

EDUARDO BENOT

VERSIONES INGLESAS
o
ARTE DE TRADUCIR EL INGLÉS

Madrid, 1895

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ESTUDIO Y EDICIÓN DIGITAL
DE
EDUARDO BENOT
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Resumen

Esta obra de Eduardo Benot, única en su género y en su época y casi desconocida en la actualidad, es obra magistral en la enseñanza de la traducción del inglés al español. Obra que se anticipa en un siglo a las nuevas corrientes de la didáctica de la traducción y a la teoría del sentido.

PALABRAS CLAVE: Benot, inglés, español, didáctica de la traducción, teoría del sentido.

Abstract

This work by Eduardo Benot, unique to its kind and to its period and almost unknown today, is a masterpiece in the teaching of translation from English to Spanish. It appears on the scene a century before current trends in translation teaching and the theory of sense.

KEY WORDS: Benot, English, Spanish, translation teaching, theory of sense.

1. Biografía lingüística (especialmente)

El interés de Eduardo Benot Rodríguez (1822-1907) por los idiomas tiene su origen en su familia. Hijo que fue de padre italiano (Julián Bernardo Benot) y madre española (Rafaela Rodríguez); hijo criado en el seno de familia culta y de posibles económicos, hechos ambos unidos, que permitieron estudiar al joven y enfermizo Benot con profesores particulares competentes en la propia casa y en los mejores colegios de la cosmopolita, comercial y liberal Cádiz del siglo XIX.

El profesor Pedro O’Crowley, fundador del Colegio de San Pedro, le enseñó inglés y francés; el cónsul de Prusia en Cádiz le inicia en el alemán. Sigue sus estudios en el Colegio San Felipe Neri de dicha ciudad con profesores de la talla de Alberto Lista (), y con reconocidos científicos que le enseñaron matemáticas, física, química, etc.

Transcurriendo el tiempo, y tras un periodo como empleado de la Beneficiencia municipal de Cádiz, en 1848, con veintiséis años, imparte clases en su antiguo colegio, en el que ocupó distintos cargos (rector, director, regente de estudios).

Su vocación pedagógica se plasmó en métodos modernos de enseñanza y en la incorporación de materias nuevas a los planes de estudio. Es conocido Benot por haber adaptado y reformado el —en su época, famoso, y, en la nuestra, desprestigiado— método *Ollendorf*. Lo adaptó y reformó para la enseñanza del francés, inglés, alemán e italiano.

Su preocupación por la educación fue tal que le dedicó varios trabajos teóricos: *Observaciones sobre la educación* (1857), *Errores en materia de educación y de instrucción pública* (1862) y bastantes específicos de otras materias no filológicas, por ejemplo: *Movilización de las fuerzas de mar...* (1881), *Aritmética general* (Madrid, s.a).

Y como político, a partir de 1868, lo fue como convencido demócrata, republicano y progresista defensor de la libertad de enseñanza, de la abolición de la esclavitud y de la emancipación de las colonias. En 1873, llegó a ser ministro por un mes escaso, pero le dio tiempo de sacar adelante proyectos como la creación del Instituto Geográfico y Estadístico, la elaboración de la primera ley obrera promulgada en España que, entre otros aspectos, consideraba el trabajo de los niños, pagó a un gran número de maestros de escuela y agilizó múltiples expedientes estancados por la —de y en todo tiempo— desidiosa complejidad burocrática conscientemente innecesaria.

Y como muestra de su valor personal, valga el hecho de que, al entrar las tropas del general Pavía en el Congreso, se opuso a ellas y pidió armas para combatir las. Por tal acto de valentía, el exilio fue inevitable, pero ni tan siquiera pudo descansar en Lisboa, pues la larga mano de Cánovas consiguió que lo expulsaran y que tuviera que regresar a Madrid para controlarlo mejor. Y como no hay mal que por bien no venga, en los últimos años de su vida (1873-1907), con poca salud y con mucha fe republicana inquebrantable, redacta sus grandes obras: *Arquitectura de las lenguas* (1889, 3 vols.), *Arte de hablar* (obra póstuma, 1910), etcétera.

2. Versiones inglesas o el arte de traducir el inglés

El título de este libro que aparece en la portadilla, en la portada y en la “Advertencia” es como figura en el libro y no como se reproduce en varios repertorios bibliográficos generales o específicos: *Versiones inglesas o arte de traducir el inglés*. El error o errata, reproducidos una y otra vez, consiste en cambiar *el por al*: *Arte de traducir *al inglés*.

Este *arte* (término heredero del latín *ars, artis*, y este calco del gr. τέχνη y de las muchas obras que llevaban ese título y que recogían preceptos de gramática) consiste, según en mismo Benot, en:

[1] Los doscientos temas destinados en las seis primeras ediciones de la *Gramática inglesa* al estudio de los verbos ingleses que cambian de significado cuando se les incorpora una preposición ó una partícula cualquiera, han sido totalmente refundidos, y sobre todo muy ampliados,

además de corregidos con el mayor esmero; y hoy, impresos por separado, constituyen parte muy principal de este tomo de

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ó ARTE DE TRADUCIR EL INGLÉS, en el cual, no solamente se hallan coleccionados todos los TROZOS ESCOGIDOS que antes formaban cuerpo con la *Gramática*) sino también multitud de ejemplos del estilo epistolar, y una selecta Antología de los mejores prosistas y poetas.

[2] Hizo necesaria la refundición, así como sus ampliaciones, no solamente la observación constante de que en la práctica los verbos de partícula durante mucho tiempo distraían de los estudios del MÉTODO á los alumnos no dotados de gran memoria, sino también la convicción de no ser suficientes para perfeccionar á los alumnos en el difícil *Arte de traducir* los TROZOS antes contenidos en la *Gramática*.

[3] Con este nuevo libro, pues, vencerán las dificultades cuantos quieran adquirir amplios conocimientos de los verbos de partícula y dominar las resistencias de la traducción. En ésta, la práctica al cabo perfecciona; pero los verbos de partícula no se dejan vencer (y así lo patentiza la más somera experiencia) sin temas *ad hoc*, que no creo haya dispuesto ningún Profesor de lenguas, ni en España ni en el extranjero, antes que yo lo efectuara, hace ya más de cuarenta años, en mi primera *Gramática* de inglés.

[4] Verbos que cambian de sentido por el agregado de una preposición, tenemos no pocos en castellano.

[5] *Caer*, por su general acepción, es trasladarse un cuerpo de arriba abajo en virtud de la gravedad; y *caer* EN, como verbo de partícula, significa comprender de repente: *ahora caigo EN ello*.—*Caer* Á, expresa la situación de un objeto con respecto á otro: *la ventana cae AL río*.

[6] *Responder* es dar una contestación; pero *responder* DE es ya otra cosa muy diferente, pues significa *salir responsable: respondo DE ese hombre*.

[7] Y, análogamente, tenemos que á las preposiciones se deben los significados especiales de las frases:

Este gabán me *sale* EN treinta duros.
Ya *salimos* DE las telas averiadas.
Ese joven *sale* POR cuatro duros diarios.
El gabán le *da* POR la rodilla.
Estoy CON V. respecto á ese negocio.
La mesa me *está* EN cien pesetas.
El toro *hizo* POR él.
Hace DE primer galán.
Pasa POR todo.
Soy CON V. al momento...

Y otras ciento y aun cientos semejantes.

[8] Pero en inglés los verbos de partícula son innumerables: aislados, parece que nada tienen de común entre sí (por lo cual resultan refractarios á la más potente memoria); pero, sistemáticamente dispuestos y ordenados, presentan analogías que hacen posible su siempre difícil aprendizaje.

[9] Y, sin embargo, la elegancia, sencillez y sorprendente energía de que están dotados, hacen su estudio extraordinariamente necesario, aunque para dominarlos sea indispensable la mayor atención. Algunos de ellos son tan expresivos y lacónicos, que ni aun las lenguas española y alemana alcanzan á imitarlos, no obstante la singular libertad de la primera y la gran fuerza que en las palabras compuestas posee la segunda. Sin conocer esta sección, es punto menos que ilusorio el imaginar que se posee el idioma inglés. Y, como esta parte es de tanta trascendencia, se encar-

ga á los señores Profesores la mayor eficacia para que se sirvan ilustrar los ejemplos, descifrando su espíritu, elegancia y energía, y haciendo comprender á los discípulos la importancia que deben darles, pues casi se pudiera asegurar que es menos necesario el conocimiento de muchas reglas gramaticales que el de la filosofía concentrada en las llamadas partículas de la lengua inglesa; la cual por ellas se pone al nivel de las más libres y poderosas de los pueblos civilizados.

Este tomo consta de dos partes.

[10] La primera parte contiene ejemplos ingleses con la traducción española al lado. En muchas ocasiones, especialmente al principio, la traducción es casi literal; pero generalmente, y sobre todo al fin, la traducción es más bien de sentido.

[11] El estudio de esta parte bilingüe se dividirá en dos periodos. En el primero traducirá el alumno al español todos los trozos ingleses auxiliándose de sus correspondientes españoles; y, dominadas ya las dificultades de la versión, pondrá en inglés durante el segundo periodo la parte española, como lo hizo con los temas de la *Gramática inglesa*.

[12] Sabida muy bien toda la primera parte pasará el alumno á la segunda, ejercitándose ya en las VERSIONES con auxilio de los diccionarios cuando le falten las explicaciones del Profesor.

[13] Si el discípulo sigue este MÉTODO según queda prescrito, puede tener la seguridad de traducir corrientemente del inglés.

[14] Los vocablos impresos de cursiva servirán para que el alumno forme temas de su invención, á fin de no olvidar las reglas ya aprendidas de la Gramática inglesa. Debe no aglomerar nunca en ellos las dificultades, y hacerlos siempre corregir por su Profesor.

Pormenorizadamente, la PARTE PRIMERA ocupa las páginas 9-161 (197 fragmentos dispuestos en páginas enfrentadas: a la derecha, el inglés, a la izquierda, la traducción española del propio Benot, Torres Reina, Russel y Macpherson).

A partir de la página 162, del ejercicio LIII, solo aparece el texto inglés, que el alumno traducirá con la ayuda de los diccionarios, pero intercala entre paréntesis la traducción de algunas unidades difíciles (LXVII, por ejemplo).

Desde el ejercicio LXXIV, hasta el XCII (pp.192-255), se vuelve a fragmentos ingleses de obras de Shakespeare (*King Lear, King Richard III, Julius Caesar...*) y las correspondientes traducciones de Macpherson.

Abre Benot una nueva sección entre las páginas 256-297 con poemas sin ningún tipo de interpolación entre paréntesis, como en los casos descritos antes. Esta sección, llamada por el autor “English Lyrics, English Odes”, es una antología poética: Thomas Wyatt, Richard Edwards, Thomas Lodge, Francis Bacon, Marlowe, Jhon (John) Donne, Henry King, William Blake, Lord Byron...).

Le sigue otra sección llamada “Various” (pp. 298-328) que empieza con un soneto de Shakespeare y la traducción de Guillermo Mcpherson y continúan textos de Milton, Pope, Byron, Longfellow, Tennyson, etc., sin las respectivas traducciones.

Y termina el libro con una sección (pp. 329-356) con fábulas de Iriarte (<<http://www.cervantesvirtual.com/servlet/SirveObras>>) traducidas al inglés, en prosa, por Harriet Russel (página 356, pero no aparecen estas traducciones entre las adjudicadas a Russel en el “Índice” de la página 360), porque, según anota Benot, esas fábulas “pueden servir de clave a los discípulos que quieran poner en inglés las fábulas españolas de Iriarte).

Tras esa última sección el “Índice” (pp. 357-360), dividido en “Advertencia”, “Parte primera”, “Autores de los trozos selectos ingleses”, “Traductores al español” y “Fin”.

Por lo tanto, físicamente y con rótulo, no se encuentra en el libro una SEGUNDA PARTE; (la segunda parte aludida por Benot en la “Advertencia”, transcrita antes, apartado [12]), pues, la constituyen aquellos fragmentos de los que Benot ni ofrece traducción ni hace anotación alguna, en contraste con los otros tipos de fragmentos traducidos o anotados.

Véase una ampliación de esta parte en ...

3. La obra de Benot en su contexto histórico lingüístico

Benot se encuentra dentro de la corriente sensualista europea que partía de la *Grammaire générale et raisonnée* (Gramática de Port-Royal) de los franceses Lancelot y Arnauld, que, a su vez, era deudora de las teorías de Sánchez de las Brozas, de Locke, de Condillac y de otros racionalistas defensores de la relación razón-lenguaje / lenguaje-pensamiento-gramática.

Benot distinguió también con claridad las diferencias entre los signos orales y los escritos. Diferencia también entre el lenguaje como sistema de comunicación común a los seres humanos y el lenguaje hablado por medio de palabras, sistema de comunicación de unos seres determinados. Las palabras, por medio de la determinación, de delimitación respecto de la materia concreta y de las demás palabras, adquieren su valor propio no por sí mismas sino por el sentido que adquieren en cada una de las cláusulas o combinaciones concretas que componen los actos orales y los textos (palabras-clase en cada oración). El verbo es el eje sobre el que se mueven esas “masas elocutivas” benotianas y, alrededor se actualizan los sentidos posibles de las distintas construcciones. Las palabras, pues, las clasifica, atendiendo al sentido, según los oficios que puedan desempeñar en el discurso.

A la vista del componente teórico anterior —a modo de esbozo—, de la actividad pedagógica de la mayor parte de la vida de Benot y de la vocación de enseñar de toda su vida, se comprende que sus obras que aspirasen a enseñar activamente lenguas modernas (sistemas productivos), a mostrar su funcionamiento y a orientar en las posibilidades de uso. Sus obras son sencillas y adecuadas pedagógicamente a sus alumnos, su estructura responde a la necesidad de la progresión continua en el aprendizaje por medio de innumerables ejemplos bien seleccionados y con apoyo en graduadas recapitulaciones. Las lenguas, pues, no hay que enseñarlas descomponiéndolas (otra cosa es la descomposición para su estudio como objetos complejos), sino en funcionamiento, en su todo de cada momento de realización.

Benot dedicó un tratado a la enseñanza e instrucción pública (*Errores en materia de educación y de instrucción pública* [enlace](#)) que tiene completa actualidad en todos sus capítulos (XVII); y de de especial interés, para lo que trato en este apartado, es el XII: “División de las materias de los estudios en dos grandes masas: una comprensiva de todo lo que puede aprenderse por procedimientos prácticos ejecutados por el alumno, y otra de lo que no puede aprenderse sin demostración”.

Benot defiende el aprendizaje por la práctica y la demostración, pues “nadie sabe más que lo que hace”, y el alumno “ha de ser el autor de su propio aprender”, bajo la vigilancia de maestro que disponga la materia en concordancia a la edad y a la capacidad del alumno.

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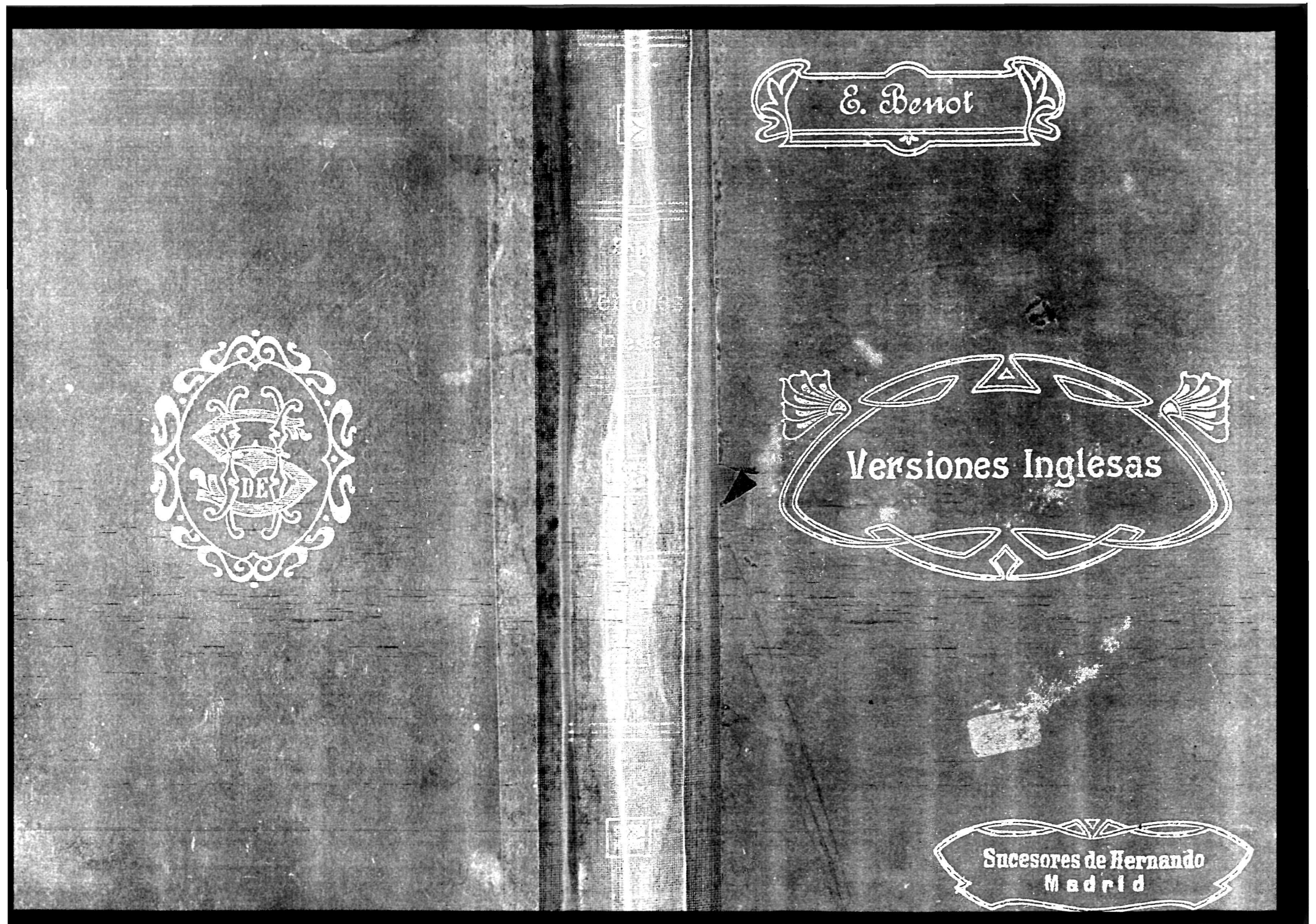
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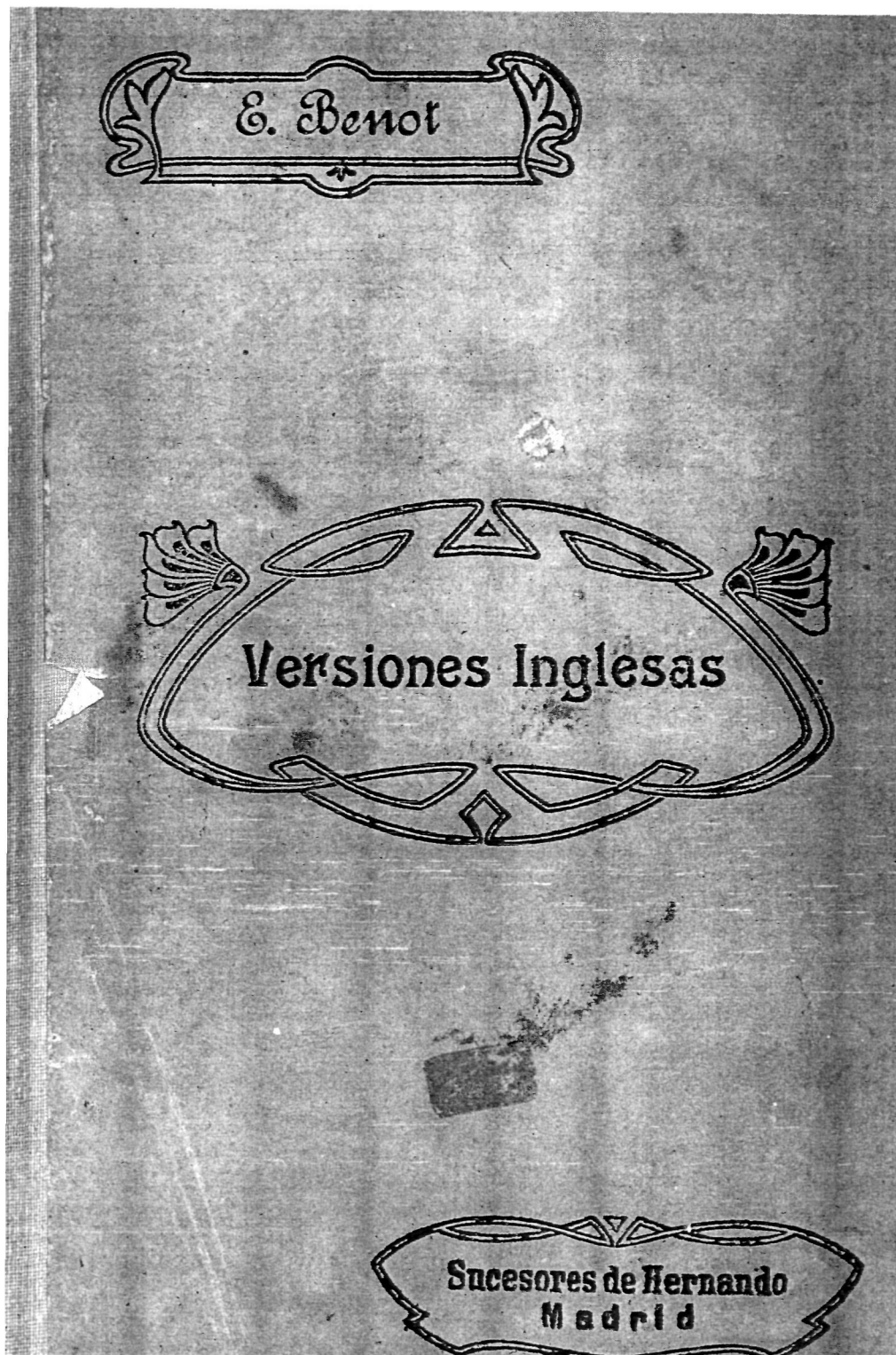
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E. Benot

Eduardo Benot,
Cádiz, 1822
Madrid, 1907







VERSIONES INGLESAS

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ARTE DE TRADUCIR EL INGLÉS

VERSIONES INGLESAS

6

ARTE DE TRADUCIR EL INGLÉS

POB

EDUARDO BENOT



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A esta edición precede un estudio de Juan Crespo.

Ambos trabajos están financiados por el Proyecto de Investigación I+D del Ministerio de Educación: HUM-2004-00721

MÁLAGA, 2007

—
ES PROPIEDAD
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Imprenta de la Viuda de Hernando y C.^ª, calle de Ferraz, núm. 13.—Madrid.

ADVERTENCIA

Los doscientos temas destinados en las seis primeras ediciones de la *Gramática inglesa* al estudio de los verbos ingleses que cambian de significado cuando se les incorpora una preposición ó una partícula cualquiera, han sido totalmente refundidos, y sobre todo muy ampliados, además de corregidos con el mayor esmero; y hoy, impresos por separado, constituyen parte muy principal de este tomo de

Versiones Inglesas

ó ARTE DE TRADUCIR EL INGLÉS, en el cual, no solamente se hallan coleccionados todos los TROZOS ESCOGIDOS que antes formaban cuerpo con la *Gramática*, sino también multitud de ejemplos del estilo epistolar, y una selecta Antología de los mejores prosistas y poetas.

Hizo necesaria la refundición, así como sus ampliaciones, no solamente la observación constante de que al practicar los verbos de partícula durante mucho tiempo distraían de los estudios del MÉTODO á los alumnos no dotados de gran memoria, sino también la convicción de no ser suficientes para perfeccionar á los alumnos en el difícil *Arte de traducir* los TROZOS antes contenidos en la *Gramática*.

Con este nuevo libro, pues, vencerán las dificultades cuantos quieran adquirir amplios conocimientos de los verbos de partícula y dominar las resistencias de la traducción. En ésta, la práctica al cabo perfecciona; pero los verbos de partícula no se dejan vencer (y así lo patentiza la más somera experiencia) sin temas *ad hoc*, que no creo haya dispuesto ningún Profesor de lenguas, ni en España ni en el extranjero, antes que yo lo efectuara, hace ya más de cuarenta años, en mi primera *Gramática* de inglés.

Verbos que cambian de sentido por el agregado de una preposición, tenemos no pocos en castellano.

Caer, por su general acepción, es trasladarse un cuerpo de arriba abajo en virtud de la gravedad; y *caer EN*, como verbo de partícula, significa comprender de repente: *ahora caigo EN ello*.—*Caer A*, expresa la situación de un objeto con respecto á otro: *la ventana cae AL río*...

VI

ADVERTENCIA

Responder es dar una contestación; pero *responder DE* es ya otra cosa muy diferente, pues significa *salir responsable: respondo DE ese hombre*.

Y, análogamente, tenemos que á las preposiciones se deben los significados especiales de las frases:

Este gabán me *sale EN* treinta duros.
Ya *salimos DE* las telas averiadas.
Ese joven *sale POR* cuatro duros diarios.
El gabán le *da POR* la rodilla.
Estoy CON V. respecto á ese negocio.
La mesa me *está EN* cien pesetas.
El toro *hizo POR* él.
Hace DE primer galán.
Pasa POR todo.
Soy CON V. al momento...

Y otras ciento y aun cientos semejantes.

Pero en inglés los verbos de partícula son innumerables: aislados, parece que nada tienen de común entre sí (por lo cual resultan refractarios á la más potente memoria); pero, sistemáticamente dispuestos y ordenados, presentan analogías que hacen posible su siempre difícil aprendizaje.

Y, sin embargo, la elegancia, sencillez y sorprendente energía de que están dotados, hacen su estudio extraordinariamente necesario, aunque para dominarlos sea indispensable la mayor atención. Algunos de ellos son tan expresivos y lacónicos, que ni aun las lenguas española y alemana alcanzan á imitarlos, no obstante la singular libertad de la primera y la gran fuerza que en las palabras compuestas posee la segunda. Sin conocer esta sección, es punto menos que ilusorio el imaginar que se posee el idioma inglés. Y, como esta parte es de tanta trascendencia, se encarga á los señores Profesores la mayor eficacia para que se sirvan ilustrar los ejemplos, descifrando su espíritu, elegancia y energía, y haciendo comprender á los discípulos la importancia que deben darles, pues casi se pudiera asegurar que es menos necesario el conocimiento de muchas reglas gramaticales que el de la filosofía concentrada en las llamadas partículas de la lengua inglesa; la cual por ellas se pone al nivel de las más libres y poderosas de los pueblos civilizados.

Este tomo consta de dos partes.

La primera parte contiene ejemplos ingleses con la traducción española al lado. En muchas ocasiones, especialmente al principio, la traducción es casi literal; pero generalmente, y sobre todo al fin, la traducción es más bien de sentido.

El estudio de esta parte bilingüe se dividirá en dos periodos. En el primero traducirá el alumno al español todos los trozos ingleses auxiliándose de sus correspondientes españoles; y, dominadas ya las dificultades de la versión,

ADVERTENCIA

VII

pondrá en inglés durante el segundo período la parte española, como lo hizo con los temas de la *Gramática inglesa*.

Sabida muy bien toda la primera parte pasará el alumno á la segunda, ejercitándose ya en las VERSIONES con auxilio de los diccionarios cuando le falten las explicaciones del Profesor.

Si el discípulo sigue este MÉTODO según queda prescrito, puede tener la seguridad de traducir corrientemente del inglés.

Los vocablos impresos de cursiva servirán para que el alumno forme temas de su invención, á fin de no olvidar las reglas ya aprendidas de la Gramática inglesa. Debe no aglomerar nunca en ellos las dificultades, y hacerlos siempre corregir por su Profesor.

PARTE PRIMERA

I

AWAY, partícula que marca en general la aversión, el apartamiento, el progreso, la profusión, la liberalidad.

Away with him, echadlo de aquí, que se vaya en hora mala. Away for shame, ¡vamos!, ¡qué vergüenza! Away, you are but a fool, quitate de ahí que eres un necio. Get away from here, váyase V. de aquí. To eat a bit and away, comer un bocado y partir. The cloth is taken away, se ha quitado el mantel. Time will away and, ... el tiempo pasa y... To stand away, apartarse. It will pass away, eso pasará.

Como exclamación significa vámonos de aquí: away with, tiene en Isaías una significación particular: I cannot away with it, no lo puedo sufrir ó sobrellevar.

Escaparse, huir.

Mantenerse, hallarse } separado ó distan-

Estar, permanecer } te.

Huir, irse, emigrar (las aves), volarse.

Arrojar, echar, derrochar.

Llevarse, quedarse con.

Llevarse.

Ahuyentar.

Llevarse.

Documentos originales.

To run away.

To keep away from.

To fly away ó flee away, to migrate.

To fling away, to throw away.

To carry away, to take away.

To fetch away.

To hurry away, to drive away.

To take away.

Original deeds, documents, d5ds.

1. Is not that dog running away with the meat?—It is running away with it.—Was that cat running away with her kittens?—She was running away with them.—Has the robber run away with my money and goods?—He has run away with them.—Would that nobleman have run away with my daughter?—He would have run away with her.—Did you keep away from him?—I always keep away from my enemies.—Would you not have kept away from him, had he been an acquaintance of yours?—I should not then have kept away from him; because one must not keep away from one's friends.—Why do you drive away that poor dog?—I am in a hurry, therefore I drive it away.—Would you have driven it away, had you not been in a hurry?—I should certainly not have driven it away, but I was in a great hurry, and I thought it better not to lose time but at once to drive away so miserable a creature.

2. Where do the birds fly away to in the winter?—They fly away to the south, it being so much warmer there; so they naturally fly away to warmer countries, when the weather is too cold in that in which they are.—Did your tame doves fly away from your sister?—They flew away from her, though she loved them so much.—Would you flee away from me before you know me?—I should flee away if I were not sure you were my friend.—Has your servant thrown away the rubbish from your room (out of your room) into the street?—I hope he has not yet thrown it away, because I think there is a sovereign amongst it.—Did that man throw away his money?—He threw it away in gambling.—Would you have flung away that fine flower into the street?—I should have flung it away for it is faded.—What does he carry away?—He carries away the original deeds.—Will he fetch away any thing more?—If I order him he will fetch something more away.—Would you take away the plate?—I am eating from it.—In that case I will not take it away before you have done eating.

VERSIONES.—I, 2.

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I

Silbar	} como una serpiente, ó hablando de todo lo que produce el mismo ruido; desaprobando, burlándose, como en los teatros.	To hiss,	h5s.	
		} como para dar señal, llamar á un perro, en sentido figurado, silbar como el viento.	To whistle,	h0'5sl.
Esfuerzo	} grande, penoso.		Effort,	3'f8rt.
		ordinario, vulgar.	Endeavour,	3nd3'v9r.
Camisa	} de hombre.	Shirt,	sb9rt.	
		de mujer.	Chemise,	
Rincón	} ángulo, esquina, escondrijo.	Corner,	k3'rn9r.	
		} espacio, estrecho formado por un ángulo entre cuerpos.	Nook,	n0k.
Nunca	} en ningún tiempo.	Never,	n3'v9r.	
		en algún tiempo pasado ó venidero.	Ever,	3'v9r.

