-Arce**, edition of the *Novelas ejemplares* (Castalia).

- **Harry Sieber**, edition of the *Novelas ejemplares* (Cátedra).

- **Jorge García López**, critical edition of the *Novelas ejemplares* (Real Academia Española / Instituto Cervantes – Crítica).

- **Joaquín Casalduero**, *Sentido y forma de las «Novelas ejemplares»*.

- **Agustín G. de Amezúa y Mayo**, *Cervantes, creador de la novela corta española*.

- **Edward C. Riley**, *Cervantes's Theory of the Novel*.

- **Juan Luis Alborg**, *Historia de la literatura española* (the Golden Age volume).

For the historical and medical frame, use has been made of well-established and uncontroversial notions: the theory of the four humours in the Hippocratic-Galenic tradition; the Renaissance association between melancholy and genius; the documented existence of the "glass delusion" as a form of melancholy in the Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the removal of the court to Valladolid between 1601 and 1606; and the working of the system of approbations, licences, privileges, and price in the Spanish printing trade of the age. For questions of the classical language (contractions, future subjunctive, disused vocabulary) the text itself and the accompanying glossary have been followed.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra died on 22 April 1616. His work is in the public domain. This commentary is an original work of Wordkers, 2026. The English translation of the novel reproduced in Part Two is that of Walter K. Kelly (1855), likewise in the public domain.

Part Two · The Novel, in Spanish and English

☞ Each Spanish paragraph (roman) is followed by its English pair, marked [EN], in the translation of Walter K. Kelly (1855). Passages marked with a grey side-rule are places where Kelly joins, splits, or omits paragraphs; the note explains each. Underlined Spanish words open a pop-up glossary definition on the Kindle.

Paseándose dos caballeros estudiantes por las riberas de Tormes, hallaron en ellas debajo de un árbol durmiendo a un muchacho de hasta edad de once años, vestido como labrador. Mandaron a un criado que le despertase; despertó y preguntáronle de adónde era y qué hacía durmiendo en aquella soledad. A lo cual el muchacho respondió que el nombre de su tierra se le había olvidado, y que iba a la ciudad de Salamanca a buscar un amo a quien servir, por solo que le diese estudio. Preguntáronle si sabía leer; respondió que sí, y escribir también.

[EN] *Two students were one day passing along the banks of the Tormes, when they found a boy, about eleven years old, dressed as a labourer, and sleeping under a tree. They sent a servant to wake him, and when he had well opened his eyes, they asked him whence he came, and what he was doing, to be lying asleep and defenceless in that lonely place. The boy replied, that he had forgotten the name of his birthplace, but was going to Salamanca, there to seek a master whom he might serve, on condition of being permitted and aided to pursue his studies.*

The gentlemen then asked if he could read, and he replied that he could, and write also.

☞ Kelly opens the tale by dividing this first Spanish paragraph into two.

—D'esa manera –dijo uno de los caballeros–, no es por falta de memoria habérsete olvidado el nombre de tu patria.

[EN] *"It is not from want of memory, then, that you have forgotten the name of your country," remarked the students.*

—Sea por lo que fuere –respondió el muchacho–, que ni el d'ella ni del de mis padres sabrá ninguno hasta que yo pueda honrarlos a ellos y a ella.

[EN] *"Let the cause be what it may," replied the boy, "neither that nor the name of my parents shall be known to any one until I can do honour to them both."*

—Pues ¿de qué suerte los piensas honrar? –preguntó el otro caballero.

[EN] *"But in what manner do you propose to do them honour?" inquired the gentlemen.*

—Con mis estudios –respondió el muchacho–, siendo famoso por ellos; porque yo he oído decir que de los hombres se hacen los obispos.

[EN] *"By the results of my studies," said the boy, "and when I have rendered myself famous by the learning I mean to acquire; for I have heard that some men have made themselves bishops by their studies."*

Esta respuesta movió a los dos caballeros a que le recibiesen y llevasen consigo, como lo hicieron, dándole estudio de la manera que se usa dar en aquella universidad a los criados que sirven. Dijo el muchacho que se llamaba Tomás Rodaja, de donde infirieron sus amos, por el nombre y por el vestido, que debía de ser hijo de algún labrador pobre. A pocos días le vistieron de negro, y a pocas semanas dio Tomás muestras de tener raro ingenio, sirviendo a sus amos con tanta fidelidad, puntualidad y diligencia que, con no faltar un punto a sus estudios, parecía que solo se ocupaba en servirlos. Y como el buen servir del siervo mueve la voluntad del señor a tratarle bien, ya Tomás Rodaja no era criado de sus amos, sino su compañero. Finalmente, en ocho años que estuvo con ellos, se hizo tan famoso en la universidad por su buen ingenio y notable habilidad, que de todo género de gentes era estimado y querido.

[EN] *This reply moved the two gentlemen to receive the lad into their service, and take him with them to Salamanca, giving him such facilities for studying as it is not unusual for masters to afford in that university to those who serve them.*

The youth subsequently informed his masters, that they might call him Thomas Rodaja; whence the students judged him to be the son of some poor labourer. A day or two after their meeting, they caused him to be clothed in a suit of black; and, in the course of a few weeks, he gave proof of extraordinary talent. He was, besides, very grateful, and laboured so earnestly in the service of his masters, that although in fact exceedingly attentive to his studies, it might well have been thought that he did nothing but wait upon those he served.

Now the good service of the valet led the masters to treat him well; Thomas soon became their companion rather than servant, and, during eight years, all of which he passed with them, he acquired for himself so high a

> *reputation in the university, by his great ability and excellent conduct, that he was beloved and esteemed by those of every rank.*

☞ Kelly divides this Spanish paragraph into three English ones.

Su principal estudio fue de leyes, pero en lo que más se mostraba era en letras humanas; y tenía tan felice memoria que era cosa de espanto, e ilustrábala tanto con su buen entendimiento, que no era menos famoso por él que por ella.

[EN] *The principal object of Rodaja's study was the law, but he was almost equally distinguished in polite learning, and his memory was matter of marvel to all; and the correctness of his views on all subjects was not less remarkable.*

Sucedió que se llegó el tiempo que sus amos acabaron sus estudios y se fueron a su lugar, que era una de las mejores ciudades de la Andalucía. Lleváronse consigo a Tomás, y estuvo con ellos algunos días pero, como le fatigasen los deseos de volver a sus estudios, y a Salamanca (que enhechiza la voluntad de volver a ella a todos los que de la apacibilidad de su vivienda han gustado), pidió a sus amos licencia para volverse. Ellos, corteses y liberales, se la dieron, acomodándole de suerte que con lo que le dieron se pudiera sustentar tres años.

[EN] *The time had now arrived when the studies of his masters were completed, and they returned to their birthplace, which was one of the most important cities of Andalusia. They took Rodaja with them, and he remained in their company for some time; but, assailed by a perpetual longing to return to his studies at Salamanca,--a city that enchains the will of all who have tasted the amenities of life in that fair seat of learning--he entreated permission of his masters to depart for that purpose. With their usual kindness, they accorded him the favour he desired, and took such measures in his behalf that by their bounty he was supplied with a sufficiency to support him in the university for three years.*

Despidiose d'ellos, mostrando en sus palabras su agradecimiento, y salió de Málaga, que esta era la patria de sus señores. Y al bajar de la cuesta de la Zambra, camino de Antequera, se topó con un gentilhombre a caballo, vestido bizarramente de camino, con dos criados también a caballo. Juntose con él y supo cómo llevaba su mismo viaje. Hicieron camarada, departieron de diversas cosas, y a pocos lances dio Tomás muestras de su raro ingenio, y el caballero las dio de su bizarría y cortesano trato, y dijo que era capitán de infantería por Su Majestad, y que su alférez estaba haciendo la compañía en tierra de Salamanca. Alabó la vida de la soldadesca; pintole muy al vivo la belleza de la ciudad de Nápoles, las **holguras** de Palermo, la abundancia de Milán, los festines de Lombardía, las espléndidas comidas de las hosterías; dibujole dulce y puntualmente el *aconcha, patrón; pasa acá, manigoldo; venga la macarela, li polastri e li macarroni*. Puso las alabanzas en el cielo de la vida libre del soldado y de la libertad de Italia, pero no le dijo nada del frío de las centinelas, del peligro de los asaltos, del espanto de las batallas, de la hambre de los cercos, de la ruina de la minas, con otras cosas d'este jaez, que algunos las toman y tienen por añadiduras del peso de la soldadesca, y son la carga principal d'ella. En resolución, tantas cosas le dijo, y tan bien dichas, que la discreción de nuestro Tomás Rodaja comenzó a titubear y la voluntad a aficionarse a aquella vida, que tan cerca tiene la muerte.

[EN] *Rodaja took his leave with manifest proofs of gratitude, and departed from Malaga, for that was the native city of his masters, without further delay. Descending the declivity of the Zambra on the road to Antequera, he chanced to encounter a gentleman on horseback, gaily accoutred in a rich travelling dress, and attended by two servants, also on horseback, whose company he joined; their journey thenceforward lay in the same direction, and the gentleman accepted Thomas as his comrade. They discoursed of various matters, and, in a short time, Rodaja gave such proof of his quality as much delighted his fellow-traveller; while the latter, on his part, soon proved himself to be a kind and courteous man. He told Rodaja that he was a captain of infantry in the service of the king, and that his ensign was then completing their company at Salamanca. He praised the life of a soldier in the highest terms, describing, with much encomium, the many cities and other places visited by those who lead that life. Among other themes of which he spoke were the beauty of Naples, the feasting and pleasures of Palermo, the rich abundance of Milan, and the frequent festivals held in other parts of Lombardy--not omitting the good cheer of the numerous hostelries--in the description of which he broke forth rapturously in the Tuscan language, discoursing of Macarela, Macarroni, and Polastri, with the most cordial goodwill. He expatiated largely on the free enjoyment of life in Italy, and on the pleasures of the soldier's life in general, which he exalted to the skies; but he did not say a word of the chilling night-watch, the perils of the assault, the terrors of battle, the hunger and privation endured in blockades and sieges, or the ruin caused by mines, with other matters of similar kind whereof he might have spoken, but which he passed over in silence--although there are those who would consider such things as having something to do with the life of the soldier, not to call them its principal features. In a word, he said so much on the*

subject, that the resolution of our Thomas Rodaja began to waver, and his inclination went near to fix itself on that life, which is so near a neighbour to death.

El capitán, que don Diego de Valdivia se llamaba, contentísimo de la buena presencia, ingenio y desenvoltura de Tomás, le rogó que se fuese con él a Italia, si quería, por curiosidad de verla, que él le ofrecía su mesa; y aun si fuese necesario, su bandera, porque su alférez la había de dejar presto. Poco fue menester para que Tomás tuviese el envite, haciendo consigo en un instante un breve discurso de que sería bueno ver a Italia y Flandes y otras diversas tierras y países, pues las luengas peregrinaciones hacen a los hombres discretos; y que en esto, a lo más largo podía gastar tres o cuatro años que, añadidos a los pocos que él tenía, no serían tantos que impidiesen volver a sus estudios. Y como si todo hubiera de suceder a la medida de su gusto, dijo al capitán que era contento de irse con él a Italia; pero había de ser condición que no se había de sentar debajo de bandera, ni poner en lista de soldado, por no obligarse a seguir su bandera. Y aunque el capitán le dijo que no importaba ponerse en lista, que ansí gozaría de los socorros y pagas que a la compañía se diesen, porque él le daría licencia todas las veces que se la pidiese.
—Eso sería –dijo Tomás– ir contra mi conciencia y contra la del señor capitán; y así, más quiero ir suelto que obligado.

[EN] *The captain, whose name was Don Diego de Valdivia, charmed, on his part, with the handsome looks, cheerful manners, and admirable abilities of Rodaja, entreated him to accompany the march into Italy, were it only for the purpose of seeing the country. He offered him his table, and even, if he would adopt the military life, he proposed to procure him a pair of colours; nay, he assured him that those of his own regiment would soon be vacant, and should be at his service.*
But little persuasion was required to induce Rodaja's acceptance of a part of this offer. Weighing it in his mind, he considered that it would be well to see Italy and Flanders, to say nothing of other countries, since travel contributes to increase knowledge and discretion. He thought, too, that although he should spend three, or even four years in that occupation, yet these, added to the few he then counted, would not make him so old but that he might afterwards return to his studies. These and other considerations had their weight, and the opportunity being so much to his taste, Rodaja finally told the captain that he would go with him into Italy; but it must be on condition of being left at perfect liberty. He would not consent to enlist under his banner, nor to have his name enrolled in the books of the regiment, that he might not be subjected to the restraints of service. The captain represented that his being inscribed on the lists was a matter which involved no duty, and that he would thereby obtain all the appointments, with the regular pay accorded to his rank; while he, Don Diego, would take care that he should have leave of absence whenever he might demand it. Yet Rodaja was not to be moved from his determination. "For this," said he, "would be to act against the dictates of my conscience and of yours, señor captain; I would, besides, much rather go free than be attached to military service in any manner."

☞ Kelly renders the captain's offer and Tomás's reply as continuous narrative, so the boundary between these two Spanish paragraphs falls inside the English.

—Conciencia tan escrupulosa –dijo don Diego–, más es de religioso que de soldado; pero, comoquiera que sea, ya somos camaradas.

[EN] *"A conscience so scrupulous is more suitable to the cowl of a monk than the helmet of a soldier," said Don Diego, laughing; "but let it be as you will, so we but remain comrades."*

Llegaron aquella noche a Antequera, y en pocos días y grandes jornadas se pusieron donde estaba la compañía, ya acabada de hacer, y que comenzaba a marchar la vuelta de Cartagena, alojándose ella y otras cuatro por los lugares que le venían a mano. Allí notó Tomás la autoridad de los comisarios, la incomodidad de algunos capitanes, la solicitud de los **aposentadores**, la industria y cuenta de los pagadores, las quejas de los pueblos, el rescatar de las **boletas**, las insolencias de los **bisoños**, las pendencias de los huéspedes, el pedir **bagajes** más de los necesarios, y finalmente la necesidad casi precisa de hacer todo aquello que notaba y mal le parecía.

[EN] *The first night of their journey they had passed at Antequera, and making long stages each day, they speedily arrived at the place where the captain was to join his company. All arrangements being completed, the company began its march with four others to Carthagena, quartering at such places as fell in their way.*
And now Rodaja could not fail to remark the authority assumed by the commissaries; the intractable character of many among the captains; the rapacity of the quartermasters, and the unreasonable nature of their demands; the fashion in which the paymasters managed their accounts; the complaints of the people; the traffic in and exchange of billets; the insolence of the undisciplined troops; their quarrels with the other guests at the inns; the requisition of more rations and other stores than were rightful or necessary; and, finally, the almost inevitable

> *consequences of all this. Much besides came under his observation, which he could not but see to be in every way wrong and injurious.*

☞ Kelly splits this paragraph in two (the march, then the abuses of the soldiery).

Habíase vestido Tomás de papagayo, renunciando los hábitos de estudiante, y púsose a lo de Dios es Cristo, como se suele decir. Los muchos libros que tenía los redujo a unas *Horas de Nuestra Señora* y un *Garcilaso* sin comento, que en las dos faldriqueras llevaba.

