

Early Modern Europe, 1450–1789

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Primary Sources

CHAPTER FOUR: CULTURAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE, 1450–1600

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1. Fostering contract for a daughter, France 1610

Wealthy families might hire a tutor for their children, and some urban families might send their children to a primary school, but most families were not well-off enough to have a tutor for their children, nor even to send them to school. Children generally began work at an early age, either in their own household or in the household of others, and learned skills by watching or informal instruction. In urban areas, these arrangements were sometimes formalized by contracts drawn up by a notary between the parents and the head of the household in which the child would be living. While we might wish to distinguish between arrangements made primarily for the care of a child and arrangements made primarily to provide labor to another household and achieve vocational training for the child, these arrangements were quite similar as formalized before notaries. The emotional and practical vulnerability of children in these processes is not explicit in contracts such as these. In the following arrangement for foster care, a young daughter is placed into another household for the remainder of her childhood, by both of her parents. She would be well provided for in her new circumstances, but during the sixteen years of the arrangement, she would also serve in the new household and learn the trade of her "foster" father. (In another document recorded on the same day, similar arrangements were made for a son of this same couple. He was placed into service and apprenticeship with the same man, but for only three years, and without any payment.) (Paris, Archives Nationales, Minutier central, Étude CXXII/389, 4 June 1610. Translated by Carol Loats)

Present in person were Vincent Cervet, farm worker living at Mortayne, parish of Saint Malo, in Preche, and Marie Poigne, his wife, whom he authorizes for this transaction. Together they acknowledge and affirm that, for the benefit of, and to avoid losses to Marguerite Cervay, their daughter, they have given and left her, from today for the next sixteen years, to and with Francois le Peletier, merchant plumassier [maker of plumed hats],

bourgeois [citizen] of Paris, living there on the bridge of Notre Dame in the building with the sign of the shield of Brittany, present and accepting.

[Le Pelletier] has promised and promises to show and teach his art of plumassier, the merchandise and all in which he is involved to the said Marguerite Cervay; to have her instructed in the Catholic apostolic and Roman faith and religion; to provide and deliver what she needs in terms of drink, food, fire, bed, home, light; and to treat her gently, as is appropriate; to have her lanced, medicated, and treated in case of sickness providing that the sickness does not last more than fifteen days each time; and to maintain her with clothes, linen, footwear, and other necessary clothing honorably, as her status warrants, during the said time of sixteen years; and at the end of that time leave to her all the clothing and worn clothes that she then may have in use; and further to give her the sum of 100 livres tournois, one time, to contribute towards her portion in marriage, or otherwise to use at the discretion of the said father and mother, in consideration of the services that she will have provided to him domestically during that time.

To do this, present was the said Marguerite Cervet, aged eight and one half years or so. [She] finds these [arrangements] acceptable and promises to learn the said art to the best of her ability; to serve the said Pelletier and his wife well and faithfully in it, and in all other things lawful and honorable that are commanded of her and as a servant is obliged to do; to work toward their benefit, avoid losses to them, and warn them of problems if they come to her attention; without taking flight nor serving elsewhere during the said time.

And in case of flight or absence, the said father and mother will be obliged to search for her in the city and outskirts of Paris and bring her back to the

said Peletier to finish the said service if they are able to find her; and [they] pledge her to complete loyalty and faithfulness.

As thus etc., promising, obligating, each in his own right, etc., the said Cervet and his wife and their daughter, the one for the other and each of them alone for all without dispute or division, renouncing body and goods, etc., Cervet and his wife renouncing any benefits of division or dispute. Done and passed at the offices, etc., the year 1610, the 4th day of June in the afternoon; and the said Pelletier has signed and as to Cervay and his wife and their daughter, they declare that they do not know how to write or sign.

2. Fostering and apprenticeship contract for a son, France 1610

Children who had only one surviving parent were particularly likely to be placed into service in the household of others, both for care and training. In this document, a woman who was involuntarily single because her husband deserted her places her son into another household as an employee, and to learn a trade. Although the son would receive no wages, the mother would receive financial assistance, whose stated purpose was to allow her to fulfill her obligations in the contract (to provide his clothing during the three-year contract). It was customary in service and apprenticeship documents for the notary to specify that the young person entering another household was renouncing body and possessions, that is, that he or she was devoting body and possessions to the employer. (Paris, Archives Nationales, Minutier central, Étude X/15, 22 December 1610. Translated by Carol Loats)

Marie Frevel, wife but deserted for the last nine years, she says, by Mahis Deslandres, master tissutier rubannier [ribbon and trim maker] in Paris, [she] living there in the rue du Gravilliers, parish Saint Nicollas des Champs, affirms that, for the benefit of Adam Deslandres, son of the said Mahis Deslandres and of the said Frevel, aged 11 years or so, whom the said Frevel has pledged to complete faithfulness and loyalty, she has given and placed him in service and employment for the next three years. [She has placed him] with the respectable Henry Camue, master of the said trade tissutier rubannier in Paris, living there, rue du Ruetal, parish Saint Leu Saint Gilles, present here.

[Camue] has taken and retained [Adam Deslandres] in his service for the said time, during which he will be obliged and promises to show and teach him [Camue's] trade and all in which he is involved because of it; supply and deliver what he needs in terms of fire, bed, lodging, and light, and treat him gently, as is appropriate.

And [Frevel] placing him will maintain him during the said time with all clothing, linen, footwear, and other respectable clothing, according to his status.