1. ¿No se va ese perro con la carne?—Se escapa con ella.—¿Iba huyendo ese gato con sus gatitos (*kittens*)?—Iba (*was*) huyendo con ellos.—¿(Se) ha escapado el ladrón con mi dinero y efectos?—Se ha escapado con ellos.—¿Me habría robado ese caballero á mi hija?—Se la habría robado á V.—¿Permaneció V. separado de él?—Siempre me mantengo separado de mis enemigos.—¿No habría V. permanecido separado de él, (si) él hubiera sido su conocido?—Entonces no hubiera estado separado de él, porque no debe uno estar separado de sus amigos.—¿Por que ahuyenta V. á ese perro?—Yo estoy (*I am*) de prisa, por lo que lo he ahuyentado.—¿Lo hubiera V. ahuyentado si no estuviese de prisa?—Ciertamente no lo habría ahuyentado; pero yo tenía muchísima prisa, y creí mejor (*and I thought it better*) no perder tiempo, sino ahuyentar á tan despreciable animal (*so miserable a creature*).

2. ¿A dónde se van los pájaros en el invierno?—Se van hacia (*to*) el Sur (*south*, s1'0z), por (*being*) hacer más calor allí; y ellos naturalmente emigran á (los) países más cálidos (*warmer*) cuando hace demasiado frío en aquel en que están (*se hallan*).—¿Se le volaron (*fly away from*) á su hermana de V. sus mansas palomas?—Se le volaron aun cuando ella las quería tanto (*so much*).—¿Se separaría V. de mí antes de conocerme?—Huiría de V. si no estuviese seguro (de que) V. es (*were*) mi amigo.—¿Ha echado á la calle el criado de V. la basura (*rubbish*) de su cuarto de V.?—Crao (*I hope*) que no la ha echado, porque me parece (*I think*) que hay un soberano entre ella.—¿Derrochó ese hombre su dinero?—Lo derrochó en el juego.—¿Hubiera V. tirado aquella hermosa flor á la calle?—La hubiera tirado, pues está marchita.—¿Qué se lleva él?—Él se lleva los documentos originales.—¿Se llevará algo más?—Si (se) lo mando se llevará más.—¿Se llevaría V. el plato?—Estoy comiendo en él (*from*).—En ese caso, no me lo llevaré hasta (que) V. haya acabado (*done eating*) de comer.

II

Echar, arrojar, quitar.	To drive away from.
Arrojar á puntillones.	To kick away.
Malgastar, disipar, derrochar (en la bebida).	To drink away.
Quitar, arrastrar, llevarse.	To draw away, to pull away.
Llevarse.	To bear away, to carry away, to take away.
Dejar, echar afuera.	To put away, send away, drive away.
Naufragar, encallar.	To be cast away.
Malgastar, desperdiciar.	To cast away.
Malgastar, tirar, derrochar.	To throw away upon.
Podar.	To cut away.
Irse.	To run away.

3. Why has that man been driven away from my father's house?—He is a vulgar man; therefore my father has driven him away from it.—Would that poor woman have been driven away from your house?—She would not have been driven away from it had she not been an impostor.—Will that man be driven away from your house if he does not pay you your money?—He will not only be driven away from it, but he will also be kicked away.—Has that man drunk away all the money he had in his pocket?—He has drunk it all away, but sixpence.—Why has that man drunk away his fortune?—He has drunk it all away because he thought he had no one to enjoy it with him.—Would he have been right in drinking it away?—He would not have been right in drinking it away, for he has a poor sister who needs a part of it.

4. Why do you take away all the ladies I know from me?—I take them away from you, because I envy your happiness.—When shall you pull away that dog by its tail?—I shall pull it away if it attempts to bite you.—Have you drawn away that man's acquaintances?—I have drawn them away from him.—Why has that man carried that stone away?—He has carried it away for his own purpose.—Would that boy have taken away that gold watch?—He would have tried to take it away had he been able.—Let us bear away the prize.—Is that man's wife put away by him?—She is put away.—Has the merchant sent away his cashier?—He has sent him away for his dishonesty.—Has he put away his book so soon?—He has already put it away, because you have put yours away.—Would you have put away your son?—I should not have put him away if he had not driven away his large dog.

5. When was the steamer cast away on that rock?—A year ago this very day she was cast away upon it, and seventy lives were lost.—Would she have been cast away had the captain been sober?—I think she would have been cast away, for the wind and the storm were terrific.—My friend, why do you throw away your money upon looking glasses?—If you call it throwing money away, I will answer you that getting such fine and beautiful things is not throwing money away: I call it throwing money away, when you have no return for what you lay out.—You throw away money spending it in wine, cigars and gambling.

6. Why do you throw away your money?—I do not throw it away, it is your children who throw your's away.—Shall you throw your money away?—I shall not throw it away now, because I have repented of my bad conduct.—Had I not thrown it away before, I should not have been in misery these two last years.—Does the gardener cut away the dead branches from my trees?—He cuts them away from them.—Have you run away in order to avoid payment?—I have run away from my native country, for I had many creditors, but had I not had so many I should not have run away to escape my debts.

VERSIONES.—II, 6.

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II

Conde	hablando de un conde inglés. de un conde extranjero.	Earl,	Srl.
Silla		Count,	k8'0nt.
	en su acepción general.	Chair, seat.	
	episcopal ó pontifical.	See.	
	castigo ordenado por la justicia.	Punishment,	p0'n6ham3nt.
Suplicio	de un criminal condenado á muerte.	Execution,	3x5k50'sh9n.
	en sentido figurado significando tormento, agonía.	Torment,	t8rm3'nt.

3. ¿Por qué ha sido ese hombre arrojado de casa de mi padre?—Es un hombre ordinario (*vulgar*, v9'lgu9r), por lo que mi padre le ha echado de ella.—¿Habría sido aquella pobre mujer echada de su casa de V.?—No habría sido echada de ella si no hubiera sido una impostora (*impostor*, 5imp8'st9r).—¿Será aquel hombre echado de su casa de V. si no (le) paga á V. su dinero?—No sólo será echado de ella, sino arrojado á puntillones.—¿Ha derrochado (en borracheras) ese hombre el dinero (que) tenía en su bolsillo?—Lo ha malgastado todo menos (*but*) seis peniques.—¿Por qué ha disipado ese hombre su fortuna?—La ha disipado, porque pensaba (que) no había (*he had no one*) nadie (que) la gozase con él.—¿Habría él tenido razón para disiparla?—El no habría tenido razón para disiparla, porque tiene una pobre hermana que necesita parte de ella.

4. ¿Por qué me quita V. todas mis amigas?—Se las quito á V. porque envidio su dicha.—¿Cuándo arrastrará V. á ese perro por la cola (*tail*)?—Lo arrastrará cuando (*if*) trate (*attempts*) de morder á V. (*to bite you*).—¿Le ha quitado V. á ese hombre sus conocidos?—Se los he quitado.—¿Por qué se ha llevado (*carried away*) ese hombre esa piedra?—Se la ha llevado con (*for*) su objeto.—¿Se habría llevado aquel muchacho ese reloj de oro?—(Lo) habría intentado (si) hubiera podido llevárselo.—Llévenmonos el premio (*prize*).—¿Es la mujer de aquel hombre despedida por él (de su casa)?—Es despedida.—¿Ha despedido el comerciante á su cajero?—Lo ha despedido por su falta de honradez (*dishonesty*).—¿Ha dejado él tan pronto su libro?—Lo ha dejado ya, porque V. ha dejado el suyo (de Vd.).—¿Habría V. echado á su hijo?—Yo no lo habría echado, si él no hubiera echado fuera su enorme perro.

5. ¿Cuándo naufragó en aquella roca el vapor?—Hoy hace justamente un año (*A year ago this very day*) que naufragó en ella y perecieron setenta hombres (y setenta vidas fueron perdidas).—¿Habría naufragado (si) el capitán hubiese sido sobrio?—Yo pienso (que) habría encallado, pues el viento y la tempestad eran terribles (*terrific*).—Amigo mío, ¿por qué malgasta V. su dinero comprando espejos (*upon looking-glasses*)?—Si V. llama á eso malgastar (dar al traste con) el (*throwing away*) dinero, contestaré á V. que adquirir tan hermosas y decentes cosas no es malgastar el dinero; yo llamo malgastar (que se malgasta) el dinero cuando no se tiene retribución (*you have no return*) de lo que se desembolsa (*for what you lay out*).—V. (sí) (que) malgasta el dinero gastándolo (*spending it*) en vino, cigarros y juego.

6. ¿Por qué tira (malgasta) V. (*throw away*) su dinero?—Yo no lo tiro; son (*it is*) sus hijos de V. quienes tiran ó malgastan el de V.—¿Tirará V. su dinero?—Yo no lo tiraré ahora, porque estoy (*I am*) arrepentido de mi mala conducta.—(Si) yo no lo hubiese tirado antes, no habría estado en (la) miseria estos dos últimos años.—¿Poda el jardinero las ramas secas (*dead*) de mis árboles?—Las poda.—¿Se ha ido V. para evitarse el pagar?—Me he ido de mi país natal, pues yo tenía muchos acreedores; pero (si) yo no hubiese tenido tantos, no me habría ido para escapar (*escape*) al pago de mis deudas.

III

Gastar, comerle á uno todo lo que posee.	To make away with.	
Escabullirse.	To slip away (ó out).	
Irse, borrarse, quitarse (gastándose).	To wear away.	
Irse consumiendo.	To waste away to nothing,	02'st.
Irse, separarse, alejarse de un lugar.	To get away from.	
Barrer, arrebatar, arrastrar, llevar de calle.	To sweep away.	
Robar, llevarse algo sin robarlo.	To run away with.	
Allanar, disipar.	To do away with, to solve.	
Quitarse por medio del lavado, del cepillo.	To wash away, to brush away.	
Separarse de alguien desdefiosamente.	To turn away from: (con desagrado).	
Despedir á quien ha dado motivo.	To turn away.	
Consumirse, gastarse (por combustión).	To burn away.	

7. How did she make away with all his fortune?—She gave many balls at his castle; so that she made away with it all in three years after she received it.—Was he not very rich?—He was, but it is impossible not to become poor making away so fast with all one has; so that I recommend you to save your money, and never to make away with it.—Do you mean to slip away (ó out)?—I mean to slip away (ó out).—When did you slip away (ó out)?—I slipped away (ó out) when you were here.—Shall you slip away (ó out)?—I shall not slip away (ó out).—Would you slip away (ó out) if I slipped away (ó out)?—If you slipped away (ó out) I should slip away also.—Will this mark wear away?—It will wear away.—Will this colour wear away?—It will not wear away, because I had some cloth of the same colour and it has not worn away.—Would that ink mark wear away if exposed to the sun?—If exposed to the sun it would wear away.

8. Is she wasting away to nothing?—She wastes away to nothing.—Who wastes away to nothing?—It is my sister who is wasting away to nothing.—Does that dog try to get away from you?—It does get away from me when it can.—I beg you will get away from that poorly dressed man soon.—Instead of getting away from him, I shall get away from you, for he is a better friend to me than you, though you are so much better dressed than he.—Would that horse get away from you?—It would get away from me, if it could, but as I am firmly seated on its back, it will not be so easy for it to get away.—Has the wind swept away these papers?—It has not swept them away.—Did the storm sweep away the trees?—It swept them away.—Will the cannon sweep away the soldiers?—It will sweep away soldiers, horses and tents.—When will you solve this difficulty?—When I become more learned I will do away with it.

9. Would your professor do away with these objections?—If you explained them to him he would undoubtedly do away with them.—Why do you study?—In order to do away with my ignorance: (in order to get rid of my ignorance).—Is that washed away?—That is washed away.—Has that been washed away?—That has been brushed away.—Does that colour wash away?—It does not wash away.—Would this mark wash away if it were not (of) ink?—It would wash away.—Have you turned away from this woman?—I have turned away from her, because she turned away from my sister.—Do you intend to turn away from your friends?—I intend to turn away from them if they turn away from their clerks.—Why did you turn away from this little boy?—Because he has turned away from my son.—Have you turned away your servant?—I have turned him away.—When did you turn away your pupils?—I turned them away yesterday.—Whom are you turning away?—I am turning away this woman.—Do you intend to turn away my son?—I do not intend to turn him away.

III

Iluminar	<i>en su acepción propia de llevar una 'uz delante de alguien.</i>	To light.	
	<i>en lo figurado de ilustrar, de aclarar.</i>	To enlighten.	
Escena	<i>de comedia, drama, etc. en las demás acepciones.</i>	Stage, Scene,	st2dy. s5n.
	<i>conocer de nuevo.</i>	To know again.	
Reconocer	<i>confesar, tener gratitud. reconocer y recompensar un servicio.</i>	To acknowledge. To reward,	r506'rd.
Testigo	<i>en todos sus sentidos. que depone.</i>	Witness, Deponent, evidence,	05'tn3s. d5p7'n8nt.

7. ¿Cómo gastó ella todos los bienes de él (*all his fortune*)?—Dió muchos bailes en su castillo, de manera que se lo había gastado todo tres años después de recibirlos (*it*).—¿No era muy rico?—Lo era, pero es imposible no empobrecerse gastando tan pronto todo lo que uno tiene; de manera que recomiendo á V. que guarde (*to save*) su dinero, y que nunca lo gaste.—¿Piensa V. escabullirse?—Pienso escabullirme.—¿Cuándo se escabulló V.?—Me escabullí cuando V. estaba aquí.—¿Se escabullirá V.?—No me escabulliré.—¿Se escabulliría V. si yo me escabulliese?—Si V. se escabulliese, me escabulliría yo también.—¿Se irá esta mancha?—Se irá.—¿Se irá ese color?—No se irá, porque yo tengo un paño del mismo color y no se le ha ido (*worn*).—¿Se iría esta señal de tinta si se pusiese al sol (*if exposed to the sun*)?—Si se pusiese al sol se iría.

8. ¿Se va ella consumiéndose?—Ella se va consumiéndose.—¿Quién se va consumiéndose?—Es mi hermana quien se va consumiéndose.—¿Trata aquel perro de separarse de V.?—Se aleja de mí cuando puede.—Suplico á V. que se separe pronto (*you will get away*) de ese hombre pobremente vestido.—En vez de separarme de él me alejaré de V., pues él es mejor amigo para mí que V., aunque V. está mucho mejor vestido que él.—¿Se apartaría de V. ese caballo?—Se separaría de mí si pudiese; pero como yo estoy montado firmemente en él (*as I am firmly seated on its back*), no será tan fácil para él irse.—¿Se ha llevado el viento esos papeles?—No se los ha llevado.—¿Arrebató la borrasca los árboles?—Los arrebató (*swept*).—¿Barrera el cañón los soldados?—Barrera de calle (los) soldados, (los) caballos y (las) tiendas de campaña (*tents*).—¿Cuándo allanará V. esa dificultad?—Cuando tenga más conocimientos (*become more learned*) la allanaré.

9. ¿Allanaría su profesor de V. esas objeciones?—Si V. las explanase, indudablemente las allanaría.—¿Por qué estudia V.?—Para no ser un ignorante.—¿Se ha quitado eso lavándolo?—Eso se ha quitado lavándolo.—¿Ha desaparecido eso lavándolo?—Eso ha desaparecido cepillándolo.—¿Se quita ese color con el lavado?—No se quita.—¿Se iría esa señal con el lavado si fuese de tinta?—Se iría por medio del lavado.—¿Se ha separado V. de esa mujer desdefiosamente?—Me he separado con desdén de ella, porque ella se separó lo mismo de mi hermana.—¿Piensa V. dejar desdefiosamente á sus amigos?—Pienso dejarlos si ellos se separan con desagrado de sus dependientes.—¿Por qué se apartó V. con desagrado de ese muchachito?—Porque él se apartó lo mismo de mi hijo.—¿Ha despedido V. á su criado?—Lo he despedido.—¿Cuándo despidió V. á sus discípulos?—Los despedí ayer.—¿A quién está V. despidiendo?—Estoy despidiendo á esta mujer.—¿Piensa V. despedir á mi hijo?—No pienso despedirlo.

IV

Out, partícula que significa exterioridad, como *fuera, afuera*.

She is out of danger, ella está *fuera* de peligro.

Otras veces significa *la razón ó la causa* de alguna cosa, *la separación* de una persona ó cosa.

She did it out of spite, ella lo hizo por despecho. *Out of shame*, por vergüenza. *Out of respect*, por respeto. *Out of the way*, fuera del camino. *Out of sight*, perdido de vista. *Out of cash*, falta de dinero. *Out of his senses*, desatinado. *The candle is out*, se apagó la vela. *It will come out*, said he, esto llegará á traslucirse, dijo él. *Not out of laziness*, no por pereza. *He will get out*, él se escapará. *You are quite out*, V. se engaña completamente. *He is out with me*, estamos reñidos. *Out of hand*, al momento. *I am out*, yo me engaño. *Put out the fire*, apague V. el fuego. *Out at the elbows*, lleno de deudas hasta los ojos.

Sacar á fuerza de importunidades.
No contar con lo que se esperaba.

Prestar, poner á interés.

Apagar soplando.

Chillar.

Pedir á gritos socorro, chillar.

Disipar, malgastar, derrochar.

To screw out of (from).

To be out of one's reckoning.

{ To put out
To lay out } at interest.
{ To lend out }

To put out, to blow out.

To scream out, to cry out.

To scream out for assistance.

{ To run out of (mejor to run through).

{ To be out of (haber vendido mucho de una cosa, no tenerla ya).

10. What did you screw out of that man?—I screwed a shilling out of him.—Has that child screwed any thing out of its mother?—It has screwed out a halfpenny (h'a penny) from her in order to buy a cake at the confectioner's.—Would you screw out of me all I have?—I would not screw out of you all you have, but I would screw a part out of you.—Does that man put out his money?—That man does not put it out.—Why did he put it out?—He put it out in order to receive interest upon it.—Will you put out yours in the same manner?—I shall put it out at interest when I receive some, for it is not easy to put out money at interest when one has none to put out.—Do you think I should put mine out?—Certainly you should put it out, if I ordered you.—When do you put out the candle?—I put it out on getting into bed.

11. Why did you put it out last night before you went to bed?—I put it out, because I like to think in the dark.—Will you put out your lamp?—I shall put it out when I have done writing.—Would you have put out the lights in the theatre?—If it had been possible I would have put them out.—Has that child screamed out?—It has screamed out.—Did your cat scream out? (mejor to cry out).—She screamed out very much during the night.—Why did she scream out?—I cannot tell why she screamed out.—Would your fair daughter have screamed out for assistance if she wanted it?—She would have screamed out for it.—Why have I run through my money so soon?—You have run through it because you have spent much.—Did he run through his fortune?—He run through it in a very short space of time.—Why will that man run through his money?—He will run through it soon, for he has got amongst gamblers and he will spend it all.—Would you run through your wife's portion?—I would not run through it.—Why have you no more of that fine blue cloth?—There has been such a run on it that I am out of it at present (that we have run out of it).

VERSIONES.—IV, 11.

17

IV

Guerra	en sus acepciones usuales. hablando del servicio ó de la vida militar.	War,	06'r.
Secreto	lo que no se debe revelar. el silencio guardado. cualquier falta de fe.	Warfare, Secret, Secrecy, Treachery,	06'rf2r. s5'kr5t. s5'kr5s5. tr3'ch9r5.
Traición	contra el soberano ó la na- ción.	Treason,	tr3sn.
Transpirar	en sentido general. sudar. cosas amontonadas sin or- den.	To transpire, To perspire, Heap,	tr1asp1'51r. pr3rsp1'51r. h5p.
Montón	de cosas reunidas. de personas. de mentiras. por estimación ó conside- ración.	Pile, Troop, crowd, String,	pl'5l. tr0p, kr1'0d. str0ng.
Respeto	veneración. el mayor respeto.	Regard, Respect, Reverence,	r5g1'rd. r5sp3'kt. r5'v3r3ns.
Extenso	sentido propio y figurado. por extenso.	Extensive. At large.	

10. ¿Qué le sacó V. á ese hombre?—Le saqué un chelin (*cut of him*).—Le ha sacado este muchacho algo á (*of*) su madre?—Le ha sacado medio penique para comprar una torta al confitero (*at the confectioner's*).—¿Me sacaría V. todo lo (que) tengo?—No le sacaría á V. todo lo que tiene, pero le sacaría una parte de ello.—¿Presta ese hombre á interés su dinero?—Ese hombre no lo presta á interés.—¿Por qué lo prestó á interés?—El lo prestó á interés para sacar ganancias (*interest*).—¿Quiere V. prestar el de V. del mismo modo?—Yo lo prestaré á interés cuando reciba alguno, pues no es fácil prestar dinero á interés (*at interest*) cuando no se tiene ninguno que poner á interés.—¿Cree V. que debería yo poner el mío á interés?—Ciertamente; V. lo tendría que poner si yo es lo ordenase.—¿Cuándo apaga V. la vela?—La apago al meterme en (*into*) la cama.

11. ¿Por qué la apagó V. anoche antes de ir(se) á la cama?—La apagué porque me gusta pensar en la obscuridad (*in the dark*).—¿Quiere V. apagar su lámpara (*lamp*)?—La apagaré cuando haya acabado de escribir.—¿Hubiera V. apagado las luces del (*in the*) teatro?—Si hubiera sido posible, yo las habría apagado.—¿Ha chillado ese muchacho?—El ha dado un chillido.—¿Chilló su gato de V.?—Mayó mucho durante la noche.—¿Por qué mayó?—No puedo decir (á V.) por qué (*she*) mayó.—¿Habría pedido socorro su bella hija de V. si lo hubiese necesitado?—Ella habría pedido socorro.—¿Por qué he disipado mi dinero tan pronto?—V. lo ha disipado porque V. ha gastado mucho.—¿Derrochó él su fortuna?—La disipó en muy corto espacio de tiempo (*space of time*).—¿Por qué derrochará este hombre su dinero?—El lo derrochará pronto, pues él se ha matado (*got amongst*) entre jugadores (*gamblers*) y lo disipará todo (*spend*).—¿Disiparía V. el caudal de su mujer (*your wife's portion*)?—No lo disiparía.—¿Por qué no le queda ya á V. de aquella hermosa tela azul?—Se ha despachado tanto, que ya no queda.

V

Salirse.	To run out (from... into; of... into).
Borrar, raspar.	To put out (<i>mejor</i> to blot out; to cross out, to scratch out.)
Enfadar, enojar, sacar á uno de sus casillas.	To put out.
Leer alto, en alta voz.	To read out (<i>mejor</i> to read aloud).
Leer todo un libro, un volumen.	To read through.
Repartir sin entregar, hacer partes.	To portion out.
Dejar caer alguna especie en la conversación.	To throw out.
Dejar atrás.	To outrun, to leave behind, to outdo.
Sacar fuera.	To take out.

12. Why does the water run out of that pan?—It runs out because there is a hole in it.—Did my wife run out of the house into the street?—She ran out in order to fetch the policeman to take off a bad looking man who had run in.—Will the barrel run out?—It will certainly run out if you turn it round.—Would that child run out crying if I spoke harshly to her?—She would run out crying if you spoke harshly to her.—How many words do you cross out in your exercises?—I cross out all that require to be crossed out.—Did you cross out all the errors you saw in the book?—I crossed out as many as I saw.—Will you cross out the mistakes I have made in my book?—I will cross them out.—Would you cross out the bad constructions and put in good ones?—If you paid me for it I would cross out the bad constructions and put good ones in their place.

13. Why does your son read out (read aloud)?—He reads out (he reads aloud) because he is learning English.—Was the school-boy reading aloud (reading out) when you entered?—He was reading aloud (reading out) and he read very loudly.—Have you sometimes read out to your mother?—I must have read out to her twice.—Would you have read (out) aloud to your poor blind grand mother if she had wished?—I should have read (out) aloud to her. Then read out (loud) for she is a little deaf.—Have you read through the latter part of the work?—I am reading it through.—Why was it not read through before now?—Because I had other business to do; therefore it was not read through.—Has your idle cousin read through the last pages of the novel which I read through the other day?—She has read them through.—Would you have read all your business letters and papers before breakfast?—It is a custom of mine to read all things of importance as soon as possible, therefore I should have read them all.

14. Are you portioning out the money?—I am portioning it out, because I have been desired to portion it out.—Has your brother already portioned his own out?—He has already portioned it out.—If I run I can outrun your horse.—Can you outrun my horse?—Yes, Sir, for I have already outrun your horse and my dog.—How many times did you outrun your brother yesterday?—I did not outrun him yesterday, but I will outrun him to-day, because I have outrun my dog this morning.—Will you take out that meat?—I cannot take it out.—Who can take it out?—The old servant who takes every thing out.—Would you take out this table?—I should take it out if I could.—Why would you take it out?—I would take it out, because it is worth nothing.—Don't speak, you put me out.—I don't dare to speak to him about it, he is so put out.

VERSIONES.— V, 14.

19

V

Aflojar	{	hacer menos apretado ó ri-	} To slacken,	sil'kn.		
		gido.				
		hacer menos comprimido.			To loosen,	l0sn.
		hablando de los nervios y			To relax,	r511'ks.
Estenuación	{	de las fibras.	} To let out.	Extenuation.		
		alargar, anchar lo que está				
		estrecho.			Feebleness.	
		en sentido propio.			Wasting.	
	{	debilidad.				
	{	ruina.				

12. ¿Por qué se sale el agua de ese lebrillo (*pan*)?—Se sale, porque tiene (*there is*) un agujero (*in it*).—¿Se salió mi mujer de casa á la calle?—Se salió á la calle (*into it*) para ir por (*fetch*) uno de policia (*policeman*, p715'sm1n) para echar fuera (*take off*) á un hombre de mala facha (*bad looking man*) que había entrado corriendo (*had run in*).—¿Se saldrá el barril?—Se saldrá ciertamente si V. lo vuelca (*turn it round*).—¿Saldría esta niña gritando si yo le hablase ásperamente?—Saldría gritando si V. le hablase duramente (*harshly*).—¿Cuántas palabras borra V. en sus temas?—Borro todas las que deben ser borradas.—¿Tachó V. todos los errores que vió en el libro?—Taché tantos como vi.—¿Tachará V. todas las equivocaciones (que) yo he cometido en mi libro?—Las tacharé.—¿Tacharía V. las malas construcciones y pondría otras buenas (*put in good ones*)?—Si V. me lo pagase tacharía (las) malas construcciones y pondría en su lugar otras buenas (*good ones*).

13. ¿Por qué lee alto su hijo de V.?—Lee alto porque está aprendiendo inglés.—¿Estaba leyendo alto el niño de la escuela cuando V. entró?—Estaba leyendo en alta voz y leía muy ó bien alto.—¿Ha leído V. alto algunas veces á su madre?—Le habré leído alto dos veces.—¿Le habría V. leído alto á su pobre y ciega abuela (*grand-mother*) de V.?—Le habría leído en alta voz.—Entonces lea V. en alta voz, pues ella es un poco sorda (*deaf*, d3f).—¿Ha leído (*through*) V. la última parte de la obra?—La estoy acabando de leer.—¿Por qué no fué acabada de leer antes de ahora?—Porque yo tenía que hacer otros asuntos, (y) por eso no fué acabada de leer.—¿Ha leído el perezoso de su primo de V. todas las últimas páginas de la novela que yo concluí de leer el otro día?—Las ha leído todas.—¿Habría V. acabado de leer todas sus cartas (*business letters*) y papeles de negocios antes de almorzar?—Tengo por costumbre (*it is a custom of mine*) leer todas las cosas de importancia tan pronto como (me es) posible, por lo que las habría leído todas.

14. ¿Está V. haciendo porciones con el dinero?—Lo estoy dividiendo en porciones, porque me han pedido (*I have been desired*) que lo reparta.—¿Ha repartido ya su hermano de V. el suyo?—Ya lo ha repartido.—Si yo echo á correr (ó corro) puedo dejar atrás su caballo de V.—¿Puede V. dejar atrás mi caballo?—Sí, señor, pues ya he dejado atrás su caballo de V. y mi perro.—¿Cuántas veces dejó V. ayer atrás á su hermano?—No lo dejé ayer atrás, pero lo dejaré atrás hoy, porque he dejado atrás á mi perro esta mañana.—¿Quiere V. sacar afuera esa carne?—No puedo sacarla afuera.—¿Quién puede sacarla afuera?—El criado viejo, que todo lo saca afuera.—¿Sacaría V. afuera esta mesa?—La sacaría si pudiese.—¿Por qué quisiera V. sacarla afuera?—Quisiera sacarla afuera, porque no vale nada.—No hables, (que) me enfadas.—No me atrevo á hablar de eso; está tan enfadado.

VI

No dejar entrar.	}	To keep out.
Impedir la entrada.		To keep off.
Mantener á distancia.		To help out of a difficulty.
Sacar del paso (de un apuro).	}	To find out the road, the way, the means.
Hallar los medios, la solución.		(También to hit upon.)
Ocurrirse la salida.		To run out into.
Encontrar el camino.		
Extenderse, alargarse, dilatarse, (en discursos, pláticas, etc.).		To hold out to the last.
Resistir hasta lo último.		To hold out.
Extender.	}	To fling out (<i>mejor</i> to throw out) a defiance, a challenge, dɔfɪ'ʃɪns, chl'ɪʃnj.
Atreverse hasta.		To give out, to publish forth, pʊ'blɪʃh.
Adelantarse hasta (desafiar).		To force out (<i>fisicamente</i>); to draw.
Publicar, dar noticias.	}	To turn out.
		To send away by force (<i>empleando medios coercitivos</i>).
Echar fuera á la fuerza.		
Sacar afuera con trabajo.		
Obligar á salir.		

15. Did the General keep out the enemy's batallions?—He kept them out.—Will you keep out that mad dog?—No, Sir.—It is all over with me if you will not keep it out.—In that case I will keep it out.—I am in want of you to help me out.—Why do you wish me to help you out?—Because no one but you can help me out.—Will you now help me out?—Last year I should certainly have helped you out, but now I cannot help you out, knowing that you are a man who does not deserve to be helped out.—Did you find out the road?—How could I find out the road being so ignorant of the country?

16. Were I in this situation I should hit upon the solution.—Would you find out the road in the dark?—I am almost sure I should find it out.—Did he hold out to the last?—All valiant men hold out to the last, so that he also held out to the last.—Would you have held out to the last without having weapons?—I would have held out to the last, if I had had a rifle.—Why did you hold out your hand?—I held it out in order to receive something.—Would you have held out your hand to receive your money?—I should never have held it out for fear of letting some drop.—Has the admiral of that noble man-of-war flung out a challenge to his enemy?—He has flung one out knowing his ship is so much stronger than that of his enemy.

17. Would you give me out my best clothes from the drawers if I desired you to?—Sir, I am your servant, therefore I should undoubtedly give you them out, and if you wished it I would give you out your money also.—Do you turn your neighbours out of the house?—I do not turn them out; it is they who want to turn me out.—Did you force that nail out of the door?—I forced it out with a hammer.—Will you force that cork out of the bottle (Will you draw the cork of the bottle)?—I would force it out by striking it on the bottom.—Would you force it out if you could?—I would force it out, were I able to do it.—Force (*ó mejor* push) that ungodly man out of the church.

VI

Picar	<i>con algo puntiagudo, como un alfiler, una espina. con un aguijón, como los insectos.</i>	<i>To prick;</i> (por extensión la conciencia).	
		<i>To sting.</i>	(1)
		<i>To be piqued,</i>	p5k.
		<i>To be nettled.</i>	
Tabla	<i>muy fuerte, tablón. común. de un estante, de un armario, etc., propia para poner algo encima.</i>	<i>Plank.</i>	
		<i>Board,</i>	b7rd.
		<i>Shelf.</i>	(2)
Pabellón	<i>tienda militar. bandera en castillo, en barco, etc. de barco, de regimiento. de un jardín.</i>	<i>Tent.</i>	
		<i>Pavilion,</i> (tienda grande),	p1v5'159n.
		<i>Flag,</i>	f1lg.
		<i>Colours</i> (3), <i>Summer-house.</i>	k9'19rs.