[EN] *For Rodaja himself, he had now abandoned the garb of a student, and dressed himself parrot-fashion (as we say), conforming to such things as the life around him presented. The many books he had possessed were now reduced to the "Orisons of Our Lady," and a "Garcilaso without Comments," which he carried in two of his pockets.*

> Llegaron más presto de lo que quisieran a Cartagena, porque la vida de los alojamientos es ancha y varia, y cada día se topan cosas nuevas y gustosas. Allí se embarcaron en cuatro galeras de Nápoles, y allí notó también Tomás Rodaja la estraña vida de aquellas marítimas casas, adonde lo más del tiempo maltratan las chinches, roban los forzados, enfadan los marineros, destruyen los ratones y fatigan las **maretas**. Pusiéronle temor las grandes borrascas y tormentas, especialmente en el golfo de León, que tuvieron dos; que la una los echó en Córcega y la otra los volvió a Tolón, en Francia. En fin, trasnochados, mojados y con ojeras, llegaron a la hermosa y bellísima ciudad de Génova y, desembarcándose en su recogido mandrache, después de haber visitado una iglesia, dio el capitán con todas sus camaradas en una hostería, donde pusieron en olvido todas las borrascas pasadas con el presente *gaudeamus*.

[EN] *The party with which he travelled arrived at Carthagena much earlier than he desired, for the varied life he led was very pleasant, and each day brought something new and agreeable. At Carthagena the troops embarked in four galleys for Naples; and in his cabin, also, Kodaja made many observations on the strange life passed in those maritime houses, where, for the most part, a man is devoured by vermin and destroyed by rats, vexed by the sailors, robbed by the galley-slaves, and tormented by the swell of the waters. He endured terrible fear from violent storms and tempests, more especially in the Gulf of Lyons, where they had two, by one of which they were cast on the Island of Corsica, while the other drove them back upon Toulon, in France. At last, weary and half-drowned, they reached land in the darkness of the night, and with great difficulty arrived at the most peaceful and beautiful city of Genoa.*

Having disembarked, and hastily visited a church to return thanks for their safety, the captain with all his comrades adjourned to a tavern, where they quickly forgot past storms and tempests in present rejoicing and feasting.

☞ Kelly divides this paragraph in two (the crossing to Genoa, then the feasting at the inn).

> Allí conocieron la suavidad del Treviano, el valor del Montefrascón, la [inercia] del Asperino, la generosidad de los dos griegos Candia y Soma, la grandeza del de las Cinco Viñas, la dulzura y apacibilidad de la señora Guarnacha, la rusticidad de la Chéntola, sin que entre todos estos señores osase parecer la bajeza del Romanesco. Y habiendo hecho el huésped la reseña de tantos y tan diferentes vinos, se ofreció de hacer parecer allí, sin usar de tropelía, ni como pintados en mapa, sino real y verdaderamente, a Madrigal, Coca, Alaejos, y a la imperial más que Real Ciudad, recámara del dios de la risa; ofreció a Esquivias, a Alanís, a Cazalla, Guadalcanal y la Membrilla, sin que se le olvidase de Ribadavia y de Descargamaría. Finalmente, más vinos nombró el huésped, y más les dio, que pudo tener en sus bodegas el mismo Baco.

[EN] *Here they learned to appreciate the respective merits of the different wines presented to them by their active and voluble host; the delicacy of Trebbiano, the fine body of Montefiascone, the purity of Asperino, the generous spirit of the wines from Candia and Soma, and the strength of those from the Cincovinas, or Five Vineyards. Neither did they disregard the sweetness and amenity of the Señora Guarnacha, or the rustic bloom of the Centola, not forgetting even in this bright array the humble Romanesco, which likewise came in for its meed of praise.*

The host having passed in review all these and other wines, of many various qualities, offered besides to place before his guests, without having any recourse to magic, and not as one marks down places on a map, but in all their vivid reality, Madriga, Coca, Alacjos, and the imperial, rather than royal city--that favourite abode of the god of smiles--Ciudad Real. He furthermore offered Esquibias, Alanis, Cazalla, Guadalcanal, and Membrilla, without forgetting the wines of Ribadavia or of Descargamaria. At a word, the host offered and even gave them more wines than Bacchus himself could have stored in all his cellars.

☞ Kelly divides the catalogue of wines into two English paragraphs.

Admiráronle también al buen Tomás los rubios cabellos de las ginovesas, y la gentileza y gallarda disposición de los hombres; la admirable belleza de la ciudad, que en aquellas peñas parece que tiene las casas engastadas como diamantes en oro.

[EN] *Nor was the good Thomas unmindful of the admiration due to the radiant locks of the Genoese maidens, renowned for those fair tresses, while he likewise appreciated the obliging and cheerful disposition of the male inhabitants, and was never weary of expatiating on the beauty of the city itself, which, as you look at it from the sea, appears to hold the houses enchased amidst the rocks, as diamonds are set in gold.*

Otro día se desembarcaron todas las compañías que habían de ir al Piamonte; pero no quiso Tomás hacer este viaje, sino irse desde allí por tierra a Roma y a Nápoles, como lo hizo, quedando de volver por la gran Venecia y por Loreto a Milán y al Piamonte, donde dijo don Diego de Valdivia que le hallaría si ya no los hubiesen llevado a Flandes, según se decía. Despidiose Tomás del capitán de allí a dos días, y en cinco llegó a Florencia, habiendo visto primero a Luca, ciudad pequeña, pero muy bien hecha, y en la que mejor que en otras partes de Italia son bien vistos y agasajados los españoles.

[EN] *The day after their arrival, such of the companies as were destined for Piedmont were disembarked; Rodaja, however, had no wish to proceed thither, but determined to go from Genoa by land to Rome and Naples, and return by the way of Our Lady of Loretto to the great and magnificent Venice, and thence to Milan and Piedmont, where it was agreed that he should rejoin Don Diego, if the latter had not previously been compelled to set off for Flanders, as was expected.*

Two days after these arrangements were made, Rodaja took leave of the captain, and in five days from that time he reached Florence, having first seen Lucca, a city which is small but very well built, and one where Spaniards are more kindly received and better treated than in any other part of Italy.

☞ Kelly splits this paragraph in two (the plan of the route, then the road to Florence).

Contentole Florencia en estremo, así por su agradable asiento como por su limpieza, sumptuosos edificios, fresco río y apacibles calles. Estuvo en ella cuatro días, y luego se partió a Roma, reina de las ciudades y señora del mundo. Visitó sus templos, adoró sus reliquias y admiró su grandeza. Y así como por las uñas del león se viene en conocimiento de su grandeza y ferocidad, así él sacó la de Roma por sus despedazados mármoles, medias y enteras estatuas, por sus rotos arcos y derribadas termas, por sus magníficos pórticos y anfiteatros grandes; por su famoso y santo río, que siempre llena sus márgenes de agua y las beatifica con las infinitas reliquias de cuerpos de mártires que en ellas tuvieron sepultura; por sus puentes, que parece que se están mirando unas a otras, y por sus calles, que con solo el nombre cobran autoridad sobre todas las de las otras ciudades del mundo: la vía Apia, la Flaminia, la Julia, con otras d'este jaez. Pues no le admiraba menos la división de sus montes dentro de sí misma: el Celio, el Quirinal y el Vaticano, con los otros cuatro, cuyos nombres manifiestan la grandeza y majestad romana. Notó también la autoridad del Colegio de los Cardenales, la majestad del Sumo Pontífice, el concurso y variedad de gentes y naciones. Todo lo miró, y notó y puso en su punto. Y habiendo andado la estación de las siete iglesias, y confesádose con un penitenciario, y besado el pie a Su Santidad, lleno de *agnusdeis* y cuentas, determinó irse a Nápoles. Y por ser tiempo de mutación, malo y dañoso para todos los que en él entran o salen de Roma, como hayan caminado por tierra, se fue por mar a Nápoles, donde a la admiración que traía de haber visto a Roma añadió la que le causó ver a Nápoles, ciudad, a su parecer y al de todos cuantos la han visto, la mejor de Europa y aun de todo el mundo.

[EN] *With Florence Rodaja was infinitely delighted, as well for the pleasantness of its position as for its sumptuous buildings, its fine river, agreeable streets, and cleanliness of aspect. He remained there but four days, and then departed for Rome, the queen of cities and mistress of the world, whose temples he visited, whose relics he adored, and whose grandeur he admired: and as from the claws of the lion you may judge of its mass and force, so did Rodaja infer the greatness of Rome from the fragments of her marbles--her statues, broken or entire--her arches, fallen or fractured--her baths, crumbled to ruin--her magnificent porticos and vast amphitheatres--her renowned and holy river, which ever fills the banks with water to the brim, while it blesses them with innumerable remains of the martyrs whose bodies have found a burial beneath its waves. Nor did our traveller fail to estimate the beauty of the bridges, which one might fancy to be admiring each other, or the streets, which, by their very names alone, claim authority and pre-eminence over those of all other cities in the world: the Via Flaminia, for example, the Via Julia, the Appia, and others of the same character.*

No less was Rodaja satisfied with the division of those hills which exist within the city itself, the Cælian, the Quirinal, the Vatican, and the other four, whose very names bear evidence to the Roman greatness and majesty. He took careful note, moreover, of that authority which attaches to the College of Cardinals, and of the dignity

represented in the person of the Supreme Pontiff; nor did he suffer to pass unnoticed that great concourse and variety of men from all nations ever congregated within the walls of the city.
All these things Rodaja admired, reflected on, and arranged in the order of their importance; and having made the station of the Seven Churches, confessed to a Penitentiary, and kissed the feet of his Holiness, he departed, well loaded with Agnus Deis and legends, determining thence to proceed to Naples.
But the time was one of important changes and much disorder; this rendered the roads dangerous for all desiring to enter or travel out of Rome; and as he had come to the city by land, so he now resolved to depart by sea, wherefore, proceeding to the port of Ostia, he there embarked, and having reached Naples, added to the satisfaction which he had previously felt at seeing Rome, that of finding himself in a city, in his estimation, and in the opinion of all who have seen it, the finest in Europe, or even in the whole world.

☞ Kelly breaks this long paragraph on Florence, Rome, and Naples into four English ones.

Desde allí se fue a Sicilia, y vio a Palermo, y después a Micina; de Palermo le pareció bien el asiento y belleza, y de Micina, el puerto, y de toda la isla, la abundancia, por quien propiamente y con verdad es llamada granero de Italia. Volviose a Nápoles y a Roma, y de allí fue a Nuestra Señora de Loreto, en cuyo santo templo no vio paredes ni murallas, porque todas estaban cubiertas de muletas, de mortajas, de cadenas, de grillos, de esposas, de cabelleras, de medios bultos de cera y de pinturas y retablos, que daban manifiesto indicio de las inumerables mercedes que muchos habían recebido de la mano de Dios, por intercesión de su divina Madre, que aquella sacrosanta imagen suya quiso engrandecer y autorizar con muchedumbre de milagros, en recompensa de la devoción que le tienen aquellos que con semejantes doseles tienen adornados los muros de su casa. Vio el mismo aposento y estancia donde se relató la más alta embajada y de más importancia que vieron y no entendieron todos los cielos, y todos los ángeles y todos los moradores de las moradas sempiternas.

[EN] *From Naples, Rodaja proceeded to Sicily, where he visited Palermo and Messina; the first of these cities he admired for the advantages of its position and its beauty, and the second for the convenience of its port; while to the whole island he could not but offer the tribute of his praise for that abundance which causes it to be justly denominated the granary of all Italy.*
Returning from Sicily to Naples and Rome, Rodaja thence proceeded to Our Lady of Loretto, in whose Holy Temple he could see neither walls nor partitions, since every part was covered with crutches, biers, shrouds, chains, padlocks, fetters, and locks of hair; with arms, hands, legs, or busts in wax, to say nothing of pictures and prints, all giving manifest indication of the mercies and favours innumerable which hundreds of men have received in that place from the hand of God, by the intercession of his Divine Mother, whose sacred Image (there preserved) He has been pleased to exalt and sanction by a vast number of miracles, which have been performed in recompense of the devotion of her votaries; for by them it is that the walls of her house have been adorned in the manner described.
Here Rodaja beheld that very chamber of the Virgin, wherein was delivered the most stupendous embassy ever heard or witnessed by all the heavens, all the angels, and all the archangels, or other inhabitants of the everlasting abodes.

☞ Kelly breaks this paragraph (Sicily, Loreto, the Virgin's chamber) into three.

Desde allí, embarcándose en Ancona, fue a Venecia, ciudad que, a no haber nacido Colón en el mundo, no tuviera en él semejante: merced al cielo y al gran Hernando Cortés, que conquistó la gran Méjico, para que la gran Venecia tuviese en alguna manera quien se le opusiese. Estas dos famosas ciudades se parecen en las calles, que son todas de agua: la de Europa, admiración del mundo antiguo; la de América, espanto del mundo nuevo. Pareciole que su riqueza era infinita, su gobierno prudente, su sitio inexpugnable, su abundancia mucha, sus contornos alegres, y finalmente toda ella en sí y en sus partes digna de la fama que de su valor por todas las partes del orbe se estiende, dando causa de acreditar más esta verdad la máquina de su famoso Arsenal, que es el lugar donde se fabrican las galeras, con otros bajeles que no tienen número. Por poco fueran los de Calipso los regalos y pasatiempos que halló nuestro curioso en Venecia, pues casi le hacían olvidar de su primer intento. Pero, habiendo estado un mes en ella, por Ferrara, Parma y Plasencia volvió a Milán, oficina de Vulcano, ojeriza del reino de Francia; ciudad en fin de quien se dice que puede decir y hacer, haciéndola magnífica la grandeza suya y de su templo y su maravillosa abundancia de todas las cosas a la vida humana necesarias. Desde allí se fue a Aste, y llegó a tiempo que otro día marchaba el tercio a Flandes. Fue muy bien recebido de su amigo el capitán, y en su compañía y camarada pasó a Flandes, y llegó a Amberes, ciudad no menos para maravillar que las que había visto en Italia. Vio a Gante, y a Bruselas, y vio que todo el país se disponía a tomar las armas, para salir en campaña el verano siguiente.

[EN] *From this place our traveller proceeded to Ancona, where he embarked and repaired to Venice, a city which, had Columbus never appeared in the world, would certainly be still supposed to have no equal; but, by the favour of heaven, and thanks to the great Fernando Cortez who conquered Mexico, the magnificent Venice has now found a city that may be compared to herself. The streets of these two renowned capitals, which are almost wholly of water, make them the admiration and terror of all mankind--that of Europe dominating the old world, and that of America the new. For of the former it would appear that her riches are infinite, her position impregnable, her government most wise, the abundance of her products inexhaustible; in a word, she is herself, as a whole, and in all her parts, entirely worthy of that fame for greatness and majesty which has penetrated to all the regions of the world: the justice of the praise bestowed on Venice is, besides, accredited by her renowned arsenal, wherein are constructed her potent galleys, with other vessels of which the number is not to be told.*
To our curious traveller the delights and pastimes found in Venice had almost proved fatal as those of Calypso, since they had nearly caused him to forget his first intentions. Yet when he had passed a month in that enchanting place, he found resolution to continue his journey, passing by Ferrara, Parma, and Placentia, to Milan, that workshop of Vulcan--that grudge and despair of France--that superb city of which more wonders are reported than words can tell, her own grandeur being increased by that of her famous Temple, and by the marvellous abundance of all things necessary to human life that are to be found therein.
From Milan, Rodaja journeyed to Asti, where he arrived in very good time, since the regiment of Don Diego was to depart for Flanders on the following day. He was received very kindly by his friend the captain, with whom he passed into Flanders, and arrived at Antwerp, a city no less worthy of admiration than those which he had seen in Italy. He visited Ghent and Brussels likewise, finding the whole country preparing to take arms, and well disposed to enter on the campaign of the following year.

☞ Kelly breaks this long paragraph (Venice, Milan, Flanders) into three English ones.