In consideration of this service, the said parties remain in agreement on the sum of 18 livres tournois that the said Camue promises and guarantees to pay to the said [Frevel] or someone on her behalf, to assist in the said support of the employee her son, that is six livres tournois one year from today, another six livres tournois one year later, and the other six livres tournois at the end of the said three years.

To make this [agreement], present [was] the said employee, who has promised to serve his said master faithfully, work to his benefit, and warn him of losses as soon as they should come to [the boy's] attention; and not to run away nor go to serve elsewhere during the said time.

And in case of flight or absence, the said [Frevel] promises to search in the city and outskirts of Paris and bring him back if she can find him, to complete the time of his said service.

As thus promising, obligating, each in his own right, even the said employee renouncing body, etc.. Done and passed in Paris at the offices of the notaries signed below, the year 1610, Wednesday, the twenty-second day of December in the afternoon. The said [Frevel] has said that she does not know how to write or sign.

3. The day of a university student, Belgium 1476

Though many of the books that university students studied are well known, documents that describe a normal day in the life of a university student are not common. The following is an ordinance for the University of Louvain in 1476, issued by the duke who had jurisdiction over the university and indicating the way in which the student was supposed to work at that institution. (From Hastings Rashdall, *The University of Europe in the Middle Ages* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1895), Vol. II, Pt. II, p. 766)

The tutors shall see that the scholars rise in the morning at five o'clock, and that then before lectures each one reads by himself the laws which are to be read at the regular lecture, together with the glosses But after the regular lecture, having if they wish, quickly heard mass, the scholars shall come to their rooms and revise the lectures that have been given, by rehearsing and impressing on their memory whatever they have brought away from the lectures either orally or in writing. And next they shall come to lunch ... after lunch, each one having brought to the table his books, all the scholars of the Faculty together, in the presence of a tutor, shall review that regular lecture; and in this review the tutor shall follow a method which will enable him, by discreet questioning of every man, to gather whether each of them listened well to the lecture and remembered it, and which will recall the whole lecture by having its parts recited by individuals. And if watchful care is used in this one hour will suffice.



King's College, Cambridge University, founded in 1441 by King Henry VI.

4. Royal proclamations regarding universities, Portugal 1538-1552

Universities were under the control of a variety of different types of authorities, often including the king in many parts of Europe. Kings and other rulers thus often issued proclamations regarding university life, generally at the request of a university official concerned about a certain issue. The three royal proclamations below all deal with events at the University of Coimbra in Portugal. The first two concern activities of the students that were to be forbidden; note that in the first one, the students were not punished, but only the women. The third entry reveals a great deal about the intricacies of early modern Portuguese society as well as university life. Most positions in high office were inherited and kept in the family for generations. Typically the eldest son was given the inherited position, but in the absence of sons, daughters could also inherit these offices and pass them on to their future husbands or sons. The case highlighted here illustrates that daughters were not left out of the family's inheritance. The brother

got the university post, but he was required to give each of his two sisters a dowry of 100,000 réis, not an insignificant amount. To put this amount in some perspective, a survey of Lisbon conducted in 1552 stipulates that 2,000 réis was equal to one year's salary for domestic servants. (Mário Brandão, ed., *Documentos de D. João III* (Coimbra: Universidade de Coimbra, 1937), Volume I, 114, 153; Volume IV, 145. Translated by Darlene Abreu-Ferreira)

I, the King, make it known to whom this charter reaches that it is well and pleases me to have it so for the service of God and me, and for the good of the University of Coimbra, that every student of the said university who has a concubine or a woman of ill-repute in his house that woman be imprisoned and in jail pay one thousand réis half for the one who accused [her] and the other half for the coffer of the university. Thus I notify the curator of the said university and demand that he enforce the said penalties on the women who are apprehended in such an error. And this my charter shall be announced in the said university that it be known by all. Done by Amrique da Mota in Lisbon on the 19 day of September of one thousand Bcxxxbiiij years [1538]

I, the King, make it known to whom this charter reaches that it is well and pleases me that on the death of Bento Taborda, Knight of my House [and] bailiff of the University of Coimbra, [I] do reward the said office to his eldest son. When this becomes a deed to serve with such declaration, that the said son give two hundred thousand réis to his two sisters daughters of the said Bento Taborda-- one hundred thousand réis to each to assist with her wedding or to become nuns in a monastery according to the better wishes of their father. And for his trust and my memorial I had this charter given him that I ask him to fulfil entirely as we count on him [to do so]. Done by Jorge da Costa in Lisbon on the 29 day of the month of June of 1552.

5. Niccolò Machiavelli, *The Prince*, 1515

Machiavelli's *Prince* was written in response to actual political events in Italy, but it has remained one of the most important works of political theory of all time.



<http://www.constitution.org/mac/prince00.htm>

6. *A Defense of Liberty Against Tyrants* [Vindiciae Contra Tyrannos]

After the St. Bartholomew's Massacre, which many believed to have been ordered by the king, Protestants in France began to argue that the power of the monarch should be limited. The most influential of these works of resistance theory was the anonymous *Vindiciae Contra Tyrannos*, probably written by the Huguenot nobleman Philippe Duplessis de Mornay.