15. ¿Impidió el general la llegada de los batallones enemigos?—Les impidió llegar.—¿Quiere V. no dejar entrar ese perro rabioso (*mad dog*)?—Nó, señor.—Soy perdido, si V. (*will not*) no le impide entrar.—En ese caso (no) lo dejaré entrar.—Necesito á V.: sáqueme V. del apuro.—¿Por qué quiere V. que (*wish me*) yo lo saque del apuro?—Porque nadie más que V. puede sacarme de él.—¿Me sacará V. ahora del compromiso?—El año pasado lo habría ciertamente sacado á V. de él, pero ahora no puedo sacar á V. del apuro, por conocer (conociendo) que V. es un hombre que no merece que lo saquen de sus compromisos (*be helped out*).—¿Encontró V. el camino (*find out*)?—¿Cómo podría yo encontrar el camino siendo tan ignorante del país (no conociendo este país)? (*being so ignorant of the country*).

16. Si yo estuviese en esta situación, hallaría el desenlace.—¿Encontraría V. el camino en la obscuridad (*in the dark*)?—Estoy casi seguro de que lo hallaría.—¿Resistió hasta lo último?—Todos (los) hombres valientes resisten hasta lo último, de modo que él también resistió hasta lo último.—¿Habría V. resistido hasta lo último sin tener armas (*weapons*, 03'pns)?—Yo habría resistido hasta lo último, si yo hubiese tenido un rifle (*rifle*, r1'5fl).—¿Por qué extendió V. su mano?—La extendí para recibir algo.—¿Habría V. extendido su mano para recibir su dinero?—Nunca la habría extendido por no (*for fear of*) dejarlo (*letting*) caer.—¿Se ha adelantado el almirante de aquel magnífico navío (*noble man of war*) hasta el punto de provocar al combate (*have flung out a challenge*) á su enemigo?—Se ha adelantado tanto conociendo (que) su barco es mucho más formidable que el de su enemigo.

17. ¿Me daría V. mis mejores vestidos (sacándolos) de mi cómoda (*drawers*) si yo (se) lo dijese á V. (*desired you to*)?—Señor, yo soy su criado de V. y por tanto (*therefore*) indudablemente se los daría, y si V. quisiese (*you wished it*) le daría á V. también su dinero.—¿Echa V. á la fuerza á sus vecinos de la casa?—No los echo á la fuerza, ellos son (los) que quieren (*want*) echarme (á mí) á la fuerza.—¿Hizo V. salir de la puerta aquel clavo?—Lo hice salir con un martillo.—¿Sacará V. á la fuerza aquel corcho de la botella?—Lo sacaría golpeándola en el fondo (*striking it on the bottom*).—¿Lo sacaría V. si pudiese?—Lo sacaría (si) pudiese hacerlo.—Eche V. á la fuerza á ese impío (*ungodly man*) fuera de la iglesia.

(1) También de las ortigas se dice *to sting*.

(2) Es también banco de arena.

(3) La bandera almirante es siempre *flag*.

VII

Reirse á carcajadas.		To laugh out, to burst out laughing.
Publicar, sacar afuera.	(1)	To bring out.
Descubrir.	}	To find out.
Descifrar.		
Aclarar.	}	To fill out.
Verter.		
Echar vino, agua, etc.	}	To pour out.
Echar (líquidos).		
Tirar, por echar por (la ventana, etc.)		To fling out of.
Arrojar (<i>dejando escurrir</i> .)		To let it slide out.
Armar, un buque, un regimiento, equipar.		To fit out.
Echar fuera de... á.	(2)	To turn out of... into.
Lo echo fuera del saco al agua.		I turn it out of the sack into the water.

18. Who laughs out?—It is my little boy who is always laughing out.—Why has that ugly woman laughed out?—Because she always laughs out.—Would you laugh out as she has laughed out without a reason?—I should laugh out on seeing something ridiculous.—Has this work been brought out by this plainly dressed man?—Many valuable works have already been brought out by him.—Has he brought out his good gun in order to fire at me?—He has probably brought it out to show it to you, but he has not brought it out to shoot at you.

19. Has your pupil found out that hard word in the dictionary?—He found it out directly after he saw it in his book.—Was the secret found out by your brother?—It was found out by my sister very soon, for she, like all other women, soon finds out secrets, especially if they concern themselves.—Would you have found out that enigma had I not told it to you?—I should have found it out soon, for I am very expert at finding out riddles.—Has that man filled his water barrel out of my well?—He has not filled it out of yours but out of his own.—Was the wine poured out by you?—It was poured out by me and the rest of it was poured out by our servants.—Would you have poured out water had you been requested?—I would have poured some out, but undoubtedly I should have been better satisfied to pour out wine.

20. Are you flinging my letter out of the window?—I fling all foolish things out of it.—Do you fling your orange peel out of the coach?—I fling it out after eating the orange.—Would you turn that body out of the sack into the water?—I would not turn it out into it, I prefer letting it slide out for I am afraid of touching it.—Will you fit out my ship?—I will not fit it out.—Who fitted out Columbus's ship?—Queen Isabella fitted it out.—Had not this noble queen fitted it out, would any other person have fitted it out?—He tried several other European monarchs, but they all declined to fit out vessels for his enterprise.

(1) Descubrir, quitar lo que cubre alguna persona ó cosa, *to uncover*; en el sentido de hallar lo que estaba oculto, en el de distinguir desde lejos, de adquirir el conocimiento de alguna cosa después de varias pesquisas, *to discover*; en el sentido de manifestar lo oculto, de revelar un fraude, un crimen, una astucia, *to reveal* (9nk9'v9r, r5v5l).

(2) En los teatros, la interjección fuera, fuera, se traduce *turn him out, turn him out*.

VII

<i>Bruñir</i>	{ poner terso, brillante. con menos intensidad. mármol, cristal.	<i>To polish.</i> <i>To brighten,</i> <i>To smooth.</i>	br1'5tn.
<i>Precipitado</i>	{ dorados, molduras, etc. participio de precipitar. aturdido, vivo.	<i>To burnish,</i> <i>Precipitated,</i> <i>Precipitate.</i>	b9'rn5sh. pr5s5'p5t2t3d.
<i>Principal</i>	{ tan importante que de él depende todo. en clase é importancia. id. id. en mayor grado.	{ <i>Main</i> (significa también) <i>Principal.</i> <i>Chief,</i>	{ Continente.) Océano. }
<i>Procedimiento</i>	{ Método, operación como las de la química. conducta, modo de mane- jarse con respecto á al- guien.		

18. ¿Quién se ríe á carcajadas?—Es mi muchachito que siempre se está riendo á carcajadas.—¿Por qué esa fea mujer se ha reído á carcajadas?—Porque ella siempre se ríe á carcajadas.—¿Se reiría V. á carcajadas como ella se ha reído sin motivo?—Yo me reiría á carcajadas cuando viese algo ridículo.—¿Ha sido publicada esta obra por ese hombre (tan) sencillamente vestido?—Muchas obras de valor han sido publicadas ya por él.—Ha sacado él su escopeta buena á fin de pegarme un tiro (*fire at me*).—La ha sacado probablemente para enseñársela á V., y no la ha sacado para tirarle á V. un tiro.

19. ¿Ha encontrado su discípulo de V. en el diccionario esa (*hard*) palabra tan difícil?—La encontró en él inmediatamente (*directly*) después que la vió en su libro.—¿Fué descubierto el secreto por su hermano de V.?—Fué descubierto por mi hermana muy pronto, pues que ella, como todas las demás mujeres, descubre pronto los secretos, especialmente si les interesan.—¿Habría V. descifrado este enigma (si) yo no se lo hubiera dicho á V.?—Lo habría descifrado pronto, pues yo soy muy experto para averiguar (enigmas) cosas difíciles (*riddles, rōdls*).—¿Ha llenado ese hombre su barril de agua (*water barrel*) (con agua) de mi pozo?—No lo ha llenado del de V., sino del suyo.—¿Fué el vino echado por V.?—Fué echado por mí, y el resto de él fué echado por nuestros criados.—¿Habría V. echado agua si se le hubiera pedido á V.?—La hubiera echado; pero indudablemente yo habría estado más satisfecho con echar vino.

20. ¿Echa V. por la ventana mi carta?—Echo por ella todas (las) cosas estúpidas (*foolish*).—¿Echa V. fuera del coche las cáscaras de su naranja (*orange peel*)?—Yo las echo fuera después de comer(me) la naranja.—¿Echaría V. este cuerpo del saco al agua?—No lo echaría al agua; prefiero dejarlo resbalar, pues temo tocarlo.—¿Armará V. (*fit*) mi buque?—No lo armaré.—¿Quién armó el barco de Colón (*Columbus*)?—(La) reina Isabel lo armó.—¿(Si) no lo hubiese armado esta noble reina lo habría armado alguna (*any*) otra persona?—Él probó con (*tried*) otros varios monarcas europeos, pero todos (*they all*) se negaron (*declined*) á armar buques (*vessels*) para su empresa.

VIII

Combatir hasta lo último.	To fight out the battle.
Sucedér, resultar.	To fall out, (<i>usado en pretérito</i>).
Refirir con.	To fall out with.
Echar fuera.	To drive out of: to drive away from.
Beber en.	To drink out of.
Tirar de la espada.	To draw out.
Poner sobre las armas (y en fila).	To draw out: to call out: to order out.
Desatinar.	To blunder out words, mistakes, non-
Decir disparates.	sense, etc.
Levantarse la tapa de los sesos.	To blow out one's brains.

21. Are those ragamuffins determined to fight out the battle?—They say so, but the policemen will stop those ragamuffins from fighting it out.—Will you fight out the battle with me?—I am not so strong as you, therefore I will not fight it out with you.—Who fought out a battle with him?—That prize-fighter fought it out with him.—Did your brother who is so ill go to the theatre?—So it fell out (so it happened).—Do you think that you will be able to go with us to-morrow into the country?—I shall be able for I have promised you to go there.—Did my cousins fall out?—They can never fall out.—Would you in my place have fallen out with my merchant?—I should certainly have fallen out with him had I not owed him money.

22. Will my cousin fall out with my friend?—She will not fall out with him, because she loves him.—Is that the man who drives every body away from his house?—He is a madman, therefore he drives out all who enter.—Would you drive out of your shop all your customers?—I would not drive any out: I respect them too much to drive them out.—Have the wolves been driven out of the woods by our countrymen (ó peasants)?—They have all been driven out by them.—Has that boy already been driven out of the house?—He has been driven out of it.—Has anybody drunk out of that glass?—Nobody has drunk out of it.—Has that glass of water already been drunk out of?—It has not yet been drunk out of, for it is now quite full.

23. Would my sister's wine glass have been drunk out of by that ugly old man?—It would have been drunk out of by him, had she not stopped him, for she does not like him.—Did you draw out your sword?—I drew it out.—Why did you draw it out?—When I am insulted I always draw out my sword, and had I not been insulted I should never have drawn out my sword.—Why is the General calling out his soldiers?—He fears a riot, that is the reason why he is ordering them out.—Did the queen order her army to be drawn out in order to review it?—She ordered it to be drawn out for no other purpose.—Would you order out the regiment on this occasion?—No, I would not order it out except when absolutely necessary.

IX

Borrar.	To blot out: to cross out of.
Divulgar, chismear (con mala intención).	To blab out (<i>vulgar</i>), to divulge.
Echar á garrotazos.	} To beat out of, to drive out with blows.
Echar á golpes.	
Asesinar	To beat out one's brains.
Echar afuera los sesos } machucar.	To break out from, ó to break loose: to
Escaparse rompiendo puertas, etc.	escape from.
Montar en cólera.	To break out into a passion, pn'sh9.

VIII

<i>Liberalidad</i>	{ por magnificencia. por cierta especie de bene- ficencia. hablando de un lustre su- perficial, de una super- ficie reluciente como de un paño, de una estofa de seda. en todos los demás sentidos.	<i>Liberality.</i>	
		<i>Bounty.</i>	
<i>Lustre</i>		<i>Gloss.</i>	
		<i>Lustre,</i>	19'st9r.

21. ¿Están resueltos esos perdidos (*vagabundos*) (*tatterdemalions, andrajosos*) á combatir hasta lo último?—Así lo dicen; pero los agentes de policía impedirán (*stop from*) á esos tunantes combatir hasta lo último.—¿Combatirá V. hasta lo último conmigo?—No soy tan fuerte como V.; por eso no combatiré hasta lo último con V.—¿Quién combatió hasta lo último con él?—Aquel pugilista (*prize fighter*) combatió hasta lo último con él.—¿(Pero) su hermano de V. estando tan malo fué al teatro?—Fue fué (*so it fell out*).—¿Piensa V. poder venir con nosotros mañana al (*into*) campo?—Podré, pues he prometido á Vds. ir allá.—¿Rifieron (*fall*) mis primas?—Ellas no pueden nunca reñir.—¿Habría V. en mi lugar reñido con mi comerciante?—Yo ciertamente habría reñido con él (*si*) no le hubiera debido dinero.

22. ¿Reñirá mi prima con mi amigo?—No reñirá con él, porque ella lo ama.—¿Es ese el hombre que echa (*drives*) á todo el mundo fuera de su casa?—Es un loco (*madman*), por lo que echa fuera á todos los que entran.—¿Echaría V. fuera de su tienda á todos sus parroquianos (*customers*)?—Yo no echaría á ninguno, yo los respeto demasiado para echarlos.—¿Han sido echados de los bosques los lobos por nuestros labradores?—Todos han sido echados por ellos.—¿Ha sido echado este muchacho fuera de la casa?—Ha sido echado (fuera de ella).—¿Ha bebido alguien de aquel vaso?—Nadie ha bebido de él.—¿Han bebido ya en ese vaso de agua?—No han bebido en él todavía, pues está ahora enteramente lleno.

23. ¿Habría bebido aquel viejo feo en el vaso de vino de mi hermana (pasiva)?—Habría bebido en él (*si*) ella no lo hubiese impedido (*stopped*), pues á ella no le gusta ese hombre.—¿Tiró V. de la espada?—Tiré de ella.—¿Por qué tiró V. de ella?—Cuando (yo) soy insultado, siempre saco la espada; y si no hubiese sido insultado, nunca habría tirado de ella.—¿Por qué está poniendo el general sobre las armas á sus soldados?—Teme un tumulto (*riot, r168t*), por lo que los está poniendo sobre las armas.—¿Mandó la reina poner (tradúzcase por pasiva) su ejército sobre las armas para pasarle revista (*to review it*)?—Lo mandó poner sobre las armas sin ningún otro objeto.—¿Pondría V. sobre las armas el regimiento en esta ocasión?—No, yo no lo pondría sobre las armas sino cuando absolutamente (fuese) necesario.

IX

<i>Miembro</i>	{ hablando de las partes del cuerpo. de una sociedad, etc. malicia, malevolencia.	<i>Limb</i> (algunas veces, <i>member</i>).	
		<i>Member.</i>	
<i>Malignidad</i>	{ dafino, por veneno, ó in- fección, tanto en sentido propio como figurado.	<i>Malignousness.</i>	
		<i>Malignity.</i>	
<i>Mariscal</i>	{ dignidad en el ejército, herrador, albeitar.	<i>Marshal.</i>	
		<i>Farrier,</i>	11'rr69r.

Inclinar á (con vehemencia).	To break out into a passion for.
Responder de.	} To bail out.
Salir por fiador de.	
Sacar de la cárcel bajo fianza.	To bail out from prison.
Estar reñido con.	To be out with (<i>vulgar</i>), ó to be at variance (<i>más culto</i>): to be cross with, v1'r5lms.
Llamar á gritos á...	To bawl out after (ó for).
Gritar hasta desgañitarse.	To bawl out.

24. Is your brother's name crossed out of the list?—It is already crossed out of it.—When were those bad expressions blotted out?—They were blotted out when the book was corrected by the author.—Was the secret blabbed out (told) by my sister?—It was blabbed out (told) by her.—Has this plan been blabbed out (told) by my servant?—No, it has not been blabbed out by him, but by the brother of my brother's wife.—Would his schemes of conspiracy have been blabbed out?—No, but his attempts against the government would have been blabbed out (divulged).—Was he beaten out of my shop to-day (driven out with blows)?—Not to-day, but he was badly beaten out of it yesterday.—Why have you beaten out that dog's brains?—Because if I had not, my neighbour's boy would have beaten them out.

25. When did you beat out this cat's eyes?—When I catch her I shall beat them out.—Has he broken out (escaped from) of his prison?—I think he has not been able to break out of it (to escape from it).—Why has that man tried to break out of it?—I think he has broken out (escaped), because he was discontented.—Would that child have broken out into a passion?—If you had whipped him, he would have broken out into a violent passion.—Am I to bail out your friend?—You must bail him out.—Did he bail out his neighbour?—He bailed him out.—Will she bail out that bad man?—She will never bail out such a bad one.

26. Would she bail out that woman from prison?—She would bail her out had she the means.—Am I out with him?—No, but she is out with him.—Was she cross with you?—Yes, because she was out with my wife.—Shall we be out with our neighbour?—Yes, for he will be out with us.—Who would be out with that pretty woman?—Nobody would be out with her were she not out with every body.—Do you bawl out after me?—I bawl out after no one.—Did my sister bawl out for my servant?—She bawled out for her.—Who will bawl out for that boy?—Nobody will bawl out for him.—Who would bawl out for my dog?—I would if I were not hoarse.

X

(Sacar.	} To put out,	p0t.
Echar.		
Llamar afuera, sacar afuera.	To call him, her, it, out to,	k61.
Desafiar.	To call out.	
Llevar.	To carry out.	
Sostenerse { firme (en su propósito).	To stand out (to the last).	
Mantenerse {		
Salir (por breve rato).	To step out.	
Apagar (despavilando).	To snuff out,	sn9f.
Manifestar.	To breathe out,	br5z.
Vomitara maldiciones.	To breathe out curses.	
Encajarlas tan gordas (decir mentiras).	To tell lies,	ll'5s.

27. Is that boy putting out the cat's eyes?—He is putting them out.—Was he put out of the room?—He was put out by my father.—Have you put out the eyes of that lady?—I have not put them out, for it is not easy to put out eyes by looking at

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27

Grave	<i>serio, frío. moderado, precarido. metódico, compasado. peligroso, hablando de una enfermedad, de una he- rida.</i>	<i>Grave. Sober. Staid.</i>	d2'nj8r9s.
		<i>Dangerous,</i>	

24. ¿Está el nombre de tu hermano borrado de la lista?—Ya está borrado de ella.—¿Cuándo habrán sido borradas esas malas expresiones?—Habrán sido borradas cuando (fueron) corregidas por su autor.—¿Fue divulgado (*blabbed*) el secreto por mi hermana?—Fue divulgado por ella.—¿Ha sido divulgado este plan por mi criado?—No, no ha sido divulgado por él, sino por el hermano de la mujer de mi hermano.—¿Habrían sido divulgados sus planes (*schemes, skéms*) de conspiración?—No, pero sus atentados contra el gobierno habrían sido divulgados.—¿Fue él echado de mi tienda á garrotazos hoy?—Hoy nó; pero él fué echado á golpes de ella ayer.—¿Por qué le ha machucado V. la cabeza á su perro?—Porque de lo contrario (*if not*), el muchacho de mi vecino se la hubiera machucado.

25. ¿Cuándo le echó (*beat*) V. fuera los ojos á ese gato?—Cuando lo coja se los saltaré.—¿Se ha escapado (*broken out of*) él de su prisión?—Presumo que no se ha podido escapar de ella.—¿Por qué ha intentado ese hombre escaparse de ella?—Pienso (que) él se ha escapado, porque no estaba contento (*discontented*) allí.—¿Habrá este muchacho montado en cólera (*broken out into a passion*)?—(Si) V. le hubiese pegado (con látigo) (*whipped*) habría montado en cólera.—¿Tengo que salir por fiador (*baill*) de su amigo de V.?—V. debe salir por fiador de él.—¿Salió él por fiador de su vecino?—Salió por fiador de él.—¿Responderá ella (de) ese mal hombre?—Ella nunca responderá (de) un hombre tan malo.

26. ¿Sacaría ella de (*from*) la cárcel bajo fianza á esa mujer?—La sacaría (si) tuviese medios (*the*).—¿Estoy yo refido con él (*to be out with*)?—Nó, pero ella está refida con él.—¿Estuvo ella refida con V.?—Sí, porque ella estuvo refida con mi mujer.—¿Estaremos refidos con nuestro vecino?—Sí, porque él estará refido con nosotros.—¿Quién estaría refido con esa linda mujer?—Nadie estaría refido con ella (si) ella no estuviese refida con todo el mundo.—¿Me llama V. á grandes gritos (*howl out after*)?—Yo no llamo á nadie gritando.—¿Llamó mi hermana gritando á mi criado?—La llamó á gritos.—¿Quién gritará hasta desgafitarse á (*for*) aquel muchacho?—Nadie gritará hasta desgafitarse por él.—¿Quién llamará á gritos á mi perro?—Yo (*I would*), si no estuviese ronco (*hoarse, h7rs*).

X

Levantar	<i>cualquier cosa. poner en pie derecho. erigir. formar, instruir, disciplinar.</i>	<i>To raise, To set up. To erect.</i>	r2s.
		<i>To train.</i>	
Revocar	<i>abrogar, abolir: casi no se usa sino hablando de las leyes. retraer una promesa, órdenes. anular. destruir.</i>	<i>To repeal,</i>	r5p5'l.
		<i>To revoke,</i>	r5v7k.
		<i>To annul, To destitute,</i>	1n9'l. d3'st5t50t.

27. ¿Le está este muchacho sacando los ojos al gato?—Se los está sacando.—¿Fue echado del cuarto?—Fue echado por mi padre.—¿Le ha sacado V. los ojos á esa señorita?—No se los he sacado, porque no es fácil sacar (los) ojos mirándolos (*by*

them.—Would you have put that dirty fellow out of the room?—I should have put him out.—He breathed out curses and went home.—Why have I been called out to so loudly by your servant?—You have been called out to so loudly because I ordered him to do so.—Has your boy been called out in order that you may take a walk?—The footman has already called him out.

28. Call out my son from the class.—Is that man ordered out to be shot?—He is ordered out for that purpose, because he has been a murderer.—Why was my friend called out by the husband of that pretty lady?—Because he is more jealous than a Turk, and he abuses every person who dares to look at his wife.—Did the ship England carry out many emigrants to America?—No, she carried out the late prisoners of war, so that it was impossible for her to carry out the emigrants.—Would that ship have carried out a great cargo of salt, had it been cheaper?—No, she would have carried out other merchandise.—Do you stand out to the last?—I do stand out to the last.—Have you stood out to the last?—I have stood out to the last.—Shall you stand out to the last?—I shall stand out to the last.

29. Would you stand out to the last if I stood out to the last?—If you should stand out to the last I should stand out to the last also.—Are you going to step out?—I am.—Why do you step out?—Because I have something to do.—When did your mother go out?—She went out yesterday.—Had she had nothing to do would she have gone out?—She would not have gone out.—Has he snuffed out the candle?—He has snuffed it out.—When did he snuff it out?—He snuffed it out last night.—Shall you snuff it out to-morrow?—I shall not snuff it out.—Would you snuff out this candle if I snuffed out the other?—If you snuffed out that candle I should snuff out this.—Does that man tell his friend lies?—All persons who are not on good terms with truth tell lies to all who listen to them.

XI

Arreglar un jardín.	(1)	To lay out a garden.
Salir afuera mucho, sobresalir, avanzar.		To stand out.
Apartarse, echarse a un lado.		To stand out of the way.
Emplear el dinero en hacer compras.		To lay out, to spend.
Infamar.		To throw out an aspersion (a bad name
Echar un borrón.		on) to spread a calumny: to abuse (<i>in-</i>
Imputar.		<i>juriar</i>).
Decir algo.		To throw out (<i>emitir opiniones</i>).
Dar á entender algo maliciosamente.		To write out a copy.
Sacar una copia.		To work out, to atone for, to redeem.
Expiar.		To work out one's passage.
Pagar uno su pasaje trabajando.	(2)	To work off one's debts.
Desquitar uno sus deudas trabajando.		To look out.
Buscar, entresacando.		To lock out somebody.
Cerrarle la puerta á alguien (dejarlo fuera).		To speak out.
Explicarse claramente.		To blunder out many mistakes.
Desatinar.		Look out!
¡Cuidado!		

30. Has she laid out the garden?—She has laid it out.—Why have you not yet laid it out?—I had no time; so that I could not lay it out, but I will lay it out instan-

(1) Arreglar una casa ó un cuarto, *to set in order*.

(2) Para que se vea lo expresivo de este verbo, considérese el número de palabras que se necesitan para traducir el verbo *to work out one's passage*, que significa que una persona pobre, necesitando trasladarse por mar de un punto á otro, se ofrece á indemnizar el costo de su pasaje haciendo de marinero en un barco.

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29

looking at.—¿Habría V. echado á ese asqueroso sujeto (*dirty fellow*) fuera del cuarto?—Lo habría echado fuera.—Vomitó maldiciones y se fué (*went*) á casa.—¿Por qué me ha (pasiva) llamado afuera su criado de V. en tono tan alto?—V. ha sido llamado en voz tan alta (*so loudly*) porque yo (se) lo ordené.—¿Ha sido sacado afuera su muchacho de V. para que V. dé (*that you may take*) un paseo?—El criado (*the footman*) se lo ha llevado afuera.

28. Llama á mi niño (para que salga [*from*]) de la clase.—¿Es sacado afuera ese hombre para ser pasado por las armas (*to be shot*)?—Lo sacan con ese objeto, porque ha sido asesino.—¿Por qué fué mi amigo desafiado por el marido de esa linda señorita?—Porque es más celoso que un turco, y él insulta á cualquiera que se atreve á mirar á su mujer.—¿Llevó el vapor *England* muchos emigrados á América?—No, llevó los últimos prisioneros de guerra, de manera que le fué imposible (*for her*) llevar (á) los emigrantes (*emigrants*).—¿Habría llevado este barco un gran cargamento de sal (si) hubiera estado más barata?—No, habría llevado otra mercancía.—¿Se mantiene V. firme hasta el fin?—Me mantengo firme hasta el fin.—¿Se ha sostenido V. firme hasta el fin?—Me he sostenido firme hasta lo último.—¿Se mantendrá V. firme?—Me mantendré firme.

29. ¿Se mantendría V. firme si yo me mantuviese firme hasta el fin?—Si V. se mantuviese firme hasta el fin, yo me mantendría firme también.—¿Sale V.?—Salgo.—¿Por qué sale V.?—Porque tengo algo (una cosa) que hacer.—¿Cuándo salió su madre de V.?—Salió ayer.—Si no hubiera ella tenido nada que hacer, ¿habría salido?—Ella no habría salido.—¿Ha apagado él la vela al despabilarla?—La ha apagado al despabilarla.—¿Cuándo la apagó despabilándola?—La apagó despabilándola anoche.—¿La apagará V. al despabilarla mañana?—No la apagaré despabilándola.—¿Apagará V. esa vela despabilándola, si yo apagase esta otra despabilándola?—Si V. apagase esa vela despabilándola, yo apagaría esta (otra).—¿(Conque) aquel hombre (se) las encaja tan gordas á sus amigos?—Todas las personas que están refidas con la verdad (se) las encajan tan gordas á todos los que las escuchan.

XI

<i>Granada</i>	{ fruta. de cañón. la ciudad.	<i>Pomegranate, Grenade, Granada.</i>	p9mgr1'nit. gr5n2'd.
<i>Cabo</i>	{ extremo de una cosa. promontorio de tierra.	<i>Extreme, Cape,</i>	3kstr6'm. k2p.
<i>Abrazar</i>	{ mango, puño, manija. dar abrazos, acariciar.	<i>Handle. To embrace,</i>	3mbr2's.
<i>Mar</i>	{ rodear, contener. literalmente. en poesía y estilo elevado.	<i>To surround, to encircle, Sea, Deep, main.</i>	3ns3'rkl. s6.
<i>Historia</i>	{ narración de acontecimientos verdaderos é importantes referidos con dignidad. narración de hechos no necesariamente ciertos.	<i>History. Story.</i>	

30. ¿Ha arreglado ella el jardín?—Lo ha arreglado.—¿Por qué no lo ha arreglado V. todavía?—No tuve (*had no*) tiempo, de modo que no pude arreglarlo; pero yo

tly.—Well; lay it out.—Does that part stand out too much?—It does not stand out too much.—Why does it stand out so much?—It stands out so much, because your father wished it to be made so.—Will this part of the palace stand out too much?—It will stand out too much.—Will you stand out of my way?—I will not.—Did you stand out of the way when you saw that gentleman?—I did not stand out of it, because he has never stood out of my way.—Would you stand out of this way if you saw my father?—If I saw your father I should.

31. Have you laid out all your money (Have you spent all your money)?—I have laid it all out, so that I have no more to purchase those fine pieces of furniture with; but had I not laid it all out I should pay you the crowns I owe you.—Is it useful to lay out all one's money?—No, you ought not to lay it all out.—Have you (thrown out an aspersion on that man) abused that man?—I have not thrown out an aspersion on him.—Do you wish to write out a copy?—I wish to write one out.—Did you write out the copy of my letter?—I wrote it out.—When will you write out the copy of these exercises?—I should wish to write them out now, but I shall not have time to write them out till to-morrow morning.—Are you working out your crime?—I am working it out.

32. Has your brother worked out his crime?—He has worked it out.—Did you redeem your fault?—I did.—Have you worked out your passage?—I have worked it out.—How did you pay your account?—I worked it off.—Do you work off your debts?—I do not work them off.—Did you work off your debt?—I worked it off.—Did that man blunder out many mistakes?—He blundered out a great many.—Will you look out that quotation?—I will try to look it out, but I fear I shall not find it, because I have been looking for it this morning.—Did your nephew look out your account?—He looked it out, but he was not able to find it, because in order to look out easily what is to be sought one must have things set in order.

33. Why do you lock me out?—I lock you out, because I do not like to receive good for nothing fellows in my house.—What has happened to you?—My master is angry with me and locked me out last night.—Had my master locked me out, I would have burnt his house to ashes.—Do not blunder out so many mistakes.—Have you spoken out?—I have spoken out.—When did you speak out?—I spoke out, when my brother was at the ball.—Will you speak out to-morrow?—I shall speak out to-day.—Would you speak out if you spoke to your friends?—If I spoke to them I should certainly speak out.

XII

Pasar la noche fuera.	To lie out (<i>vulgar</i>).
Dormir fuera de casa.	To sleep out.
Alquilar.	To let out.
Cerrar la puerta, contra alguno.	} To shut out.
Dejar afuera.	
Elegir, escoger.	(1) To pick out.
Sacar fuego con el eslabón (<i>anticuado</i>).	To strike out fire (<i>regularmente se suprime el out</i>).
Sufrir, aguantar, sobrellevar.	} To weather out, to suffer, to endure.
Reponerse de una pérdida en los negocios.	
Sostenérsela á uno en sus hocicos, en su cara, mantenérselas tiesas con uno.	To bear out in one's face, to tell.
Observar, divisar, espiar.	To spy out.

(1) Elegir, escoger entre cosas de distintas especies, *to choose*. Elegir, escoger, el acto de entresacar una cosa entre varias de la misma especie, *to pick out*. *To choose*, hecho moral de preferir. *To pick out*, hecho material de coger.