Y habiendo cumplido con el deseo que le movió a ver lo que había visto, determinó volverse a España y a Salamanca a acabar sus estudios; y como lo pensó lo puso luego por obra, con pesar grandísimo de su camarada, que le rogó, al tiempo del despedirse, le avisase de su salud, llegada y suceso. Prometióselo ansí como lo pedía, y por Francia volvió a España, sin haber visto a París, por estar puesta en armas. En fin, llegó a Salamanca, donde fue bien recebido de sus amigos, y con la comodidad que ellos le hicieron prosiguió sus estudios hasta graduarse de licenciado en leyes.

[EN] *Rodaja having now seen all that he had desired to behold, resolved to return to his native Spain, and to the city of Salamanca, there to complete his studies. He had no sooner determined than he instantly put his purpose into execution, to the great regret of his friend, who, finding him resolved to depart, entreated him at least to write him word of his safe arrival, and likewise of his future success. This Rodaja promised to do, and then returned to Spain through France, but he did not see Paris, which was at that time in arms. At length he arrived at Salamanca, where he was well received by his friends, and with the facilities which they procured him, he continued his studies until he finally attained to the degree of doctor of laws.*

Sucedió que en este tiempo llegó a aquella ciudad una dama de todo rumbo y manejo. Acudieron luego a la añagaza y reclamo todos los pájaros del lugar, sin quedar vademécum que no la visitase. Dijéronle a Tomás que aquella dama decía que había estado en Italia y en Flandes y, por ver si la conocía, fue a visitarla, de cuya visita y vista quedó ella enamorada de Tomás. Y él, sin echar de ver en ello, si no era por fuerza y llevado de otros, no quería entrar en su casa. Finalmente, ella le descubrió su voluntad y le ofreció su hacienda. Pero, como él atendía más a sus libros que a otros pasatiempos, en ninguna manera respondía al gusto de la señora, la cual, viéndose desdeñada y a su parecer aborrecida y que por medios ordinarios y comunes no podía conquistar la roca de la voluntad de Tomás, acordó de buscar otros modos, a su parecer más eficaces y bastantes para salir con el cumplimiento de sus deseos. Y así, aconsejada de una morisca, en un membrillo toledano dio a Tomás unos d'estos que llaman hechizos, creyendo que le daba cosa que le forzase la voluntad a quererla: como si hubiese en el mundo yerbas, encantos ni palabras suficientes a forzar el libre albedrío; y así, las que dan estas bebidas o comidas amatorias se llaman *venefícios*; porque no es otra cosa lo que hacen sino dar veneno a quien las toma, como lo tiene mostrado la experiencia en muchas y diversas ocasiones.

[EN] *Now it chanced that, about this time, there arrived in Salamanca one of those ladies who belong to all the points of the compass; she was besides well furnished with devices of every colour. To the whistle and bird-call of this fowler there instantly came flocking all the birds of the place; nor was there a vade mecum who refrained from paying a visit to that gay decoy. Among the rest our Thomas was informed that the Señora said she had been in Italy and Flanders when he, to ascertain if he were acquainted with the dame, likewise paid her a visit.*

> *She, on her part, immediately fell in love with Rodaja, but he rejected her advances, and never approached her house but when led thither by others, and almost by force. Attending much more zealously to his studies than his amusements, he did not in any manner return her affection, even when she had made it known to him by the offer of her hand and all her possessions.*
> *Seeing herself thus scorned, and perceiving that she could not bend the will of Rodaja by ordinary means, the woman determined to seek others, which in her opinion would be more efficacious, and must, as she thought, ensure the desired effect. So, by the advice of a Morisca woman, she took a Toledan quince, and in that fruit she gave him one of those contrivances called charms, thinking that she was thereby forcing him to love her; as if there were, in this world, herbs, enchantments, or words of power, sufficient to enchain the free-will of any creature. These things are called charms, but they are in fact poisons: and those who administer them are actual poisoners, as has been proved by sundry experiences.*

☞ Kelly divides this paragraph in two (the lady's pursuit, then the charm and the poison).

Comió en tan mal punto Tomás el membrillo, que al momento comenzó a herir de pie y de mano como si tuviera alferecía, y sin volver en sí estuvo muchas horas, al cabo de las cuales volvió como atontado, y dijo con lengua turbada y tartamuda que un membrillo que había comido le había muerto, y declaró quién se le había dado. La justicia, que tuvo noticia del caso, fue a buscar la malhechora; pero ya ella, viendo el mal suceso, se había puesto en cobro y no pareció jamás.

> [EN] *In an unhappy moment Rodaja ate the quince, but had scarcely done so when he began to tremble from head to foot as if struck by apoplexy, remaining many hours before he could be brought to himself. At the end of that time he partially recovered, but appeared to have become almost an idiot. He complained, with a stammering tongue and feeble voice, that a quince which he had eaten had poisoned him, and also found means to intimate by whom it had been given, when justice at once began to move in quest of the criminal; but she, perceiving the failure of her attempt, took care to hide herself, and never appeared again.*

Seis meses estuvo en la cama Tomás, en los cuales se secó y se puso, como suele decirse, en los huesos, y mostraba tener turbados todos los sentidos. Y aunque le hicieron los remedios posibles, solo le sanaron la enfermedad del cuerpo, pero no de lo del entendimiento, porque quedó sano, y loco de la más estraña locura que entre las locuras hasta entonces se había visto. Imaginose el desdichado que era todo hecho de vidrio, y con esta imaginación, cuando alguno se llegaba a él, daba terribles voces pidiendo y suplicando con palabras y razones concertadas que no se le acercasen, porque le quebrarían; que real y verdaderamente él no era como los otros hombres: que todo era de vidrio de pies a cabeza.

> [EN] *Six months did Thomas remain confined to his bed; and during that time he not only became reduced to a skeleton, but seemed also to have lost the use of his faculties. Every remedy that could be thought of was tried in his behalf; but although the physicians succeeded in curing the physical malady, they could not remove that of the mind; so that when he was at last pronounced cured, he was still afflicted with the strangest madness that was ever heard of among the many kinds by which humanity has been assailed. The unhappy man imagined that he was entirely made of glass; and, possessed with this idea, when any one approached him he would utter the most terrible outcries, begging and beseeching them not to come near him, or they would assuredly break him to pieces, as he was not like other men but entirely of glass from head to foot.*

Para sacarle d'esta estraña imaginación, muchos, sin atender a sus voces y rogativas, arremetieron a él y le abrazaron, diciéndole que advirtiese y mirase cómo no se quebraba. Pero lo que se granjeaba en esto era que el pobre se echaba en el suelo dando mil gritos, y luego le tomaba un desmayo del cual no volvía en sí en cuatro horas; y cuando volvía, era renovando las plegarias y rogativas de que otra vez no le llegasen. Decía que le hablasen desde lejos y le preguntasen lo que quisiesen, porque a todo les respondería con más entendimiento, por ser hombre de vidrio y no de carne: que el vidrio, por ser de materia sutil y delicada, obraba por ella el alma con más promptitud y eficacia que no por la del cuerpo, pesada y terrestre.

> [EN] *In the hope of rousing him from this strange hallucination, many persons, without regard to his prayers and cries, threw themselves upon him and embraced him, bidding him observe that he was not broken for all that. But all they gained by this was to see the poor creature sink to the earth, uttering lamentable moans, and instantly fall into a fainting fit, from which he could not be recovered for several hours; nay, when he did recover, it was but to renew his complaints, from which he never desisted but to implore that such a misfortune might not be suffered to happen again.*
> *He exhorted every one to speak to him from a great distance; declaring that on this condition they might ask him what they pleased, and that he could reply with all the more effect, now he was a man of glass and not of flesh*

> *and bones, since glass, being a substance of more delicate subtlety, permits the soul to act with more promptitude and efficacy than it can be expected to do in the heavier body formed of mere earth.*

☞ Kelly divides this paragraph in two.

Quisieron algunos experimentar si era verdad lo que decía, y así, le preguntaron muchas y difíciles cosas, a las cuales respondió espontáneamente con grandísima agudeza de ingenio: cosa que causó admiración a los más letrados de la Universidad y a los profesores de la medicina y filosofía, viendo que en un sujeto donde se contenía tan extraordinaria locura como era el pensar que fuese de vidrio, se encerrase tan grande entendimiento que respondiese a toda pregunta con propiedad y agudeza.

[EN] *Certain persons then desiring to ascertain if what he had said were true, asked him many questions of great difficulty respecting various circumstances; to all these he replied with the utmost acuteness, insomuch that his answers awakened astonishment in the most learned professors of medicine and philosophy whom that university could boast. And well they might be amazed at seeing a man who was subject to so strange an hallucination as that of believing himself to be made of glass, still retain such extraordinary judgment on other points as to be capable of answering difficult questions with the marvellous propriety and truth which distinguished the replies of Rodaja.*

Pidió Tomás le diesen alguna funda donde pusiese aquel vaso quebradizo de su cuerpo, porque al vestirse algún vestido estrecho no se quebrase; y así, le dieron una ropa parda y una camisa muy ancha, que él se vistió con mucho tiento y se ciñó con una cuerda de algodón. No quiso calzarse zapatos en ninguna manera, y el orden que tuvo para que le diesen de comer, sin que a él llegasen, fue poner en la punta de una vara una vasera de orinal, en la cual le ponían alguna cosa de fruta de las que la sazón del tiempo ofrecía. Carne ni pescado, no lo quería; no bebía sino en fuente o en río, y esto con las manos; cuando andaba por las calles iba por la mitad d'ellas, mirando a los tejados, temeroso no le cayese alguna teja encima y le quebrase. Los veranos dormía en el campo al cielo abierto, y los inviernos se metía en algún mesón, y en el pajar se enterraba hasta la garganta, diciendo que aquella era la más propia y más segura cama que podían tener los hombres de vidrio. Cuando tronaba, temblaba como un **azogado**, y se salía al campo y no entraba en poblado hasta haber pasado la tempestad. Tuviéronle encerrado sus amigos mucho tiempo, pero viendo que su desgracia pasaba adelante, determinaron de condecender con lo que él les pedía, que era le dejasen andar libre; y así, le dejaron, y él salió por la ciudad, causando admiración y lástima a todos los que le conocían. Cercáronle luego los muchachos; pero él con la vara los detenía, y les rogaba le hablasen apartados, porque no se quebrase; que por ser hombre de vidrio, era muy tierno y quebradizo. Los muchachos, que son la más traviesa generación del mundo, a despecho de sus ruegos y voces, le comenzaron a tirar trapos, y aun piedras, por ver si era de vidrio, como él decía. Pero él daba tantas voces y hacía tales estremos, que movía a los hombres a que riñesen y castigasen a los muchachos porque no le tirasen. Mas un día que le fatigaron mucho se volvió a ellos, diciendo:

[EN] *The poor man had often entreated that some case might be given to him wherein he might enclose the brittle vase of his body, so that he might not break it in putting on the ordinary clothing. He was consequently furnished with a surplice of ample width, and a cloth wrapper, which he folded around him with much care, confining it to his waist with a girdle of soft cotton, but he would not wear any kind of shoes. The method he adopted to prevent any one from approaching him when they brought him food, was to fix an earthen pot into the cleft of a stick prepared for that purpose, and in this vessel he would receive such fruits as the season presented. He would not eat flesh or fish; nor would he drink anything but the water of the river, which he lapped from his hands.*

In passing through the streets, Rodaja was in the habit of walking carefully in the middle of them, lest a tile should fall from the houses upon his head and break it. In the summer he slept in the open air, and in the winter he lodged at one of the inns, where he buried himself in straw to his throat, remarking that this was the most proper and secure bed for men of glass. When it thundered, Rodaja trembled like an aspen leaf, and would rush out into the fields, not returning to the city until the storm had passed.

His friends kept him shut up for some time, but perceiving that his malady increased, they at last complied with his earnest request that they would let him go about freely; and he might be seen walking through the streets of the city, dressed as we have described, to the astonishment and regret of all who knew him.

The boys soon got about him, but he kept them off with his staff, requesting them to speak to him from a distance, lest they should break him, seeing that he, being a man of glass, was exceedingly tender and brittle. But far from listening to his request, the boys, who are the most perverse generation in the world, soon began to throw various missiles and even stones at him, notwithstanding all his prayers and exclamations. They declared that they wished to see if he were in truth of glass, as he affirmed; but the lamentations and outcries of the poor maniac

> *induced the grown persons who were near to reprove and even beat the boys, whom they drove away for the moment, but who did not fail to return at the next opportunity.*

☞ Kelly breaks this very long paragraph (his glass regimen, going out, the boys) into four English ones.

—¿Qué me queréis, muchachos, porfiados como moscas, sucios como chinches, atrevidos como pulgas? ¿Soy yo, por ventura, el monte Testacho de Roma, para que me tiréis tantos tiestos y tejas?
Por oírle reñir y responder a todos, le seguían siempre muchos, y los muchachos tomaron y tuvieron por mejor partido antes oílle que tiralle.

> [EN] *One day, that a horde of these tormentors had pursued him with more than their usual pertinacity, and had worn out his patience, he turned to them, saying--"What do you want with me you varlets? more obstinate than flies, more disgusting than Chinches, and bolder than the boldest fleas. Am I, perchance, the Monte Testacio of Rome, that you cast upon me so many potsherds and tiles?" But Rodaja was followed by many who kept about him for the purpose of hearing him reply to the questions asked, or reprove the questioner, as the case might be. And after a time, even the boys found it more amusing to listen to his words than to throw tiles at him; when they gave him, for the most part, somewhat less annoyance.*

☞ Kelly gathers the outburst against the boys and the following sentence into one English paragraph.

Pasando, pues, una vez por la ropería de Salamanca, le dijo una ropera:
—En mi ánima, señor Licenciado, que me pesa de su desgracia; pero ¿qué haré, que no puedo llorar?
Él se volvió a ella y muy mesurado le dijo:
—*Filiae Hierusalem, plorate super vos et super filios vestros*.
Entendió el marido de la ropera la malicia del dicho y díjole:
—Hermano licenciado Vidriera (que así decía él que se llamaba), más tenéis de bellaco que de loco.
—No se me da un ardite –respondió él–, como no tenga nada de necio.
Pasando un día por la casa llana y venta común, vio que estaban a la puerta d'ella muchas de sus moradoras, y dijo que eran bagajes del ejército de Satanás que estaban alojados en el mesón del infierno.

> [EN] *The maniac Bodaja was one day passing through the Ropery at Salamanca, when a woman who was working there accosted him, and said, "By my soul, Señor Doctor, I am sorry for your misfortune, but what shall I do for you, since, try as I may, I cannot weep?" To which Rodaja, fixedly regarding her, gravely replied, "Filiæ Jerusalem, plorate super vos et super filios vestros." The husband of the ropeworker was standing by, and comprehending the reply, he said to Rodaja, "Brother Glasscase, for so they tell me you are to be called, you have more of the rogue than the fool in you!" "You are not called on to give me an obolus," rejoined Rodaja, "for I have not a grain of the fool about me!" One day that he was passing near a house well known as the resort of thieves and other disorderly persons, he saw several of the inhabitants assembled round the door, and called out, "See, here you have baggage belonging to the army of Satan, and it is lodged in the house of hell accordingly."*

☞ Kelly compresses eight short Spanish paragraphs — the exchange with the old-clothes woman and her husband, and the jest on the brothel — into a single English paragraph.

Preguntole uno que qué consejo o consuelo daría a un amigo suyo que estaba muy triste porque su mujer se le había ido con otro.
A lo cual respondió:
—Dile que dé gracias a Dios por haber permitido le llevasen de casa a su enemigo.