<http://www.lonang.com/exlibris/misc/1579-vct.htm>

7. John Knox, *The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, 1558

John Knox, the Calvinist reformer of Scotland, was a strident opponent of women's rule, believing it to be ungodly, unlawful, unnatural and "monstrous." In this work, he compared both Mary Tudor and Mary Stuart with Jezebel. The work was published just after the Protestant Elizabeth came to the throne; Knox never apologized, and Elizabeth never allowed him into England.

<http://www.swrb.ab.ca/newslett/actualNLs/firblast.htm>

8. Pico della Mirandola, *Oration on the Dignity of Man*, 1486

A brilliant student, Pico della Mirandola studied at several European universities, finally ending up in Florence, where he came under the patronage of Lorenzo de Medici. When he was just twenty-three, he set down 900 theses setting out a basis for all human knowledge, and called for “congress” at which they would be debated. As an introduction to the theses, he wrote the *Oration on the Dignity of Man* (1486), justifying the human search for knowledge within a neo-Platonic framework. Created by God after the rest of creation, man can choose to ascend or descend the Great Chain of Being, according to Pico, rising to the realm of the angels or descending to the realm of the animals. Pico’s emphasis on the power of human free will led to the theses being condemned by the papacy and Pico’s brief imprisonment. He was freed through the influence of Lorenzo de Medici, and returned to Florence, where he later died under mysterious circumstances.

<http://cscs.umich.edu/~crshalizi/Mirandola/>

9. Thomas More, *Utopia*, 1515

More's famous work is a dialogue in which a fictional traveller, Raphael Hythloday, describes a state somewhere beyond the world which problems that plagued More's fellow-citizens, such as poverty and hunger, have been solved by a beneficent government, but in which dissent and disagreement are not tolerated. *Utopia* was clearly pagan, with all property owned communally, so whether the work was primarily a satire or a commentary on the social and economic issues of More's England is not clear.

<http://www.constitution.org/tm/utopia.htm>



10. Desiderius Erasmus, *Colloquies*, 1518, 1522 (English Translation Nathan Bailey, 1725)

Erasmus' *Colloquies* were short speeches and dialogues designed to help beginners learn to speak Latin quickly, written while Erasmus was tutoring schoolboys in Paris. They were first published, without his knowledge or approval, in 1518. The first edition was very short, and included ways to greet various types of people and some simple dialogues. They sold very well, and Erasmus added to them in subsequent editions. This is a dialogue from the first edition. The entire text of this English translation of the *Colloquies* can be found at:

<http://smith2.sewanee.edu/erasmus/colloquia/colloquia.html>

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S ADMONITIONS

THE ARGUMENT

The School-master's Instructions teach a Boy Modesty, Civility, and Manners becoming his Age, in what Posture he ought to stand while he talks to his Superiors; concerning Habit, Discourse, and Behaviour at Table and in School.

The Schoolmaster and Boy

Sch. You seem not to have been bred at Court, but in a Cow-stall; you behave yourself so clownishly. A Gentleman ought to behave himself like a Gentleman. As often or whenever any one that is your Superior speaks to you, stand straight, pull off your Hat, and look neither doggedly, surlily, saucily, malapertly, nor unsettledly, but with a staid, modest, pleasant Air in your Countenance, and a bashful Look fix'd upon the Person who speaks to you; your Feet set close one by t'other; your Hands without Action: Don't stand, titter, totter, first standing upon one Foot, and then upon another, nor playing with your Fingers, biting your Lip, scratching your Head, or picking your Ears: Let your Cloaths be put on tight and neat, that your whole Dress, Air, Motion and Habit, may bespeak a modest and bashful Temper.

Bo. What if I shall try, Sir?

Ma. Do so.

Bo. Is this right ?

Ma. Not quite.

Bo. Must I do so ?

Ma. That's pretty well.

Bo. Must I stand so?

Ma. Ay, that's very well, remember that Posture; don't be a Prittle prattle, nor Prate apace, nor be a minding any Thing but what is said to you. If you are to make an Answer, do it in few Words, and to the Purpose, every now and then prefacing with some Title of Respect, and sometimes use a Title of Honour, and now and then make a Bow, especially when you have done speaking: Nor do you go away without asking Leave, or being bid to go: Now come let me see how you can practise this. How long have you been from Home?

Bo. Almost six Months.

Ma. You should have said Sir.

Bo. Almost six Months, Sir.

Ma.. Don't you long to see your Mother?

Bo. Yes, sometimes.

Ma. Have you a Mind to go to see her ?

Bo. Yes, with your Leave, Sir.

Ma. Now you should have made a Bow; that's very well, remember to do so; when you speak, don't speak fast, stammer, or speak in your Throat, but use yourself to pronounce your Words distinctly and clearly. If you pass by any ancient Person, a Magistrate, a Minister, or Doctor, or any Person of Figure, be sure to pull off your Hat, and make your Reverence: Do the same when you pass by any sacred Place, or the Image of the Cross. When you are at a Feast, behave yourself chearfully, but always so

as to remember what becomes your Age: Serve yourself last; and if any nice Bit be offer'd you, refuse it modestly; but if they press it upon you, take it, and thank the Person, and cutting off a bit of it, offer the rest either to him that gave it to you, or to him that sits next to you. If any Body drinks to you merrily, thank him, and drink moderately. If you don't care to drink, however, kiss the Cup. Look pleasantly upon him that speaks to you; and be sure not to speak till you are spoken to. If any Thing that is obscene be said, don't laugh at it, but keep your Countenance, as though you did not understand it; don't reflect on any Body, nor take place of any Body, nor boast of any Thing of your own, nor undervalue any Thing of another Bodies. Be courteous to your Companions that are your Inferiors; traduce no Body; don't be a Blab with your Tongue, and by this Means you'll get a good Character, and gain Friends without Envy. If the Entertainment shall be long, desire to be excus'd, bid much good may it do the Guests, and withdraw from Table: See that you remember these Things.