VERSIONES.—XII, 33.

31

lo arreglaré al instante.—Bien, arréglole V.—¿Sobresale mucho aquella parte?—No sobresale mucho.—¿Por qué sale tanto hacia afuera?—Sale ó avanza tanto hacia fuera, porque su padre de V. lo ha querido así.—¿Saldrá mucho esta parte del palacio?—Sobresaldrá mucho.—¿Quiere V. desviarse de mi camino?—No quiero desviarme de él.—¿Se separaba V. del camino cuando V. veía aquel caballero?—No me separaba de él (*of it*) porque él (*he*) nunca se ha desviado de mi camino.—¿Se separaría V. de aquel camino, si V. viese (*saw*) á mi padre?—Si yo viese á su padre de V. me desviaría.

31. ¿Ha empleado V. en compras todo su dinero?—Todo lo he empleado; de modo que no tengo ya dinero para comprar esos hermosos muebles (*pieces of furniture*, f0'rn5t50r); pero (si) no lo hubiese yo empleado todo, pagaría á V. las coronas que le debo.—¿Es útil emplear en compras todo el dinero que uno tiene (*one's money*)?—Nó, V. no debe emplearlo todo.—¿Ha infamado v. á aquel hombre?—No lo he infamado.—¿Le hace á V. falta (*do you wish*) sacar una copia?—Necesito (*I wish*) sacar una.—¿Sacó V. la copia de mi carta?—La saqué.—¿Cuándo sacaré V. las copias de estos temas?—Yo quisiera sacarlas ahora, pues no tendré tiempo de copiarlos hasta mañana por la mañana.—¿Expía V. su crimen?—Lo expió.

32. ¿Ha expiado su crimen su hermano de V.?—Lo ha expiado.—¿Expío V. su falta?—La expié.—¿Ha pagado V. su pasaje (trabajando de marinero)?—Lo he pagado.—¿Cómo pagó V. su cuenta?—La pagué trabajando.—¿Paga (ó desquita) V. sus deudas trabajando?—No las pago (ó desquito) trabajando.—¿Pagó V. su deuda trabajando?—La pagué trabajando.—¿Desatinó este hombre?—Dijo mil desatinos.—¿Buscará V. esa cita?—La buscaré, pero temo no hallarla, porque la he estado buscando esta mañana.—¿Buscó su sobrino de V. su cuenta de V.?—La buscó, pero no pudo hallarla, porque para buscar fácilmente lo que hay que buscar (*what is to be sought*) debe uno tener las cosas arregladas (*must have things set in order*).

33. ¿Por qué me cierra V. la puerta? (¿Por qué me deja V. en la calle?)—Se la cierro á V., porque no me gusta recibir en mi casa á gente perdida.—¿Qué le ha sucedido á V.?—Mi amo está incómodo (*angry*) conmigo, y anoche me dejó en la calle.—(Si) mi amo me hubiese dejado en la calle, yo habría reducido su casa á cenizas (*burnt to ashes*).—No desatine V.—¿Se ha explicado V. claramente?—Me he explicado claramente.—¿Cuándo se explicó V. claramente?—Me expliqué claramente cuando mi hermano estuvo en el baile.—¿Se explicará V. claramente mañana?—Me explicaré claramente hoy.—¿Se explicaría V. claramente si V. hablase con sus amigos?—Si yo hablase con ellos me explicaría de cierto claramente.

XII

Licencia	} <i>desprecio de las leyes esta- blecidas.</i>	} <i>Licentiousness,</i>	} 115s3'nsh9sn3s.			
	} <i>permiso para vender.</i>	} <i>Licence,</i>	} 11'5s3ns.			
Sujetar, ligar	} <i>amarrar, unir las partes para que no se separen ó cesen de obrar.</i>	} <i>To bind,</i>	} b1'5nd.			
	} <i>con nudos, etc.</i>	} <i>To tie,</i>	} t1'5.			
Numeroso	} <i>que contiene muchas uni- dades.</i>	} <i>Numerous,</i>	} n50'm3r9s.			
Nombrar	} <i>numeroso y variado.</i>	} <i>Manifold,</i>	} m1'n5f7ld.			
				} <i>una cosa por su nombre.</i>	} <i>To name,</i>	} n2m.

Acechar.	}	To lie in wait for, (<i>en sentido propio</i>).
Escudriñar.		
Estar en acecho.	}	To turn out.
Echar fuera.		
Fastidiar, aburrir.		
Distribuir.		t!51r.
Acabar el aprendizaje de una cosa.	}	To serve out.
Cumplir el tiempo de una condena.		
		To serve out one's time.

34. Where does your friend lie every night?—He always lies out.—Why does he lie out every night?—Because I scolded him lately, and he took this revenge on me: so that he always sleeps out.—Would you lie out if I ordered you?—I should lie out.—Will you let me out that horse?—I will let it out to you.—How much must I pay you for letting it out?—You must pay me three dollars and a half for letting it out to you.—What do you say?—I say I let it out for three dollars and a half a day.—Do you shut out your servant?—I do not shut him out.—When did he shut out his servant?—He shut him out yesterday evening.—Why has he shut him out?—Because he shuts out every body.—Will you shut out my son?—I shall not shut him out.—Would you shut out my brother if I shut out yours?—I should shut out yours if you shut out mine.

35. Why do you not pick out one of these apples?—I only wish to pick out the best of your oranges.—Which did you pick out?—I picked out the best.—Would you in my place have picked out that gun?—I would have picked out that pen.—When do you strike fire?—I strike fire when I have no light.—Did you strike fire this morning?—I struck fire this evening.—Will you strike fire when you wish to have a light?—I shall strike fire when I wish to smoke.—Do you weather it out?—I weather it out.—Why did you weather that out?—I weathered it out, because I had no wish to speak.—Has your brother suffered that offence?—He has endured it.—Would you weather it out?—I should not weather it out.—Why has he said those words in my child's face?—Because he bears out his own opinion against every body.—Did the ship weather out the storm?—Oh, yes, she weather it.

36. Would you have told my neighbour's crimes to his face?—If possible I should have told them to him.—What is he spying out?—He is always spying out my faults.—Does he spy out my sister's errors?—He does, but instead of spying out hers he would do better to spy out yours.—Would you spy out his crimes if he were not your friend?—I spy them out, though he is my friend.—Whom have you turned out?—I have turned out the boy.—When did you turn him out?—I turned him out yesterday.—Why did you turn him out?—I turned him out because he turned out his brother.—Did he tire you out when he spoke to you?—He tired me out, because he tires every one out, when he is talking.—Has that man tired you out?—He has tired me out, but I also have tired him out; for I have been speaking to him an hour.

37. Has the merchant served out all his provisions?—He has already served them out.—Why has the innkeeper not served out all his dishes?—He has not yet served them out, because he has not had time.—Would you on such a festival serve out all your viands?—I should serve them out.—Has your brother served out his time?—My brother has not yet served it out: but my sister has already served hers out.—When shall you serve out your time?—I shall have served it out next month.—What would you do had you served out your time?—Had I served it out I would play.—Did she blow out her brains?—No, but her friend blew them out.—Would you have blown out your brains?—I should not have blown them out.

VERSIONES.—XIII, 37.

33

<i>Luchar</i>	{	<i>combatir cuerpo á cuerpo</i>	{	<i>To wrestle,</i>	r3sl.
		<i>para derribarse.</i>		<i>To struggle,</i>	
		<i>contra la fuerza, las dificultades.</i>			

34. ¿En dónde pasa las noches su amigo de V.?—Siempre las pasa fuera.—¿Por qué duerme él fuera de casa todas las noches?—Porque yo le refí (*scolded*) el otro día, y él tomó esta venganza de (*on*) mí; de modo que siempre duerme fuera de casa.—¿Dormiría V. fuera de casa si yo se lo mandase?—Dormiría.—¿Quiere V. alquilarme ese caballo?—Quiero alquilárselo á V.—¿Cuánto debo pagarle á V. por alquilár(se)lo?—V. debe pagarme por alquilár(se)lo á V. tres duros y medio.—¿Qué dice V.?—Digo que lo alquilo por tres duros y medio al día.—¿Deja V. fuera á su criado?—Yo no lo dejo fuera.—¿Cuándo le cerró él la puerta á su criado?—Él lo dejó fuera ayer tarde.—¿Por qué lo ha dejado fuera?—Porque deja fuera á todo el mundo.—Le cerrará V. la puerta á mi hijo?—No se la cerraré.—¿Le cerraría V. la puerta á mi hermano si yo se la cerrase al de V.?—Yo se la cerraría al de V. si V. se la cerrase al mío.

35. ¿Por qué no escoge V. una de esas manzanas?—Yo sólo quiero elegir la mejor de sus naranjas de V.—¿Cuál eligió V.?—Elegí la mejor.—¿Habría V. en mi lugar elegido ese fusil?—Yo habría elegido esa pluma.—¿Cuándo saca V. fuego con el eslabón?—Saco fuego con un eslabón cuando no tengo luz.—¿Sacó V. fuego con el eslabón esta mañana?—Saqué fuego (con él) esta tarde.—¿Sacará V. fuego con el eslabón cuando desee V. tener luz?—Sacaré fuego con él cuando quiera fumar.—¿Lo sufre V.?—Lo sufro.—¿Por qué sufrió V. eso?—Lo aguanté, porque no tenía ganas de hablar.—¿Ha sufrido su hermano de V. esa ofensa?—La ha sufrido.—¿La sufriría V.?—No la sufriría.—¿Por qué ha sostenido (*said*) él descaradamente esas palabras en contra de mi niño?—Porque él sostiene su opinión en contra de todo el mundo.—¿Aguantó bien el barco el temporal?—¡Oh! sí, lo aguantó.

36. ¿Le habría V. echado á mi vecino en (*to*) cara sus crímenes?—Si (hubiera sido) posible se los habría echado en cara.—¿Qué está él observando?—Él está siempre observando mis faltas.—¿Expía los errores de mi hermana?—Él los expía, pero en vez de expiar los de ella él haría mejor en expiar los de V.—¿Escudriñaría V. sus (*his*) crímenes, si él no fuera su amigo de V.?—Yo los escudriño aunque es mi amigo.—¿A quién ha echado V. fuera?—He echado fuera al muchacho.—¿Cuándo lo echó V. fuera?—Lo eché fuera ayer.—¿Por qué lo echó V. fuera?—Lo eché fuera porque él echó fuera á su hermano.—¿Aburrió á V. cuando él le hablaba?—Me aburrió, porque él aburré á todo el mundo cuando está hablando.—¿Lo ha fastidiado á V. este hombre?—Me ha fastidiado á mí, pero también lo he aburrido, porque le he estado hablando una hora.

37. ¿Ha distribuido el comerciante todas sus provisiones?—Él las ha distribuido todas.—¿Por qué no ha distribuido el posadero todos sus platos?—No los ha distribuido todavía todos, porque no ha tenido tiempo.—¿Distribuiría V. en semejante festividad todas sus viandas (*vians*, v1'59nd)?—Las distribuiría todas.—¿Ha acabado su aprendizaje su hermano de V.?—Mi hermano no ha acabado su aprendizaje, pero mi hermana lo ha acabado ya.—¿Cuándo acabará V. su aprendizaje?—Lo habré concluido el mes próximo.—¿Qué haría V. (si) hubiese acabado su aprendizaje?—(Si) lo hubiese acabado jugaría.—¿Se saltó ella la tapa de los sesos?—Nó; pero su amigo se la saltó.—¿Se habría V. saltado los sesos?—Nó me los habría saltado.

XIII

Off, partícula que indica *separación, distancia*: es peculiar de la lengua inglesa. *A little way off*, á poca distancia. *Two miles off*, á dos millas de aquí. *He went off to América*, se fué á América. *The match is off*, se deshizo el casamiento.

También significa *dilación, tardanza*.

He puts me off from day to day, me va llevando de día en día.

En términos de marina ó náutica, *off* significa *á la altura de, sobre*.

To be off Cádiz, estar *sobre* ó *á la altura de* Cádiz. *We stood three miles off the cape*, estábamos á tres millas del cabo.

Entra en muchas frases familiares. *He spoke to her with his hat off*, él le habló con el sombrero quitado. *She was cut off in the prime of life*, ella murió en la flor de su edad. *Off hand*, al momento, en seguida, de cualquier manera. *He is quite off with me*, ha roto enteramente conmigo. *I was never off my legs*, yo estaba siempre en pie. *To make off*, huir.

Sacar (copias, extractos), remedar.

Rechazar, arrojar.

Abandonar á uno, irse, quedarse sin, desprenderse.

Descuidar, separarse de, echar de.

Faltar, salir de.

Mantener distante.

Acertar en el acto, dar en.

Sacudir (el yugo).

Rescatar, redimir.

Partir.

To take off (a copy).

To drive off (from).

To fall off.

To fling off.

To get off, to get out of.

To hold off from.

To hit off at once, to hit upon.

To throw off.

To buy off, to buy.

To set off.

38. Will you take off a copy of this letter?—I have already taken off two of them.—In this case you must not take off any more copies of it.—Will you take off a copy of that account?—I should take it off had I not sore eyes.—Who can take it off?—My brother can take it off, if he is not ill.—Do you take off my sister?—I sometimes take her off in her manner of speaking.—Did you hear Charles take off my aunt?—I did not, but I'll come some day to hear him take her off.—Was the thief driven off by the night watchman?—Had he been driven off I should not have been robbed of my jewellery.—Would you have been driven off from your uncle's house had you behaved well?—If my aunt had not interfered I should not have been driven off from the house.

39. Will the enemy's fleet be driven off from our coasts?—No doubt it will be driven off.—Have your friends fallen off?—They have fallen off one by one, for I have lost my money.—Did the leaves fall off the trees in winter?—They did not fall off, because they were in a hot-house.—Have you fallen off in your attentions to that woman?—I never shall fall off from my duties to the persons I love.—Has my son flung off his pretended friends?—He has flung them off, for he knew that they were dishonest men.—Can you get off from school to-day?—I can get off very easily by not going.—Did you get well out of that scrape?—I got out of it as well as I could.

40. Do you think you will get out of the next as well?—We shall see, but I think I shall get off as well from it as I have got off from the last.—Would you get rid of that man's bad company?—I would get rid of it if I could, for he is a gambler.—What do you recommended me?—I recommended you to hold off from your enemy.—

VERSIONES.—XIII, 40.

38

XIII

Elección	{ el acto de elegir, la libertad, el objeto de nuestra elección.	Choice,	ch8'5s.
		Selection,	s5l3'ksh9n.
Cielo	{ hecha con cuidado entre varios objetos. hablando del cielo prometido á los justos.	Heaven,	h3vn.
		Sky (por extensión heaven),	skl45.
Cementerio	{ hablando del firmamento, de la bóveda celeste. contiguo á una iglesia, ó dentro del cual se halla una iglesia.	Churchyard,	ch9rch5l'rd.
		Burying-ground, burial-ground, burying-place, cemetery.	
Campanario	{ la torre de la iglesia. la parte del edificio en que se tocan las campanas.	Steeple,	st5pl.
		Belfry,	b3'lfri5.
Temor	{ temor en general. mezclado de respeto.	Fear,	f5'1r.
		Awe,	6.
Invernadero	{ para flores. para frutas.	Green-house.	(1)
		Hot-house.	
Sereno	{ relente. vigilante nocturno.	Night dew.	
		Night watchman. (Hoy no los hay en Londres.)	

38. ¿Sacará V. una copia de esta carta?—Ya he sacado dos.—En ese caso, no debe V. sacar más copias de ella.—¿Quiere V. sacar una copia de esa cuenta?—Yo la sacaría (si) no tuviese malos (los) ojos.—¿Quién puede sacarla?—Mi hermano puede sacarla, si no está malo.—¿Remeda V. á mi hermana?—A veces la remedo en su modo de hablar.—¿Oyó V. á Carlos remedar á mi tía?—No, pero vendré un (some) día á oírse la remedar.—¿Fue el ladrón rechazado por el sereno (*night watchman*)?—(Si) hubiera sido rechazado, no me habría robado mis joyas (*of my jewellery*).—¿Habría V. sido echado de (*from*) casa de su tía (si se) hubiese V. portado bien?—A no ser por causa de mi tía (*if my aunt had not interfered*), yo no habría sido echado de la casa.

39. ¿Será rechazada de nuestras costas la flota enemiga (*the enemy's fleet*)?—Sin duda será arrojada.—¿Han abandonado á V. sus amigos (de V.)?—Se han ido (me han abandonado) uno á (*by*) uno, pues me he quedado sin dinero.—¿Se cayeron las hojas de los árboles en (el) invierno?—No se desprendieron de ellos, porque estaban en un invernáculo (1) (*hot-house*).—¿Ha descuidado V. sus atenciones (*from your attentions*) para con (*to*) esa mujer?—Yo nunca descuidaré mis (*from the*) deberes hacia (*to*) las personas (que) amo.—¿(Se) ha separado (*flung*) mi hijo de sus supuestos (*pretended*) amigos?—(Se) ha separado de ellos, porque conoció que no eran hombres honrados (*dishonest men*).—¿Puedes faltar hoy á la escuela?—Puedo faltar muy fácilmente no yendo.—¿Salí V. bien de aquel compromiso (*scrape*)?—Salí tan bien como pude.

40. ¿Piensa V. salir (*you will get out of*) del próximo tan bien?—Veremos; pero pienso (que) saldré tan bien de él como del último.—¿Quisiera V. dejar la mala compañía de aquel hombre?—Quisiera dejarla, si pudiese, porque es un jugador.—¿Qué me recomienda V.?—Recomiendo á V. que mantenga distante á su enemigo.—¿Por

(1) El invernáculo para cultivo de flores se llama *green-house*; el destinado al cultivo de las frutas se llama *hot-house*.

Why must I hold off from my enemy?—Because it is all over with men who do not hold off from their enemies.—But is it possible to hold off always from one's enemies?—If not always it is at least quite possible to hold off from them the greater number of times.—Did you hit upon the plan?—I hit upon it at once.—Who would have had enough wit to hit it off in that instant?—Every person of understanding would have hit it off in the same instant!

41. Did the slaves throw off the authority of their master?—They threw it off.—When did they throw it off?—They threw it off last century.—Why did they throw it off?—Because slaves always try to throw off their bonds.—Had you been a slave would you have thrown them off?—I should have thrown them.—Did my father buy off my brother from being a soldier?—If he has already bought him off from the Moors, I think he will buy him off from being a soldier.—Will you buy that great stock of goods?—If they are cheap I intend to buy most of them.—Did he set off?—He set off.—When did he set off?—He set off last week.—Why did he set off?—He set off because his mother was ill.—Would you have set off for the same reason?—I should have set off.

XIV

Hacerse á la mar, despedir.	To put off from the land.
Desviar, irse, quitar, quitarse.	To put off, to take off.
Llevarse (cosas de algún peso).	To bear off, to take away.
Diferir.	To put off.
Volarse, llevarse con pólvora.	To blow off.
Decaer, ir decayendo, morir de consunción.	To drop off into.
Acabar (de beber).	To drink off.
Quitarse.	To slip off.
Irse callandito, sin decir nada.	To slip off.
Desviar un golpe dirigido contra alguien.	To ward off a blow from some body, 01'rd.
Desnudar.	To strip off.

42. Is that ship putting off from the land?—She is putting off from it.—Has the steamer put off from the land without passengers?—She has put off from it without them.—Would the captain's small boat have put off from shore without him?—It would not have put off from shore without him, for had it been put off, the sailors who put it off would have been sent off from the ship.—Is that woman taking off her gown?—She is taking it off.—Has your brother put off (*vulgar*) his coat?—No, but he has taken off his cloak.—Would your sisters have taken off their bonnets?—They would not have taken them off.

43. Is the meeting put off?—It is put off till to-morrow.—Has she taken off her engagement?—She has taken it off, because her brother has desired her to do so.—Has the school-master put off his school?—He has put it off.—Would you have put off what you promised me?—I should not have put it off had you not put off what you promised me.—Why has he borne off his great dictionary?—He has borne it off because it was a good one.—Will this boy bear it off to-morrow?—He will bear it off the day after.—Who has taken my purse away?—That robber would have taken it away, if he could.—Will the wind blow off my hat?—If you go out it will blow it off.—Would you let off my pistol?—I would let it off if it were loaded.—How was the roof of that house blown off?—It was blown off by an explosion of powder.

qué debo mantener distante á mi enemigo?—Porque están perdidos los hombres que no mantienen distantes á sus enemigos.—¿Pero es posible mantener siempre distantes á los enemigos de uno (que uno tiene)?—Si no siempre, es al menos muy posible mantenerlos distantes la mayor parte de las veces.—¿Acertó V. en el acto el plan?—Lo acerté al instante.—¿Quién hubiera tenido bastante ingenio (*wit*) para acertarlo en aquel momento?—Cualquiera persona de entendimiento lo hubiera acertado en el mismo instante.

41. ¿Sacudieron los esclavos la autoridad de sus amos?—La sacudieron.—¿Cuándo la sacudieron?—La sacudieron el siglo pasado (*last century*).—¿Por qué la sacudieron?—Porque (los) esclavos siempre tratan de sacudir sus cadenas (*bonds*).—¿Si V. hubiese sido (*a*) esclavo las hubiera V. sacudido?—Las hubiera sacudido.—¿Libró mi padre á mi hermano de ser soldado?—Puesto que él ya lo ha rescatado (*buy off*) de los moros, creo que lo librará de ser soldado.—¿Quiere V. comprar ese gran surtido (*stock*) de efectos?—Si son baratos, compraré la mayor parte.—¿Partió?—Partió.—¿Cuándo partió?—Partió la semana pasada.—¿Por qué partió?—Partió porque su madre estaba mala.—¿Habría V. partido por la misma razón?—Habría partido.

XIV

Vacilar	} se dice de las personas y de las cosas que no están bien seguras sobre sus pies: por extensión de personas y cosas que no se hallan firmemente establecidas.	} To totter,	18't9r.
Ilusión	} apariencia, quimera.	} Illusion (en poesía <i>delusion</i>),	5150'sh9n.

42. ¿Se está haciendo á la mar aquel barco (*putting off from the land*)?—Se está haciendo á la mar (*from it*).—¿Se ha hecho á la mar el vapor sin pasajeros?—Se ha hecho á la mar sin ellos.—¿Se habría ido de la orilla sin el capitán el pequeño bajel del capitán (*put off from shore*)?—No se habría ido de la orilla sin él; porque (si) se hubiera ido, los marineros que lo gobiernan habrían sido despedidos del buque (*sent off from the ship*).—¿Se está quitando aquella mujer el vestido?—Se lo está quitando.—¿Se ha quitado su hermano de V. su levita?—Nó, pero se ha quitado su capa.—¿Se habrían quitado sus hermanas de V. sus sombreros?—Ellas no se los habrían quitado.

43. ¿Se ha aplazado el *meeting*?—Se ha diferido para mañana.—¿Ha diferido ella su compromiso?—Lo ha diferido, porque su hermano le ha suplicado que lo difiera.—¿Ha aplazado su clase el maestro de escuela?—La ha aplazado.—¿Habría V. diferido lo que me prometió?—Yo no lo habría diferido (si) V. no hubiese diferido lo que V. me prometió.—¿Por qué se ha llevado él su libro?—Se lo ha llevado, porque era hermoso.—¿Se lo llevará mañana este muchacho?—Se lo llevará el día después.—¿Quién se ha llevado mi bolsa?—Aquel ladrón (se) la habría llevado, si hubiese podido.—¿Se llevaría el viento mi sombrero?—Si V. sale se lo llevará.—¿Dispararía V. mi pistola?—La dispararía si estuviese cargada.—¿Cómo se voló (*was blown*), el techo de esa casa?—Se voló por efecto de una explosión de pólvora (*powder*).

(1) También se emplea este verbo para expresar la turbación causada en un orden, una organización, un sistema, por efecto de una gran sacudida: *He could have planted a blow in Alfred's battle that would have made it reel*, pudo haber dirigido un golpe que hubiera hecho vacilar á todo el ejército de Alfredo.

44. When did your sister begin to drop off into consumption?—She began to drop off at the age of twenty five.—Would your sister have dropped off into consumption if she had been accustomed to take exercise?—Had she been accustomed to it she would not have dropped off so early.—Why do you say not so early?—Because all are born to die, therefore all drop off.—Has that glass of cider been drunk off by your brother?—No, but the wine that is in mine will be drunk off by him.—Why has that man drunk off my beer?—He has drunk it off because he was thirsty.—Would you have drunk off the very fine wine that my brother has lately received?—It would have been drunk off by me if it had not already been drunk off by him.

45. Do you slip off your shoes?—I do not slip them off.—Who slipped off his boots?—My friend has slipped them off.—Shall you slip off your stockings?—I shall slip them off.—Would you slip off your shoes if I should slip off my stockings?—If you slipped off your stockings I should slip off my shoes.—Do you slip off?—I do not slip off.—Did you slip off?—I did not slip off.—Would you slip off if my father came in?—If your father came in I should slip off.—When shall you slip off?—I shall slip off to-morrow.—Do you strip off your clothes?—I strip off my clothes.—Have you stripped off your clothes to your shirt?—I have.

XV

Cambiar de camino.	To turn off.	
Borrar.	To strike off.	
Tocar las bandas de música.	To strike up.	
Adornar.	To set off, to deck out.	
Pagar y despedir á un criado.	To pay off a servant.	
Acabar de una vez.	To leave off.	
Disparar.	To let off, to fire off.	
Ires sin ser visto.	To sneak off (from),	snák.
Darse á la vela.	To stand off.	
Salir bien de un empeño.	To come off well.	
Abandonar.	To cast off.	
Llevarse robada, arrebatar alguna cosa ó persona.	To carry off.	

46. Did you ward off the blows from your enemies?—I warded them off from them, because one must ward off the blows directed to one's friends as well as to one's enemies.—Did you ward off the blow?—I warded it off, because I always try to ward off the blows of my enemies.—Have you warded off the blows from your head?—I have warded them off from it.—Do you turn off?—I turn off.—Why have you turned off?—I have turned off because I am tired.—Did your friend turn off?—He turned off because he was obliged to turn off in order to go to church.—Why do you turn off every day?—I turn off every day, because I meet with a friend of mine.

47. Do you strike off your name?—I do not strike it off.—Have you struck off that mark?—I have not struck it off.—Did you strike off this sign?—I struck it off.—When do you strike off your friend's name?—I shall strike it off now.—Did the band strike up the national march when her majesty presented herself?—It did.—Why do you deck out your bride?—I deck her out because I like fine girls very much.—Would you deck out my wife's sister had you money?—Had I some, I should deck her out.—Does not man drop off from this life like leaves in autumn?—Leaves drop off in autumn: but man drop off in all seasons.—Has the book dropped off from my table?—It has dropped off not from the table, but from the mantel-piece.

44. ¿Cuándo empezó á enfermar de consunción su hermana de V.?—Empezó á enfermar á la edad de veinte y cinco años.—¿Habría decaído su hermana de V. si hubiese estado acostumbrada á hacer (*take*) ejercicio?—(Si) ella hubiese estado acostumbrada á hacer ejercicio (*to it*) no habría decaído tan pronto.—¿Por qué dice V. tan pronto?—Porque todos hemos nacido para morir, por lo que todos sucumbimos.—¿Se ha bebido este vaso de sidra su hermano de V.? (tradúzcase por pasiva).—Nó, pero acabará de beber el vino que está en el mío.—¿Por qué ha acabado de beber ese hombre mi cerveza?—Se la ha acabado de beber, porque tenía sed.—¿Habría V. acabado de beber el buen vino que mi hermano ha recibido últimamente?—Me lo habría (pasiva) acabado de beber, si no hubiese sido ya bebido por él.

45. ¿Se quita (*slip*) V. los zapatos?—No me los quito.—¿Quién se quitó sus botas?—Mi amigo se las ha quitado.—¿Se quitará V. sus medias?—Me las quitaré.—Se quitaría V. sus zapatos si yo me quitase mis medias?—Si V. se quitase sus medias, yo me quitaría los zapatos.—¿Se va V. sin decir nada?—Yo no me voy sin decir nada.—¿Se fué V. callandito?—No me fui callandito.—¿Se iría V. sin decir nada si mi padre entrase?—Si su padre de V. entrase me iría callandito.—¿Cuándo se irá V. sin decir nada?—Mañana me irá sin decir nada.—¿Se desnuda (*strip*) V.?—Me desnudo.—¿Se ha desnudado V. menos (*to your shirt*) la camisa?—Me he desnudado.

XV

Engrosar	{	un ejército con soldados.	To increase,	5nkr5's.
		amplificar con el microscopio.	To magnify,	m1gn5f1'5.
Canto	{	pedra.	Stone, (flag, baldosa).	
		parte de un poema.	Canto.	
		la acción de cantar.	Singing.	
		fin ó extremo de una cosa.	End ó edge,	4dj.
Proposición	{	plan propuesto á uno.	Proposal.	
		término de gramática, expresión de un juicio.	Proposition.	
		hecha en una asamblea.	Motion.	
De conformidad con.		In accordance with.		
Tanto más cuanto que.		Inasmuch as.		

46. ¿Desvió V. (*ward... off... from*) los golpes que iban contra sus enemigos?—Los desvié, porque uno debe desviar los golpes que van contra (los) amigos, así como contra los enemigos.—¿Desvió V. el golpe?—Lo desvié, porque siempre trato de desviar los golpes de mis enemigos.—¿Ha desviado V. los golpes que iban contra la cabeza de V.?—Los he desviado (*from it*).—¿Cambia V. de camino?—Cambio de camino.—¿Por qué ha cambiado V. de camino?—He cambiado de camino, porque estoy cansado.—¿Cambié de camino su amigo de V.?—Cambié de camino, porque se vió obligado á cambiar de camino para ir á la iglesia.—¿Por qué varía V. de camino todos los días?—Cambio de camino todos los días, porque todos los días encuentro á un amigo mío.

47. ¿Borra V. su nombre?—No lo borro.—¿Ha borrado V. esta señal?—No la he borrado.—¿Borró V. esta firma?—La borré.—¿Cuándo borra V. el nombre de su amigo?—Lo borraré ahora.—¿Tocó la banda la marcha real (*national*, n1'sh9n11) al presentarse S. M.?—La tocó.—¿Por qué adorna V. á su novia?—La adorno (*set*), porque me gusta.—¿Adornaría V. á la hermana de mi mujer (si) tuviese V. dinero?—(Si) lo tuviese, la adornaría.—¿No cae el hombre (esto es, muere) de esta vida como (las) hojas en el otoño?—(Las) hojas caen sólo en otoño; pero el hombre muere en todas las estaciones.—¿Se ha caído el libro de mi mesa?—Se ha caído, no de (*from*) la mesa, sino de la chimenea.

48. Have you paid off your servant?—I have already paid him off.—When did you pay him off?—I paid him off this morning.—Why have you paid him off?—Because he was cheating my cook, and I now intend to pay him off also, because he is very idle.—Have you not done speaking?—Not yet.—Leave off.—I am not willing to leave off.—That doesn't matter I order you to leave off.—But I have no desire and consequently I will not leave off.—John! punish that naughty boy that he may leave off.—Don't trouble yourself, he shall leave off.—What have you let off?—I have let off my gun.—Has my brother let off my rifle?—I believe he has already let it off, for were it not let off, my friend would not have gone hunting with it.

49. Take care; this pistol is very easy to let off.—Where did you sneak off to?—I sneaked off to the church.—Did you sneak off?—I sneaked off.—Shall you sneak off from the theatre?—I shall sneak off from there.—Would you sneak off to it if I sneaked off?—If you sneaked off I should also sneak off.—Did the captain come off well in the battle?—He came off well for he is a courageous man.—Would that man have come off well with his talents?—Without you, he would have come off poorly even with them.—I fear for my friend, because I believe he is getting himself into a hobble (*vulgar*).—Don't fear, he always comes off well.