> [EN] *A man once asked him what advice he should give to a friend whose wife had left him for another, and who was in great sorrow for her loss. "You shall bid him thank God," replied Rodaja, "for the favour he has obtained, in that his enemy is removed from his house."*

☞ Kelly gathers these three Spanish paragraphs into one.

—Luego, ¿no irá a buscarla? –dijo el otro.

[EN] *"Then you would not have him go seek her?" inquired the other.*

—¡Ni por pienso! –replicó Vidriera–, porque sería el hallarla hallar un perpetuo y verdadero testigo de su deshonra.

[EN] *"Let him not even think of doing so," returned Rodaja, "for if he find her, what will he have gained but the perpetual evidence of his dishonour?"*

—Ya que eso sea así –dijo el mismo–, ¿qué haré yo para tener paz con mi mujer?

[EN] *"And what shall I do to keep peace with my own wife?" inquired the same person.*

Respondiole:
—Dale lo que hubiere menester; déjala que mande a todos los de su casa, pero no sufras que ella te mande a ti.

[EN] *"Give her all that she can need or rightfully claim," said the maniac, "and let her be mistress of every person and thing thy house contains, but take care that she be not mistress of thyself."*

☞ Kelly gathers the question and the reply into one paragraph.

Díjole un muchacho:
—Señor licenciado Vidriera, yo me quiero desgarrar de mi padre porque me azota muchas veces.
Y respondiole:
—Advierte, niño, que los azotes que los padres dan a los hijos honran, y los del verdugo afrentan.

[EN] *A boy one day said to him, "Señor Glasscase, I have a mind to run away from my father, and leave my home for ever, because he beats me." "I would have thee beware, boy," replied Rodaja; "the stripes given by a father are no dishonour to the son, and may save him from those of the hangman, which are indeed a disgrace."*

☞ Kelly gathers the boy's question and Vidriera's reply (four Spanish paragraphs) into one.

Estando a la puerta de una iglesia, vio que entraba en ella un labrador de los que siempre blasonan de cristianos viejos, y detrás d'él venía uno que no estaba en tan buena opinión como el primero; y el Licenciado dio grandes voces al labrador, diciendo:
—Esperad, Domingo, a que pase el Sábado.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest on the "old Christian" and the Sabbath — a pun on the days of the week that hints at Jewish descent, touching the taboo of purity of blood — is one of the passages his 1855 version leaves untranslated.

De los maestros de escuela decía que eran dichosos, pues trataban siempre con ángeles; y que fueran dichosísimos si los angelitos no fueran mocosos.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest on the schoolmasters who "deal always with angels — and would be happiest of all if the little angels were not so snotty."

Otro le preguntó que qué le parecía de las alcahuetas. Respondió que no lo eran las apartadas, sino las vecinas.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest that the real bawds "are not those set apart by trade, but the neighbours."

Las nuevas de su locura y de sus respuestas y dichos se estendió por toda Castilla, y llegando a noticia de un príncipe o señor que estaba en la corte, quiso enviar por él, y encargóselo a un caballero amigo suyo, que estaba en Salamanca, que se lo enviase; y topándole el caballero un día, le dijo:
—Sepa el señor licenciado Vidriera que un gran personaje de la corte le quiere ver y envía por él.
A lo cual respondió:
—Vuesa merced me escuse con ese señor, que yo no soy bueno para palacio, porque tengo vergüenza y no sé lisonjear.
Con todo esto, el caballero le envió a la corte, y para traerle usaron con él d'esta invención: pusiéronle en unas **árguenas** de paja, como aquellas donde llevan el vidrio, igualando los tercios con piedras, y entre paja puestos algunos vidrios, porque se diese a entender que como vaso de vidrio le llevaban.
Llegó a Valladolid; entró de noche y desembanastáronle en la casa del señor que había enviado por él, de quien fue muy bien recebido, diciéndole:

[EN] *Intelligence of his peculiar state, with a description of the replies he gave, and the remarks he uttered, was much spread abroad, more especially among those who had known him in different parts, and great sorrow was expressed for the loss of a man who had given so fair a promise of distinction. A person of high rank then at Court wrote to a friend of his at Salamanca, begging that Rodaja might be sent to him at Valladolid, and charging his friend to make all needful arrangements for that purpose. The gentleman consequently accosted Vidriera the next time he met him, and said, "Señor Glasscase, you are to know that a great noble of the Court is anxious to have you go to Valladolid;" whereupon Rodaja replied, "Your worship will excuse me to that nobleman, and say that I am not fit to dwell at Court, nor in the Palace, because I have some sense of shame left, and do not know how to flatter." He was nevertheless persuaded to go, and the mode in which he travelled was as follows: a large pannier of that kind in which glass is transported was prepared, and in this Rodaja was placed, well defended by straw, which was brought up to his neck, the opposite pannier being carefully balanced by means of stones, among which appeared the necks of bottles, since Rodaja desired it to be understood that he was sent as a vessel of glass.*

> *In this fashion he journeyed to Valladolid, which city he entered by night, and was not unpacked until he had first been carefully deposited in the house of the noble who had requested his presence.*

☞ Kelly gathers six Spanish paragraphs — the summons to court, Vidriera's refusal, and the journey packed in straw — into a single English paragraph.

> —Sea muy bien venido el señor licenciado Vidriera. ¿Cómo ha ido en el camino? ¿Cómo va de salud?
> A lo cual respondió:
> —Ningún camino hay malo, como se acabe, si no es el que va a la horca. De salud estoy neutral, porque están encontrados mis pulsos con mi celebro.

> [EN] *By this gentleman he was received with much kindness, and the latter said to him, "You are extremely welcome, Doctor Glasscase; I hope you have had a pleasant journey." Rodaja replied, that no journey could be called a bad one if it took you safe to your end, unless indeed it were that which led to the gallows.*

☞ Kelly gathers the welcome and Vidriera's reply into one paragraph, and drops the clause "as for my health, I am neutral, for my pulses are at odds with my brain."

> Otro día, habiendo visto en muchas **alcándaras** muchos **neblíes** y azores y otros pájaros de volatería, dijo que la caza de altanería era digna de príncipes y de grandes señores; pero que advirtiesen que con ella echaba el gusto censo sobre el provecho a más de dos mil por uno. La caza de liebres dijo que era muy gustosa, y más cuando se cazaba con galgos prestados.

> [EN] *Being one day shown the Falconry, wherein were numerous falcons and other birds of similar kind, he remarked that the sport pursued by means of those birds was entirely suitable to great nobles, since the cost was as two thousand to one of the profit.*

☞ Kelly keeps the jest on falconry but omits the following gibe on hunting hares "with borrowed greyhounds."

El caballero gustó de su locura y dejole salir por la ciudad, debajo del amparo y guarda de un hombre que tuviese cuenta que los muchachos no le hiciesen mal; de los cuales y de toda la corte fue conocido en seis días, y a cada paso, en cada calle y en cualquiera esquina, respondía a todas las preguntas que le hacían; entre las cuales le preguntó un estudiante si era poeta, porque le parecía que tenía ingenio para todo.

> [EN] *When it pleased Rodaja to go forth into the city, the nobleman caused him to be attended by a servant, whose office it was to protect him from intrusion, and see that he was not molested by the boys of the place, by whom he was at once remarked; indeed but few days had elapsed before he became known to the whole city, since he never failed to find a reply for all who questioned or consulted him.*

> A lo cual respondió:
> —Hasta ahora no he sido tan necio ni tan venturoso.
> —No entiendo eso de necio y venturoso –dijo el estudiante.
> Y respondió Vidriera:
> —No he sido tan necio que diese en poeta malo, ni tan venturoso que haya merecido serlo bueno.
> Preguntole otro estudiante que en qué estimación tenía a los poetas. Respondió que a la ciencia, en mucha; pero que a los poetas, en ninguna. Replicáronle que por qué decía aquello. Respondió que del infinito número de poetas que había, eran tan pocos los buenos, que casi no hacían número; y así, como si no hubiese poetas, no los estimaba; pero que admiraba y reverenciaba la ciencia de la poesía porque encerraba en sí todas las demás ciencias: porque de todas se sirve, de todas se adorna, y pule y saca a luz sus maravillosas obras, con que llena el mundo de provecho, de deleite y de maravilla.
> Añadió más:
> —Yo bien sé en lo que se debe estimar un buen poeta, porque se me acuerda de aquellos versos de Ovidio que dicen:

> [EN] *Among those of the former class, there once came a student, who inquired if he were a poet, to which Rodaja replied, that up to the moment they had then arrived at, he had neither been so stupid nor so bold as to become a poet. "I do not understand what you mean by so stupid or so bold, Señor Glasscase," rejoined the student; to which Rodaja made answer, "I am not so stupid as to be a bad poet, nor so bold as to think myself capable of being a good one." The student then inquired in what estimation he held poets, to which he answered that he held the poets themselves in but little esteem; but as to their art, that he esteemed greatly. His hearer inquiring further what he meant by that, Rodaja said that among the innumerable poets, by courtesy so called, the number of good ones was so small as scarcely to count at all, and that as the bad were not true poets, he could not admire them: but that he admired and even reverenced greatly the art of poetry, which does in fact comprise every other in itself, since it avails itself of all things, and purifies and beautifies all things, bringing its own marvellous*

> *productions to light for the advantage, the delectation, and the wonder of the world, which it fills with its benefits. He added further, "I know thoroughly to what extent, and for what qualities, we ought to estimate the good poet, since I perfectly well remember those verses of Ovid, wherein he says:--*

☞ Kelly runs the whole exchange on poets (eight short Spanish paragraphs) into one English paragraph, then sets out the Latin verses separately.

Cum ducum fuerant olim Regnumque poeta: premiaque antiqui magna tulere chori. Sanctaque maiestas, et erat venerabile nomen vatibus; et large sape dabantur opes.

[EN] *"'Cura ducum fuerunt olim regumque poetæ, Præmiaque antiqui magna tulere chori. Sanctaque majestas, et erat venerabile nomen Vatibus; et largæ sæpe dabantur opes.'*

»Y menos se me olvida la alta calidad de los poetas, pues los llama Platón intérpretes de los dioses, y d'ellos dice Ovidio:

[EN] *And still less do I forget the high quality of the poets whom Plato calls the interpreters of the Gods, while Ovid says of them--*

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.

[EN] *"'Est deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo.'*

»Y también dice:

[EN] *And again--*

At sacri vates, et Divum cura vocamus.

[EN] *"'At sacri vates et divum cura vocamur.'*

»Esto se dice de los buenos poetas; que de los malos, de los **churrulleros**, ¿qué se ha de decir, sino que son la idiotez y la arrogancia del mundo?

[EN] *"These things are said of good poets; but, as respects the bad ones--the gabbling pretenders--what can we say, save only that they are the idiocy and the arrogance of the world.*

Y añadió más:
—¡Qué es ver a un poeta d'estos de la primera impresión cuando quiere decir un soneto a otros que le rodean, las salvas que les hace diciendo: «Vuesas mercedes escuchen un sonetillo que anoche a cierta ocasión hice, que, a mi parecer, aunque no vale nada, tiene un no sé qué de bonito!». Y en esto tuerce los labios, pone en arco las cejas y se rasca la faldriquera, y de entre otros mil papeles mugrientos y medio rotos, donde queda otro millar de sonetos, saca el que quiere relatar, y al fin le dice con tono melifluo y **alfenicado**. Y si acaso los que le escuchan, de socarrones o de ignorantes, no se le alaban, dice: «O vuesas mercedes no han entendido el soneto, o yo no le he sabido decir; y así, será bien recitarle otra vez y que vuesas mercedes le presten más atención, porque en verdad en verdad que el soneto lo merece». Y vuelve como primero a recitarle con nuevos ademanes y nuevas pausas. Pues, ¿qué es verlos censurar los unos a los otros? ¿Qué diré del ladrar que hacen los cachorros y modernos a los mastinazos antiguos y graves? ¿Y qué de los que murmuran de algunos ilustres y excelentes sujetos, donde resplandece la verdadera luz de la poesía, que, tomándola por alivio y entretenimiento de sus muchas y graves ocupaciones, muestran la divinidad de sus ingenios y la alteza de sus conceptos, a despecho y pesar del circunspecto ignorante que juzga de lo que no sabe y aborrece lo que no entiende, y del que quiere que se estime y tenga en precio la necedad que se sienta debajo de doseles y la ignorancia que se arrima a los sitiales?

> [EN] *"Who is there that has not seen one of this sort when he is longing to bring forth some sonnet to the ears of his neighbours? How he goes round and round them with--'Will your worships excuse me if I read you a little sonnet, which I made one night on a certain occasion; for it appears to me, although indeed it be worth nothing, to have yet a certain something--a je ne scai quoi of pretty, and pleasing.' Then shall he twist his lips, and arch his eyebrows, and make a thousand antics, diving into his pockets meanwhile and bringing out half a hundred scraps of paper, greasy and torn, as if he had made a good million of sonnets; he then recites that which he proffered to the company, reading it in a chanting and affected voice.*
> *"If, perchance, those who hear him, whether because of their knowledge or their ignorance, should fail to commend him, he says, 'Either your worships have not listened to the verses, or I have not been able to read them properly, for indeed and in truth they deserve to be heard;' and he begins, as before, to recite his poem, with new gestures and varied pauses.*
> *"Then to hear these poetasters censure and tear one another to pieces! And what shall I say of the thefts committed by these cubs and whelps of modern pretence on the grave and ancient masters of the art, or of their*

malevolent carpings at those excellent persons of their own day in whom shines the true light of poetry; who, making a solace and recreation of their arduous labours, prove the divinity of their genius and the elevation of their thoughts to the despite and vexation of these ignorant pretenders, who presume to judge that of which they know nothing, and abhor the beauties which they are not able to comprehend? What will you have me esteem in the nullity which seeks to find place for itself under the canopy spread for others--in the ignorance which is ever leaning for support on another man's chair?"

☞ Kelly divides Vidriera's tirade against the vain sonneteer into three English paragraphs.

Otra vez le preguntaron qué era la causa de que los poetas, por la mayor parte, eran pobres. Respondió que porque ellos querían, pues estaba en su mano ser ricos, si se sabían aprovechar de la ocasión que por momentos traían entre las manos, que eran las de sus damas, que todas eran riquísimas en estremo, pues tenían los cabellos de oro, la frente de plata bruñida, los ojos de verdes esmeraldas, los dientes de marfil, los labios de coral y la garganta de cristal transparente, y que lo que lloraban eran líquidas perlas; y más, que lo que sus plantas pisaban, por dura y estéril tierra que fuese, al momento producía jazmines y rosas; y que su aliento era de puro ámbar, almizcle y **algalia**; y que todas estas cosas eran señales y muestras de su mucha riqueza. Estas y otras cosas decía de los malos poetas, que de los buenos siempre dijo bien y los levantó sobre el cuerno de la luna.

[EN] *Rodaja was once asked how it happened that poets are always poor; to which he replied, "That if they were poor, it was because they chose to be so, since it was always in their power to be rich if they would only take advantage of the opportunities in their hands. For see how rich are their ladies," he added; "have they not all a very profusion of wealth in their possession? Is not their hair of gold, their brows of burnished silver, their eyes of the most precious jewels, their lips of coral, their throats of ivory and transparent crystal? Are not their tears liquid pearls, and where they plant the soles of their feet do not jasmine and roses spring up at the moment, however rebellious and sterile the earth may previously have been? Then what is their breath but pure amber, musk, and frankincense? Yet to whom do all these things belong, if not to the poets? They are, therefore, manifest signs and proofs of their great riches."*
In this manner he always spoke of bad poets; as to the good ones, he was loud in their praise, and exalted them above the horns of the moon.