Bo. I'll do my Endeavour, Sir. Is there any Thing else you'd have me do ?

Ma. Now go to your Books.

Bo. Yes, Sir.

11. Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando furioso* (1516, 1532)



Ludovico Ariosto's epic poem tells a story of knights, horses, and fair damsels, but the exploits point to human frailty more than heroism, so that many scholars view this as a mock epic rather than one meant to be taken at face value. Later artists frequently used its stories as the subjects of dramatic heroic paintings, however, and baroque composers, including Vivaldi and Handel, used its stories in a non-satirical way as the bases for several operas. This is the beginning of the poem; the entire work can be found at the OnLine Medieval and Classical Library, <http://omacl.org/Orlando/>

ARGUMENT

Angelica, whom pressing danger frights,
Flies in disorder through the greenwood shade.
Rinaldo's horse escapes: he, following, fights
Ferraù, the Spaniard, in a forest glade.

A second oath the haughty paynim plights,
And keeps it better than the first he made.
King Sacripant regains his long-lost treasure;
But good Rinaldo mars his promised pleasure.

I

OF LOVES and LADIES, KNIGHTS and ARMS, I sing,
Of COURTESIES, and many a DARING FEAT;
And from those ancient days my story bring,
When Moors from Afric passed in hostile fleet,
And ravaged France, with Agramant their king,
Flushed with his youthful rage and furious heat,
Who on king Charles', the Roman emperor's head
Had vowed due vengeance for Troyano dead.

II

In the same strain of Roland will I tell
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
On whom strange madness and rank fury fell,
A man esteemed so wise in former time;
If she, who to like cruel pass has well
Nigh brought my feeble wit which fain would climb
And hourly wastes my sense, concede me skill
And strength my daring promise to fulfil.

12. François Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (1532-1552)



Gargantua and Pantagruel is a series of five books that tells the story of two giants, a father (Gargantua) and son (Pantagruel), who have various adventures, especially on their way to find the Holy Bottle. While there are debates about whether *Utopia* and *Orlando Furioso* were meant as satires, there are none about Rabelais' works. The stories are filled with violence, sex, obscene language, and grotesque descriptions of the body and bodily process. They celebrate "wine, women, and song" and criticize education, religion, and politics; unsurprisingly, the texts were immediately condemned

by religious authorities. Rabelais began his career as a monk, and later worked as a physician. This is the prologue to *Pantagruel*, the first book of the five that Rabelais wrote, which later became the second in the series. In this section, Rabelais speaks directly to the reader or translator, who would find “all mysteries of philosophy” among the monsters, grotesques, and “caterwalling cats.” The entire text can be found at: <http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/1200>

To the Honoured, Noble Translator of
Rabelais.
Rabelais, whose wit prodigiously was
made,
All men, professions, actions to invade,
With so much furious vigour, as if it
Had lived o'er each of them, and each had
quit,
Yet with such happy sleight and careless
skill,
As, like the serpent, doth with laughter
kill,
So that although his noble leaves appear
Antic and Gottish, and dull so forbear
To turn them o'er, lest they should only
find
Nothing but savage monsters of a mind,--
No shapen beauteous thoughts; yet when
the wise
Seriously strip him of his wild disguise,
Melt down his dross, refine his massy ore,
And polish that which seem'd rough-cast
before,
Search his deep sense, unveil his hidden
mirth,

And make that fiery which before seem'd
earth
(Conquering those things of highest
consequence,
What's difficult of language or of sense),
He will appear some noble table writ
In the old Egyptian hieroglyphic wit;
Where, though you monsters and
grotescoes see,
You meet all mysteries of philosophy.
For he was wise and sovereignly bred
To know what mankind is, how 't may be
led:
He stoop'd unto them, like that wise man,
who
Rid on a stick, when 's children would do
so.
For we are easy sullen things, and must
Be laugh'd aright, and cheated into trust;
Whilst a black piece of phlegm, that lays
about
Dull menaces, and terrifies the rout,
And cajoles it, with all its peevish strength
Piteously stretch'd and botch'd up into
length,

Whilst the tired rabble sleepily obey
Such opiate talk, and snore away the day,
By all his noise as much their minds
relieves,
As caterwauling of wild cats frights
thieves.

But Rabelais was another thing, a man
Made up of all that art and nature can
Form from a fiery genius,--he was one
Whose soul so universally was thrown
Through all the arts of life, who
understood
Each stratagem by which we stray from
good;
So that he best might solid virtue teach,
As some 'gainst sins of their own bosoms
preach:
He from wise choice did the true means
prefer,
In the fool's coat acting th' philosopher.
Thus hoary Aesop's beasts did mildly
tame
Fierce man, and moralize him into shame;
Thus brave romances, while they seem to
lay
Great trains of lust, platonic love display;
Thus would old Sparta, if a seldom chance
Show'd a drunk slave, teach children
temperance;

Thus did the later poets nobly bring
The scene to height, making the fool the
king.