50. Why do you cast off your first and best friends?—I cast them off now because they in my unlucky days cast me off, and were you in my place you would cast them off.—Should you not have cast off those bad friends?—I have cast them off long ago.—Yes, but had you cast them off at least a year ago, you would have saved yourself from many bad scrapes.—Did he carry off your daughter on his fine black mare?—No, he was stopped from carrying her off by his mother's vigilance.—Would that man have been able to carry off our neighbour, had she not been willing?—It would not have been possible to carry her off against will.

XVI

ABOUT, partícula que indica la proximidad del lugar, tiempo, cantidad, etc.

The towns about London, los pueblos inmediatos á Londres. *About break of day*, hacia el amanecer. *About forty pounds*, cerca de cuarenta libras.

La causa, el modo, la intención, etc.

The stir was about this, he aquí la causa del rumor. *He takes her about the waist*, él la coge por la cintura. *To go about a thing*, ponerse á hacer algo.

Con los nombres de peso y medida significa casi, cerca, poco más ó menos. *Within about six yards*, poco menos de seis varas.

Alrededor, en torno, acerca, tocante, para, con. *To drink about*, beber en rueda. *I know nothing about the matter*, nada sé tocante al asunto. *He is about to come*, está para venir. *I took a long way about*, di un gran rodeo. *About me*, conmigo.

Entre el verbo *to be* y otro verbo, denota que uno se prepara para hacer algo.

I am about to go way, estoy á punto de marcharme.

Pero si *about* está colocado entre el verbo y un sustantivo ó un pronombre relativo, indica que la persona está haciendo alguna cosa. *He is about a great piece of work*, está empleado en una gran obra.

Indica también el objeto ó el fin. *Before matters are brought about*, antes que todo esté arreglado.

Hacer correr la voz: las noticias.

Aplicarse, dedicarse á.

Colgarse de, rondar (las calles).

Conseguir.

Llevar consigo, conmigo...

To spread abroad.

To set about.

To hang about, to hang round (*muy vulgar*).

To bring about.

To carry about with (you, me,...)

48. ¿Ha pagado V. y despedido á su criado?—Ya le he pagado y despedido.—¿Cuándo le pagó V. y lo despidió?—Le pagué esta mañana.—¿Por qué le ha pagado V. y lo ha despedido?—Porque estaba engañando (*cheating*) á mi cocinero, y yo ahora pienso pagarle y despedirle también, porque es muy perezoso.—¿No ha acabado V. de hablar?—Todavía no.—Acabe V. de una vez (*leave off*).—No quiero acabar de una vez.—No importa, porque yo le mando á V. que acabe de una vez.—Pero yo no tengo gana, y por consecuencia, no quiero acabar de una vez.—Juan, castiga á ese pícaro muchacho para que acabe de una vez.—No se preocupe V. de eso: él acabará de una vez.—¿Qué ha disparado V.?—He disparado mi fusil.—¿Ha disparado mi hermano mi rifle?—Yo creo que lo ha disparado ya, pues (si) no lo hubiese disparado, mi amigo no habría ido á cazar con él.

49. Tenga V. cuidado; esta pistola se dispara muy fácilmente.—¿De dónde se fué V. sin ser visto?—Me salí sin ser visto de la iglesia.—¿Se marchó V. sin ser visto?—Me fuí sin ser visto.—¿Se saldrá del teatro V. sin ser visto?—Me saldré de allí sin ser visto.—¿Se saldría V. sin ser visto si yo me saliese sin ser visto?—Si V. se saliese sin ser visto, yo me saldría sin ser visto.—¿Salió bien el capitán de la batalla?—Salió bien, porque es un hombre valiente (*courageous*).—¿Habría este hombre salido adelante con su talento?—A no ser por V. habría salido mal con él (*poorly with it*).—Temo por mi amigo, porque creo que se está acarreado un compromiso (*hobble*).—No tenga V. miedo; siempre sale bien.

50. ¿Por qué abandona V. (*cast*) á sus primeros y mejores amigos?—Los abandono ahora, porque ellos en mis días de desgracia (*unlucky*) me abandonaron, y por eso (si) V. estuviese en mi lugar los habría abandonado.—¿No debería V. abandonar á esos malos amigos?—Los he abandonado hace mucho tiempo.—Sí, pero (si) V. los hubiese abandonado hace lo menos un año (*at least a year ago*), se hubiera V. librado de muchos compromisos.—¿Se llevó él á su hija de V. en (*on*) su hermosa yegua negra (*black mare*)?—No, la vigilancia de su madre le impidió llevársela (pasiva).—¿Habría sido capaz este hombre de llevarse á nuestra vecina (si) ella no hubiese querido?—No habría sido posible llevársela contra su voluntad.

XVI

Jefe	} en todas sus acepciones. de un clan, de una tribu. tanto militar como de partido.	Chief,	ch5f.
		Chieftain, (of the clan),	ch5'ft5n.
Rama	} la que sale del tronco del árbol.	Leader,	l5'd9r.
		Bough,	b1'0.
Ramita	} la que sale de una de las ramas principales.	Branch,	br1nch.
Ramo de flores.		Spray of flowers,	spr2.
Acontecimiento	} cualquiera de los usuales de la vida. en sentido más general y expresando acontecimientos notables ó extraordinarios.	Incident,	5'ns5d3nt.
		Event,	5v3'nt.
Cazador	} en sentido general. de á caballo que corre ciervos, liebres, etc.	Hunter, huntsman,	h9'nt9r.
		Sportsman,	sp7rtsm1n.
Repetir	} volver á decir, decir varias veces. una comedia ú otra cosa que ha de ejecutarse en público.	To repeat,	r5p5't.
		To rehearse,	r5h3'rs.

Andar corriendo calles.	To saunter about,	s6'nt9r.
Correr, circular noticias, voces.	To fly about,	f1'5.
Ir á emprender.	To set about.	

51. Do you spread abroad the news?—I do: I spread it abroad.—What news have you published abroad?—I have circulated that which you do not know.—Would you have spread abroad those tidings had you known them?—I should.—What do you set about?—I set about nothing.—Is it right to set about nothing?—It is wrong, but I do it, because I do not find any thing to set about.—Will you set about a trade?—I would rather set about writing.—Is she hanging round your sister's neck?—She is hanging round it, for she loves her.—Has this medal been hung about my neck?—It has been hung about it, for your valuable services to the state.—Has any thing been hung about your neck?—Nothing has as yet been hung about it.

52. Would that bad looking man have hung about the house?—He would have hung about it.—Has that manœuvring woman brought about her daughter's marriage?—By dint of great skill she has brought it about most successfully.—Had I been in her place I should not have brought it about.—Has the general already brought about his plan?—He has already brought it about.—Do you carry money about with you?—I do not carry money about with me, when I mix with the mob.—Do you carry your pistols about with you?—I carry them about with me, when there is danger at hand.—Had I always carried them about with me I should not have been robbed of my valuables last summer, and of the clothes I carried with me.—Is your good-for-nothing son sauntering about?—I believe he is sauntering about some where or other.—Did the child saunter about, instead of attending school?—He sauntered about instead of going there.

53. Will you saunter about your young lady's house?—I shall saunter about it.—Would that idle fellow saunter about the streets all day?—If he had money enough to live upon, he would saunter about all day.—Does that astonishing thing fly about?—It flies about like wild-fire.—Did the eagles fly about that wood?—They flew round about and in all parts of it with the hope of pouncing upon hares, rabbits or other small animals.—Will the news of the battle fly about Spain?—It will not fly about Spain, but it has sure flown about all France.—Does your child go about it?—He goes about it.—Did you set about that thing in a proper manner?—I set about it in a right manner.—Will you set about that business well?—I shall go about it well, if you give me money in order to set about it in a right manner.—Why would you set about that work in so careless manner?—I should set about it so, because it is a work that is not fit for one to set about well.

XVII

ON, UPON, *sobre, encima*. No puede usarse *upon* sino cuando se nombra la cosa ó el lugar sobre el cual se coloca otra. Así, para traducir *cúbrase V.*, se puede decir, *put your hat on*, pero no *upon*, á menos que no se diga *put your hat upon your head*, que es igual á *poned vuestro sombrero en vuestra cabeza*.

Algunas veces *on* ó *upon* significa *por*.

On your account I will do it, lo haré por V.

On con el verbo *to play*, no se traduce en castellano.

He plays on or upon the violin and harp, él toca el violín y el arpa.

Indica la continuación de acción ya principiada.

Go on, prosiga V. *Write on*, continúe V. escribiendo.

Finalmente, se emplea en muchas frases.

51. ¿Hace V. correr las noticias?—Sí: las hago correr.—¿Qué noticias ha hecho V. correr?—He hecho correr las que V. no sabe.—¿Hubiera V. divulgado (*spread abroad*) esas nuevas (*tidings*, tɪ'5dɪŋs) si las hubiese V. sabido?—Las hubiera hecho correr.—¿A qué se dedica (*set*) V.?—No me dedico á nada.—¿Está bien no dedicarse á nada?—Está mal, pero yo me no aplico á nada (*about it*) porque no hallo nada á qué dedicarme.—¿Se dedicará V. á algún tráfico (*about a trade*)?—Más bien me dedicaría á escribir.—¿Está ella colgada del cuello de su hermana de V.?—Ella está colgada de él, porque la ama.—¿Ha estado colgada de mi cuello esta medalla (*medal*, mɛd'ɪl)?—Ha estado colgada de él por sus buenos (*valuable*) servicios de V. al Estado.—¿Ha estado colgado algo de su cuello de V.?—Nada ha estado todavía colgado de él.

52. ¿Habría estado rondando la casa ese hombre de mala facha?—La habría estado rondando.—¿Ha conseguido esta astuta (*manœuvring*) mujer el casamiento de su hija?—Mediante su gran habilidad (*by dint of great skill*) lo ha conseguido muy dichosamente (*most successfully*).—(Si) yo me hubiera hallado en su lugar no lo habría conseguido.—¿Ha conseguido su plan el general?—Ya lo ha conseguido.—¿Lleva V. dinero consigo?—No llevo dinero conmigo cuando me mezclo entre la plebe.—¿Lleva V. consigo sus pistolas?—Yo las llevo conmigo cuando hay peligro cercano (*at hand*).—(Si) yo siempre las hubiese llevado conmigo, no me habrían robado mis alhajas (*valuables*) el verano último, y los vestidos que llevaba conmigo.—¿Está el bribón de su hijo de V. paseando las calles?—Creo que está correteando de acá para allá.—¿Estuvo el chiquillo corriendo calles en vez de ir á la escuela (*attending school*)?—Estuvo paseando calles en vez de ir allá.

53. ¿Pasearé V, por delante de la casa de su señorita de V.?—Pasearé por allí.—¿Pasearía las calles este holgazán de muchacho todo el día?—Si él tuviese dinero bastante para vivir (*live upon*) andaría corriendo calles todo el día.—¿Circula (*fly*) esa admirable nueva?—Circula con una velocidad increíble (*like wildfire*).—¿Volaron las águilas por junto á ese bosque?—Volaron por junto, alrededor y en todas sus partes, con la esperanza de caer sobre (*pouncing upon*) (las) liebres, conejos y otros pequeños animales.—¿Circuló por España la noticia de la batalla?—No circuló por España, pero es cierto que circuló por toda Francia.—¿Va á emprender eso su niña de V.?—Va á emprenderlo.—¿Emprendió V. eso (*that thing*) del modo conveniente?—Lo emprendí del mismo modo (*in a right manner*).—¿Irá V. á emprender bien ese negocio?—Iré á emprenderlo bien si V. me da dinero para emprenderlo bien (*in a right manner*).—¿Por qué iría V. á emprender ese trabajo con tan poco cuidado?—Iría á emprenderlo así, porque es un trabajo que no está bien para uno (*that is not fit for one*) que vaya á emprenderlo bien.

XVII

Propietario	{ que posee con derecho. el que posee tierras, fin- cas, etc.	Proprietor, Owner.	pr7prl'55t9r.
Protector	{ que da en arrendamiento. defensor. apoyo.	Landlord (casero). Protector. Patron.	
Puramente	{ sin mezcla de materias que adulteran la pureza de algo, como la leche, el oro. solamente, meramente.	Purely. Merely.	

They on foot and we on horseback, ellos á pie y nosotros á caballo. *He put upon him*, le jugó una mala pasada. *On this condition and upon these terms, you may marry her*, con semejantes cláusulas y condiciones, puede V. casarse con ella. *Upon pain of death (under pain of death)*, so pena de muerte. *Take pity on me*, compadézcase V. de mí. *You were off and on*, V. dudaba. *Upon oath*, bajo juramento. *Upon my honour*, palabra de honor. *On a sudden*, de repente. *Upon the coming af*, á la llegada de.—*Upon what ground?*, ¿con qué fundamento?—*And so on*, y así de lo demás, etc.

Venir á interrumpir entrándose donde uno está.	To obtrude on, to interrupt,	sbtr0'd.
Pasarse (un inferior) por casa de alguien.	To wait on.	
Ponerse de prisa alguna prenda de vestir.	To slip on.	
Persuadir.	To prevail on,	pr5v2'l.
Hacer á obligar á avanzar.	} To drive on, to manage,	drl'5v.
Conducir, llevar.		
Llevar adelante.		
Incitar.	To set on.	
Llamar ó tocar en casa de.	To call on.	
Pisar.	To tread on,	tr3d.

54. Why have you not yet done writting?—Because my nurse has obtruded on me (my nurse came and interrupted me).—Why did she obtrude on you (interrupted)?—Because I am always pursued by persons whom I cannot get rid of, and who are perpetually obtruding on me.—What did you prevail on him to do?—I prevailed on him to come.—What has my neighbour prevailed on my servant to do?—She prevailed on her to rob you of your fine gold watch.—Would you have prevailed on her to do such a thing?—I should not have prevailed on her to do so.—Do you wish to wait on me?—I wish to wait on you.—When did you wait on my father?—I waited on him this morning.—Shall you wait on my sister?—I shall.

55. Do you wish me to slip on my shoes?—I do not wish it.—Why did you slip on your stockings?—Because you slipped on your boots.—Will you slip on your clothes?—I shall slip them on.—Would you slip on your waistcoat if I slipped on my coat?—Yes, Sir; I should slip it on.—Who set on the mob?—The sergeant set them on.—When did he set them on?—He has been setting them on these two days.—Why did he set them on?—Because that sergeant was in the habit of setting on the mob.—Was the army driven on?—If it had been driven on, the enemy would have been beaten.—Would that coachman have driven you on very fast if you had paid him more?—Certainly, but I desired to be driven on slowly in order to enjoy a better view of the country.—Are public affairs managed quickly enough in that kingdom (country)?—They are not usually managed too fast.

XVIII

Ayudar, (socorrer).	To help on.
Proseguir.	To hold on, to continue.
Precipitar (incitando).	To hurry on, to push.
Adelantar (hacer negocio), prosperar.	To get on.
Engañar.	To impose on (upon).
Continuar.	To keep on.
Continuar leyendo.	To read on.
Pisar.	To tread on.

56. Does my son get on with his lessons?—He gets on with them very well.—Did you get on when you lived in America?—I got on remarkably well.—Will you

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Investigaciones	{ con los ojos, mirando. hecha por medio de pre- guntas. literalmente.	Search, Enquiry, Contempt.	s3rch. 5nk01'5r5.
Desprecio	{ expresando además la de- mostración del despre- cio.	Scorn.	
Iluminar	{ ilustrar el entendimiento. con lámparas. provecho, ventaja, premio que se paga por el di- nero.	To enlighten, to illuminate, To illuminate, Interest.	3nl1'5tn. 5l5'0m5n2t.
Interés	{ el que se toma por alguna cosa ó persona, el que uno tiene en alguna em- presa.	Interest ó concern.	
Porción	{ Parte. Lote, cuota. Porcioncilla.	Part, portion. Lot. Pittance (también pitanza).	

54. ¿Por qué no ha acabado V. todavía de escribir?—Porque mi nodriza vino á interrumpirme (entrándose en mi habitación).—¿Por qué lo interrumpió á V.?—Porque yo siempre estoy perseguido por personas de que no puedo zafarme (*get rid of*) y que están perpetuamente interrumpiéndome.—¿Qué le persuadió V. á hacer?—Lo persuadí á que viniera.—¿A qué ha persuadido mi vecina á mi criada?—La ha persuadido á que (le) robe á V. su hermoso reloj de oro.—¿La hubiera V. persuadido á hacer semejante cosa?—No la habría persuadido á hacer eso (*so*).—¿Quiere V. pasar(se) por mi casa?—Quiero pasar(me) por ella.—¿Cuándo (se) pasó V. por casa de mi padre?—Me pasó por su casa esta mañana.—¿Pasará V. por casa de mi hermana?—Pasaré.

55. ¿Quiere V. que me ponga aprisa mis zapatos?—No quiero.—¿Por que se puso V. aprisa sus medias?—Porque V. se ponía aprisa sus botas.—¿Se pondrá V. aprisa sus vestidos?—Me los pondré aprisa.—¿Se pondría V. aprisa su chaleco si yo me pusiera aprisa mi levita?—Sí, señor, me lo pondría aprisa.—¿Quién incitó al populacho?—El sargento lo incitó.—¿Cuándo lo (*them*) incitó?—Hace dos días que lo (*them*) está incitando.—¿Por qué lo incitó?—Porque aquel sargento solía (*was in the habit*) incitar al populacho.—¿Hicieron avanzar al ejército?—Sí se le hubiera hecho avanzar, el enemigo habría sido batido.—¿Lo hubiera llevado á V. muy (*very*) de prisa aquel cochero si V. le hubiese pagado más?—Ciertamente; pero yo deseaba ser conducido (*driven on*) despacio, para disfrutar mejor de la vista del campo.—¿Se llevan adelante los negocios públicos bastante de prisa en aquel país?—No se llevan adelante con demasiada prisa (*too fast*).

XVIII

Torbellino	{ lo que atrae hacia su cen- tro los objetos que se en- cuentran en el círculo de su movimiento. viento violento que se mue- ve circularmente. abismo de agua.	Vortex. Whirlwind. Whirlpool, whirlpit.
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56. ¿Adelanta mi hijo en (*with*) sus lecciones?—Adelanta mucho.—¿Prosperó V. cuando vivía en América?—Prosperaba notablemente (*well*).—¿Adelantará y pros-

get on and prosper by remaining here?—By economy, industry, perseverance, and strict attention to business I hope I shall get on (ó succeed) here.—Do you not think you would get on faster in learning English if you learnt by this method?—I believe I should get on faster.—Why were you hurrying me on to get into so bad a scrape?—I do not hurry you on to get into it, because I love you too much to hurry you on to bad actions.

57. Would you have hurried him on after being hurried on yourself by him?—It is forbidden to hurry (to push) a simpleton into scrapes, so that I should never have hurried him on, though he had hurried me on before.—Do you believe it is permitted to impose on an innocent child?—I believe it is forbidden; but why do you say that when I have never imposed on any one?—You say you have imposed on nobody, but I know persons who have been imposed upon by you, therefore I am right in saying so.—Would you not in my case have imposed upon them?—Men of honour never impose on innocent children.—Have you trodden on my son?—I have trodden on him.

58. Did you tread on my brother?—I did not tread on him.—Are you treading on my book?—I am not treading on it.—What do you tread on?—I am treading on the clothes.—Hold on!—I will not hold on because you do not listen to me.—I beg you to hold on.—I consent to hold on but on condition you will listen to what I am telling you.—Would you have held on if you had been that professor?—I should not have held on (continued) before so impolite a man.—Will you help him on?—I shall never help him on, because he has never helped on those of his friends who were in want of being helped on.—Would you help your friend or your enemy on?—As our religion recommends us to help on our friends as well as our enemies, I should without doubt help both on.

59. Whom does my friend call on?—I presume he calls on his fair neighbour, for he only calls on pretty girls.—Would that man have called on my cousin to take her for a walk?—He would have called on her had she been willing.—Call on him.—Is that man still reading though I have entered his room?—He still continues reading, for he has neither perceived nor heard you enter.—Was that the man who continued to read when you told him to stop?—That is the man who continued to read.

60. Has the student read on, not considering the lateness of the hour?—He must have unconsciously continued to read supposing his fellow-students were reading also.—Would you have read the paper when I was speaking to you?—I should not have read it then.—Why do you not keep on?—I do not keep on because you have not desired me to do so, but had you done so I should have kept on.—What did he say after saying so?—He kept on with his anecdote.—Why are you silent?—Because I expect you to pay attention to what I am telling you, in order that I may keep on

XIX

At, partícula que indica *el lugar, el tiempo, el modo*, y se traduce por *en, por, á*, etcétera. Se emplea solamente cuando no hay movimiento local, ó para denotar muchas especies de ocupaciones. Usanla también los ingleses con una elegancia y energía intraducibles para expresar la intención de un movimiento. *He is angry at your not having studied*, está incómodo con que V. no haya estudiado. *The dog bites at him*, el perro trata de morderle. *He began at me*, cayó sobre mí.

He is at home, él está en casa. *At what hour?* (insólito), *at what time?* (usual), ¿á qué hora? *At the hour I went*, á la hora que yo fui. *To buy at second hand*, comprar de segunda mano. *He is at peace with Denmark*, está en paz con Dinamarca. *At my first setting up*, al principio de haberme establecido.

VERSIONES.—XIX, 60.

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perará V. permaneciendo aquí?—Con (*by*) economía, industria, perseverancia y estricta atención á los negocios, espero (que) prosperaré y obtendré buen resultado aquí.—¿No cree V. que adelantaría V. mucho más de prisa al aprender inglés si V. lo aprendiese por este método?—Creo (que) adelantaría mucho más.—¿Por qué me estaba V. precipitando para acarrearme (*to get in*) tan grave (*so bad a*) compromiso?—No precipito á V. para que se lo acarree, porque quiero á V. demasiado para precipitarlo á malas acciones.

57. ¿(Lo) habría V. precipitado á él después de haber sido V. mismo precipitado por él?—No es lícito (*it is forbidden*) precipitar (*to push*) á un simplón á compromisos, de modo que yo nunca lo habría precipitado, aun cuando él me precipitó antes.—¿Cree V. lícito engañar á una inocente criatura?—Creo que está prohibido; pero ¿por qué dice V. eso cuando yo no he engañado á nadie?—V. dice que no ha engañado á nadie, pero yo conozco personas que han sido engañadas por V., y tengo razón en gritar así.—¿No los habría V. engañado en mi caso?—Los hombres de honor no engañan nunca á criaturas inocentes.—¿Ha pisado V. á mi hijo?—Lo he pisado.

58. ¿Pisó V. á mi hermano?—No lo pisé.—¿Está V. pisando mi libro?—No estoy pisándolo.—¿Qué está V. pisando?—Estoy pisando los vestidos.—Prosiga V.—No proseguiré, porque V. no me escucha.—Suplico á V. que prosiga.—Consiento en proseguir, pero con la condición de que V. escuche lo que le estoy diciendo.—¿Habría V. proseguido si hubiese V. sido aquel profesor?—No habría proseguido delante de un hombre tan descortés.—¿Quiere V. ayudarlo?—Nunca le ayudaré, porque él nunca ha ayudado á aquellos de sus amigos que estaban en necesidad de ser socorridos.—¿Habría V. ayudado á su amigo ó á su enemigo?—Como nuestra religión nos recomienda socorrer á nuestros amigos, lo mismo que (*as well as*) á nuestros enemigos, yo los habría ayudado á ambos (*both*) sin duda alguna.

59. ¿En casa de quién llama mi amigo?—Presumo que llama en casa de su hermosa (*fair*) vecina, porque él sólo llama en donde hay jóvenes lindas.—¿Habría llamado aquel hombre en casa de mi prima para llevarla á paseo?—Habría llamado (si) ella hubiese querido.—Llame V. en su casa.—¿Está todavía ese hombre leyendo aunque he entrado en su cuarto?—Continúa leyendo todavía, porque ni ha visto (*perceived*), ni ha oído entrar á V.—¿Era aquel el hombre que continuaba leyendo cuando V. le dijo que suspendiese su lectura (*to stop*)?—Ese es el hombre que continuaba leyendo.

60. ¿Ha continuado leyendo el estudiante sin considerar (*not considering*) lo avanzado (*the lateness*) de la hora?—Habría continuado leyendo sin darse cuenta, suponiendo (que) sus condiscípulos (*fellow students*) continuaban también leyendo.—¿Habría V. continuado leyendo el papel cuando yo estaba hablando á V.?—No lo habría continuado leyendo.—¿Por qué no continúa V.?—Yo no continúo, porque V. no ha deseado que yo lo haga; pero (si) lo hubiese V. dicho así, habría continuado.—¿Qué dijo él después de hablar así?—Él continuó su anécdota.—¿Por qué está V. callado?—Porque espero que V. prestará atención á lo que vaya diciendo á V., á fin de que yo pueda continuar.

XIX

Curioso	<p>una persona que se informa de todo: que sólo por el deseo de saber hace preguntas algunas veces indiscretas.</p>	Inquisitive.
		<p>en todos los demás sentidos y expresando más bien el deseo de saberlo todo que el acto de hacer preguntas.</p>

Denota la causa.—At *my first setting up*, al principio de haberme establecido.

Se suele poner al fin de las frases en un sentido absoluto.

We are deservedly laughed at, se burlan de nosotros con razón. *Hard to come at*, de difícil acceso. *What would you be at?*, ¿qué piensa V. hacer? ¿cuál es el objeto de V.?

Expresiones familiares.—*They are at odds*, están reñidos. *My heart was at my heels*, se me cayó el alma á los pies. At *one's heart*, de todo corazón, sinceramente. At *random*, al vuelo, precipitadamente. At *last*, en fin, finalmente. At *least*, al menos. At *first*, primeramente. *He plays well at billiards*, juega bien al billar. *To be at rest*, estar descansando. *My honour lies at stake*, mi honor está en peligro.

Tratar de pegar.	To strike at.
Tratar de morder.	To snap at.
Gruñir á.	To snarl at.
Tratar de agarrar, de coger, de obtener, alcanzar.	To grasp at.
Sentir mucho (en el alma), estar muy afligido.	To grieve at.
Mirar con ojos terribles (amenazadores).	To glare at.
Hacer fuego contra.	To fire at.
Echar bravatas por.	To bluster at (ó about).

61. Have you ever struck at me?—I have never struck at you, because I have never struck at any body.—Why do you strike at nobody?—Because nobody has struck at me.—Shall you strike at your servant?—I shall strike at him.—Would you have struck at me if my father had struck at you?—In that case I should have struck at you.—Does the dog snap at you?—It does: it snaps at me.—Did it snap at your sister?—It did not snap at her.—Will that other dog snap at you?—It will perhaps snap at me.—Would that dog snap at you if you gave it some meat?—If I gave it some it would not snap at me.—Has the dog snarled at you?—It has snarled at me.—When did it snarl at you?—It snarled at me when I passed by it.—Will the dog snarl at you to-morrow?—It will snarl at me, because I shall pass by it.—Would the dog snarl at you if you gave it a blow?—If I gave it a blow it certainly would snarl at me.

62. Is that man grasping at riches?—Like most other frail human beings he is grasping at them.—When did you grasp at the apple?—I shall grasp at it when I see a fair chance of obtaining it.—Would you have grasped at that man's arm?—I should have grasped at it, if he had not himself grasped me by the very arm with which I intended to grasp at him.—What is that boy grieving at?—He is grieving at the loss of his little sister.—Have you been grieved at ó about me?—I have been grieved at ó about you.—Has that old maid grieved at the loss of her cat?—She has grieved at her death.—Would you also have grieved at my bad fortune?—If I had heard about it I should have grieved at it.—Why do you glare at me in that manner?—I glare at you because you have acted like a fool.

63. Did you glare at that man when he did the same?—No, I glared at him because he glared at me, but I glared at you because you in your turn have had the impertinence to glare at my boy.—Do you think that fierce lion would not glare at you if you went too near it?—It would not only glare at me but I most certainly should glare at it.—Has that dog been fired at by your son?—It has been fired at by him for it is mad.—Has the general already fired at that city in order to take it by storm?—He will have fired at it before now, because I know it was his intention to fire at it before day-break, and the sun has risen long ago.

64. Would you have fired at that man in order to kill him?—My eldest brother would have fired at him, for he has grossly insulted his wife, but I stopped him from

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Construir	<i>en sentido propio, en el de edificar.</i> <i>término de gramática, hacer la construcción de una frase.</i>	To construct.	
		To construe.	
Emprender	<i>en la acepción general.</i> <i>suponiendo un obstáculo que vencer y no habiendo seguridad en superarlo.</i>	To undertake.	
		To attempt.	
Curar	<i>hablando de una enfermedad.</i> <i>una herida.</i> <i>en sentido figurado, hablando de una persona, preocupación, etc.</i> <i>como verbo neutro curar.</i> <i>hablando de un racional.</i>	To cure,	k50'r.
		To heal,	h5l.
		To cure.	
		To heal.	
Siempre que.		To recover, to get well.	
Mientras que.		Whenever.	
		Whereas.	

61. ¿Ha tratado V. alguna vez de pegarme?—Nunca he tratado de pegar á V., porque nunca he tratado de pegar á nadie.—¿Por qué (no) trata V. de pegar(le) á nadie?—Porque nadie ha tratado de pegarme.—¿Tratará V. de pegar(le) á su criado?—Trataré de pegarle.—¿Habría V. tratado de pegarme si mi padre hubiese tratado de pegar á V.?—En ese caso habría tratado de pegar á V.—¿Trata el perro de morder á V.?—Trata de morderme.—¿Trató de morder á su hermana de V.?—No trató de morderle.—¿Tratará ese otro perro de morder á V.?—Quizá trataría de morderme.—¿Trataría aquel perro de morder á V. si V. le diese alguna carne?—Si le diese alguna, no trataría de morderme.—¿(Le) ha gruñido á V. el perro?—Me ha gruñido.—¿Cuándo le gruñó á V.?—Me gruñó cuando yo paseaba por su lado.—¿Le gruñirá á V. el perro mañana?—Me gruñirá mañana porque pasará por su lado.—¿(Le) gruñiría á V. el perro si V. le diese un golpe?—Si le diese un golpe, ciertamente me gruñiría.

62. ¿Está ese hombre tratando de adquirir riquezas?—Como la mayor parte de los frágiles seres humanos, él está tratando de obtenerlas.—¿Cuándo alcanzó V. la manzana?—La alcanzaré cuando vea una buena ocasión (*a fair chance*) de cogerla.—¿Habría V. agarrado á aquel hombre por el brazo?—Lo habría agarrado por él (si) él mismo no me hubiese agarrado por el mismo brazo (*by the very arm*) con que yo intentaba agarrar el suyo (*to grasp his*).—¿Por qué está tan afligido este muchacho (*what is that boy grieving at?*)—Está muy afligido por la muerte de su hermanita.—¿Ha estado V. afligido por mí?—He estado afligido por V.—¿Ha estado muy afligida esta vieja por la pérdida de ese gato?—Ha estado muy afligida por su muerte.—¿Habría estado V. también muy afligido por mi desgracia?—Si yo la hubiese sabido, habría estado afligido por ella.—¿Por qué me mira V. así de ese modo?—Lo miro á V. tan terriblemente, porque se ha conducido como un loco.