☞ Kelly divides this paragraph in two (why poets are poor, then his praise of the good ones).

Vio un día en la acera de San Francisco unas figuras pintadas de mala mano, y dijo que los buenos pintores imitaban a naturaleza, pero que los malos la vomitaban.

[EN] *Being at San Francisco, he one day saw some very indifferent pictures, by an incapable hand; whereupon he remarked that the good painters imitate nature, while the bad ones have the impertinence to daub her face.*

Arrimose un día con grandísimo tiento, porque no se quebrase, a la tienda de un librero, y díjole:
—Este oficio me contentara mucho si no fuera por una falta que tiene.
Preguntole el librero se la dijese. Respondiole:
—Los **melindres** que hacen cuando compran un privilegio de un libro, y de la burla que hacen a su autor si acaso le imprime a su costa, pues en lugar de mil y quinientos, imprimen tres mil libros, y cuando el autor piensa que se venden los suyos, se despachan los ajenos.

[EN] *Having planted himself one day in front of a bookseller's shop with great care, to avoid being broken, he began to talk to the owner, and said, "This trade would please me greatly, were it not for one fault that it has." The bookseller inquiring what that might be, Rodaja replied, "It is the tricks you play on the writers when you purchase the copyright of a book, and the sport you make of the author if, perchance, he desire to print at his own cost. For what is your method of proceeding? Instead of the one thousand five hundred copies which you agree to print for him, you print three thousand; and when the author supposes that you are selling his books, you are but disposing of your own."*

☞ Kelly gathers the whole scene at the bookseller's (four Spanish paragraphs) into one.

Acaeció este mismo día que pasaron por la plaza seis azotados; y diciendo el pregón: «Al primero, por ladrón», dio grandes voces a los que estaban delante d'él, diciéndoles:
—¡Apartaos, hermanos, no comience aquella cuenta por alguno de vosotros!
Y cuando el pregonero llegó a decir: «Al trasero...», dijo:
—Aquel debe de ser el fiador de los muchachos.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest on the six men whipped through the square (“the first” and “the last” of the file read as insults to the onlookers).

Un muchacho le dijo:
—Hermano Vidriera, mañana sacan a azotar a una alcagüeta.
Respondiole:
—Si dijeras que sacaban a azotar a un alcagüete, entendiera que sacaban a azotar un coche.

[EN] *⟨not translated by Kelly⟩*

☞ Not in Kelly: the pun on the *alcahuete* (a male bawd) and the coach — untranslatable wordplay.

Hallose allí uno d'estos que llevan sillas de manos, y díjole:
—De nosotros, Licenciado, ¿no tenéis qué decir?
—No –respondió Vidriera–, sino que sabe cada uno de vosotros más pecados que un confesor; más es con esta diferencia: que el confesor los sabe para tenerlos secretos, y vosotros para publicarlos por las tabernas.

[EN] *One of those men who carry sedan-chairs, once standing by while Rodaja was enumerating the faults committed by various trades and occupations, remarked to the latter, "Of us, Señor Doctor, you can find nothing amiss to say." "Nothing," replied Rodaja, "except that you are made acquainted with more sins than are known to the confessor; but with this difference, that the confessor learns them to keep all secret, but you to make them the public talk of the taverns."*

☞ Kelly gathers the exchange with the sedan-chair man into one paragraph.

Oyó esto un mozo de mulas, porque de todo género de gente le estaba escuchando contino, y díjole:
—De nosotros, señor Redoma, poco o nada hay que decir, porque somos gente de bien y necesaria en la república.
A lo cual respondió Vidriera:
—La honra del amo descubre la del criado. Según esto, mira a quién sirves y verás cuán honrado eres: mozos sois vosotros de la más ruin canalla que sustenta la tierra. Una vez, cuando no era de vidrio, caminé una jornada en una mula de alquiler tal, que le conté ciento y veinte y una tachas, todas capitales y enemigas del género humano. Todos los mozos de mulas tienen su punta de rufianes, su punta de cacos, y su es no es de truhanes. Si sus amos (que así llaman ellos a los que llevan en sus mulas) son **boquimuelles**, hacen más suertes en ellos que las que echaron en esta ciudad los años pasados: si son estranjeros, los roban; si estudiantes, los maldicen; y si religiosos, los reniegan; y si soldados, los tiemblan. Estos, y los marineros y carreteros y arrieros, tienen un modo de vivir extraordinario y solo para ellos: el carretero pasa lo más de la vida en espacio de vara y media de lugar, que poco más debe de haber del yugo de las mulas a la boca del carro; canta la mitad del tiempo y la otra mitad reniega; y en decir: «Háganse a zaga» se les pasa otra parte; y si acaso les queda por sacar alguna rueda de algún atolladero, más se ayudan de dos **pésetes** que de tres mulas. Los marineros son gente gentil, inurbana, que no sabe otro lenguaje que el que se usa en los navíos; en la bonanza son diligentes y en la borrasca perezosos; en la tormenta mandan muchos y obedecen pocos; su Dios es su arca y su rancho, y su pasatiempo ver mareados a los pasajeros. Los arrieros son gente que ha hecho divorcio con las sábanas y se ha casado con las **enjalmas**; son tan diligentes y presurosos que, a trueco de no perder la jornada, perderán el alma; su música es la del mortero; su salsa, la hambre; sus maitines, levantarse a dar sus piensos; y sus misas, no oír ninguna.

[EN] *A muleteer who heard this, for all kinds of people were continually listening to him, said aloud, "There is little or nothing that you can say of us, Señor Phial, for we are people of great worth, and very useful servants to the commonwealth." To which the man of glass replied, "The honour of the master exalts the honour of the servant. You, therefore, who call those who hire your mules your masters, see whom you serve, and what honour you may borrow from them; for your employers are some of the dirtiest rubbish that this earth endures.*
"Once, when I was not a man of glass, I was travelling on a mule which I had hired, and I counted in her master one hundred and twenty-one defects, all capital ones, and all enemies to the human kind. All muleteers have a touch of the ruffian, a spice of the thief, and a dash of the mountebank. If their masters, as they call those they take on their mules, be of the butter-mouthed kind, they play more pranks with them than all the rogues of this city could perform in a year. If they be strangers, the muleteers rob them; if students, they malign them; if monks, they blaspheme them; but if soldiers, they tremble before them. These men, with the sailors, the carters, and the arrieros or pack carriers, lead a sort of life which is truly singular, and belongs to themselves alone.
"The carter passes the greater part of his days in a space not more than a yard and a half long, for there cannot be much more between the yoke of his mules and the mouth of his cart. He is singing for one half of his time, and blaspheming the other; and if he have to drag one of his wheels out of a hole in the mire, he is more aided, as it might seem, by two great oaths than by three strong mules.

"The mariners are a pleasant people, but little like those of the towns, and they can speak no other language than that used in ships. When the weather is fine they are very diligent, but very idle, when it is stormy. During the tempest they order much and obey little. Their ship, which is their mess-room, is also their god, and their pastime is the torment endured by sea-sick passengers.
"As to the mule-carriers, they are a race which has taken out a divorce from all sheets, and has married the pack-saddle. So diligent and careful are these excellent men, that to save themselves from losing a day, they will lose their souls. Their music is the tramp of a hoof; their sauce is hunger; their matins are an exchange of abuse and bad words; their mass is--to hear none at all."

☞ Kelly divides the great speech on muleteers, carters, sailors, and drovers into several English paragraphs; the boundary with the muleteer's question falls inside the English.

Cuando esto decía, estaba a la puerta de un boticario, y volviéndose al dueño le dijo:
—Vuesa merced tiene un saludable oficio, si no fuese tan enemigo de sus candiles.

[EN] *While speaking thus, Rodaja stood at an apothecary's door, and turning to the master of the shop, he said, "Your worship's occupation would be a most salutary one if it were not so great an enemy to your lamps."*

☞ Kelly gathers the setting and Vidriera's remark to the apothecary into one paragraph.

—¿En qué modo soy enemigo de mis candiles? –preguntó el boticario.

[EN] *"Wherein is my trade an enemy to my lamps?" asked the apothecary.*

Y respondió Vidriera:
—Esto digo porque, en faltando cualquiera aceite, la suple la del candil que está más a mano; y aún tiene otra cosa este oficio bastante a quitar el crédito al más acertado médico del mundo.
Preguntándole por qué, respondió que había boticario que, por no decir que faltaba en su botica lo que recetaba el médico, por las cosas que le faltaban ponía otras que a su parecer tenían la misma virtud y calidad, no siendo así; y con esto, la medicina mal compuesta obraba al revés de lo que había de obrar la bien ordenada.

[EN] *"In this way," replied Rodaja; "whenever other oils fail you, immediately you take that of the lamp, as being the one which most readily comes to hand. But there is, indeed, another fault in your trade, and one that would suffice to ruin the most accredited physician in the world." Being asked what that was, he replied that an apothecary never ventured to confess, or would admit, that any drug was absent from his stock; and so, if he have not the medicine prescribed, he makes use of some other which, in his opinion, has the same virtues and qualities; but as that is very seldom the case, the medicine, being badly compounded, produces an effect contrary to that expected by the physician.*

☞ Kelly gathers Vidriera's reply on the apothecaries (three Spanish paragraphs) into one.

Preguntole entonces uno que qué sentía de los médicos, y respondió esto:
—*Honora medicum propter necessitatem, etenim creavit eum Altissimus. A Deo enim est omnis medela, et a rege accipiet donationem. Disciplina medici exaltavit caput illius, et in conspectu magnatum collaudabitur. Altissimus de terra creavit medicinam, et vir prudens non ab[h]orrebit illam*. Esto dice –dijo– el *Eclesiástico* de la medicina y de los buenos médicos, y de los malos se podría decir todo al revés, porque no hay gente más dañosa a la república que ellos. El juez nos puede torcer o dilatar la justicia; el letrado, sustentar por su interés nuestra injusta demanda; el mercader, chuparnos la hacienda; finalmente, todas las personas con quien de necesidad tratamos nos pueden hacer algún daño; pero quitarnos la vida, sin quedar sujetos al temor del castigo, ninguno. solo los médicos nos pueden matar y nos matan sin temor y a pie quedo, sin desenvainar otra espada que la de un **récipe**. Y no hay descubrirse sus delictos, porque al momento los meten debajo de la tierra. Acuérdaseme que cuando yo era hombre de carne, y no de vidrio como agora soy, que a un médico d'estos de segunda clase le despidió un enfermo por curarse con otro, y el primero, de allí a cuatro días, acertó a pasar por la botica donde receptaba el segundo, y preguntó al boticario que cómo le iba al enfermo que él había dejado, y que si le había receptado alguna purga el otro médico. El boticario le respondió que allí tenía una recepta de purga que el día siguiente había de tomar el enfermo. Dijo que se la mostrase, y vio que al fin d'ella estaba escrito: *Sumat dilúculo*; y dijo: «Todo lo que lleva esta purga me contenta, si no es este *dilúculo*, porque es húmido demasiadamente».

[EN] *Rodaja was then asked what he though, of the physicians themselves, and he replied as follows: "Honora medicum propter necessitatem, etenim creavit cum altissimus: à Deo enim est omnis medela, et a rege accipiet donationem: disciplina medici exaltavit caput illius, et in conspectu magnatum collaudabitur. Altissimus de terra creavit medicinam, et vir prudens non abhorrebit illam. Thus," he added, "speaketh the Book of Ecclesiasticus, of*

> *Medicine, and good Physicians; but of the bad ones we may safely affirm the very contrary, since there are no people more injurious to the commonwealth than they are. The judge may distort or delay the justice which he should render us; the lawyer may support an unjust demand; the merchant may help us to squander our estate, and, in a word, all those with whom we have to deal in common life may do us more or less injury; but to kill us without fear and standing quietly at his ease; unsheathing no other sword than that wrapped in the folds of a recipe, and without being subject to any danger of punishment, that can be done only by the physician; he alone can escape all fear of the discovery of his crimes, because at the moment of committing them he puts them under the earth. When I was a man of flesh, and not of glass, as I now am, I saw many things that might be adduced in support of what I have now said, but the relation of these I refer to some other time."*

☞ Kelly gathers this into one paragraph but abridges it, dropping the closing anecdote of the doctor who objected to the word *dilúculo* in a rival's prescription.

Por estas y otras cosas que decía de todos los oficios, se andaban tras él, sin hacerle mal y sin dejarle sosegar; pero, con todo esto, no se pudiera defender de los muchachos si su guardián no le defendiera. Preguntole uno qué haría para no tener envidia a nadie. Respondiole:
—Duerme; que todo el tiempo que durmieres serás igual al que envidias.

> [EN] *A certain person asked him what he should do to avoid envying another, and Rodaja bade him go to sleep, for, said he, "While you sleep you will be the equal of him whom you envy."*

☞ Kelly gives only the jest on envy, dropping the transitional narrative that opens the Spanish paragraph.

Otro le preguntó qué remedio tendría para salir con una comisión que había dos años que la pretendía. Y díjole:
—Parte a caballo y a la mira de quien la lleva, y acompáñale hasta salir de la ciudad, y así saldrás con ella.

> [EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the counsel to one who had two years been suing for a commission ("ride out at his heels, and so you will win it").

Pasó acaso una vez por delante donde él estaba un juez de comisión que iba de camino a una causa criminal, y llevaba mucha gente consigo y dos alguaciles; preguntó quién era y, como se lo dijeron, dijo:
—Yo apostaré que lleva aquel juez víboras en el seno, pistoletes en la cinta y rayos en las manos, para destruir todo lo que alcanzare su comisión. Yo me acuerdo haber tenido un amigo que, en una comisión criminal que tuvo, dio una sentencia tan exorbitante, que excedía en muchos quilates a la culpa de los delincuentes. Preguntele que por qué había dado aquella tan cruel sentencia y hecho tan manifiesta injusticia. Respondiome que pensaba otorgar la apelación, y que con esto dejaba campo abierto a los señores del Consejo para mostrar su misericordia, moderando y poniendo aquella su rigurosa sentencia en su punto y debida proporción. Yo le respondí que mejor fuera haberla dado de manera que les quitara de aquel trabajo, pues con esto le tuvieran a él por juez recto y acertado.

> [EN] *It happened on a certain occasion that the Criminal Judge passed before the place where Rodaja stood. There was a great crowd of people, and two alguazils attended the magistrate, who was proceeding to his court, when Rodaja inquired his name. Being told, he replied, "Now, I would lay a wager that this judge has vipers in his bosom, pistols in his inkhorn, and flashes of lightning in his hands, to destroy all that shall come within his commission. I once had a friend who inflicted so exorbitant a sentence in respect to a criminal commission which he held, that it exceeded by many carats the amount of guilt incurred by the crime of the delinquents. I inquired of him wherefore he had uttered so cruel a sentence, and committed so manifest an injustice? To which he replied that he intended to grant permission of appeal, and that in this way he left the field open for the Lords of the Council to show their mercy by moderating and reducing that too rigorous punishment to its due proportions. But I told him it would have been still better for him to have given such a sentence as would have rendered their labour unnecessary, by which means he would also have merited and obtained the reputation of being a wise and exact judge."*

☞ Kelly gathers the scene of the commission-judge into one paragraph.

En la rueda de la mucha gente que, como se ha dicho, siempre le estaba oyendo, estaba un conocido suyo en hábito de letrado, al cual otro le llamó *Señor Licenciado*; y sabiendo Vidriera que el tal a quien llamaron licenciado no tenía ni aun título de bachiller, le dijo:
—Guardaos, compadre, no encuentren con vuestro título los frailes de la redempción de cautivos, que os le llevarán por mostrenco.