And, noble sir, you vigorously have trod
In this hard path, unknown, un-
understood

By its own countrymen, 'tis you appear
Our full enjoyment which was our
despair,
Scattering his mists, cheering his cynic
frowns
(For radiant brightness now dark Rabelais
crowns),

Leaving your brave heroic cares, which
must
Make better mankind and embalm your
dust,
So undeceiving us, that now we see
All wit in Gascon and in Cromarty,
Besides that Rabelais is convey'd to us,
And that our Scotland is not barbarous...

Here I intend mysteriously to sing
With a pen pluck'd from Fame's own
wing,
Of Gargantua that learn'd breech-wiping
king.

13. Marguerite d'Angoulême, *Heptameron* (1558)

Marguerite Angoulême was the sister of Francis I, king of France, and the wife of Henry II. She gained an excellent humanist education, learning Latin and Greek, and later supported humanist writers (including Rabelais) and religious reformers. She wrote poems and plays, and a collection of intertwined short stories, some humorous and some serious. She originally intended to write 100 stories, as Boccaccio had in the *Decameron*, but died before this was completed. After her death, the stories were published as the *Heptameron*. This is one of the earlier, shorter stories; the entire *Heptameron* can be found at:

<http://digital.library.upenn.edu/women/navarre/heptameron/heptameron-1.html#N6>

NOVEL VI.

Stratagem by which a woman enabled her gallant to escape, when her husband, who was blind of an eye, thought to surprise them together.

CHARLES, the last Duke of Alençon, had an old valet-de-chambre who was blind of an eye, and who was married to a woman much younger than himself. The duke and duchess liked this valet better than any other domestic of that order in their household, and the consequence was that he could not go and see his wife as often as he could have wished, whilst she, unable to accommodate herself to circumstances, so far forgot her honor and her conscience as to fall in love with a young gentleman of the neighborhood. At last the affair got wind, and there was so much talk about it, that it reached the ears of the husband, who could not believe it, so warm was the affection testified to him by his wife. One day, however, he made up his mind to know the truth of the matter, and to revenge himself if he could on the person who put this affront upon him. With this view he pretended to go for two or three days to a place at some little distance; and no sooner had he taken his departure, than his wife sent for her gallant.

They had hardly been half an hour together when the husband came and knocked loudly at the door. The wife knowing but too well who it was, told her lover, who was so astounded that he could have wished he was still in his mother's womb. But while he was swearing and confounding her and the intrigue which had brought him into such a perilous scrape, she told him not to be uneasy, for she would get him off without its costing him anything; and that all he had to do was to dress himself as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile the husband kept knocking and calling to his wife as loud as he could bawl, but she pretended not to know him. "Why don't you get up," she cried to the people of the house, "and go and silence those who are making such a noise at the door? Is this a proper time to come to honest people's houses? If my husband was here he would make you know better." The husband, hearing her voice, shouted louder than ever. "Let me in, wife; do you mean to keep me at the door till daylight?" At last, when she saw that her lover was ready to slip out, "Oh, is that you, husband?" she said; "I am so glad you are come! I was full of a dream I had that gave me the greatest pleasure I ever felt in my life. I thought you had recovered the sight of your eye." Here she opened the door, and catching her husband round the neck, kissed him, clapped one hand on his sound eye, and asked him if he did not see better than usual. Whilst the husband was thus blindfolded the gallant made his escape. The husband guessed how it was, but said "I will watch you no more, wife. I thought to deceive you, but it is I who have been the dupe, and you have put the cunningest trick upon me that ever was invented. God mend you! for it passes the act of man to bring back a wicked woman from her evil ways by any means short of putting her to death. But since the regard I have had for you has not availed to make you behave better, perhaps the contempt with which I shall henceforth look upon you will touch you more, and have a more

wholesome effect." Therefore he went away, leaving her in great confusion. At last, however, he was prevailed upon by the solicitations of relations and friends, and by the tears and excuses of his wife, to cohabit with her again.

You see from this example, ladies, with what adroitness a woman can get herself out of a scrape. If she is prompt at finding an expedient to conceal a bad deed, I believe she would be still more prompt and ingenious in discovering means to hinder herself from doing a good one; for, as I have heard say, good wit is always the stronger.

14. Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote* (1605; Part II 1615)

Cervantes began his writing career with romances and plays, but toward the end of his life wrote *Don Quixote*, often regarded as the greatest masterpiece in Spanish literature of all time. *Don Quixote* tells the story of the idealistic country gentleman Don Quixote and his faithful squire Sancho Panza, who encounter every kind of person in Spanish society as Don Quixote tries to right wrongs and rescue his beloved from (largely imaginary) dangers. The story is both funny and sad, and asks very basic questions—is it good to have grand dreams, or are these “castles in the air” that “lead us on a wild goose chase”? Can we ever have “too much of a good thing?” Should “every man look before he leaps” or does “faint heart never win fair lady?” All of these expressions come from *Don Quixote*, which has been translated into most of the world’s languages, and turned into plays and a very popular musical, *The Man of La Mancha*. This is the scene involving the fulling mill described at the beginning of Chapter Six of the book. It is from Chapter 20 of *Don Quixote*; the entire text can be found at: http://www.online-literature.com/cervantes/don_quixote/

The darkness of the night made it impossible to see anything; but they had not gone two hundred paces when a loud noise of water, as if falling from great rocks, struck their ears. The sound cheered them greatly; but halting to make out by listening from what quarter it came they heard unseasonably another noise which spoiled the satisfaction the sound of the water gave them, especially for Sancho, who was by nature timid and faint-hearted. They heard, I say, strokes falling with a measured beat, and a certain rattling of iron and chains that, together with the furious din of the water, would have struck terror into any heart but Don Quixote's. The night was, as has been said, dark, and they had happened to reach a spot in among some tall trees, whose leaves stirred by a gentle breeze made a low ominous sound; so that, what with the solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of the water, and the rustling of the leaves, everything inspired

awe and dread; more especially as they perceived that the strokes did not cease, nor the wind lull, nor morning approach; to all which might be added their ignorance as to where they were.