63. ¿Miró V. tan terriblemente á ese hombre cuando él hizo lo mismo (la misma cosa)?—Nó, yo lo miré terriblemente, porque él me miró terriblemente; pero yo lo miro á V. con ojos terribles, porque V. á su vez (*in your turn*) ha tenido la impertinencia de mirar con ojos amenazadores á mi muchacho.—¿Piensa V. que ese fiero (*fierce*) león, miraría á V. con ojos terribles si V. se acercase demasiado (*to go to near*) á él?—No sólo me miraría con ojos terribles, sino que más seguramente lo miraría yo con ojos espantados.—¿Ha hecho su hijo de V. fuego contra ese perro? (pasiva).—Le ha hecho fuego porque está rabioso (*mad*).—¿Habría el general hecho fuego contra esa ciudad con el objeto de tomarla por asalto (*by storm*)?—Habría hecho fuego contra ella antes de ahora, porque yo sé que fué su intención hacer fuego contra ella antes del amanecer (*day-break*), y el sol ha salido (*risen*) ya hace tiempo.

64. ¿Habría V. hecho fuego contra ese hombre para matarlo?—Mi hermano (el) mayor habría hecho fuego contra él, pues él ha insultado atrozmente (*grossly*) á su

fring at him for he is a friend of mine.—Does he bluster about his good luck?—He tries to bluster about it.—Has he already blustered at it?—He has already blustered at it, because he is a blustering fellow.—Who would have blustered about my neighbour's misfortune?—His envious enemy would have blustered about it.

XX

Tratar de morder, de zaherir.	To bite at.
Pasar por.	To call at.
Agarrarse á, recurrir, echar mano á.	To catch at, to pick up, to take.
Arrebatarse con la mano, tratar de arrebatarse, echar la mano.	To snatch at.
Anclar, estar surto, anclado.	To ride at anchor.
Lanzarse á caballo contra.	To ride at (against).
Ir á caballo (el modo de).	To ride at.
Llenar de injurias (cara á cara).	To rail at.
Mirar fijamente.	To gaze at (on, <i>poético</i>), to look at.
Mirar con la boca abierta.	To gape at, to gaze foolishly.
Mirar con ceño.	To frown at (ó upon, ó on).
Atacar violentamente.	To fly at.
Tratar de dar una patada, un puntapié, una coz.	To kick at.

65. Will the dog bite at that cat?—It will bite at her.—Would this man have been bitten at by that horse?—No, but his friend who stood nearer would have been bitten at by it.—Has that man called at your shop every day?—No, but he has called there every other day, for if he had called there every day you would have already seen him.—Has your brother already called at my house in order to go fishing?—He has not called there because I called at his house half an hour ago, and I heard him calling his servant.—Why are those naughty boys catching at every excuse?—They catch at all they can to save themselves from a flogging.

66. Why did this boy pick up a stone (take a stone) to throw at that dog?—He took up it because it was biting at him.—Does not a drowning man catch at a straw to save his life?—Insensibly he catches at any thing.—Do you snatch at that money?—I do snatch at it.—Why did you snatch at it?—Because I wanted it.—Shall you snatch at it to-morrow?—I shall snatch at it to-day.—Would you snatch at it if I did?—I should snatch at it if you did.—Is the merchant ship riding at anchor?—She is proudly riding at anchor in the bay.—Did your barque ride well at anchor?—She rode nobly at anchor for the anchorage ground was very good.

67. Has he ridden with all his force against his opponents?—He has already ridden against them.—Would the cavalry in that battle have ridden against the infantry?—They would have ridden against them if they had not been prevented by their bayonets.—Is that man railing at you?—He is railing at me.—Was that man railed at by his enemy?—He was most soundly railed at.—Why have you railed at that man?—Because he has railed at me in some other part, and besides that I like to rail at foolish men.—Did he ride away at a tremendous pace?—He rode at such a snail's pace that of course he arrived late.

68. Why would have you railed at that lady?—I would have railed at her because she has said that I am an ugly fellow, and she has likewise railed at me.—Why do you run away?—Because that horse kicks at me.—Are you sure it kicks at you?—

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mujer; pero le impedí (*stopped*), que hiciese fuego (*from firing*) contra él, porque es amigo mío.—¿Echa él bravatas por su buena suerte?—El trata de echar bravatas por ello.—¿Ha echado ya él bravatas por ello?—El ha echado ya bravatas por ello, porque es un fanfarrón (*blustering fellow*).—¿Quién echaría bravatas por la desgracia de mi vecino?—Su envidioso enemigo echaría bravatas por ella.

XX

Convencer	} <i>de un crimen.</i> } <i>probar una cosa á alguien</i> } <i>de modo tan evidente,</i> } <i>que no quepa duda.</i>	<i>To convict.</i>
		<i>To convince.</i>
Declinación	} <i>término de astronomía.</i> } <i>término gramatical.</i>	<i>Declination.</i>
		<i>Declension.</i>
Continuación	} <i>serie, sucesión no interrumpida; prolongación instantánea, accidental.</i> } <i>significando además permanencia, duración, perseverancia.</i>	<i>Continuation.</i>
		<i>Continuance.</i>

65. ¿Trataré de morder el perro á ese gato?—Trataré de morderle.—¿Habría tratado ese caballo de morder á este hombre? (pasiva).—No, pero debe haber tratado de morder á su amigo, que estaba más próximo (pasiva).—¿Ha pasado ese hombre por su tienda de V. todos los días?—No, pero él ha pasado por allí cada dos días, pues si hubiese pasado por ella todos los días, ya lo habría V. visto.—¿Ha pasado ya su hermano de V. por mi casa para ir á pescar?—No ha pasado (por) allí, porque yo pasé por su casa hace media hora y lo oí llamando á su criado.—¿Por qué están esos malvados recurriendo á cualquiera (*every*) excusa?—Ellos se agarran á todo aquello que puede salvarlos de los azotes (*from a flogging*).

66. ¿Por qué trató de echar mano ese muchacho á una piedra para tirarle á ese perro?—Trató de echarle mano porque él trató de morderle.—¿No se agarra un hombre que se ahoga á una paja (á un ascua ardiendo) para salvar su vida?—Sin saber lo que se hace (*insensibly*) se agarra á cualquier cosa (*at any thing*).—¿Trata V. de echar mano á ese dinero?—Sí que voy á echarle mano.—¿Por qué le echó V. mano?—Porque lo necesitó.—¿Le echará V. mano mañana?—Lo arrebataré hoy.—¿Lo arrebataría V. si yo lo arrebatase (*did*)?—Yo le echaría mano si V. lo arrebatase.—¿Está anclado el buque mercante?—Está orgullosamente (*proudly*) anclado en la bahía.—¿Estuvo bien anclada la barca de V.?—Estuvo bien anclada, pues el fondo era muy bueno para el anclaje.

67. ¿Ha lanzado él su caballo con toda su fuerza contra los caballos de sus competidores?—Lo ha lanzado contra ellos.—¿Se habría lanzado la caballería en aquella batalla contra la infantería?—Ellos se habrían lanzado contra ella, si no se lo hubiesen estorbado (*not been prevented by*) sus bayonetas.—¿Está llenando de injurias á V. ese hombre?—Me está llenando de injurias.—¿Fue llenado de injurias ese hombre por su enemigo?—Él fué llenado de injurias á grandes voces (*most soundly*).—¿Por qué ha llenado V. de injurias á ese hombre (cara á cara)?—Porque él me ha llenado de injurias en alguna otra parte, y además, porque me gusta injuriar á los necios.—¿Se fué á caballo muy de prisa?—Se fué tan á paso de tortuga (*snail*, caracol), que naturalmente, llegó tarde.

68. ¿Por qué habría V. injuriado á esa señorita?—Yo la habría llenado de injurias porque ella ha dicho que yo soy feo (*an ugly fellow*), y ella también (*likewise*) me ha injuriado.—¿Por qué huye V.?—Porque este caballo trata de darme una coz.—

I am pretty sure it will kick at me because it kicks at every one who approaches it. In that case I shall beat it, because I only like horses that kick at no one.—Do you gaze at the moon?—I gaze both at the moon and the stars for they are beautiful, and I love to gaze at divine things.

69. Mother, is it possible that the men will gaze at me (look at me) at the ball to-night?—My dear daughter, some will gaze on you, for you are as beautiful as an angel: the men will gaze on you and be enchanted; and the women will gaze on your charming figure and envy its beauty.—Do you frown at me?—I do not frown at you, but I frown upon your brother.—Did he frown at you?—He frowned on me.—Will he frown at that man before he speaks?—He will frown on him for he knows him of old.—Would you frown at that pretty Spanish lady?—I would not frown on her if she did not frown on me, for instead of frowning on her I should smile at her.

70. Why does that man gape at me so much?—He gapes at you because he is a fool.—Why did you gape at that lady?—I gaped at her because I thought her almost an angel, and I could not prevent my eyes from gazing at her beautiful ones.—Why do you fly at me in that manner?—I fly at you because you have done wrong.—Did that woman fly at her husband?—She flew at him because he had ill treated her.—Will that hen fly at that boy?—She will fly at him if he does not leave her young ones alone.—Would that boy fly at you or you at him?—If we fell out we should fly at each other.

XXI

WAY.—*Way*, camino, la tierra hollada por donde se transita, ruta, espacio de terreno, conducto, conforme la cosa de que se habla, modo, medio ó manera de hacer una cosa, expediente, máxima, curso ó dirección, estorbo. *Over* ó *across the way*, al otro lado, enfrente. *Every way*, por todas partes, de todos lados. *By the way*, de paso, por incidencia. *Any way*, de cualquier modo, como se quiera. *No way*, de ningún modo. *Crossway*, travesía. *Path-way*, senda. *Way out*, salida. *We are a great way off*, estamos aún muy lejos. *To go the same way*, llevar el mismo camino. *To make way*, atravesar, abrirse camino. *Make way*, ¡fuera, fuera! apartarse, dejen Vds. pasar. *To go out of the way*, perderse. *To keep out of the way*, esconderse, evitar el encontrarse con alguno. *To give way to the times*, seguir la corriente, acomodarse al tiempo. *Go your way*, anda, vete. *To get under way*, levarse, comenzar á tener salida á la vela. *To fetch way*, tener juego. *Ship's way*, andar del navío. *The ship has head way*, el navío va adelante. *To have stern way*, ir atrás. *A covered away*, camino cubierto. *To put in the way*, poner obstáculos. *Wayfaringtree*, viburno. *To waylay*, insidiar, poner asechanzas, celar. *Wayward*, áspero, caprichoso, cabezudo, porfiado, mal humorado, petulante.

Abrir paso.
Retroceder.

To make way.
To give way.

TOWARDS.—*Towards* (t7'9rds), partícula que significa *hacia*, *para con*. *He will come towards the end of the week*, vendrá hacia el fin de la semana. *He is charitable towards the poor*, es caritativo para con los pobres. *Towards France*, del lado de Francia. *It grows towards night*, la noche se aproxima. *They bear an especial good*

VERSIONES.—XXI, 70.

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¿Está V. seguro de que trata de darle á V. una coz?—Estoy casi (*pretty*) seguro de que trata de darme una coz, porque trata de dar coces á cualquiera que se le acerca.—En ese caso, yo le pegaré, porque á mí sólo me gustan (los) caballos que no tratan de dar coces á nadie (*that kick at no one*).—¿Mira V. fijamente á la luna?—Miro fijamente á la luna y á las estrellas, porque son hermosas, y yo gusto de mirar fijamente las cosas divinas (las obras de Dios).

69. Madre, ¿es posible que los hombres me miren (*will gaze*) fijamente en el baile esta noche?—(Mi) querida hija, algunos te (*on you*) mirarán fijamente, pues eres bella como un ángel; los hombres no te quitarán ojo y se quedarán encantados, y las mujeres mirarán tu seductora figura y envidiarán su (*its*) belleza.—¿Me mira V. con ceño?—Yo no miro á V. con ceño, pero miro con ceño á su hermano de V.—¿Miró él con ceño á V.?—El me miró con ceño.—¿Mirará él con ceño á ese hombre antes que hable?—Lo mirará con ceño, pues lo conoce de antiguo (*of old*).—¿Miraría V. con ceño á esa linda señorita española?—No la miraría con ceño si ella no me mirase con ceño; pues en vez de mirarla ceñudo la miraría sonriéndome (*I should smile at her*).

70. ¿Por qué me está mirando tanto ese hombre con la boca abierta?—Mira á V. con la boca abierta, porque es un tonto.—¿Por qué miraba V. con la boca abierta á esa señorita?—La miraba con la boca abierta, porque la creí (*thought her*) casi un ángel, y no podía menos de mirar con la boca abierta (*and I could not prevent my eyes from*) sus hermosos ojos.—¿Por qué me ataca V. de esa manera?—Ataco á V. violentamente, porque V. ha obrado mal (*done wrong*).—¿Atacó esta mujer violentamente á su marido?—Lo atacó violentamente, porque él la había tratado mal.—¿Acometerá esa gallina á ese muchacho?—Lo acometerá si él no deja en paz (*alone*) á sus (*her*) polluelos.—¿Atacaría á Vds. ese muchacho, ó Vds. lo atacarían?—Si nosotros riésemos (*fall out*) nos atacaríamos recíprocamente (*at each other*).

XXI

Ola, onda	<i>en sentido general, las de la mar y los ríos, etc.</i> <i>ola del mar.</i> <i>Ola impetuosa irritada de la mar.</i>	Wave.
		Surge.
Opuesto	<i>participio del verbo oponer. enfrente.</i> <i>de las partes del cuerpo, como la cabeza, los pies.</i>	Billow.
		Opposed.
Desnudo	<i>del cuerpo entero.</i> <i>sin adornos, sencillamente.</i> <i>la reunión de aguas que rodean la tierra.</i>	Opposite.
		Bare.
Océano	<i>el océano en el estilo poético.</i> <i>la falsedad, manifestar el error: se dice de las cosas, de las doctrinas, etc.</i> <i>manifestar el error, la falsedad en las personas.</i> <i>promesa de amor solemne, acto de abnegación religioso, desseo.</i>	Naked.
		Plain.
Refutar		Ocean.
		Main.
Voto		To refute.
		To confute.
		Yow.
		Wish.

will towards you, ellos le tienen á V. muy buena inclinación. De la palabra *ward* se forman los compuestos siguientes: *Hitherward*, hacia aquí ó acá. *Thitherward*, hacia allí ó allá. *Upward*, hacia arriba. *Down ward*, hacia abajo. *Forward*, hacia adelante. *Backward*, hacia atrás.

Aproximarse.
Restablecerse.
Salir bien.

To bear towards.
To get well.
To get well out of.

71. Do you give way before that child?—I give way before him because he is a child, but if he were of my size, age, and strength, do you think I should then give way before him?—Bah! nonsense, you are a poor cowardly fellow; and are obliged to give way before him.—Did my soldiers give way before them?—Our enemies are very strong, and even our best men gave way before them.—Would you give way before that dog?—If it were mad I should certainly give way before it.—I am in a great hurry, make way.—Who is this personage that cries out that every one must make way for him?—He is a good for nothing fellow, who always cries: make way for me.—Has your sister begun to get better?—She has begun to get well (she is better, thank you).—Did you get well out of that?—I got well out of it.—Will your brother get well soon?—He will get well soon, for when I had the same illness I got well in less than a week.

XXII

FORTH, en adelante, fuera, á la vista, públicamente, hasta lo último. *And so forth*, y así de lo demás: *Forthcoming*, pronto á comparecer, que viene ó está viniendo. *Forthissuing*, (anticuado), el que sale de donde estaba oculto, senda angosta. *Forthright*, (no usual), todo derecho. *Fortward*, (en desuso), adelante. *Forthwith*, inmediatamente, sin dilación, sin tardanza.

Reunir.		To call forth, to call out.
Reunir sacando.		To call forth from, to fetch from.
Presentar una proposición.	}	To put forth.
Proponer.		
Dar á luz, publicar.	}	To set forth.
Brotar, echar.		
Publicar, hacer público algo, dar publicidad.	}	To shoot forth } to set out. to start.
Salir { disparado.		
{ velozmente.		To hold forth.
Perorar.		

ABROAD, partícula que expresa *lo exterior*, y á menudo un país extranjero; en esta última acepción, esta palabra es peculiar de la lengua inglesa.

They are abroad, están en país extranjero. *They are on the continent*, viajan por Europa. *He lay abroad all night*, durmió á la luna de Valencia. *At home or abroad*, en casa ó fuera.

Es partícula expletiva. *They published a thing abroad*, divulgaron una cosa. *All the sails were spread abroad*, iban á todo trazo. *He took me abroad with him*, me llevó á viajar consigo. *There is wind abroad*, corre mucho viento. *To walk abroad* (poético), ir á dar un paseo.

Esparcirse, divulgarse (noticias).	To spread abroad.
Ir fuera del país.	To go abroad.

72. Why are the militia called out by the government?—They have been called out because the enemy are calling out theirs; if not they would not have been

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<i>Sumergir</i>	}	<i>súbitamente en agua, precipitar en la miseria, etc.</i>	<i>To plunge,</i>	plʉnj.
		<i>meter bajo el agua.</i>	<i>To immerse,</i>	
		<i>meter en el agua para sacar luego de ella.</i>	<i>To dip.</i>	
		<i>bucear, ocultarse bajo del agua y permanecer algún tiempo.</i>	<i>To dive,</i>	

71. ¿Cede V. ante ese muchacho?—Cedo ante él, porque es un muchacho; pero si él tuviese mi estatura (*size*), edad y fuerza, ¿piensa V. que yo entonces retrocedería ante él?—¡Bah! ¡(Qué) disparate!—V. es un cobardón (*cowardly fellow*) y se ve obligado á retroceder ante él.—¿Retrocedieron ante ellos mis soldados?—Nuestros enemigos son muy fuertes y hasta nuestros hombres más escogidos retrocedieron ante ellos.—¿Retrocedería V. ante ese perro?—Si estuviese rabioso (*mad*), ciertamente retrocedería ante él.—Tengo muchísima prisa, abridme paso.—¿Quién es ese personaje que grita á todo el mundo para que le abran paso?—Es un quidam (*good for nothing fellow*) que siempre grita: dejadme libre el paso.—¿Ha empezado á restablecerse su hermana de V.?—Ha empezado á restablecerse. (Está mejor, gracias).—¿Salió V. bien de aquello?—Salí bien de ello.—¿Se restablecerá pronto su hermano de V.?—Se restablecerá pronto, porque cuando yo tuve la misma enfermedad me restablecí en menos de una semana.

XXII

<i>Envolver</i>	}	<i>en un lienzo, en un papel.</i>	<i>To wrap up.</i>	
		<i>cubrir enteramente, ocultar, rodear por todos lados en sentido propio y figurado.</i>	<i>To envelope.</i>	
		<i>entre pocas personas y en sentido figurado hablando de las pasiones.</i>	<i>Combat.</i>	
<i>Combate, lucha.</i>	}	<i>entre mayor número.</i>	<i>Fight.</i>	
		<i>lucha violenta entre dos ó más personas: sólo se dice con relación á la lucha, y nó al número de los combatientes.</i>	<i>Conflict.</i>	
		<i>la lucha entre lo justo y lo injusto.</i>	<i>The struggle between right and wrong.</i>	
<i>Soltar</i>	}	<i>dejar en libertad.</i>	<i>To release,</i>	r516's.
		<i>no detener, no tener sujeto, dejar ir, correr libremente, hablando de los animales, y en sentido figurado de las cosas.</i>	<i>To let loose,</i>	10s.
		<i>dejar lo que se tiene.</i>	<i>To let go.</i>	
<i>Rehabilitar</i>	}	<i>establecer de nuevo algo en las personas ó cosas.</i>	<i>To reestablish.</i>	
		<i>á las personas en sus derechos.</i>	<i>To reinstate.</i>	

72. ¿Por qué son reunidas las tropas por el gobierno?—Son reunidas, porque los enemigos están reuniendo las suyas; si no, no hubieran sido reunidas por nues-

called out by our government.—Have the boys already been fetched from the school by the servant?—It is half past twelve, therefore they must have been already fetched.—Who sets out in such haste?—My friend.—Why does he start (go out) so quickly?—Because he is in a hurry.—Is that proposal put forth by your brother?—It is put forth by him.—Who has put forth that bright idea?—Your brother has put it forth.—Have the trees yet put forth their leaves?—They have put them forth.—Would those trees have put forth their fruit had they been in a hot house?—They would have put it forth had they been in one.—Do you intend to set forth her goodness?—I intend to set forth her goodness and her charity, because we must endeavour to set forth the virtues of our acquaintances.

73. Would you not set forth her virtues?—I would certainly set them forth: I would have done more, I would already have set them forth.—Who will hold forth?—The cashier will hold forth, but now my friend is holding forth.—Does he like to hold forth?—He prefers to hold forth rather than be silent.—Why do you not speak?—Because I do not wish to hold forth; let them hold forth.—Is your brother going abroad soon?—He has already gone abroad.—Has your son already gone abroad?—He must have gone abroad long before now.—Where has your nephew gone to?—He has gone to the whale fishery.—Would you have gone abroad if you had lost your money?—I should certainly have gone abroad, because in my opinion a man having lost his money in his own native land should by all means go abroad.—Does the news spread abroad?—It does not spread abroad.—When were the tidings spread abroad?—They were spread abroad yesterday.—Will your faults be spread abroad?—They will be spread abroad.—Would these errors be spread abroad if I published them?—They would then be spread abroad.

XXIII

To, partícula que significa *á, al, á los*, etc. Acompaña al dativo; es opuesta á *from*, y también es signo de infinitivo. Se pone delante del nombre que designa el lugar donde se va, ó de la persona á quien uno se dirige, ó bien de la casa hacia la cual se marcha.

I shall go to Lisbon, iré á Lisboa. *They do good neither to themselves, nor to others*, no se hacen bien á sí mismos, ni á los demás.

Se suele emplear comparativamente por elipsis.

She is but a fool to her sister, es una tonta al lado de su hermana.

Entra en muchas frases familiares.—*To give way to circumstances*, ceder á las circunstancias. *Don't take it to heart*, no lo tome V. tan á 'pecho. *From man to man*, de hombre á hombre. *The next to him*, el primero después de él. *What is it to you?* ¿qué le importa á V.? *That is nothing at all to me*, eso no me importa nada. *Known to Indians*, conocido de los indios. *I called him to me*, le hice venir á mi lado. *To and from*, yendo y viniendo, aquí y allí. *Burned first to a coal, and then to ashes*, reducido primero á carbón y después á cenizas. *To a penny*, hasta el último maravedí. *Four to four*, cuatro á cuatro. *He was wounded to death*, fué herido mortalmente.

La partícula *to* está generalmente sobrentendida después de los verbos monosílabos que expresan atribución ó movimiento.

Give me the hat, deme V. el sombrero. *Send me my book*, mándeme V. mi libro. *Bring me my sword*, tráigame V. mi espada.

Apoyarse.

To lean on, to lean against.

Pegarse.

Apoyarse.

To cling to, to stick to.

Adherirse.

Juntarse.

Volverse hacia.

To turn to.

Mantenerse en lo dicho.

To stand to one's word.

Acusar á alguien.

To lay something to some one's charge.

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tro gobierno.—¿Han sido ya sacados de la escuela los muchachos por el criado?—Son las doce y media: por lo que ya habrán sido sacados por él.—¿Quién sale velozmente?—Mi amigo (sale disparado).—¿Por qué sale rápidamente?—Porque tiene mucha prisa.—¿Está presentada esa proposición por su hermano de V.?—Está presentada por él.—¿Quién ha propuesto esa magnífica (*bright*) idea?—Su hermano de V. la ha propuesto.—¿Han brotado ya hojas de los árboles?—Ya las han echado.—¿Habrían esos árboles frutales echado ya su fruto si estuviesen en un invernadero?—Lo habrían echado si hubiesen estado en uno (*one*).—¿Piensa V. hacer pública su (*her*) bondad?—Pienso publicar su bondad y su caridad, porque debemos tratar (*endeavour*) de dar publicidad á las virtudes de nuestros conocidos.

73. ¿No publicaría V. sus virtudes?—Ciertamente las publicaría; yo habría hecho más, ya las habría publicado.—¿Quién perorará?—El cajero perorará; pero ahora mi amigo está perorando.—¿Le gusta perorar?—Prefiere perorar á estar callado.—¿Por qué no habla V.?—Porque no tengo ganas de perorar; que peroren ellos.—¿Se va pronto su hermano de V. fuera del país?—Ya se ha ido fuera del país.—¿Ha ya salido del país su hijo de V.?—Habrá salido del país hace mucho tiempo (*long before*).—¿Adónde ha partido su sobrino de V.?—Ha partido á la pesca de ballenas.—¿Habría V. dejado su país si V. hubiese perdido su dinero?—Ciertamente lo habría dejado, porque en mi opinión un hombre que ha perdido su dinero en su país debe por todos conceptos salir de él.—¿Se esparcen por el público las noticias?—No se esparcen por el público.—¿Cuándo fueron divulgadas las noticias?—Fueron divulgadas ayer.—¿Se divulgarán sus faltas de V.?—Se divulgarán.—¿Se esparcirían por el público esos errores si yo los propalase?—Entonces se divulgarían.

XXIII

	<i>en general.</i>	<i>Swelled, blown up.</i>	
<i>Hinchado</i>	<i>de viento, y en sentido figurado, de orgullo, amor propio, etc.</i>	<i>Puffed out, puffed up.</i>	
	<i>hablando del comercio hecho en el interior del país.</i>	<i>Trade.</i>	
<i>Comercio</i>	<i>operaciones comerciales hechas en países extranjeros.</i>	<i>Commerce.</i>	
	<i>casualmente, dar un paso en falso.</i>	<i>To slip.</i>	
<i>Resbalar</i>	<i>por el suelo, pasar desliziándose.</i>	<i>To slide.</i>	
	<i>mover con fuerza.</i>	<i>To shake.</i>	
<i>Sacudir</i>	<i>usado reflexivamente, y en el sentido de quitarse á alguien ó algo de encima.</i>	<i>To shake off.</i>	
	<i>dar sacudidas como hace un carruaje en un terreno pedregoso.</i>	<i>To jolt,</i>	<i>y lit.</i>
<i>Lustre</i>	<i>hablando de un lustre superficial, como el de la ropa.</i>	<i>Gloss.</i>	
	<i>en todos los demás sentidos.</i>	<i>Lustre.</i>	
<i>Luchar</i>	<i>combatir cuerpo á cuerpo para derribarse.</i>	<i>To wrestle.</i>	
	<i>contra las fuerzas, las dificultades.</i>	<i>To struggle.</i>	

Acabar bien, no acabar bien.	}	To come to some good, to finish well.
Aficionarse	} á	To come to no good, not any good.
Arrimarse		To cleave to (<i>poético</i>).
Obligar	} á dar cuenta.	To cling to, to approach.
		} á justificarse.
Acordarse.		To call to mind (<i>vulgar</i>).
Dedicarse	} á	To take to (<i>para cosas</i>).
Aplicarse		I don't take to that man (<i>vulgar</i>).
Deshacer, desbaratar, desarmar.		To take to pieces.
Referirse á.		To advert to, to speak of, to turn to.
Estar muy apurado.		To be hard put to.
Dar razón, cuenta á alguien de algo.		To account to somebody for something.
Atenerse á, mantenerse en.		To keep to.
Hacer señas á, con.		To beckon to, with.
Empezar.		To fall to (<i>vulgar</i>).
Reunirse, juntarse en gran número.		To flock to.
Hablar de, referirse á.		To advert to.
Continuar, no abandonar un trabajo, una tarea.		To keep to a work, a task.
Estar	} apurado	To be hard put to it (<i>familiar</i>).
Hallarse		

74. My son, why do you cling so hard to me when the weather is so warm?—I cling to your arm because I am tired.—Why did this shell cling so hard to the rock?—Because this sort of animal shall always cling hard to rocks.—Bring me those crabs.—It is impossible, for they stick fast to this rock.—Do you wish to turn to me?—With much pleasure.—Do you turn to your son when you speak to him?—I turn to every one to whom I speak.—Whom are you turning to?—I am turning to your brother.—Why are you laying those errors to my charge?—I am laying them to yours because I must do so.—Would you lay my opinions to my friend's charge?—Certainly: if he had admitted them I should have laid them to his charge.

75. Do you stand to your word?—I stand to my word.—Have you always stood to your word?—I have always stood to what I have said.—Shall you stand to all that you say?—I shall stand to what I say.—Would you stand to your word if you were rich?—I should stand to my word.—Will that affair come to any good?—It cannot come to any good, for I have not been consulted.—Would that plan have come to any good without my help?—It would not have come to any good without your valuable services, for only those plans that have good performers come to any good.—Why does this young man cling to that branch?—He clings to it because he is afraid of falling, and had he seen it sooner he would have clung to it from the first moment, because that young man always clings to the trees.

76. Why am I called to account by my master when I have done nothing?—You would not have been called to account by him if you had done nothing, because your master always calls the pupils who have not done their duty to account.—Have you called to mind what I told you last night?—If I had called it to mind I should have done your bidding, but as I did not call it to mind, my sister has done it for you, because she remembered it.—Well; but I should have been more delighted had you called it to mind instead of your sister.—What do you like best?—What do you take to?—I take to the profession of arms.—Will you take to it?—I should like to be a priest.

77. Would you take to it if you could?—I should take to it if I could.—What are you taking to pieces?—I am taking this ugly table to pieces.—Why are you taking it to pieces?—Because I take to pieces all things I do not like.—Would you take to pieces every thing you do not like?—I would not take them to pieces.—Did he take your watch to pieces?—He took my watch to pieces and was unable to put it together again.—Do you advert to his discourse? Do you speak of his sermon?—I do not advert to it. I don't speak of it.—Did she advert to her lesson?—She did: she

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Señora	} <i>dirigiéndose á una señora sin nombrarla.</i>	<i>Madam.</i>		
		} <i>cuando se nombra á las señoras á quien uno se dirige.</i>	<i>Mistress</i> (que se escribe M. ^{ra} ó Mrs.) siempre antes del apellido.	
			<i>The lady.</i>	
Alma	} <i>cuando se habla de una señora sin nombrarla.</i>	<i>Soul,</i>	s7l.	
		} <i>el principio que siente, piensa y quiere.</i>	<i>Mind,</i>	m1'5nd.
			} <i>equivalente de persona, viveza, ardor, ánimo.</i>	<i>Heart,</i>
		Amistad		} <i>en el sentido de sus inclinaciones.</i>
} <i>bajo el respecto de sus afectos.</i>	<i>Amity</i> (poco usada).			
	} <i>el estado amigable.</i>		<i>Friendship.</i>	
		} <i>la armonía, la paz, la concordia.</i>		
	} <i>la unión de dos corazones por un afecto mutuo.</i>			

74. Hijo mío, ¿por qué te echas tanto sobre mí cuando hace tanto calor?—Yo me cojo del brazo de V., porque estoy cansado.—¿Por qué se adhiere esta concha tanto á esta roca?—Porque esta clase de animales siempre se adhiere fuertemente á las rocas.—Traigame V. esos cangrejos.—Es imposible, porque están fuertemente adheridos á esta roca.—¿Quisiera V. volverse hacia mí?—Con mucho gusto.—¿Se vuelve V. hacia su hijo cuando V. le habla?—Yo me vuelvo hacia cualquiera á quien hablo.—¿Hacia quién se está V. volviendo?—Me estoy volviendo hacia su hermano de V.—¿Por qué me está V. acusando de esos errores?—Estoy acusando á V. de ellos, porque debo hacerlo así.—¿Acusaría V. de mis opiniones á mi amigo?—Ciertamente, si él las hubiese admitido, yo lo habría acusado de ellas.