> [EN] *Among the number of those by whom Rodaja, as I have said, was constantly surrounded, was an acquaintance of his own, who permitted himself to be saluted as the Señor Doctor, although Thomas knew well*

> *that he had not taken even the degree of bachelor. To him, therefore, he one day said, "Take care, gossip mine, that you and your title do not meet with the Fathers of the Redemption, for they will certainly take possession of your doctorship as being a creature unrighteously detained captive."*

☞ Kelly gathers this exchange into one paragraph.

> A lo cual dijo el amigo:
> —Tratémonos bien, señor Vidriera, pues ya sabéis vos que soy hombre de altas y de profundas letras.
>
> [EN] *"Let us behave well to each other, Señor Glasscase," said the other, "since you know that I am a man of high and profound learning."*

☞ Kelly gathers this exchange into one paragraph.

> Respondiole Vidriera:
> —Ya yo sé que sois un Tántalo en ellas, porque se os van por altas y no las alcanzáis de profundas.
>
> [EN] *"I know you rather to be a Tantalus in the same," replied Rodaja; "for if learning reach high to you, you are never able to plunge into its depths."*

☞ Kelly gathers this exchange into one paragraph.

Estando una vez arrimado a la tienda de un sastre, viole que estaba mano sobre mano, y díjole:

[EN] *He was one day leaning against the stall of a tailor, who was seated with his hands before him, and to whom he said--*

—Sin duda, señor maeso, que estáis en camino de salvación.

[EN] *"Without doubt, Señor Maeso, you are in the way to salvation."*

—¿En qué lo veis? –preguntó el sastre.

[EN] *"From what symptom do you judge me to be so, Señor Doctor?" inquired the tailor.*

—¿En qué lo veo? –respondió Vidriera–. Véolo en que, pues no tenéis qué hacer, no tendréis ocasión de mentir.

[EN] *"From the fact that, as you have nothing to do, so you have nothing to lie about, and may cease lying, which is a great step."*

> Y añadió:
> —Desdichado del sastre que no miente y cose las fiestas; cosa maravillosa es que casi en todos los d'este oficio apenas se hallará uno que haga un vestido justo, habiendo tantos que los hagan pecadores.
>
> [EN] *⟨not translated by Kelly⟩*

☞ Not in Kelly: the elaboration on the tailor who “does not lie and sews on holy days,” and the rarity of one who makes a garment that fits.

De los zapateros decía que jamás hacían, conforme a su parecer, zapato malo; porque si al que se le calzaban venía estrecho y apretado, le decían que así había de ser, por ser de galanes calzar justo, y que en trayéndolos dos horas vendrían más anchos que alpargates; y si le venían anchos, decían que así habían de venir, por amor de la gota.

[EN] *Of the shoemakers he said, that not one of that trade ever performed his office badly; seeing that if the shoe be too narrow, and pinches the foot, the shoemaker says, "In two hours it will be as wide as an alpargate;" or he declares it right that it should be narrow, since the shoe of a gentleman must needs fit closely; and if it be too wide, he maintains that it still ought to be so, for the ease of the foot, and lest a man should have the gout.*

> Un muchacho agudo que escribía en un oficio de Provincia le apretaba mucho con preguntas y demandas, y le traía nuevas de lo que en la ciudad pasaba, porque sobre todo **discantaba** y a todo respondía. Este le dijo una vez:
> —Vidriera, esta noche se murió en la cárcel un banco que estaba condenado ahorcar.
> A lo cual respondió:
> —Él hizo bien a darse priesa a morir antes que el verdugo se sentara sobre él.
>
> [EN] *⟨not translated by Kelly⟩*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest on the “bench” condemned to hang who died in prison first.

> En la acera de San Francisco estaba un corro de ginoveses, y pasando por allí uno d'ellos le llamó, diciéndole:
> —Lléguese acá el señor Vidriera y cuéntenos un cuento.
> Él respondió:
> —No quiero, porque no me le paséis a Génova.

[EN] *⟨not translated by Kelly⟩*

☞ Not in Kelly: the exchange with the Genoese ("tell us a tale" — "No, lest you carry it off to Genoa"), a pun untranslatable in English.

Topó una vez a una tendera que llevaba delante de sí una hija suya muy fea, pero muy llena de dijes, de galas y de perlas; y díjole a la madre:
—Muy bien habéis hecho en empedralla, porque se pueda pasear.

[EN] *⟨not translated by Kelly⟩*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest on the shopkeeper's ugly daughter, "well done to have paved her, that she may be walked upon."

De los pasteleros dijo que había muchos años que jugaban a la dobladilla, sin que les llevasen la pena, porque habían hecho el pastel de a dos de a cuatro, el de a cuatro de a ocho, y el de a ocho de a medio real, por solo su albedrío y beneplácito.

[EN] *⟨not translated by Kelly⟩*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest on the pastry-cooks and their frauds of weight.

De los **titereros** decía mil males: decía que era gente vagamunda y que trataba con indecencia de las cosas divinas, porque con las figuras que mostraban en sus retratos volvían la devoción en risa, y que les acontecía envasar en un costal todas o las más figuras del Testamento Viejo y Nuevo y sentarse sobre él a comer y beber en los bodegones y tabernas. En resolución, decía que se maravillaba de cómo quien podía no les ponía perpetuo silencio en sus retablos, o los desterraba del reino.

[EN] *⟨not translated by Kelly⟩*

☞ Not in Kelly: the tirade against the puppeteers who "treat divine things with indecency."

Acertó a pasar una vez por donde él estaba un comediante vestido como un príncipe, y en viéndole, dijo:
—Yo me acuerdo haber visto a este salir al teatro enharinado el rostro y vestido un **zamarro** del revés; y con todo esto a cada paso fuera del tablado, jura a fe de hijodalgo.
—Débelo de ser –respondió uno–, porque hay muchos comediantes que son muy bien nacidos y hijosdalgo.
—Así será verdad –replicó Vidriera–, pero lo que menos ha menester la farsa es personas bien nacidas; galanes sí, gentileshombres y de espeditas lenguas. También sé decir d'ellos que en el sudor de su cara ganan su pan con inllevable trabajo, tomando contino de memoria, hechos perpetuos gitanos, de lugar en lugar y de mesón en venta, desvelándose en contentar a otros, porque en el gusto ajeno consiste su bien propio. Tienen más, que con su oficio no engañan a nadie, pues por momentos sacan su mercaduría a pública plaza, al juicio y a la vista de todos. El trabajo de los autores es increíble, y su cuidado, extraordinario, y han de ganar mucho para que al cabo del año no salgan tan empeñados que les sea forzoso hacer pleito de acreedores. Y con todo esto, son necesarios en la república, como lo son las florestas, las alamedas y las vistas de recreación, y como lo son las cosas que honestamente recrean.

[EN] *⟨not translated by Kelly⟩*

☞ Not in Kelly: the satire of the player dressed as a prince and, above all, Vidriera's warm defence of the actor's trade as "necessary in the republic."

Decía que había sido opinión de un amigo suyo que el que servía a una comedianta, en sola una servía a muchas damas juntas, como era a una reina, a una ninfa, a una diosa, a una fregona, a una pastora, y muchas veces caía la suerte en que serviese en ella a un paje y a un lacayo: que todas estas y más figuras suele hacer una **farsanta**.

[EN] *Seeing the waiting-maid of an actress attending her mistress, he said she was much to be pitied who had to serve so many women, to say nothing of the men whom she also had to wait on; and the bystanders requiring to know how the damsel, who had but to serve one, could be said to wait on so many, he replied, "Is she not the waiting-maid of a queen, a nymph, a goddess, a scullery-maid, and a shepherdess? besides that she is also the servant of a page and a lackey? for all these, and many more, are in the person of an actress."*

Preguntole uno que cuál había sido el más dichoso del mundo. Respondió que *Nemo*; porque *Nemo novit Patrem, Nemo sine crimine vivit, Nemo sua sorte contentus, Nemo ascendit in coelum*.

[EN] *Some one asked Rodaja, who had been the happiest man in the world? To which he answered--"Nemo, seeing that Nemo novit patrem--Nemo sine crimine vivit--Nemo sua sorte contentus--Nemo ascendit in coelum," &c. &c.*

De los diestros dijo una vez que eran maestros de una ciencia o arte que cuando la habían menester no la sabían, y que tocaban algo en presumptuosos, pues querían reducir a demostraciones matemáticas, que son infalibles, los movimientos y pensamientos coléricos de sus contrarios. Con los que se teñían las barbas tenía particular enemistad; y riñendo una vez delante d'él dos hombres, que el uno era portugués, este dijo al castellano, asiéndose de las barbas,

que tenía muy teñidas:
—¡Por istas barbas que teño no rostro...!
A lo cual acudió Vidriera:
—¡Ollay, home, naon digáis teño, sino tiño!
Otro traía las barbas jaspeadas y de muchas colores, culpa de la mala tinta; a quien dijo Vidriera que tenía las barbas de muladar overo. A otro, que traía las barbas por mitad blancas y negras, por haberse descuidado, y los cañones crecidos, le dijo que procurase de no porfiar ni reñir con nadie, porque estaba aparejado a que le dijesen que mentía por la mitad de la barba.
Una vez contó que una doncella discreta y bien entendida, por acudir a la voluntad de sus padres, dio el sí de casarse con un viejo todo cano, el cual la noche antes del día del desposorio se fue, no al río Jordán, como dicen las viejas, sino a la **redomilla** del agua fuerte y plata, con que renovó de manera su barba, que la acostó de nieve y la levantó de pez. Llegose la hora de darse las manos, y la doncella conoció por la pinta y por la tinta la figura, y dijo a sus padres que le diesen el mismo esposo que ellos le habían mostrado, que no quería otro. Ellos le dijeron que aquel que tenía delante era el mismo que le habían mostrado y dado por esposo. Ella replicó que no era, y trujo testigos cómo el que sus padres le dieron era un hombre grave y lleno de canas, y que pues el presente no las tenía, no era él, y se llamaba a engaño. Atúvose a esto, corriose el teñido, y deshízose el casamiento.

[EN] *Of the fencing masters he said, that they were professors of an art which was never to be known when it was most wanted, since they pretended to reduce to mathematical demonstrations, which are infallible, the angry thoughts and movements of a man's adversaries.*
To such men as dyed their beards, Rodaja always exhibited a particular enmity; and one day observing a Portuguese, whose beard he knew to be dyed, in dispute with a Spaniard, to whom he said, "I swear by the beard that I wear on my face," Rodaja called out to him, "Halt there, friend; you should not say that you wear on your face, but that you dye on your face." To another, whose beard had been streaked by an imperfect dye, Doctor Glasscase said, "Your beard is of the true dust-coloured pieball." He related, on another occasion, that a certain damsel, discreetly conforming to the will of her parents, had agreed to marry an old man with a white beard, who, on the evening before his marriage was to take place, thought fit to have his beard dyed, and whereas he had taken it from the sight of his betrothed as white as snow, he presented it at the altar with a colour blacker than that of pitch.
Seeing this, the damsel turned to her parents and requested them to give her the spouse they had promised, saying that she would have him, and no other.
They assured her, that he whom she there saw was the person they had before shewn her, and given her for her spouse: but she refused to believe it, maintaining, that he whom her parents had given her was a grave person, with a white beard: nor was she, by any means, to be persuaded that the dyed man before her was her betrothed, and the marriage was broken off.

☞ Kelly renders the fencing-masters and the whole cluster on dyed beards across four English paragraphs; he domesticates the Portuguese pun as “wear / dye,” and — by his own footnote — leaves the true wordplay untranslated, dropping one of the beard-jibes.

Con las dueñas tenía la misma ojeriza que con los **escabechados**: decía maravillas de su *permafoy*, de las mortajas de sus tocas, de sus muchos melindres, de sus escrúpulos y de su extraordinaria miseria. Amohinábanle sus flaquezas de estómago, sus vaguidos de cabeza, su modo de hablar, con más **repulgos** que sus tocas; y finalmente su inutilidad y sus vainillas.

[EN] *Towards Duennas he entertained as great a dislike as towards those who dyed their beards--uttering wonderful things respecting their falsehood and affectation, their tricks and pretences, their simulated scruples and their real wickedness,--reproaching them with their fancied maladies of stomach, and the frequent giddiness with which they were afflicted in the head; nay, even their mode of speaking, was made the subject of his censure; and he declared that there were more turns in their speech than folds in their great togas and wide gowns; finally, he declared them altogether useless, if not much worse.*

Uno le dijo:
—¿Qué es esto, señor licenciado, que os he oído decir mal de muchos oficios y jamás lo habéis dicho de los escribanos, habiendo tanto que decir?
A lo cual respondió:
—Aunque de vidrio, no soy tan frágil que me deje ir con la corriente del vulgo, las más veces engañado. Paréceme a mí que la gramática de los murmuradores y el *la, la, la* de los que cantan son los escribanos; porque, así como no se puede pasar a otras ciencias, si no es por la puerta de la gramática, y como el músico primero murmura que canta, así, los

maldicientes, por donde comienzan a mostrar la malignidad de sus lenguas es por decir mal de los escribanos y alguaciles y de los otros ministros de la justicia, siendo un oficio el del escribano sin el cual andaría la verdad por el mundo a sombra de tejados, corrida y maltratada; y así, dice el *Eclesiástico*: *In manu Dei potestas hominis est, et super faciem scribe imponet honorem*. Es el escribano persona pública, y el oficio del juez no se puede ejercitar cómodamente sin el suyo. Los escribanos han de ser libres, y no esclavos, ni hijos de esclavos: legítimos, no bastardos ni de ninguna mala raza nacidos. Juran de secreto fidelidad y que no harán escritura usuraria; que ni amistad ni enemistad, provecho o daño les moverá a no hacer su oficio con buena y cristiana conciencia. Pues si este oficio tantas buenas partes requiere, ¿por qué se ha de pensar que de más de veinte mil escribanos que hay en España se lleve el diablo la cosecha, como si fuesen cepas de su **majuelo**? No lo quiero creer, ni es bien que ninguno lo crea; porque, finalmente, digo que es la gente más necesaria que había en las repúblicas bien ordenadas, y que si llevaban demasiados derechos, también hacían demasiados tuertos, y que d'estos dos estremos podía resultar un medio que les hiciese **mirar por el virote**.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the entire defence of the notaries — the clearest statement of Vidriera's measured satire ("I am not so frail as to let myself go with the current of the vulgar"). A real loss.

De los alguaciles dijo que no era mucho que tuviesen algunos enemigos, siendo su oficio, o prenderte, o sacarte la hacienda de casa, o tenerte en la suya en guarda y comer a tu costa. Tachaba la negligencia e ignorancia de los procuradores y solicitadores, comparándolos a los médicos, los cuales, que sane o no sane el enfermo, ellos llevan su propina, y los procuradores y solicitadores, lo mismo, salgan o no salgan con el pleito que ayudan.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the satire of the constables (*alguaciles*) and of the attorneys and solicitors who are paid whether the suit is won or lost.

Preguntole uno cuál era la mejor tierra. Respondió que la temprana y agradecida. Replicó el otro:
—No pregunto eso, sino que cuál es mejor lugar: Valladolid o Madrid.
Y respondió:
—De Madrid, los estremos; de Valladolid, los medios.
—No lo entiendo –repitió el que se lo preguntaba.
Y dijo:
—De Madrid, cielo y suelo; de Valladolid, los entresuelos.
Oyó Vidriera que dijo un hombre a otro que, así como había entrado en Valladolid, había caído su mujer muy enferma, porque la había probado la tierra.
A lo cual dijo Vidriera:
—Mejor fuera que se la hubiera comido, si acaso es celosa.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jests on the best land, and on Madrid versus Valladolid ("of Madrid, heaven and earth; of Valladolid, the mezzanines"), and on the wife who fell sick on reaching the city.