But Don Quixote, supported by his intrepid heart, leaped on Rocinante, and bracing his buckler on his arm, brought his pike to the slope, and said, "Friend Sancho, know that I by Heaven's will have been born in this our iron age to revive in it the age of gold, or the golden as it is called; I am he for whom perils, mighty achievements, and valiant deeds are reserved; I am, I say again, he who is to revive the Knights of the Round Table, the Twelve of France and the Nine Worthies; and he who is to consign to oblivion the Platirs, the Tablantes, the Olivantes and Tirantes, the Phoebuses and Belianises, with the whole herd of famous knights-errant of days gone by, performing in these in which I live such exploits, marvels, and feats of arms as shall obscure their brightest deeds. Thou dost mark well, faithful and trusty squire, the gloom of this night, its strange silence, the dull confused murmur of those trees, the awful sound of that water in quest of which we came, that seems as though it were precipitating and dashing itself down from the lofty mountains of the Moon, and that incessant hammering that wounds and pains our ears; which things all together and each of itself are enough to instil fear, dread, and dismay into the breast of Mars himself, much more into one not used to hazards and adventures of the kind. Well, then, all this that I put before thee is but an incentive and stimulant to my spirit, making my heart burst in my bosom through eagerness to engage in this adventure, arduous as it promises to be; therefore tighten Rocinante's girths a little, and God be with thee; wait for me here three days and no more, and if in that time I come not back, thou canst return to our village, and thence, to do me a favour and a service, thou wilt go to El Toboso, where thou shalt say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea that her captive

knight hath died in attempting things that might make him worthy of being called hers."

When Sancho heard his master's words he began to weep in the most pathetic way, saying: "Senor, I know not why your worship wants to attempt this so dreadful adventure; it is night now, no one sees us here, we can easily turn about and take ourselves out of danger, even if we don't drink for three days to come; and as there is no one to see us, all the less will there be anyone to set us down as cowards; besides, I have many a time heard the curate of our village, whom your worship knows well, preach that he who seeks danger perishes in it; so it is not right to tempt God by trying so tremendous a feat from which there can be no escape save by a miracle, and Heaven has performed enough of them for your worship in delivering you from being blanketed as I was, and bringing you out victorious and safe and sound from among all those enemies that were with the dead man; and if all this does not move or soften that hard heart, let this thought and reflection move it, that you will have hardly quitted this spot when from pure fear I shall yield my soul up to anyone that will take it. I left home and wife and children to come and serve your worship, trusting to do better and not worse; but as covetousness bursts the bag, it has rent my hopes asunder, for just as I had them highest about getting that wretched unlucky island your worship has so often promised me, I see that instead and in lieu of it you mean to desert me now in a place so far from human reach: for God's sake, master mine, deal not so unjustly by me, and if your worship will not entirely give up attempting this feat, at least put it off till morning, for by what the lore I learned when I was a shepherd tells me it cannot want three hours of dawn now, because the mouth of the Horn is overhead and makes midnight in the line of the left arm."

"How canst thou see, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "where it makes that line, or where this mouth or this occiput is that thou talkest of, when the night is so dark that there is not a star to be seen in the whole heaven?" "That's true," said Sancho, "but fear has sharp eyes, and sees things underground, much more above in heavens; besides, there is good reason to show that it now wants but little of day."

"Let it want what it may," replied Don Quixote, "it shall not be said of me now or at any time that tears or entreaties turned me aside from doing what was in accordance with knightly usage; and so I beg of thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace, for God, who has put it into my heart to undertake now this so unexampled and terrible adventure, will take care to watch over my safety and console thy sorrow; what thou hast to do is to tighten Rocinante's girths well, and wait here, for I shall come back shortly, alive or dead." Sancho perceiving it his master's final resolve, and how little his tears, counsels, and entreaties prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to his own ingenuity and compel him, if he could, to wait till daylight; and so, while tightening the girths of the horse, he quietly and without being felt, with his ass' halter tied both Rocinante's legs, so that when Don Quixote strove to go he was unable as the horse could only move by jumps. Seeing the success of his trick, Sancho Panza said: "See there, senor! Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has so ordered it that Rocinante cannot stir; and if you will be obstinate, and spur and strike him, you will only provoke fortune, and kick, as they say, against the pricks."

Don Quixote at this grew desperate, but the more he drove his heels into the horse, the less he stirred him; and not having any suspicion of the tying, he was fain to resign himself and wait till daybreak or until Rocinante could move, firmly persuaded that all this came of something other than Sancho's

ingenuity. So he said to him, "As it is so, Sancho, and as Rocinante cannot move, I am content to wait till dawn smiles upon us, even though I weep while it delays its coming."...

[Sancho then tells Don Quixote stories to pass the night.]