75. ¿Se mantiene V. en lo dicho?—Yo me mantengo en mi palabra.—¿Se ha mantenido V. siempre en su palabra?—Siempre me he sostenido en lo que he dicho.—¿Se sostendrá V. en todo lo que V. dice?—Me sostendré en lo que diga.—¿Se mantendría V. en su palabra si fuese rico?—Yo me mantendría en mi palabra.—¿Acabará bien este negocio?—No puede acabar bien, porque no he sido consultado.—¿Habría acabado bien este plan sin mi cooperación?—No habría acabado bien sin sus buenos (*valuable*) servicios de V., pues sólo acaban bien aquellos planes que tienen buenos ejecutores.—¿Por qué se agarra este joven á esa rama?—El se agarra á ella porque teme caerse; y si él la hubiese visto antes, se habría agarrado á ella desde el primer momento, porque ese joven se agarra siempre á los árboles.

76. ¿Por qué me veo obligado por mi maestro á justificarme cuando no he hecho nada?—V. no se habría visto obligado por él á justificarse si V. no hubiese hecho nada, porque su maestro de V. siempre obliga á justificarse á los discípulos que no han cumplido con su deber.—¿Ha recordado V. lo que le dije anoche?—Si yo lo hubiese recordado, habría cumplido su encargo de V.; pero como no lo recordé, mi hermana lo hizo en obsequio á V., porque ella lo recordó.—Bien; pero yo me habría alegrado más (si) lo hubiese V. recordado en lugar de su hermana de V.—¿A qué se dedica V.?—Me dedico á la profesión de las armas (*arms*).—¿Se dedicaría V. á ella?—Me agradaría consagrarme á la iglesia (*I should like to be a priest*).

77. ¿Se dedicaría V. á ella si pudiese?—Me dedicaría á ella si pudiese.—¿Qué está V. desarmando?—Estoy desarmando esta mesa fea.—¿Por qué la está V. desarmando?—Porque yo desarmo todas las cosas que no me agradan.—¿Desarmaría V. todas las cosas que no le gustan?—No las desarmaría.—¿Desarmó él su reloj de V.?—Desarmó mi reloj, y no tuvo habilidad para armarlo (*to put it together*) de nuevo.—¿Habla V. de (se refiere V. á) su discurso?—No hablo de (no me refiero á) él.—¿Habló ella de (se refirió á) su lección (de ella)?—Habló de la lección.—¿Hablaremos de (nos

adverted to it.—Shall we advert to (turn to) our books?—We shall not advert to them: we shall not turn to them.—Would he advert to his letter?—He would not advert to it.—Do I account to you for that?—You do not account to me for it.—Did my neighbour account for his books?—He accounted for them.—Will that boy account for your beer?—He shall account for it.

78. Would you account to me now for that money?—I should account for it this instant but I haven't (got) it.—Does he keep to his work?—He is never tired, so that he keeps to his task: but were he as weak as I am, he would not keep to it.—Will you do me the favour to keep to the exercises?—I have given you my word to keep to them, and I shall keep to them only because you have recommended me to do it.—Is not that man hard put to it to live?—He is indeed hard put to it for he is very poor.—Was that boy hard put to it?—He was hard put to it, for the dogs followed close behind him.—Will you be hard put to it to find a living in this country?—I shall be very hard put to it.

79. Would you be hard put to it to find money if you staid here?—I should be hard put to it for I am an idle fellow.—Did he beckon to that man with his hand?—No, but he nodded to him.—Who could have beckoned to my brother with his fingers?—Nobody would have dared to beckon to him.—Why has that man fallen to his dinner so fast?—Every hungry man begins eating instantly.—Do my friends flock to her house?—They flock there.—Will your neighbours also flock there?—My neighbours always flock to the houses of all good girls, and accordingly they will also flock to hers, for if they did not flock there now their friends would.

XXIV

Up, partícula que significa arriba, en lo alto, con movimiento.

The water was up to, el agua había subido hasta... *From the ground up to*, desde el suelo hasta arriba. *I rose up to make a reply*, me levanté para replicar. *Looking up*, mirando hacia arriba. *From my youth up*, desde mi juventud. *Discovered*, up he starts, así que se ve descubierto se pone de pie. *Though they call up the old Proteus from the sea*, y aunque ellos hagan salir del fondo del Océano al viejo Proteo. *That you may not run up and down*, para que no esté V. siempre corriendo de arriba abajo.

To make up, acabar, concluir, cumplir, suplir, acomodar.

Before the sun was up, antes de salir el sol. *To raise up*, excitar, animar. *Up*, en lugar de *get up*, levántate. *Up and let us be going*, vamos, levántate y marchemos. *He so took me up*, me cortó la palabra tan pronto para reñirme. *How many shall we make up*, ¿en cuántos juegos la partida? *We will make up four*, en cuatro. *His blood is up*, ya está enfadado ó amostazado. *Ups and downs*, altos y bajos. *Up to the rules*, según las reglas. *Drink it up*, bébalo V. todo, empine V. el vaso. *To lock up*, cerrar con llave, ó bajo llave.

Disponer para el combate, formular, escribir.	To draw up.
Adornar, engalanar.	To dress up: (también ridiculizando).
Amar con exceso (chochear).	To dote upon.
Introducir.	} To bring up.
Lzar, levar ancla.	
Criar, educar.	
Hacer, alistar, arreglar, dejar listo.	To do up, to get up: to get up shirts (planchar camisas).
Decir, pedir, exhortar, solicitar, visitar.	To call upon.
Pretender.	To put up for.
Prender.	To take up.
Mandar cerrar la retaguardia.	To bring up the rear.
Venir.	To bring up.

referiremos á) nuestros libros?—No hablaremos de (no nos referiremos á) ellos.—¿Habría él de su carta?—Él no hablaría de ella.—¿Doy á V. cuenta de eso?—V. no me da cuenta de ello.—¿Respondió mi vecino de sus libros?—Respondió de ellos.—¿Dará razón el muchacho de su cerveza de V.?—Dará razón de ella.

78. ¿Me daría V. razón de ese dinero ahora?—Yo debería dar cuenta á V. de él en este momento; pero no lo tengo.—¿Continúa él su trabajo?—Él no está cansado (no se cansa) nunca, de manera que no abandona (que continúa) su tarea; pero si él estuviese tan enfermo como yo (*as I am*), abandonaría (*he would not keep*) su tarea.—¿Quiere V. hacerme el favor de no abandonar (seguir) los temas?—He prometido (*given*) á V. no abandonarlos, y yo no los abandonaré sólo porque V. ha recomendado (que) no los abandone.—¿No está ese hombre muy apurado para vivir?—Está, en efecto, muy apurado, pues es muy pobre.—¿Estuvo ese muchacho muy apurado?—Se halló muy apurado, pues los perros lo seguían de cerca.—¿Estará V. muy apurado para buscarse la vida (*to find a living*) en este país?—Me hallaré muy apurado para ello.

79. ¿Estaría V. apurado para buscar dinero si V. permaneciese aquí?—Estaría muy apurado, porque soy un perezoso.—¿Hizo él señas á ese hombre con la (*his*) mano?—Nó; pero le hizo señas con la cabeza.—¿Quién pudo haber hecho señas á mi hermano con sus dedos?—Nadie se habría atrevido á hacer señas.—¿Por qué se ha abalanzado ese hombre á su comida tan de prisa?—Todos los que están hambrientos se abalanzan á la comida en un instante.—¿Se juntan (acuden) mis amigos en gran número en casa de ella?—Se juntan en (acuden en gran número á) casa de ella.—¿Acudirán sus vecinos de V. á casa de ella?—Mis vecinos acuden siempre á (las) casa(s) de todas (las) buenas muchachas, y por consecuencia, acudirán también á casa de ella, pues si ellos no acudiesen allí ahora, sus amigos acudirían.

XXIV

Arreglar	<i>fixar la marcha y el orden de las cosas.</i> <i>negocios.</i>	<i>To regulate.</i> <i>To settle.</i>
Llenar		
Robar	<i>se dice del objeto que ha sido hurtado furtivamente, como un reloj, una cuchara.</i> <i>Se dice de las personas ó cosas no conducidas, sino privadas de algún objeto; como han robado esta iglesia, ejemplo en que la iglesia no ha sido movida, llevada furtivamente de un lugar á otro.</i>	<i>To steal.</i> <i>To rob.</i>
Viaje	<i>por tierra.</i> <i>por mar.</i> <i>por placer ó instrucción.</i>	<i>Journey.</i> <i>Voyage.</i> <i>Travel (y si es corto) trip, (familiar).</i>
Encontrar	<i>hallar yendo al encuentro del objeto, encontrarse cara á cara, hallar en en el camino, en la calle.</i> <i>en la milicia, encontrarse, tener un choque dos ejércitos, mezclarse.</i>	<i>To meet.</i> <i>To meet with.</i>

Las señoras de edad que han sido hermosas (*fallen beauties, faded beauties*).

Soplar.	} To blow upon some one.
Echar el aliento á uno.	
Soplar.	
Hacer volar.	
Llenar de viento.	To blow upon.
	To blow up.
	To blow, to blow out.

80. When did the general draw up his infantry?—He drew it up on perceiving the enemy drawing his up.—Did the admiral draw up his line of battle ships?—No, he thought it better to draw up his war-steamers.—Why do you dress up your daughter?—I dress her up in order that she may go well dressed to church.—Why does that woman dress herself up in so ridiculous a style?—Faded beauties dress themselves up ridiculously, because they dress themselves up as if they were young.—Why do you dote upon your money?—I dote upon it because it is useful for all things.—Would have you doted upon your fine child, had he been good?—Had he been industrious I should have doted upon him in the same manner that I dote upon his skilful sister.

81. Will this fashion be brought up again by that lady?—It has already been brought out by her, but if not, it would have been brought out by her fashionable sister, as she has always brought up the finest fashions.—Has he brought up that girl?—He is a learned man therefore he must have brought her up well.—Bring up a child in the way of duty and in after life he will bring up his own in a proper manner.—Why do you do up your bundle?—I do it up because I leave to-morrow.—Will your merchant do up his cloth?—Before showing it to you he will do it up.—Who has got up my shirts?—The laundress has got them up nicely.—Why do you call upon me to declare my sentiments?—Because I like to call upon you to know your true ideas.

82. Would you have called upon that lady to hear her singing?—I should have called upon her to have heard it had I had time, but now I shall not call upon her because you have not called upon me sooner.—Does not that rich man put up for the post of speaker?—He does.—Did he put up for a member of parliament?—He did not put up to be one, and he did right for had he done so he would most certainly have repented putting up, for he would have been defeated.—Will you put up for that post?—I shall put up for it.—What did the policeman say to him?—Only these words: I take you up.—What did the criminal say?—You are not a policeman, so that you have no right to say to me: I take you up.

83. But did he go to prison?—Yes, because the man who said, I will take you up, was really a policeman.—Who has brought up the rear in the expedition to-day?—My friend who was tired brought it up.—Has the baggage of the army been brought up in the rear?—No, the general ordered it to be brought up in the middle of the infantry.—Would these children blow upon their broth?—Were it warm they would blow upon it.—Do the soldiers blow up the castle?—They blow it up with gun-powder.—Shall we blow up our neighbour's house?—We will blow it up to-morrow.—Would the sailors blow up the enemy's ship?—They would blow it up.—Do you blow out the bladder?—I will not blow it out.

XXV

Extender una escritura.	To draw up a writing, a document.
Reconvenir á uno amistosamente sobre algo, disputar amigablemente con.	To expostulate with somebody upon something.
Dejar, ceder.	To give up.
Alcanzar(le), subir(le) algo á uno.	To fetch up.
Alcanzar á una persona.	To reach some one.
Alhajar, anueblar, adornar.	To fit up.
Llenar.	To fill up.
Cortar la palabra á uno, interrumpirle.	To take up some one short.
Amonestar, reprender, arrestar.	To take up (<i>vulgar</i>), to scold.
Llevar la comida al comedor.	To take up the dinner.

80. ¿Cuándo dispuso el general para el combate su infantería?—La dispuso para el combate al distinguir á su enemigo disponiendo también la suya.—¿Dispuso para el combate el almirante los (*his*) buques de línea?—No, él creyó mejor formar para el combate sus vapores de guerra.—¿Por qué adorna V. tanto á su hija?—La adorno tanto para que vaya bien adornada á la iglesia.—¿Por qué se engalana esa mujer de un modo tan ridículo?—Las señoras de edad que han sido hermosas se adornan ridículamente, porque se engalanan como si fuesen jóvenes.—¿Por qué ama V. tanto (sueña V. con) su dinero?—Lo amo tanto, porque es útil para todo.—¿Habría V. amado tanto á su hermoso niño (si) hubiese sido bueno?—(Si) hubiese sido aplicado lo habría amado con exceso, del mismo modo que amo á su entendida hermana.

81. ¿Será esta moda introducida por esa señorita?—Ya ha sido introducida por ella; pero, si no, habría sido introducida por su elegante hermana, que siempre ha sacado las modas más bonitas.—¿Ha criado él á esa niña?—Es hombre entendido, y por lo tanto la habrá criado bien.—Criad á un niño en la senda del deber, y cuando crezca criará á los suyos de la manera debida.—¿Por qué hace V. su lío?—Lo hago porque parto mañana.—¿Arreglará su comerciante de V. su paño?—Antes de enseñárselo á V. lo dejará listo.—¿Quién ha planchado mis camisas?—La planchadora las ha planchado con mucho primor (*nicely*).—¿Por qué me pide V. que declare mis sentimientos?—Porque me agrada decir á V. que manifieste sus verdaderas ideas.

82. ¿Habría V. visitado á esa señorita para oír su canto?—Yo la habría visitado para oírlo (*have heard*) (si) yo hubiese tenido tiempo; pero ahora yo no la visitaré, porque V. no me ha visitado antes (*sooner*).—¿No pretende ese hombre rico el cargo (puesto) de presidente (*Speaker*)?—Lo pretende.—¿Pretendió ser (miembro) del Parlamento?—No pretendió serlo (*to be one*), é hizo bien (*right*), pues (si) lo hubiese pretendido, ciertamente (se) habría arrepentido de pretenderlo, pues habría sido derrotado (*defeated*).—¿Pretenderá V. aquel empleo?—Lo pretenderé.—¿Qué le dijo á él el empleado de policía?—Sólo estas palabras: queda V. preso.—¿Qué dijo el criminal?—V. no es un empleado de policía, de manera que V. no tiene razón para decirme: queda V. preso.

83. ¿Pero fué él á la prisión?—Sí, porque el hombre que dijo «queda V. preso» era verdaderamente un empleado de policía.—¿Quién ha cerrado (mandado) la retaguardia en la expedición de hoy?—Mi amigo, que estaba cansado, la mandó.—¿Ha venido el bagaje del ejército en la retaguardia?—No, el general mandó que viniera en el centro de la infantería.—¿Soplarían esos muchachos su caldo?—Si estuviera caliente, lo soplarían.—¿Hacen volar el castillo los soldados?—Lo hacen volar con pólvora.—¿Haremos volar la casa de nuestro vecino?—La haremos volar mañana.—¿Harían volar los marineros el barco enemigo?—Lo harían volar.—¿Hincha V. la vejiga (*bladder*)?—No quiero henchirla (de aire).

XXV

Cebo	{ pedacito de carne ú otra cosa para atraer á los animales á una red: atractivo. cualquier artificio emplea- do para aprisionar atra- yendo. cebo de un arma de fuego. }	Bait.
		Decoy.
		Priming.

Apartar la comida del fuego.	} To take it up off. } To take it up from.
Adoptar una moda.	
Ocupar mucho lugar, sitio.	To take up a fashion.
Almorzar, (tal cosa).	To take up a great deal of room. To breakfast upon.

84. Did that merchant draw up a note against me?—He drew it up against your father's partner; he would not have drawn one up against you except by your own express orders.—Why has my brother been expostulated with so much by my mother upon that affair? Why has my mother expostulate so strongly with my brother upon that affair?—He has not been expostulated by her so much as I would have desired. She has not expostulated with him so much as I could have wished.—Would my pupil have expostulated me upon that affair?—Had you been desirous he would have expostulated with you upon it because he is very fond of expostulating with talented persons upon all he doubts.—Do you give up business?—I give it up to-morrow.—Did that man give up to his creditors all he had?—He gave every thing up to them.

85. Shall you give those pictures up to me?—I shall give them up when I leave.—Would your father give up that lucrative trade?—He would give it up if he could find a better.—Do you wish me to fetch you up your hat?—Fetch it up.—Who has desired me to fetch up his this book?—It is I who have desired you to fetch it up, and I hope you will please me by doing it.—Would you fetch up my penknife from the street if I let it fall?—Yes, I would fetch it up for you.—Are you fitting up your house?—I have already fitted it up with the best furniture, because in order to receive my best friends I wanted to fit it up in the best manner.—Who has fitted up the theatre?—I would have fitted it up, but I was ill, so that the man who has fitted it up has done it in very bad style.

86. Do I fill up the glasses enough?—You fill them up to the brim.—Were the tumblers filled up by my father?—They were filled up by my uncle who is fond of spirits.—Would you have filled up the lady's wine glass against her wish?—I would have filled it up for I like to see ladies drink wine, but she had sufficient.—Did you take him up short?—I took him up short.—When did you take him up short?—I took him up short the day before yesterday.—Why did you take him up short?—Because he had taken me up short several times.—Would your brothers have taken him up short?—Had they been there they would have taken him up short.—Why do you take up my boy (scold my boy)?—I take him up, I scold him, because he is very insolent and has been taking up (blaming) my servants.

87. Would she have scolded him, taken him up? (*vulgar*).—She would have, scolded him, for children must never reprove old and good servants.—Have the servants taken up the dinner?—They have not yet taken it up because it is not warm.—Will you tell them to take it up?—I will.—What did they say?—They said they had just taken it up.—When have you taken up that fashion?—I took it up yesterday.—Why did you take it up?—I took it up because it is very fine.—Would you take it up had you no money?—I would take it up.—Who has taken it up besides?—My brother has taken it up.—Why do you take up so much room?—I do not take up much.—Who is that man that takes up so much room?—He is a tailor, but he believes that by taking up a great deal of room, he plays the great man.—Has this fowl been breakfasted upon?—It has.

XXVI

Comer (tal cosa).	To dine upon.
Atrancar.	To bar up.
Obrar con arreglo á.	To act up to.
Hacer frente á.	To bear up against.
Tratar con dureza.	To bear hard upon.
Mantenerse de (apresando).	To prey upon.

84. ¿Formuló este comerciante una nota contra mí?—La escribió (*drew it up*) contra el consocio de su padre de V.; él no la habría extendido contra V., á no ser por las órdenes expresas de V. mismo.—¿Por qué es mi hermano reconvenido tanto por mi madre acerca de este asunto?—Él no ha sido reconvenido amistosamente por ella tanto como yo habría deseado.—¿Habría disputado amistosamente mi discípulo conmigo sobre ese asunto?—Si V. lo hubiese deseado, él habría disputado con V. amistosamente acerca de ello (*it*), porque á él le gusta disputar con personas de talento sobre todo aquello de que duda.—¿Deja V. el negocio?—Lo deajo mañana.—¿Dejó este hombre á sus acreedores todo lo que tenía?—Todo lo cedió (*gave every thing up to*).

85. ¿Me dejará V. esos cuadros?—Se los dejaré á V. cuando parta (*leave*).—¿Dejaría su padre ese lucrativo comercio?—Lo dejaría si pudiese hallar uno mejor.—¿Quiere V. que le suba su sombrero?—Súbamelo V.—¿Quién me ha pedido que le suba ese libro?—Yo soy quien se lo ha pedido á V., y espero (creo) que V. me complacerá subiéndomelo (*by fetching it up*).—¿Me subiría V. mi cortaplumas de la calle si yo lo dejase caer?—Sí, yo se lo subiría á V.—¿Está V. alhajando su casa?—Ya la he alhajado con los mejores muebles (*best furniture*); pues con el objeto de recibir á mis mejores amigos necesitaba alhajarla del modo más conveniente.—¿Quién ha adornado el teatro?—Yo lo habría adornado, á no estar enfermo (*but I was ill*); de manera que el hombre que lo ha adornado lo ha hecho con muy mal gusto (*in very bad style*).

86. ¿Lleno los vasos bastante?—V. los llena hasta arriba (*to the brim*).—¿Quedaron los vasos llenos por mi padre?—Fueron llenados por mi tío, que es aficionado á los licores (*spirits*).—¿Habría V. llenado el vaso de vino de la señorita contra su gusto?—Lo habría llenado, porque me gusta ver á las señoritas beber vino; pero ella tenía suficiente.—¿Le cortó V. la palabra?—Le corté la palabra.—¿Cuándo le cortó V. la palabra?—Se la corté antes de ayer.—¿Por qué lo interrumpió V.?—Porque él me ha interrumpido varias veces.—¿Lo habrían interrumpido sus hermanos de Vds.?—Si ellos hubiesen estado allí le habrían cortado la palabra.—¿Por qué reprende V. á mi muchacho?—Lo reprendo porque es muy insolente y ha estado censurando á mis criados.

87. ¿Lo habría ella reprendido?—Lo habría reprendido, pues (los) niños nunca deben regañar á criados antiguos y buenos.—¿Han subido los criados la comida?—No la han subido todavía porque no está caliente.—¿Quiere V. decirles que la suban?—Quiero.—¿Qué dijeron?—Dijeron que acababan de subirla.—¿Cuándo ha adoptado V. esa moda?—La adopté ayer.—¿Por qué la adoptó V.?—La adopté porque es muy linda.—¿La adoptaría V. si no tuviera V. dinero?—La adoptaría.—¿Quién más (*besides*) la ha adoptado?—Mi hermano la ha adoptado.—¿Por qué ocupa V. tanto sitio?—No ocupo mucho.—¿Quién es aquel hombre que ocupa tanto lugar?—Es un sastre, pero él cree que ocupando muchísimo sitio la echa de grande hombre (*he plays the great man*).—¿Han almorzado este pollo?—Lo han almorzado.

XXVI

Asegurar	{	afirmar una cosa de mane-	}	To assure.
		ra que se crea en ella.		To assert.
		hacer una aserción.		To insure, to ensure.
		una casa, un buque, etc.		To secure.
		poner al abrigo, en seguridad.		

Estar bajo el cuidado de alguien.	To hang upon (to be on) one's hands.
Colgar de.	To hang upon.
Ahorcar de.	To hang on.
Arremangar.	} To turn up.
Volver.	
Empezar á tocar, bailar. etc.	To strike up.
Acometer.	To set upon.
Pasar por.	To set up for.

88. Do I bar up my house?—You bar it up every night.—Did he bar up the door?—No, but he barred up the window.—Shall we bar up our castle?—You will bar up its door.—Should we bar up our windows?—You should bar them up.—Do I act up to my principles?—You act up to them sometimes.—Did I act up to what he told me?—You acted up to it.—Has that woman acted up to her intentions?—I do not know whether she has acted up to them.—Shall you act up to your ideas?—I do not think I shall act up to them.—Has your friend acted up to his commission?—He has not acted up to it.—Would you act up to what my little brother says?—Yes, I would act up to it.

89. Has this poor man borne up against the death of his son?—He has with difficulty borne up against it.—Has she borne hard upon you?—She has borne hard upon me.—When did your father bear hard upon that man?—He bore hard upon him when he did not pay him.—Would he have borne hard upon my sister?—He would not have borne very hard upon her.—What does the tiger prey upon?—It preys upon flesh.—What does the eagle prey upon?—It preys upon living birds.—Does that child stammer?—Yes, Sir; he stammers very much.

90. What do you say?—I say that a cruel tyrant preys upon the fortune of his subjects.—Does the care of that boy hang upon your hands?—It does.—Has that hat been hung up by you?—It has been hung up by your servant.—Has that man been hanged on a tree?—He has been hanged on a gibbet.—Would your cook have hung that fine piece of beef on the nail?—She would have hung it on the nail if I had not myself done it first.—Have you turned up your shirt sleeves?—I have not turned them up, but I intend to turn them up now.—Did you turn up my trousers?—I turned them up before I raised my curtains.

91. Do you strike up the music?—We strike up.—Will you strike up the dances?—We shall strike it up.—What instruments have struck up?—The violins have struck up.—Who set upon my friend?—It was my neighbour who set upon him.—When did he set upon him?—He set upon him yesterday.—Why did he set upon him?—He set upon him, because he intended to rob him of his watch.—Would you have set upon him for that reason?—I should never have set upon him for it.—For what does he set up?—He will only set up for a soldier.—Does he not set up for an honest man?—He will only set up for a valiant man.—Would you set up for a holy man?—I would set up for one.

XXVII

Levantar, poner en alto.	To set up.
Reparar, recuperar.	To make up for.
Dirigirse á.	To make for (<i>vulgar</i>).
Adelantar, aproximarse á.	} To make up to.
Hacerse amigo de.	
Cerrar, empaquetar.	To make up, to close.
Cortar cuentas con un tendero.	To close the account.
Redactar una carta, cerrarla.	To maque up a letter.
Velar, pasar en vela.	To sit up.

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Unirse á	{	<i>una persona por afecto.</i>	<i>To attach one's self to.</i>
		<i>pegarse una cosa á otra.</i>	<i>To stick to (activo).</i>
		<i>agarrarse á.</i>	<i>To cling to (intransitivo).</i>
Balbucear	{	<i>por debilidad en el órgano de la voz.</i>	<i>To stutter, to stammer.</i>
		<i>por efecto de las pasiones.</i>	<i>To stammer.</i>
		<i>como los niños, cecear.</i>	<i>To lisp (susurrar como el céfiro).</i>

88. ¿Atranco yo mi casa?—V. la atranca todas las noches.—¿Cerró él bien la puerta?—No, pero cerró bien la ventana.—¿Atrancaremos nuestro castillo?—Vds. atrancarán su puerta (de él).—¿Cerraríamos nuestras ventanas?—Vds. deberían cerrarlas.—¿Obro con arreglo á mis principios?—V. obra con arreglo á ellos algunas veces.—¿Obraba yo con arreglo á lo que él me decía?—V. obraba con arreglo á ello.—¿Ha obrado esa mujer con arreglo á sus pensamientos?—No sé si ha obrado con arreglo á ellos ó nó.—¿Obrará V. con arreglo á sus ideas?—No creo que obraré con arreglo á ellas.—¿Ha obrado su amigo de V. con arreglo á su comisión?—No ha obrado con arreglo á ella.—¿Obraría V. con arreglo á lo que mi hermanito dice?—Sí, obraría con arreglo á ello.

89. ¿Ha hecho este pobre hombre frente á (la desgracia de) la muerte de su hijo?—Con dificultad ha hecho frente á ella.—¿Ha tratado ella á V. con dureza?—Ella me ha tratado duramente.—¿Cuándo trató su padre de V. con aspereza á ese hombre?—Él lo trató con aspereza cuando no le pagó.—¿Habría él tratado con dureza á mi hermana?—No la habría tratado muy duramente.—¿De qué se mantiene el tigre?—Se mantiene de carne cruda.—¿De qué se mantiene el águila?—Se mantiene de pájaros vivos.—¿Balbucea ese niño?—Sí, señor, balbucea mucho.

90. ¿Qué dice V.?—Digo que un cruel tirano vive de la hacienda de sus súbditos.—¿Está ese muchacho á mi cuidado?—Lo está.—¿Ha sido colgado este sombrero por V.?—Ha sido colgado por su criado de V.—¿Ha sido este hombre ahorcado de un árbol?—Ha sido colgado de una horca.—¿Habría colgado su cocinera de V. este hermoso trozo de vaca en el clavo?—Ella lo habría colgado si yo mismo no lo hubiese colgado antes.—¿Se ha arremangado V. las mangas de la camisa?—No me las he arremangado, pero pienso arremangármelas ahora.—¿Volvió V. mis pantalones?—Los volví antes de alzar mis cortinas.

91. ¿Empiezan Vds. á tocar la música?—Empezamos á tocarla.—¿Empezarán Vds. el baile?—Lo empezaremos.—¿Qué instrumentos han empezado á tocar?—Los violines han empezado.—¿Quién acometió á mi amigo?—Mi vecino fué quien lo acometió.—¿Cuándo lo acometió?—Lo acometió ayer.—¿Por qué lo acometió?—Lo acometió porque pensaba (*he intented*) robarle su reloj.—¿Lo habría V. acometido por esta razón?—Nunca lo habría acometido por ella.—¿Por qué quiere él pasar?—Sólo quiere pasar por soldado.—¿No quiere pasar por hombre honrado?—Él sólo quiere pasar por valiente.—¿Pasaría V. por un hombre santo?—Pasaría.

XXVII

Amor	{	<i>el afecto, la pasión del amor.</i>	<i>Love.</i>	
		<i>respeto, consideración.</i>	<i>Sake.</i>	
Enamorado	{	<i>lleno de amor, apasionado.</i>	<i>In love.</i>	1'm7r9s.
		<i>inclinado al amor.</i>	<i>Amorous,</i>	
Negocios	{	<i>particulares y diarios (quehaceres).</i>	<i>Business,</i>	b5'sn3s.
		<i>en mayor extensión y variedad.</i>	<i>Affairs.</i>	

Clavar, condenar (una puerta).	To nail up.
Burlarse.	To play upon (<i>muy poco usado</i>).
Cerrar con llave ó bajo llave.	To lock up.
Encerrar.	To lock in ó up.
Hablar claro, confesar algo.	To speak up.
Excitar.	To work up to.
Tirar al aire, dejar un cargo, vomitar.	To throw up.

92. What do you set up?—I set up a cross.—Why do you set one up?—I set it up that it may be venerated.—Why do you not set up a stick here?—Pray tell me; for what purpose must I set one up?—You must set it up for no other purpose than to set it up.—Shall you make up my account?—I have already made it up.—Who has already made up the accounts?—It is I who have made them up.—How many have you made up?—I have made up all that you have given me to make up.—But how many have you made up?—I have made up twenty five to-day.—Have you made up for your lost money?—All things may be made up for.—There is one that cannot be made up for.—Why do you make up to that man?—I make up to him because he is rich and can help me.—Did he go to London?—Having concluded his business in Paris he made for London.

93. What is the lost thing that cannot be made up for?—Lost time can never be made up for: so that I recommend you if possible to make up for the time you have spent so uselessly.—Whom do you make up to?—I make up to my brother.—Would you make up to the general?—I would not now make up to the general for I intend to make up to my best friend.—Would you not have made up to my sister's friend if you had been behind her?—I should have made up to him.—Will you make up this letter?—I will make it up.—Why will not your sister close her notes?—Because she believes that it is only necessary to close those letters that contain secrets.—Did you close your account at Smith's?—I deal now with Brown, so that I closed my account at Smith's.—Have you made my account?—Wait a minute and I will make it up.

94. Would you have made up your letters?—I should have made them up.—Did you sit up all night?—I did sit up all night.—When did you sit up all night?—I sat up all yesterday night.—Would you sit up one night if I should sit up two nights?—If you sat up four nights I would then sit up one night.—Why have they nailed up the door?—They have nailed it up because the mad dog was in the room.—Would you have nailed up the door of the garden if you had been there?—I would not have nailed it up, but I would have got it nailed up.—Why have you locked up your chest of drawers?—I have locked it up because there are many things in it that the cat may soil.—Speak up (speak out): I don't understand what you say.—Speak out and I will not punish you.