De los músicos y de los correos de a pie decía que tenían las esperanzas y las suertes limitadas, porque los unos la acababan con llegar a serlo de a caballo, y los otros con alcanzar a ser músicos del rey. De las damas que llaman cortesanas decía que todas, o las más, tenían más de corteses que de sanas.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest on the musicians and foot-couriers of "limited hopes," and the pun on the courtesans "more courteous than clean."

Estando un día en una iglesia vio que traían a enterrar a un viejo, a bautizar a un niño y a velar una mujer, todo a un mismo tiempo, y dijo que los templos eran campos de batalla, donde los viejos acaban, los niños vencen y las mujeres triunfan.

[EN] *〈not translated by Kelly〉*

☞ Not in Kelly: the jest that the churches are "battlefields, where the old make an end, the children conquer, and the women triumph."

Picábale una vez una avispa en el cuello, y no se la osaba sacudir por no quebrarse; pero, con todo eso, se quejaba. Preguntole uno que cómo sentía aquella avispa, si era su cuerpo de vidrio. Y respondió que aquella avispa debía de ser murmuradora, y que las lenguas y picos de los murmuradores eran bastantes a desmoronar cuerpos de bronce, no que de vidrio.

[EN] *Being one day much tormented by a hornet which settled on his neck, he nevertheless refused to take it off, lest in seeking to catch the insect he should break himself; but he still complained woefully of the sting. Some one then*

remarked to him, that it was scarcely to be supposed he would feel it much, since his whole person was of glass. But Rodaja replied, that the hornet in question must needs be a slanderer, seeing that slanderers were of a race whose tongues were capable of penetrating bodies of bronze, to say nothing of glass.

Pasando acaso un religioso muy gordo por donde él estaba, dijo uno de sus oyentes:
—De **hético** no se puede mover el padre.
Enojose Vidriera, y dijo:
—Nadie se olvide de lo que dice el Espíritu Santo: *Nolite tangere christos meos*.
Y subiéndose más en cólera, dijo que mirasen en ello, y verían que de muchos santos que de pocos años a esta parte había canonizado la Iglesia y puesto en el número de los bienaventurados, ninguno se llamaba el capitán don Fulano, ni el secretario don Tal de don Tales, ni el Conde, Marqués o Duque de tal parte, sino fray Diego, fray Jacinto, fray Raimundo, todos frailes y religiosos; porque las religiones son los Aranjueces del cielo, cuyos frutos, de ordinario, se ponen en la mesa de Dios.
Decía que las lenguas de los murmuradores eran como las plumas del águila: que roen y menoscaban todas las de las otras aves que a ellas se juntan. De los **gariteros** y tahúres decía milagros: decía que los gariteros eran públicos prevaricadores, porque, en sacando el barato del que iba haciendo suertes, deseaban que perdiese y pasase el naipe adelante, porque el contrario las hiciese y él cobrase sus derechos. Alababa mucho la paciencia de un tahúr, que estaba toda una noche jugando y perdiendo, y con ser de condición colérico y endemoniado, a trueco de que su contrario no se alzase, no descosía la boca, y sufría lo que un mártir de Barrabás. Alababa también las conciencias de algunos honrados gariteros que ni por imaginación consentían que en su casa se jugase otros juegos que polla y cientos; y con esto, a fuego lento, sin temor y nota de malsines, sacaban al cabo del mes más barato que los que consentían los juegos de estocada, del reparolo, siete y llevar, y pinta en la del punto.
En resolución, él decía tales cosas que, si no fuera por los grandes gritos que daba cuando le tocaban o a él se arrimaban, por el hábito que traía, por la estrecheza de su comida, por el modo con que bebía, por el no querer dormir sino al cielo abierto en el verano y el invierno en los pajares, como queda dicho, con que daba tan claras señales de su locura, ninguno pudiera creer sino que era uno de los más cuerdos del mundo. Dos años o poco más duró en esta enfermedad, porque un religioso de la Orden de San Jerónimo, que tenía gracia y ciencia particular en hacer que los mudos entendiesen y en cierta manera hablasen, y en curar locos, tomó a su cargo de curar a Vidriera, movido de caridad; y le curó y sanó, y volvió a su primer juicio, entendimiento y discurso. Y así como le vio sano, le vistió como letrado y le hizo volver a la corte, adonde, con dar tantas muestras de cuerdo como las había dado de loco, podía usar su oficio y hacerse famoso por él.

[EN] *A monk, who was enormously fat, one day passed near where Rodaja was sitting, when one who stood by ironically remarked, that the father was so reduced and consumptive, as scarcely to be capable of walking. Offended by this, Rodaja exclaimed, "Let none forget the words of Holy Scripture, 'Nolite tangere Christos meos;' and, becoming still more heated, he bade those around him reflect a little, when they would see, that of the many saints canonised, and placed among the number of the blessed by the Church within a few years in those parts, none had been called the Captain Don Such a one, or the Lawyer Don So and So, or the Count Marquis, or Duke of Such a Place; but all were brother Diego, brother Jacinto, or brother Raimundo: all monks and friars, proceeding, that is to say, from the monastic orders." "These," he added, "are the orange-trees of heaven, whose fruits are placed on the table of God." Of evil-speakers Rodaja said, that they were like the feathers of the eagle which gnaw, wear away, and reduce to nothing, whatever feathers of other birds are mingled with them in beds or cushions, how good soever those feathers may be.*
Concerning the keepers of gaming-houses he uttered wonders, and many more than can here be repeated--commending highly the patience of a certain gamester, who would remain all night playing and losing; yea, though of choleric disposition by nature, he would never open his mouth to complain, although he was suffering the martyrdom of Barabbas, provided only his adversary did not cut the cards. At a word, Rodaja uttered so many sage remarks, that, had it not been for the cries he sent forth when any one approached near enough to touch him, for his peculiar dress, slight food, strange manner of eating, and sleeping in the air, or buried in straw, as we have related, no one could have supposed but that he was one of the most acute persons in the world.
He remained more than two years in this condition; but, at the end of that time, a monk of the order of St. Jerome, who had extraordinary powers in the cure of lunacy, nay, who even made deaf and dumb people hear and speak in a certain manner; this monk, I say, undertook the care and cure of Rodaja, being moved thereto by the charity of his disposition. Nor was it long before the lunatic was restored to his original state of judgment and

understanding. When the cure was effected, the monk presented his patient with his previous dress of a doctor of laws, exhorting him to return to his earlier mode of life, and assuring him that he might now render himself as remarkable for the force of his intellect, as he had before done for his singular folly.

☞ Kelly renders this whole stretch — the fat friar and "touch not mine anointed," the "Aranjuezes of heaven," the slanderers likened to eagle feathers, the gamesters, the two years of madness, and the cure — across three English paragraphs, so the paragraph boundaries do not match the Spanish.

Hízolo así, y llamándose el licenciado Rueda, y no Rodaja, volvió a la corte, donde apenas hubo entrado, cuando fue conocido de los muchachos; mas como le vieron en tan diferente hábito del que solía no le osaron **dar grita** ni hacer preguntas; pero seguíanle y decían unos a otros: «¿Este no es el loco Vidriera? ¡A fe que es él! Ya viene cuerdo. Pero tan bien puede ser loco bien vestido como mal vestido; preguntémosle algo, y salgamos d'esta confusión». Todo esto oía el licenciado y callaba, y iba más confuso y más corrido que cuando estaba sin juicio.

Pasó el conocimiento de los muchachos a los hombres; y antes que el licenciado llegase al patio de los Consejos, llevaba tras de sí más de docientas personas de todas suertes. Con este acompañamiento, que era más que de un catedrático, llegó al patio, donde le acabaron de circundar cuantos en él estaban. Él, viéndose con tanta turba a la redonda, alzó la voz y dijo:

[EN] *Thomas returned accordingly to his past pursuits; but, instead of calling himself Rodaja, as before, he assumed the name of Rueda. He had scarcely appeared in the street, before he was recognised by the boys; but seeing him in a dress so different from that he had before worn and been known by, they dared not cry after him or ask him questions, but contented themselves with saying, one to another, "Is not this the madman, Doctor Glasscase? It is certainly he; and though he now looks so discreet, he may be just as mad in this handsome dress as he was in that other. Let us ask him some questions, and get rid of our doubts."*

All this was heard by Thomas, who maintained silence, but felt much confused, and hurried along more hastily than he had been wont to do before he regained his senses. The men at length made the same remarks as the boys and before he had arrived at the courts he had a train of more than two hundred persons of all classes following him, being more amply attended than the most popular professor of the university.

Having gained the first court, which is that of the entrance, these people ended by surrounding him completely; when, perceiving that he was so crowded on as no longer to have the power of proceeding, he finally raised his voice, and said--

☞ Kelly divides the return to court and the crowd across three English paragraphs.

—Señores, yo soy el licenciado Vidriera, pero no el que solía: soy ahora el licenciado Rueda; sucesos y desgracias que acontecen en el mundo, por permisión del cielo, me quitaron el juicio, y las misericordias de Dios me le han vuelto. Por las cosas que dicen que dije cuando loco, podéis considerar las que diré y haré cuando cuerdo. Yo soy graduado en leyes por Salamanca, adonde estudié con pobreza y adonde llevé segundo en licencias: de do se puede inferir que más la virtud que el favor me dio el grado que tengo. Aquí he venido a este gran mar de la corte para **abogar** y ganar la vida; pero si no me dejáis, habré venido a bogar y granjear la muerte. Por amor de Dios que no hagáis que el seguirme sea perseguirme, y que lo que alcancé por loco, que es el sustento, lo pierda por cuerdo. Lo que solíades preguntarme en las plazas, preguntádmelo ahora en mi casa, y veréis que el que os respondía bien, según dicen, de improviso, os responderá mejor de pensado.

[EN] *"Señores, it is true that I am Doctor Glass-case, but not he whom you formerly knew. I am now Doctor Rueda. Misfortunes such as not unfrequently happen in this world, by the permission of heaven, had deprived me of my senses, but the mercy of God has restored them; and by those things which you have heard me say when I was mad, you may judge of what I shall say now that I am become sane. I am a doctor in laws of the university of Salamanca, where I studied in much poverty, but raised myself through all the degrees to that I now hold; but my poverty may serve to assure you that I owe my rank to industry and not to favour. I have come to this great sea of the Court, hoping to swim and get forward and gain the bread of my life; but if you do not leave me I shall be more likely to sink and find my death. For the love of God, I entreat that you follow me no further, since, in doing so, you persecute and injure me. What you formerly enquired of me in the streets, I beg you now to come and ask me at my house, when you shall see that the questions to which I before replied, impromptu, shall be more perfectly answered now that I shall take time to consider."*

Escucháronle todos y dejáronle algunos. Volviose a su posada con poco menos acompañamiento que había llevado.

Salió otro día y fue lo mismo; hizo otro sermón y no sirvió de nada. Perdía mucho y no ganaba cosa; y viéndose morir de hambre, determinó de dejar la corte y volverse a Flandes, donde pensaba valerse de las fuerzas de su brazo, pues no se podía valer de las de su ingenio. Y poniéndolo en efeto, dijo al salir de la corte:

> [EN] *All listened to him, many left him as he desired, and he returned to his abode with a much smaller train. But it was every day the same: his exhortations availed nothing; and Thomas finally resolved to repair to Flanders, there to support himself by the strength of his arm, since he could no longer profit by that of his intellect.*

☞ Kelly gathers these two paragraphs into one.

> —¡Oh corte, que alargas las esperanzas de los atrevidos pretendientes, y acortas las de los virtuosos encogidos, sustentas abundantemente a los truhanes desvergonzados y matas de hambre a los discretos vergonzosos!
> Esto dijo y se fue a Flandes, donde la vida que había comenzado a eternizar por las letras la acabó de eternizar por las armas, en compañía de su buen amigo el capitán Valdivia, dejando fama en su muerte de prudente y valentísimo soldado.

> [EN] *This resolution he executed accordingly, exclaiming as he departed--"Oh, city and court! you by whom the expectations of the bold pretender are fulfilled, while the hopes of the modest labourer are destroyed; you who abundantly sustain the shameless Buffoon, while the worthy sage is left to die of hunger; I bid you farewell." That said, he proceeded to Flanders, where he finished in arms the life which he might have rendered immortal by letters, and died in the company of his friend the Captain Don Diego, leaving behind him the reputation of a most valiant soldier and upright man.*

☞ Kelly gathers the farewell to the court and the departure to Flanders into one closing paragraph.

Salamanca. The Spanish university city on the river Tormes; around 1600 one of the largest universities in Europe and the great centre of legal and theological learning — the natural goal of an ambitious poor scholar like Tomás. ↩

the Tormes. The river of Salamanca, on whose banks the story opens; also, famously, the setting of the picaresque *Lazarillo de Tormes*. ↩

holguras. amusements, merrymaking, pleasures enjoyed in company. ↩

Flanders (Flandes). The Low Countries (roughly modern Belgium and the Netherlands), then partly under Spanish rule and the scene of Spain's long, ruinous war against the Dutch rebels; the front to which soldiers were sent, and where Tomás at last dies. ↩

aposentadores. quartermasters: officers charged with billeting the troops on the march. ↩

bagajes. the baggage-train of an army on the march, and the pack-animals requisitioned from the townsfolk to carry it. In the brothel jest the word is turned against the women, "baggage of Satan's army." ↩

bisoños. raw recruits, green and untrained soldiers. ↩

boletas. billets: the written tickets assigning each soldier the house where he was to be quartered. ↩

Garcilaso. Garcilaso de la Vega (c. 1500–1536), the soldier-poet who naturalized the Italian Renaissance style in Spanish verse; Tomás carries "a Garcilaso without commentary" as one of his two books, the mark of a lover of poetry. ↩

maretas. the swell of the sea, the movement of the waves as they rise with the wind or subside after a storm. ↩

galleys (galeras). Oar-and-sail warships that carried troops across the western Mediterranean between Spain and Italy. Tomás sails from Cartagena to Naples "in four galleys," and describes with disgust the vermin, the seasickness, and the storms of the crossing. ↩

Our Lady of Loreto. A great Italian pilgrimage shrine (the Holy House of Loreto), which Tomás visits, its walls covered with the votive offerings of the healed. ↩

licenciado (licentiate). A university graduate holding the degree of *licenciatura* (below doctor, above bachelor). The Spanish title puns on *licencia*, "leave, licence" — the freedom to speak that Vidriera's madness grants him. ↩

membrillo (quince). A hard, fragrant fruit, usually eaten cooked; here the "Toledan quince" in which the doctored love-charm — really a poison — is given to Tomás. ↩

morisco / morisca. A person of converted Moorish (Muslim) descent, nominally Christian but often suspected of secret Islam; a persecuted minority, expelled from Spain in 1609–1614. The woman who prepares the philtre is a *morisca*. ↩

veneficios. A word poised between “witchings” and “poisonings” (Latin *veneficium*): the narrator’s rationalist pun for love-philtres, “for they do no other thing than give poison.” ↩

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árguenas. panniers or hampers slung in pairs across a pack-animal, or carried by hand between bearers; here the straw-packed panniers in which Vidriera, believing himself glass, is carried to court. ↩

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melindres. affected niceness or squeamishness in words, actions, and gestures; finical airs. Of booksellers, “the finicking they make.” ↩

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Tantalus (Tántalo). In Greek myth, punished with eternal hunger and thirst amid fruit and water that withdrew from his reach; Vidriera calls the sham scholar “a Tantalus” in letters, which escape him “by their height” and elude him “by their depth.” ↩

discantar. held forth, expatiated, glossed a subject at length, sometimes impertinently. ↩

titereros. puppeteers, showmen of puppet-plays. ↩

zamarro. a shepherd’s sheepskin jacket; here the rough garment an actor wears turned inside out upon the stage. ↩

farsanta. an actress, especially of the popular comedies; a player-woman. ↩

Nemo. Latin, “no man, no one.” Vidriera takes it jestingly as a proper name, so that “No one” knows the Father, lives without sin, is content with his lot, or ascends to heaven. ↩

redomilla. diminutive of *redoma*, a glass phial narrowing toward the mouth; here the little flask of dye with which the old man blackens his beard the night before his wedding. ↩

escabechados. “pickled” men: those who dye their grey hair or paint their faces to hide their age. ↩

repulgos. hems or borders sewn on cloth; by extension, over-scrupulous qualms or affected niceties — the duennas have “more hems in their speech than in their wimples.” ↩

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Part Three · Notes

On this translation

The English text set beside the Spanish in Part Two is that of **Walter K. Kelly**, published in London by Henry G. Bohn in 1855, in the volume *The Exemplary Novels of Cervantes*, one of the titles of the celebrated **Bohn's Standard Library**. It was, so far as the record shows, the first English version to gather all twelve of the *Exemplary Novels* in a single volume; earlier English readers had known only a handful of them, in the partial translations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We have chosen it for three reasons: it is complete, it is period (a Victorian dress for a Golden Age tale, which sets two historical Englishes and Spanishes in conversation), and it is unambiguously free of copyright. A word on each of those points, and an honest account of how Kelly treats Cervantes, is owed to the reader who will spend a book in his company.