Just then, whether it was the cold of the morning that was now approaching, or that he had eaten something laxative at supper, or that it was only natural (as is most likely), Sancho felt a desire to do what no one could do for him; but so great was the fear that had penetrated his heart, he dared not separate himself from his master by as much as the black of his nail; to escape doing what he wanted was, however, also impossible; so what he did for peace's sake was to remove his right hand, which held the back of the saddle, and with it to untie gently and silently the running string which alone held up his breeches, so that on loosening it they at once fell down round his feet like fetters; he then raised his shirt as well as he could and bared his hind quarters, no slim ones.

But, this accomplished, which he fancied was all he had to do to get out of this terrible strait and embarrassment, another still greater difficulty presented itself, for it seemed to him impossible to relieve himself without making some noise, and he ground his teeth and squeezed his shoulders together, holding his breath as much as he could; but in spite of his precautions he was unlucky enough after all to make a little noise, very different from that which was causing him so much fear. Don Quixote, hearing it, said, "What noise is that, Sancho?" "I don't know, senor," said he; "it must be something new, for adventures and misadventures never begin with a trifle." Once more he tried his luck, and succeeded so well, that without any further noise or disturbance he found himself relieved of the burden that had given him so much discomfort.

But as Don Quixote's sense of smell was as acute as his hearing, and as Sancho was so closely linked with him that the fumes rose almost in a straight line, it could not be but that some should reach his nose, and as soon as they did he came to its relief by compressing it between his fingers, saying in a rather snuffing tone, "Sancho, it strikes me thou art in great fear." "I am," answered Sancho; "but how does your worship perceive it now more than ever?" "Because just now thou smellst stronger than ever, and not of ambergris," answered Don Quixote. "Very likely," said Sancho, "but that's not my fault, but your worship's, for leading me about at unseasonable hours and at such unwonted paces." "Then go back three or four, my friend," said Don Quixote, all the time with his fingers to his nose; "and for the future pay more attention to thy person and to what thou owest to mine; for it is my great familiarity with thee that has bred this contempt." "I'll bet," replied Sancho, "that your worship thinks I have done something I ought not with my person." "It makes it worse to stir it, friend Sancho," returned Don Quixote. With this and other talk of the same sort master and man passed the night, till Sancho, perceiving that daybreak was coming on apace, very cautiously untied Rocinante and tied up his breeches.

As soon as Rocinante found himself free, though by nature he was not at all mettlesome, he seemed to feel lively and began pawing- for as to capering, begging his pardon, he knew not what it meant. Don Quixote, then, observing that Rocinante could move, took it as a good sign and a signal that he should attempt the dread adventure.

By this time day had fully broken and everything showed distinctly, and Don Quixote saw that he was among some tall trees, chestnuts, which cast a very deep shade; he perceived likewise that the sound of the strokes did not cease, but could not discover what caused it, and so without any

further delay he let Rocinante feel the spur, and once more taking leave of Sancho, he told him to wait for him there three days at most, as he had said before, and if he should not have returned by that time, he might feel sure it had been God's will that he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the message and commission with which he was to go on his behalf to his lady Dulcinea, and said he was not to be uneasy as to the payment of his services, for before leaving home he had made his will, in which he would find himself fully recompensed in the matter of wages in due proportion to the time he had served; but if God delivered him safe, sound, and unhurt out of that danger, he might look upon the promised island as much more than certain. Sancho began to weep afresh on again hearing the affecting words of his good master, and resolved to stay with him until the final issue and end of the business.

From these tears and this honourable resolve of Sancho Panza's the author of this history infers that he must have been of good birth and at least an old Christian; and the feeling he displayed touched his but not so much as to make him show any weakness; on the contrary, hiding what he felt as well as he could, he began to move towards that quarter whence the sound of the water and of the strokes seemed to come. Sancho followed him on foot, leading by the halter, as his custom was, his ass, his constant comrade in prosperity or adversity; and advancing some distance through the shady chestnut trees they came upon a little meadow at the foot of some high rocks, down which a mighty rush of water flung itself. At the foot of the rocks were some rudely constructed houses looking more like ruins than houses, from among which came, they perceived, the din and clatter of blows, which still continued without intermission.

Rocinante took fright at the noise of the water and of the blows, but quieting him Don Quixote advanced step by step towards the houses,

commending himself with all his heart to his lady, imploring her support in that dread pass and enterprise, and on the way commending himself to God, too, not to forget him. Sancho who never quitted his side, stretched his neck as far as he could and peered between the legs of Rocinante to see if he could now discover what it was that caused him such fear and apprehension. They went it might be a hundred paces farther, when on turning a corner the true cause, beyond the possibility of any mistake, of that dread-sounding and to them awe-inspiring noise that had kept them all the night in such fear and perplexity, appeared plain and obvious; and it was (if, reader, thou art not disgusted and disappointed) six fulling hammers which by their alternate strokes made all the din.

When Don Quixote perceived what it was, he was struck dumb and rigid from head to foot. Sancho glanced at him and saw him with his head bent down upon his breast in manifest mortification; and Don Quixote glanced at Sancho and saw him with his cheeks puffed out and his mouth full of laughter, and evidently ready to explode with it, and in spite of his vexation he could not help laughing at the sight of him; and when Sancho saw his master begin he let go so heartily that he had to hold his sides with both hands to keep himself from bursting with laughter. Four times he stopped, and as many times did his laughter break out afresh with the same violence as at first, whereat Don Quixote grew furious, above all when he heard him say mockingly, "Thou must know, friend Sancho, that of Heaven's will I was born in this our iron age to revive in it the golden or age of gold; I am he for whom are reserved perils, mighty achievements, valiant deeds;" and here he went on repeating the words that Don Quixote uttered the first time they heard the awful strokes.

Don Quixote, then, seeing that Sancho was turning him into ridicule, was so mortified and vexed that he lifted up his pike and smote him two such

blows that if, instead of catching them on his shoulders, he had caught them on his head there would have been no wages to pay, unless indeed to his heirs. Sancho seeing that he was getting an awkward return in earnest for his jest, and fearing his master might carry it still further, said to him very humbly, "Calm yourself, sir, for by God I am only joking." "Well, then, if you are joking I am not," replied Don Quixote. "Look here, my lively gentleman, if these, instead of being fulling hammers, had been some perilous adventure, have I not, think you, shown the courage required for the attempt and achievement? Am I, perchance, being, as I am, a gentleman, bound to know and distinguish sounds and tell whether they come from fulling mills or not; and that, when perhaps, as is the case, I have never in my life seen any as you have, low boor as you are, that have been born and bred among them? But turn me these six hammers into six giants, and bring them to beard me, one by one or all together, and if I do not knock them head over heels, then make what mockery you like of me."

"No more of that, senor," returned Sancho; "I own I went a little too far with the joke. But tell me, your worship, now that peace is made between us (and may God bring you out of all the adventures that may befall you as safe and sound as he has brought you out of this one), was it not a thing to laugh at, and is it not a good story, the great fear we were in?—at least that I was in; for as to your worship I see now that you neither know nor understand what either fear or dismay is."

"I do not deny," said Don Quixote, "that what happened to us may be worth laughing at, but it is not worth making a story about, for it is not everyone that is shrewd enough to hit the right point of a thing."

"At any rate," said Sancho, "your worship knew how to hit the right point with your pike, aiming at my head and hitting me on the shoulders, thanks be to God and my own smartness in dodging it. But let that pass; all will

come out in the scouring; for I have heard say 'he loves thee well that makes thee weep;' and moreover that it is the way with great lords after any hard words they give a servant to give him a pair of breeches; though I do not know what they give after blows, unless it be that knights-errant after blows give islands, or kingdoms on the mainland."

"It may be on the dice," said Don Quixote, "that all thou sayest will come true; overlook the past, for thou art shrewd enough to know that our first movements are not in our own control; and one thing for the future bear in mind, that thou curb and restrain thy loquacity in my company; for in all the books of chivalry that I have read, and they are innumerable, I never met with a squire who talked so much to his lord as thou dost to thine; and in fact I feel it to be a great fault of thine and of mine: of thine, that thou hast so little respect for me; of mine, that I do not make myself more respected. There was Gandalin, the squire of Amadis of Gaul, that was Count of the Insula Firme, and we read of him that he always addressed his lord with his cap in his hand, his head bowed down and his body bent double, more *turquesco*. And then, what shall we say of Gasabal, the squire of Galaor, who was so silent that in order to indicate to us the greatness of his marvellous taciturnity his name is only once mentioned in the whole of that history, as long as it is truthful? From all I have said thou wilt gather, Sancho, that there must be a difference between master and man, between lord and lackey, between knight and squire: so that from this day forward in our intercourse we must observe more respect and take less liberties, for in whatever way I may be provoked with you it will be bad for the pitcher. The favours and benefits that I have promised you will come in due time, and if they do not your wages at least will not be lost, as I have already told you."

"All that your worship says is very well," said Sancho, "but I should like to know (in case the time of favours should not come, and it might be necessary to fall back upon wages) how much did the squire of a knight-errant get in those days, and did they agree by the month, or by the day like bricklayers?"

"I do not believe," replied Don Quixote, "that such squires were ever on wages, but were dependent on favour; and if I have now mentioned thine in the sealed will I have left at home, it was with a view to what may happen; for as yet I know not how chivalry will turn out in these wretched times of ours, and I do not wish my soul to suffer for trifles in the other world; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that in this there is no condition more hazardous than that of adventurers."

"That is true," said Sancho, "since the mere noise of the hammers of a fulling mill can disturb and disquiet the heart of such a valiant errant adventurer as your worship; but you may be sure I will not open my lips henceforward to make light of anything of your worship's, but only to honour you as my master and natural lord."

"By so doing," replied Don Quixote, "shalt thou live long on the face of the earth; for next to parents, masters are to be respected as though they were parents."

14. William Shakespeare, Sonnets

Along with plays, Shakespeare, also wrote poetry, including love sonnets. These are two of his best-known sonnets. More can be found on many of the Shakespeare websites noted above, or at Representative Poetry On-Line:

<http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poet/295.html>

Sonnet XVIII: Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet XXIX: When in Disgrace with Fortune and Men's Eyes

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

15. Renaissance Music

Renaissance music was written for secular and religious purposes, and included vocal and instrumental pieces. Many individual performers and groups today specialize in Renaissance music; some use instruments that reproduce those made hundreds of years ago, while others use more modern or even electronic instruments. Commercial and non-commercial sources of Renaissance music are available all over the web. An easily accessible midi (musical instrument digital interface) file of a piece by Josquin des Prez (c. 1440-1521) can be found at:

<http://www.csupomona.edu/~jcclark/emusic/midi/despvive.mid>

And of Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594) at:

<http://www.csupomona.edu/~jcclark/emusic/midi/lassoich.mid>