What kind of translation it is. Kelly's *Vidriera* is a *paraphrastic* translation, in the manner of its century. It does not aim at the word-by-word fidelity a modern scholarly version would seek; it aims at readable, dignified Victorian prose that conveys the sense and the story. In the narrative stretches — the childhood, the journey through Italy, the poisoning, the cure, the bitter ending — this serves Cervantes well: the English is fluent, faithful in substance, and often genuinely fine, and it renders the descriptive set-pieces (the parade of wines at Genoa, the catalogue of Italian cities, the muleteers and carters and sailors) with evident relish. It is in these passages that Kelly is at his best, and the reader who compares the two columns will find them tracking each other closely, paragraph for paragraph.

How it treats Cervantes: abridgement. In the central stretch — the long string of Vidriera's sayings — Kelly is another matter, and the reader must know it. He **abridges**. A significant number of the sayings that the Spanish gives in full are simply not in Kelly's English: among them the jest about the "old Christian" and the Sabbath (the purity-of-blood joke), the schoolmasters and their "snotty" little angels, the bawds who are really the neighbours, the whipped men and the crier in the square, the pun on the *alcahuete* and the coach, the pastry-cooks, the puppeteers, the warm defence of the players, the entire defence of the notaries, the constables and the attorneys, the jest on the best land and on Madrid versus Valladolid, the courtesans "more courteous than clean," and the "battlefield" of the church. Where Kelly drops a passage, we have not invented an English for it — to do so would be to smuggle our own translation into an edition that is meant to present *his* — but have marked the gap with a brief editorial note in the English column, so that the reader always knows what is Cervantes carried over by Kelly and what is Cervantes left behind. The Spanish, of course, is complete throughout.

Why did he cut? Partly, by his own admission, because the jokes were untranslatable. In a footnote to the quarrel of the dyed Portuguese beard, Kelly writes that "the spirit of the remark (**as in some other passages omitted for that reason**) consists in a play on words resembling each other in sound, though not in sense, and is necessarily lost in translation." That is a candid and revealing confession: he tells us, in passing, that he has cut *other* passages on the same principle. And partly, one suspects, he cut for reasons of Victorian decorum and of intelligibility — the purity-of-blood joke, for instance, would have needed a paragraph of explanation to mean anything to an English reader of 1855, and its edge touched matters a mid-century translator may have preferred to leave alone. The pattern of the cuts is instructive in itself: what survives is the *narrative* and the universally legible satire (poets, physicians, tailors, cobblers); what falls away is the *verbal* wit and the specifically Spanish social nerve (blood, caste, the local geography of the court). Kelly's *Vidriera* is thus a slightly milder, slightly more universal, slightly less dangerous Vidriera than Cervantes's — and to watch that happen, saying by saying, is one of the quieter instructions this bilingual edition can offer.

How it treats Cervantes: softening and error. Even where Kelly translates, he sometimes *domesticates*. The Portuguese pun *teño / tiño* ("I have / I dye"), which he cannot carry over, he replaces with a paler English play on "wear / dye" — a reasonable compromise, honestly flagged in his own note. The Latin quotations he keeps in Latin, as Cervantes did, trusting his reader (a fair assumption in 1855, less so now — hence our glossary). The text as printed by Bohn also carries a few small **misprints of the hero's name**, which appears once or twice as "Bodaja" or "Kodaja" for "Rodaja"; we have left Kelly's text as it stands, misprints and all, because it is a historical document and not a text we are entitled to correct, but the reader should not be puzzled by them. None of this diminishes the value of the version; it

simply means that Kelly is to be read as what he is — a skilful, readable, incomplete Victorian intermediary — and not as a transparent pane onto the original. For that pane, there is the Spanish, in the other column.

Why it is free of rights. Walter Keating Kelly died in 1867. His work has been in the public domain for well over the seventy years that the copyright law of the European Union requires (measured from the author's death), and the 1855 publication places it likewise in the public domain in the United States. The particular electronic text we have used comes from Project Gutenberg (ebook #14420), itself derived from the Bohn edition, and is distributed without restriction. No living rights attach to it, and none to the Spanish text of Cervantes, who died in 1616. The original matter in this volume — the study, the notes, the glossary, the selection, and the arrangement — is the work of Wordkers.

Walter Keating Kelly

A word is owed to the translator, though it must be a cautious one, for the biographical record is thin and some of its details are uncertain — and where they are uncertain, this note says so rather than inventing them. **Walter Keating Kelly** was an Irish-born author, journalist, and translator of the middle of the nineteenth century, one of the industrious men of letters on whom the great popular publishing enterprises of Victorian London relied. He is generally said to have been born in Ireland early in the century and to have died in 1867; the precise dates given in reference works are not wholly consistent, and we set them down here only with that reservation.

What is certain, and what matters for this book, is that Kelly was one of the **standing translators of Henry G. Bohn**, the publisher whose "Standard Library," "Classical Library," and other cheap, well-made series put an enormous range of European and classical literature into the hands of English readers who could not read the originals. For Bohn, Kelly translated and edited widely — from the classics and from the modern European languages — and the *Exemplary Novels of Cervantes* of 1855 is among his lasting contributions, the vehicle by which generations of English readers first met the whole of Cervantes's shorter fiction. He belonged, that is, to the honourable class of the professional translator: not a scholar writing for scholars, but a capable linguist making foreign masterpieces available, at speed and at a price, to a broad public. The virtues and the limits of his *Vidriera* — its fluency, its readability, its abridgements, its Victorian decorum — are exactly the virtues and limits of that noble trade, practised under the pressure of the market.

It would be pleasant to say more, and to say it with confidence; but to do so would be to pad a slender record with guesswork, and this book has undertaken to invent nothing. What the reader needs to know, he now knows: that the English in his hands is the work of a skilled and prolific Victorian translator, made for a popular library a century and a half ago, and that it should be read with the affection, and the wariness, that such an origin deserves.

Miguel de Cervantes

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616) is, with Shakespeare — his near-exact contemporary, who died in the same year — one of the two towering figures at the head of modern European literature; and, like Shakespeare, he is known to most readers by a single great work while the rest of his output lies in its shadow. The single work is, of course, *Don Quixote*; the rest includes the twelve *Exemplary Novels*, of which the tale in this volume is one.

He was born in Alcalá de Henares, near Madrid, in 1547, the son of a barber-surgeon of modest and unsettled means, and his early life was one of movement and hardship rather than of study and ease. As a young man he went to Italy, in the entourage of a cardinal, and there absorbed the Renaissance culture that would mark all his writing. In 1571 he fought at **Lepanto**, the great sea-battle in which the fleet of the Holy League broke the Ottoman navy; a shot maimed his left hand for life, and he wore the injury ever after as a badge of honour, calling himself proudly "the one-handed man of Lepanto." Returning to Spain by sea in 1575, he was captured by Barbary corsairs and held **captive in Algiers for five years**, until his family and the redemptionist friars could raise his ransom in 1580. Those five years — with their repeated, daring, failed attempts at escape — left a deep mark on him and echo through his work.

Back in Spain, the hero of Lepanto found no reward. He tried literature, publishing a pastoral romance, *La Galatea* (1585), and writing for the stage without lasting success; he married; and to live he took humble and thankless government posts — requisitioning grain and oil for the Armada, later collecting taxes in Andalusia — that kept him on the roads of Spain, among soldiers and merchants and innkeepers and officials, and that landed him more than once in prison over the tangle of his accounts. It was, by every worldly measure, the career of a failure: a middle-aged man of great gifts and no fortune, scraping a living at the edges of the administration.

Then, in 1605, at the age of fifty-seven, he published the first part of *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*, and everything changed. The book was an instant and international success, reprinted and pirated within months, and it made its author, if not rich, at least famous — "the author of *Don Quixote*." From that late and hard-won authority came the great harvest of his last decade: the *Exemplary Novels* (1613), the first original short fictions in Castilian and the birthplace of the genre in Spanish; the *Journey to Parnassus* (1614), a verse survey of the poets; the *Eight Comedies and Eight New Interludes* (1615), which preserve his work for the stage; the second part of *Don Quixote* (1615), by common consent even finer than the first; and, finished on his deathbed and published posthumously in 1617, the romance *The Trials of Persiles and Sigismunda*, which he himself hoped would be his masterpiece.

The *Exemplary Novels* occupy a special place in that late flowering, and the prologue Cervantes wrote for them tells us much about the man. There he gives the only physical self-portrait we have from his own hand — the aquiline face, the chestnut hair going silver, the maimed hand carried as a trophy — and he does it with a smiling dignity that refuses either to complain of his hard fortune or to pretend it had not been hard. There, too, he makes his proud claim to have been "the first to write novels in the Castilian tongue," the founder of the short story in Spanish. The tone of that prologue — ironic, self-aware, wounded but unbowed — is the same tone that governs *The Licentiate Vidriera*, and it is worth carrying from the one to the other: the author who laughs at his own grey beard is the author who can make of a poisoned madman a vehicle for the truth.

For the reader of *The Licentiate Vidriera*, a few threads of that life are worth holding on to, because the tale is woven from them. Cervantes had **been a soldier in Italy and Flanders**, and the journey and the death of Tomás are drawn from a world he knew in his own body. He had **known the roads and inns of Spain** as a travelling official, and the muleteers and carters and innkeepers of the satire are observed from the life. He had **felt the sting of the law and of poverty**, and the bitterness of the man of merit who finds no place is not an abstraction to him. He had **lived at Valladolid** during the years the court stood there, the very setting of the novel's second half. And, above all, he had cultivated all his life that particular temper — ironic, compassionate, disillusioned but not embittered, quick to laugh and slow to hate — that is the moral atmosphere of Vidriera and of everything he wrote. He died in Madrid on 22 April 1616, a few days after signing, with serene good humour, the dedication of his last book. His work has belonged to the whole world, and to no one, ever since.

Glossary

☞ Thirty-one word-glosses from the Spanish edition, rendered in English, followed by notes on people, places, and ideas for the English reader. On the Kindle, the underlined words in Part Two open these definitions as pop-ups; here each links to its first appearance.

abogar. to plead a cause in a court of law, as an advocate. Vidriera puns it against *bogar*, to row a galley: he came to court "to plead (*abogar*) and win my living," but if not let alone he will have come "to row (*bogar*) and earn my death" — that is, to labour like a galley-slave.

alcándaras. perches or poles on which birds of falconry were kept (or on which clothes were hung).

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algalia. civet: an unctuous, strong-smelling substance obtained from the civet-cat and used in perfumery.

aposentadores. quartermasters: officers charged with billeting the troops on the march.

Aranjuez. A royal country palace south of Madrid, famous for its gardens; hence Vidriera's image of the religious orders as "the Aranjuezes of heaven," gardens whose fruits are set on God's table.

azogado. one who trembles convulsively, as those poisoned by the vapours of *azogue* (quicksilver, mercury) were seen to do.

bagajes. the baggage-train of an army on the march, and the pack-animals requisitioned from the townsfolk to carry it. In the brothel jest the word is turned against the women, "baggage of Satan's army."

bisoños. raw recruits, green and untrained soldiers.

boletas. billets: the written tickets assigning each soldier the house where he was to be quartered.

boquimuelles. soft-mouthed (of a beast that yields easily to the bit); figuratively, easily led, gullible.

churrulleros. idle chatterers, empty babblers; here, worthless poetasters.

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escabechados. "pickled" men: those who dye their grey hair or paint their faces to hide their age.

farsanta. an actress, especially of the popular comedies; a player-woman.

Flanders (Flandes). The Low Countries (roughly modern Belgium and the Netherlands), then partly under Spanish rule and the scene of Spain's long, ruinous war against the Dutch rebels; the front to which soldiers were sent, and where Tomás at last dies.

galleys (galeras). Oar-and-sail warships that carried troops across the western Mediterranean between Spain and Italy. Tomás sails from Cartagena to Naples "in four galleys," and describes with disgust the vermin, the seasickness, and the storms of the crossing.

Garcilaso. Garcilaso de la Vega (c. 1500–1536), the soldier-poet who naturalized the Italian Renaissance style in Spanish verse; Tomás carries "a Garcilaso without commentary" as one of his two books, the mark of a lover of poetry.

gariteros. keepers of gaming-houses (*garitos*); by extension, harbourers of rogues.

holguras. amusements, merrymaking, pleasures enjoyed in company.

hético. consumptive; extremely thin, wasted almost to the bone.

licenciado (licentiate). A university graduate holding the degree of *licenciatura* (below doctor, above bachelor). The Spanish title puns on *licencia*, "leave, licence" — the freedom to speak that Vidriera's madness grants him.

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récipe. a doctor's prescription (from the Latin *recipe*, "take," with which prescriptions began); the physician's only "sword."

Salamanca. The Spanish university city on the river Tormes; around 1600 one of the largest universities in Europe and the great centre of legal and theological learning — the natural goal of an ambitious poor scholar like Tomás.

Tantalus (Tántalo). In Greek myth, punished with eternal hunger and thirst amid fruit and water that withdrew from his reach; Vidriera calls the sham scholar "a Tantalus" in letters, which escape him "by their height" and elude him "by their depth."

the court (la corte). Not merely the king's residence but the whole engine of government and patronage, where offices and favours were sought by crowds of *pretendientes* (suitors). Under Philip III it stood at Valladolid from 1601 to 1606, the setting of the novel's second half.

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the Tormes. The river of Salamanca, on whose banks the story opens; also, famously, the setting of the picaresque *Lazarillo de Tormes*.

titereros. puppeteers, showmen of puppet-plays.

veneficios. A word poised between "witchings" and "poisonings" (Latin *veneficium*): the narrator's rationalist pun for love-philtres, "for they do no other thing than give poison."

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