95. Why have you locked up your dog?—I am in the habit of locking it up (ó in) because it bites at every one.—Lock it up (ó in) then.—Do you wish to speak up?—I wish to speak loud.—When will you speak up loud?—I shall speak loud when I speak to a deaf man.—Would you speak loud if you were deaf?—If I were deaf I should speak loud.—Has your friend worked you up to rebellion?—He has not worked me up to rebellion; on the contrary he has incited me to submission.—Who worked you up to rebellion?—My brothers worked me up to it.—Has your son thrown up a stone?—He has thrown up a stick.—What did your sister throw up?—She threw up the letter she was writing.—Has my brother been throwing up these papers?—He has been throwing them up.—Do you throw up your shoes?—I do not throw them up.

Medio, media	{	<i>media pulgada.</i>	}	<i>Half-an-inch.</i>	
		<i>medio hermano.</i>		<i>Half-brother.</i>	
		<i>medio llorando,</i>		<i>saltadas</i>	<i>Half-crying.</i>
		<i>las lágrimas.</i>			
		<i>semi-romboidal.</i>		<i>Half-diamond shaped.</i>	

92. ¿Qué levanta V. (pone V. en alto)?—Pongo en alto una cruz.—¿Por qué la levanta V.?—La levanto para que sea adorada.—¿Por qué no pone V. aquí en alto un palo?—Pero dígame V. con qué objeto (*for what purpose*) he de ponerlo en alto.—V. debe ponerlo en alto con ningún otro objeto más que con el de levantarlo.—¿Hará V. mi cuenta?—Ya está lista.—¿Quién ha acabado ya las cuentas?—Yo soy quien las ha cerrado.—¿Cuántas ha cerrado V.?—He cerrado todas las que V. me ha dado á cerrar.—Pero ¿cuántas ha cerrado V. hoy?—He cerrado veinte y cinco hoy.—¿Ha recuperado V. su dinero perdido?—Todas las cosas pueden repararse (recuperarse).—Hay una que no puede ser reparada.—¿Porqué se hace V. amigo de ese hombre?—Me hago amigo de él, porque es rico y puede serme útil.—¿Salió para Londres?—Habiendo concluido sus asuntos en París, se marchó á Londres.

93. ¿Cuál es la cosa perdida que no puede ser recuperada?—El tiempo perdido nunca puede repararse; de manera que yo recomiendo á V. (que) si (es) posible recupere el tiempo que ha perdido tan inútilmente.—¿Hacia quién se adelanta V.?—Me adelanto hacia mi hermano.—¿Se adelantaría V. hacia el general?—No me iría ahora hacia él, pues trato de acercarme á mi mejor amigo.—¿No se habría V. ido hacia el amigo de mi hermana si V. hubiese estado detrás de ella?—Me habría ido hacia él.—¿Redactará V. esa carta?—La redactaré.—¿Por qué no quiere cerrar su hermana de V. sus cartas?—Porque ella cree que es necesario cerrar sólo aquellas cartas que contienen secretos.—¿Cortó V. cuentas con Smith?—Ahora me sirvo de la casa de Brown, de modo que corté cuentas con Smith.—¿Me ha hecho V. la cuenta?—Aguarde V. un momento y se la haré.

94. ¿Habría V. redactado sus cartas?—Yo las habría redactado.—¿Pasó V. en vela toda la noche?—Pasé en vela toda la noche.—¿Cuándo pasó V. en vela toda la noche?—Pasé en vela toda la noche de ayer.—¿Pasaría V. en vela una noche si yo pasase dos?—Si V. velase cuatro noches, entonces yo pasaría una en vela.—¿Por qué han condenado la puerta?—La han condenado, porque el perro rabioso estaba dentro de la habitación.—¿Habría V. clavado la puerta del jardín si V. hubiese estado allí?—Yo no la habría clavado, pero la habría mandado clavar.—¿Por qué ha cerrado V. con llave su cómoda?—He echado la llave porque hay allí muchas cosas que el gato puede ensuciar.—Habla claro, que no entiendo lo que dices.—Confiesa, que no te castigaré.

95. ¿Por qué ha encerrado V. á su perro?—Tengo costumbre de encerrarlo porque trata de morder á todo el mundo.—Enciérrelo V., pues.—¿Quiere V. hablar alto?—Quiero hablar alto.—¿Cuándo hablará V. alto?—Hablaré alto cuando hable á un sordo.—¿Habría V. alto si fuese sordo?—Si yo fuera sordo hablaría alto.—¿Ha excitado á V. su amigo á la rebelión?—No me ha excitado á la rebelión: al contrario, me ha incitado á la sumisión.—¿Quién excitó á V. á la rebelión?—Mis hermanos me excitaron á ella.—¿Ha tirado una piedra al aire su hijo de V.?—Ha tirado un palo.—¿Qué tiró al aire su hermana de V.?—Tiró la carta que estaba escribiendo.—¿Ha estado tirando al aire mi hermano esos papeles?—Los ha estado tirando.—¿Tira V. al aire sus zapatos?—No los tiro.

XXVIII

Ateorar, ahorrar.	To lay up, to save, to lay by.
Gastar toda la renta.	To live up to one's income ó rent.
Heredar.	} To devolve upon.
Recaer en.	
Interrumpir á alguien.	To snap up some one (<i>vulgar</i>).
Alabar, encarecer, ponderar.	To cry up, to praise, to defend.
Arrugar.	To crumple up.
Apoyarse, fundarse en. (1)	To stay upon, to rely upon.
Velar, pasar la noche en vela.	To stay up.
Llenar, tapar.	To stop up, to close up.

96. What are you saving?—I am saving the money I have gained.—Has my friend already laid up those crowns?—I believe he has already laid them up (by).—Do you live up to your income?—I live up to it.—Will you live up to your income?—I shall never live up to it, because prudent men always save something.—Would you have lived up to your gains if you had been in Madrid?—I believe it is not necessary to live up to them either in Madrid or any where else.—Who will be duke after his death?—His eldest son.—Has the peerage already devolved upon (on) him?—It has not yet devolved upon (on) him because he has not yet received his father's name and titles.—I should wish my authority to devolve upon you.—Has he much money laid by?—He has a great deal of money laid by.

97. Do you snap up your brother?—I do not snap him up.—Did you snap up your father?—I snapped him up: but he also snapped me up.—When did he snap you up?—He snapped me up when I was relating something.—Why does this merchant (cry up) praise his goods?—All merchants praise (cry up) all their goods, whether good or bad.—Have you cried up the qualities of that man in order that he may take well with the people?—He has already been cried up by the newspapers and public opinion.—Would you have (cried up) defended my opinions if I had first (cried up) defended yours?—I only cry up those of the persons who cry up mine, because I am a grateful man.

98. Why do you crumple up my collar?—I do not crumple it up, but I crumple your shirt up.—Would my friend crumple up the mantle to sit upon it?—He is a lunatic, who crumples up every thing he sees, therefore I beg you to take care of your mantle if you do not wish to have it crumpled up.—Crumple up that paper because it is good for nothing.—What does he stay upon (what does he rely upon)?—He relies (stays) upon your opinion.—Why does that man close up that hole?—Because I ordered him to close it up with stones.—Have you already closed up the window?—Not yet, but I shall close it up to-morrow.—Why have you not yet closed it up?—Because if I had closed it up the masons would have opened it again.—Did the soldiers close up the ranks?—They closed them up.

(1) Fundar, to found, to ground. To found se usa activamente: to ground, pasivamente. Un cargo se funda (*found*): una creencia se funda (*ground*). No debemos acusar sin un fundamento (*foundation*) ni sospechar sin motivos (*grounds*) para la sospecha. Nuestras acciones deberían ser fundadas (*founded*) y nuestros pensamientos y sentimientos deberían tener motivos (*grounds*). El fundamento (*the grounds*) de la sospecha puede inducirnos á sospechar, y la sospecha misma puede ser el fundamento (*the foundation*) del cargo.—Apoyo, cualquiera cosa que se une á otra para ayudar á sostenerla, *prop*: sostén, columna, pilar, *support*; *support* se dice también de una persona que es apoyo de otra ó de algún partido.

XXVIII

Renunciar	dejar de proseguir un objeto, ceder de las pretensiones á una cosa. hablando de las opiniones, de los hábitos, en el sentido de abjurar.	To relinquish.
		To renounce.
Salida	paso, lugar por donde se puede salir. consecuencia, resultado.	Outlet.
		Issue.

96. ¿Qué está V. atesorando?—Estoy atesorando el dinero que he ganado.—¿Ha ahorrado mi amigo ya esas coronas?—Creo que ya las ha ahorrado.—¿Gasta V. toda su renta?—La gasto toda.—¿Gastará V. toda su renta?—No la gastaré nunca, porque los hombres precavidos siempre ahorran algo.—¿Habría V. gastado todas sus ganancias si hubiese estado en Madrid?—Creo que no es necesario gastarlas todas ni en Madrid ni en ninguna parte.—¿Quién será el duque después de su muerte?—Lo será su hijo mayor.—¿Ha recaído ya en él la dignidad de par (*the peerage*)?—No ha recaído todavía en él, porque no ha recibido todavía el nombre y título de su padre.—Yo quisiera que recayese en V. mi autoridad.—¿Ha ahorrado él mucho dinero?—Ha ahorrado una buena cantidad de dinero.

97. ¿Interrumpe V. á su hermano?—No lo interrumpo.—¿Interrumpió V. á su padre?—Lo interrumpí, pero él también me interrumpió á mí.—¿Cuándo interrumpió á V.?—Me interrumpió cuando yo estaba refiriendo una cosa.—¿Por qué alaba (pondera) este comerciante sus géneros?—Cualquier comerciante alaba todos sus géneros (*whether*), sean buenos ó malos.—¿Ha alabado V. las cualidades de este hombre con el objeto de que agrade (*take well*) á las gentes?—El ha sido ya alabado por los periódicos y la opinión pública.—¿Habría V. alabado mis opiniones si yo hubiese alabado las de V. primero?—Yo sólo alabo las de las personas que alaban las mías, porque soy un hombre agradecido.

98. ¿Por qué arruga V. mi cuello?—No lo arrugo, pero arrugo su camisa de V.—¿Arrugaría mi amigo la manteleta (*the mantle*) para sentarse sobre ella?—Es un maniático que arruga todo lo que ve, por lo que suplico á V. cuide de su mantilla si no quiere V. verla (*to have it*) arrugada.—¿Arrugue V. ese papel, porque no vale nada.—¿En qué se apoya (se funda) él?—El se apoya (se funda) en su opinión de V.—¿Por qué tapa ese hombre ese agujero?—Porque yo le mandé taparlo con piedras.—¿Ha cerrado V. ya la ventana?—Todavía no, pero la cerraré mañana.—¿Por qué no la ha cerrado V. todavía?—Porque si yo la hubiese cerrado, los albañiles la habrían vuelto á abrir.—¿Cerraron las filas los soldados?—Las cerraron.

XXIX

Cerrar, guardar.	}	To stand upon.
Estar á cargo de.		
Insistir.	}	To cast up.
Ajustar (una cuenta).		
Entretener.	}	To buoy up.
Animar.		
Sostener (á flote).	}	To call up some one.
Decir á uno que suba.		
Despertar.	}	To take up with (<i>vulgar</i>).
Vivir con.		
Gustar de.	}	To take up, to pay.
Recoger.		
Dejar, abandonar, traer, entregar.	}	To give up.
Morir.		
Lavar ó componer ropa.	}	To give up the ghost (<i>poético</i>), to die.
Levantarse de repente.		
Alzar la cabeza.	}	To get up linen.
Alzar los ojos.		
	}	To jump up.
	}	To hold the head up.
	}	To look up.

99. Does the merchant cast up his accounts?—His clerks have already cast them up for him.—Have you had your cash accounts cast up for the last year?—Not yet, but I shall have them cast up, when I get an experienced man to cast them up for me.—Reckon up your last year's follies and you will find many great ones.—Does she buoy up my friend with vain hopes?—Yes, she buoys him up with false hopes.—Why was the cask buoyed up?—Because it was empty.—Would my friend buoy me up with the delicate attentions of his friendship?—He would try to buoy you up if possible.

100. Do you tell me to come up?—How can I tell you to come up this great height when you are a lame man?—Was my sister called up (up stairs) by my brother?—How could she be called up by him when he was engaged in the (wine-vault) wine-cellar?—Did you take my book up?—I took it up.—When did you take it up?—I took it up last week.—Why did you not take it up before?—Because my brother had told me not to take it up.—Would not my sister have taken it up in your place?—She would not have taken it up.—Do you give up your interest?—I give it up willingly.

101. Did you give up to that man the amount (did you pay that man what you owed him) you owed him?—I gave it him up.—Will you give up your share in the concern?—I shall give it up if it does not turn out a lucrative concern.—Would you give up my boy before you have proved him?—I would give him up for I always thought him stupid.—When did he give up the ghost?—He gave up the ghost (he died) a fortnight ago.—Did you give up that man to justice?—I gave him up for I saw him commit a murder.—Will you give up your life for your brother?—I will give it up for him.—You wish you had more time to study and your brothers wish they did not need to learn. Would to God you had what I wish you, and that I had what I wish.

102. Does your laundress get up the shirts?—She gets up all kinds of linen.—Did your sister get up that beautiful white dress in which she went to the ball?—My sister did not get it up; her laundress got it up for her.—If you lost all your money would you earn your living by getting up linen?—If I could think of no other mode of work more lucrative I should certainly get up linen.—Did he jump up?—He jumped up.—When did he jump up?—He jumped up when he was at the dancing school.—Why did he jump up?—He jumped up because he was afraid.—Would you

XXIX

	un ataque, hablando de las personas.	To repulse.
	una cosa por un contra-golpe.	To repel, to repulse.
	rehusar, desechar.	To reject.
Rechazar	con desprecio ó desdén, de un puntapié.	To spurn.
	hacer retroceder empujando.	To push back.
	contradecir, contrariar, oponerse.	To contradict.
	voluble, el que cambia con frecuencia de gustos y aficiones.	Inconstant.
Inconstante	el que cambia á cada instante.	Fickle.
	todavía más.	More.
Más	más y más.	More and more.

99. ¿Ajusta el comerciante sus cuentas?—Sus dependientes las han ajustado ya por él.—¿Ha mandado V. ajustar las cuentas de caja del año pasado?—Todavía no, pero las mandaré ajustar cuando encuentre (*I get*) un hombre práctico (*experienced*) que las ajuste por mí.—Ajuste V. (*reckon up*) las locuras del año último y las hallará muy grandes.—Entretiene ella á mi amigo con vanas esperanzas?—Sí, lo anima con esperanzas falsas.—¿Por qué sostenía el agua la pipa (*pipe*)?—Porque estaba vacía (*empty*).—¿Me animaría mi amigo con las atenciones delicadas de su amistad?—Probaría á animarte si fuera posible.

100. ¿Me dice V. que suba (me llama V. para que suba)?—¿Cómo puedo decirle á V. que suba esta gran altura (sabiendo que) cuando V. es cojo?—¿Fué mi hermana llamada arriba (*up stairs*) por mi hermano?—¿Cómo podía ser llamada por él cuando él estaba ocupado (*engaged*) en la bodega (*wine cellar*)?—¿Recogió V. mi libro?—Lo recogí.—¿Cuándo lo recogió V.?—Lo recogí la semana pasada.—¿Por qué no lo recogió V. antes?—Porque mi hermano me había dicho que no lo recogiese.—¿No lo habría recogido mi hermana en lugar de V.?—No lo habría recogido.—¿Abandona V. su(s) interes(es)?—Lo(s) abandono con gusto (*willingly*).

101. ¿Dejó V. á ese hombre la suma (*the amount*) que V. le debía?—Se la dejó.—¿Dejará V. su parte en el negocio?—La dejaré si no se hace más lucrativo.—¿Abandonaría V. á mi muchacho antes de haberlo experimentado?—Lo abandonaría, pues siempre lo he creído (*always thought*) un estúpido.—¿Cuándo murió?—Murió hace quince días.—¿Entregó V. ese hombre á (la) justicia?—Lo entregué, porque lo ví cometer un crimen.—¿Dará V. la vida por su hermano?—La daré por él.—V. quisiera tener (*you wish you had*) más tiempo para estudiar y sus hermanos de V. quisieran no tener necesidad de aprender.—¡Ojalá tuviese V. lo que yo le deseo y que yo tuviese lo que yo deseo!

102. ¿Plancha su lavandera de V. las camisas?—Plancha toda clase de ropa.—¿Planchó su hermana de V. ese hermoso vestido blanco, con el cual (*in which*) fué al baile?—Mi hermana no lo planchó; su lavandera lo planchó por ella.—Si V. perdiese todo su dinero, ¿se ganaría la vida componiendo y lavando ropa?—Si yo no pudiese hallar otra clase de trabajo (*If I could think of no other mode of work*) más lucrativo, componería ropa ciertamente.—¿Se alzó de repente?—Se alzó de repente.—¿Cuándo se alzó de repente?—Se alzó de repente cuando estaba en la escuela de baile.—¿Por

jump up if you were afraid?—I should not jump up were I afraid.—Did she hold up her head?—She held it up.—Why did she hold it up?—She held it up in order to see me.—Did she want to see you?—She always finds great pleasure in looking at me because I am her mother, so that she held up her face and fixed her blue eyes on me.

XXX

Encontrar.	To hit upon, to find, to meet.
Renunciar, hacer dimisión.	{ To give up. To throw up.
Hablar sobre.	To touch upon.
Reflexionar sobre.	To ponder upon, to reflect.
Calcular, ajustar.	To reckon up.
Contar con.	To reckon upon, to rely on, upon.
Tolerar, dispensar (una falta).	{ To put up with (a fault).
Pasar por alto, aguantar.	{ To rear up, to get, to bring up.
Criar.	To bring up.
Educar.	{ To put up.
Poner en alto.	To bristle up, to set up the back (<i>vulgar</i>).
Exponer al público.	To bristle up (<i>americanismo</i>).
Encrespase.	To post up.
Amostazarse.	To put up to auction.
Poner (pasquines).	
Poner en almoneda.	

103. Did you find the man you were in want of?—I find always the people I want.—Who has met the captain that was wanted?—My friend would have found him because he always finds men of merit and prudence.—Have you thrown up your employment?—I have thrown it up.—When do you intend to throw up your commission?—I intend to throw it up to-day.—Did your brother throw up his charge?—He did not throw it up, but he will throw it up to-morrow.—I threw up (*y mejor* I gave up) my right.—Why do you give (*ó* throw up) your right?—I give it up because my friend has given (*ó* thrown) his up.—Has your son given up gambling?—He has given it up, but my brother has not given it up yet; that is the reason why I have thrown up his friendship.

104. Do you intend to touch upon that?—I intend to touch upon it.—Has your brother touched upon the death of his son?—He has touched upon it.—What did your teacher touch upon?—He touched upon the speech of his pupil.—Will you touch upon this affair?—I will touch upon it.—What do you ponder upon?—I am reflecting (I am pondering upon the opinions you have shown me (exposed to me).—Did you ponder upon my proposal?—I never ponder upon nonsensical things.—Will you ponder upon that?—I would ponder upon it had I time.—What are you doing?—I am posting up a lampoon.—But tell me if it is right to post up lampoons in this country?—It is forbidden, but I post them up, because I will.—Well, but they will hang you for having posted up that lampoon.—Men who post up lampoons are not hanged but banished.

105. Is that lady reckoning up how many horses she has got?—She is (reckoning them all up).—Was the merchant reckoning up his gains?—He was reckoning

qué se alzó de repente?—Se alzó de repente porque tenía miedo.—¿Se levantaría V. de repente si tuviese miedo?—No me levantaría de repente si tuviese miedo.—¿Alzó ella la cabeza?—La alzó.—¿Por qué la alzó?—La alzó para verme.—¿Necesitaba ella ver á V.?—Ella halla siempre gran placer en mirarme, porque soy su madre; de manera que ella alzó la cara y fijó en mí sus ojos azules.

XXX

Derramar	{	por casualidad.	To spill.
		lágrimas, sangre.	To shed (1).
		al lejos, propagar.	To spread.
		volver por donde se ha pasado.	To repass (2).
Repasar	{	atravesar de nuevo un espacio, como un río, la mar, etc.	To pass by again.
		atravesar segunda vez un lugar cualquiera.	To cross over again.
		un libro: cualquiera clase de trabajo.	To go over again.
		planchar ropa.	To look over again.
		sobre una piedra, un cuchillo ú otro cualquiera instrumento, amolar, afilar.	To iron.
			To grind.

103. ¿Encontró V. al hombre que V. necesitaba?—Encuentro á todos los hombres que necesito.—¿Quién ha encontrado al capitán que era necesario?—Mi amigo lo hubiera encontrado, porque él siempre encuentra á los hombres de mérito y prudencia.—¿Ha hecho V. dimisión de su empleo?—He hecho dimisión de él.—¿Cuándo piensa V. hacer dimisión de su comisión?—Pienso hacer dimisión de ella hoy.—¿Hizo dimisión de su cargo su hermano de V.?—No hizo dimisión de él, pero lo hará mañana.—Renuncié á mi derecho.—¿Por qué renuncia V. á su derecho?—Renuncio á él, porque mi amigo ha renunciado al suyo.—¿Ha renunciado al juego su hijo de V.?—Ha renunciado á él, pero mi hermano no lo ha renunciado todavía, por lo que yo he renunciado á su amistad.

104. ¿Piensa V. hablar sobre aquéllas?—Pienso tocarlo.—¿Ha hablado su hermana de V. sobre la muerte de su hijo?—Ha hablado sobre ella.—¿Sobre qué habló su maestro de V.?—Habló sobre el discurso de su discípulo.—¿Hablará V. sobre este asunto?—Hablaré sobre él.—¿Sobre qué reflexiona V.?—Reflexiono sobre las opiniones que V. me ha manifestado.—¿Reflexionó V. sobre mi proposición?—Yo nunca reflexiono sobre cosas que no tienen sentido común (*nonsensical things*).—¿Reflexionará V. sobre eso?—Reflexionaria sobre ello (si) tuviese tiempo.—¿Qué está V. haciendo?—Estoy poniendo un pasquín (*lampoon*).—Pero dígame V. si está permitido (*right*) poner pasquines en este país.—Está prohibido, pero yo los pongo porque quiero.—Bien, pero también lo ahorcarán á V. por haber puesto aquel pasquín.—(Los) hombres que ponen pasquines no son ahorcados, sino desterrados.

105. ¿Está calculando esta señorita cuántos caballos tiene?—Lo está calculando.—¿Estaba el comerciante calculando sus ganancias?—Las estuvo calculando.—

(1) Sin embargo, puede decirse *to spill blood*, hacer derramar sangre; pero se dice siempre *to shed blood* cuando el sujeto del verbo derramar es la sangre derramada.

(2) *To pass by again*, es sinónimo de *to repass* en cuanto á que expresa la acción de volver á pasar por el mismo camino; pero la preposición *by* indica que el paso se verifica al lado, delante ó junto al sitio de que se habla; mientras que *to repass* expresa solamente la vuelta de un lugar á otro por el cual ya se ha pasado.

them up.—Has the miser reckoned up his money?—He has reckoned it up two or three times.—Would the shop-keeper have reckoned up the amount of his bad debts?—He would have reckoned them up.—Reckon up your accounts with God both good and bad, for to-morrow you may die.—Can that man be relied on?—He can be relied upon.—Was he relied upon before?—He was relied upon before.—Will he have reckoned upon my word?—He will have reckoned securely upon it.—Would you have reckoned on my going with you to the theatre?—I should have reckoned on your going there had you given me your word.

106. What are you putting up?—I am putting up my book.—Were the bankrupt's goods put up for sale?—They were put up for sale to-day.—Will you put up your valuable library for sale?—I shall put it up.—Would you put up your damaged goods to auction?—I should put them up if my neighbours put theirs up.—Has your sister put up with your bad behaviour?—She has put up with it.—Was my conduct put up with?—It was put up with because you are a rich man.—Have you put up with my son?—I have put up with him.—Would you have put up with that man's insults?—I should not have put up with them although he is stronger than I.

107. Is your son rearing up rabbits (Has your boy got rabbits)?—He is rearing up a pair of very fine Spanish rabbits (He has).—Why was your nephew rearing up that little calf?—He was rearing it up, expecting that if he succeeded he should one day sell it profitably.—Have they reared up your fine pair of canaries?—They have brought them up.—Would you have brought up your children yourself or sent them to be brought up in a foreign country?—I should neither have brought them up myself, nor sent them to a foreign country to be brought up, but I should have placed them under the charge of a careful nurse to be brought up.—Why did my cat bristle up (set up her back)?—Your great dog bit at her therefore she bristled up (set up her back).—Has this man bristled up because I was here?—He has bristled up at it indeed.

XXXI

ABOVE, partícula que indica elevación ó superioridad.

He sat above me, él se sentó más arriba que yo. *These things are above my reach*, estas cosas están fuera de mi alcance. *Above our strength*, superior á nuestras fuerzas.

Unida á *over* es expletiva. *Over and above these misdemeanours*, además de todo este mal proceder, (mōsdōm's'n9r).

Algunas veces sirve para expresar el comparativo *más que*.

I value honour above life, estimo más el honor que la vida. *Above what you will believe*, más de lo que V. creerá. *I was not in London above three days*, no estuve en Londres más que tres días. *As above*, como arriba. *Above said*, arriba mencionado.

Exceder, aventajar (en las clases).

To get above.

DOWN, partícula que significa abajo. *He was piloted (p'l'ōl9tōd) down the river*, él fué conducido río abajo por un piloto. *I have been up and down all Asia*, he recorrió toda el Asia.

Se emplea en sentido absoluto sin régimen: *he ran down*, él bajó corriendo. *Corn is down*, el trigo, esto es, el precio del trigo baja. *To drink it down*, beber de un trago. *His anger is going down*, se le pasa la cólera. *Up and down*, aquí y allí, de un lado y de otro. *Ups and downs*, altos y bajos. *She is down in the mouth* (vulgar), ella está cabizhaja ó tiene murria. *Down with him*, caed sobre este tunante, echadle abajo. *Down, down to hell*, vete á los infiernos. *A downright lie*, una mentira garrafal.

Abatir, amansar.
Humillar, matar.

To bring down.
To knock down.
To take down.

VERSIONES.—XXXI, 107.

77

¿Ha calculado el avaro su dinero?—Lo ha calculado dos ó tres veces.—¿Habría calculado el mercader (*shop-keeper*) el importe de sus incobrables (*bad*) deudas?—Las habría calculado.—Ajuste V. sus cuentas con Dios, las buenas y las malas, pues mañana puede V. morir.—¿Puede contarse con este hombre?—Puede contarse con él.—¿Se contó antes con él?—Se contó con él antes.—¿Habría contado él con mi palabra?—El seguramente habrá contado con ella.—¿Habría V. contado con que yo fuese con V. al teatro?—Yo habría contado con que V. iría allá (si) V. me hubiese dado la palabra.

106. ¿Qué estás poniendo en alto?—Estoy poniendo en alto mi libro.—¿Fueron puestos en venta los géneros de la quiebra (*bankrupt's good for sale*)?—Fueron puestos en venta hoy.—¿Pondrá V. en venta su magnífica librería?—La pondré.—¿Pondría V. en almoneda (*auktion*) sus géneros averiados?—Los pondría si mis vecinos pusieran los suyos en almoneda.—¿Ha tolerado á V. su hermana su mala conducta de V.?—Me la ha tolerado.—¿Fue dispensada mi conducta?—Fue dispensada, porque V. es un hombre rico.—¿Ha dispensado V. á mi hijo?—Lo he dispensado.—¿Habría V. aguantado los insultos de ese hombre?—No se los habría aguantado, aunque es más fuerte que yo.

107. ¿Cria conejos su hijo de V.?—Está criando un par de conejos españoles muy hermosos.—¿Por qué estuvo criando su sobrino de V. aquel ternero?—Lo estuvo criando con la esperanza de que si llegaba á conseguirlo, lo vendería algún día con ganancia.—¿Han criado ellos su hermoso par de canarios de V.?—Ellos los han criado.—¿Habría V. mismo criado á sus hijos ó enviádoslos á criar á un país extranjero?—Ni yo mismo los habría criado ni enviado á criar á un país extranjero, pues los habría puesto á cargo de una cuidadosa nodriza para que los criase.—¿Por qué se encrespó mi gato (*bristled up*)?—Su perro de V. hizo ademán de morderle, y por eso se encrespó.—¿Se ha abroncado ese hombre porque yo estaba aquí?—Creo que se ha abroncado por eso de seguro (*indeed*).

XXXI

	<i>de haber nacido ó quedado sin la facultad de hablar.</i>	<i>Dumb,</i>	dʌmb.
<i>Mudo</i>	<i>que por cualquier accidente no puede hablar.</i>	<i>Speechless.</i>	
	<i>lo que no suena, como las letras mudas.</i>	<i>Mute,</i>	mju't.
<i>Murmurar</i>	<i>quejarse en alto.</i>	<i>To murmur,</i>	mʉ'rmʉr.
	<i>quejarse bajo.</i>	<i>To repine,</i>	r6p1'6n.
	<i>órgano de las sensaciones.</i>	<i>Nerve.</i>	
	<i>fortaleza.</i>	<i>Strength.</i>	
<i>Nervio</i>	<i>la causa de; v. gr.: el dinero es el nervio de la guerra.</i>	<i>Sinews</i> (siempre en plural).	
	<i>lleno de nervios.</i>	<i>Sinewy,</i>	s1'5n506.
	<i>en el sentido impropio de musculoso.</i>	<i>Brawny,</i>	br6'n6.
<i>Nervioso ó nervudo</i>	<i>robusto, grueso, vigoroso.</i>	<i>Lusty</i> (muy vulgar),	19'st5.
	<i>nervioso (de temperamento).</i>	<i>Nervous,</i>	n3'rvʉs.
	<i>enérgico (en el estilo).</i>	<i>Inflexible.</i>	
<i>Inflexible</i>	<i>que no se deja conmover por las personas tiernas, duro de corazón.</i>	<i>Unrelenting.</i>	

Arruinar, dirigirse un buque á otro.	To bear down, to ruin.
Anotar.	To set down.
Tener por cierto.	To write down.
Poner (sobre un mueble, en el suelo).	To set down for.
Hacer callar á uno, humillar.	To put down ó to set down.
Echar por tierra.	To put down a man.
Derribar, abatir, tirar al suelo.	To blow down.
Pisar.	To knock down.
Arrojar	To tread down.
Tirar } al suelo.	To fling down.
Tener por.	To set down for (<i>tener por rico, etc.</i>).
Considerar.	
Esterar, alfombrar.	To put down carpets.
Desesterar, desalfombrar.	To take up carpets.

108. Do you ever get above my son?—I sometimes get above him, but I do not remain above him long, he generally gets above me a few days after.—He did not get above me yesterday, but he got above me to-day.—Shall you get above him to-day?—I think I shall get above him this morning, for I have learnt my lessons well.—Why has that experienced man brought down that girl's pride?—She herself has brought it down, because she loves him.—When will you bring down that eagle from its rock?—When my well charged gun and my keen eye have done their duty that noble bird will be brought down from its lofty height.—Man of dust, bring down your pride.—Has my wife ruined me?—She has not ruined you.—Have you ruined that man?—I have borne down upon his brother.—Would that man of war have borne down upon that pirate?—She would have borne down upon her.—Let us bear down upon her.—Did the pirate bear down upon us?—She bore down upon us but we were able to escape.

109. Will you set down these tidings?—I shall set them down in my book.—When shall you set them down?—I shall set them down the moment you like.—Would you in my place set them down?—I should set them down because they are very important.—Do you set them down for a fact?—I set them down for a fact, because every one speaks of them.—That is not sufficient, because every one speaks in many cases of things that do not deserve to be set down either for a fact or the truth.—Would you set them down for a fact?—I should set them down for a fact if the government had published them.—Is that man putting down his hat?—He is putting it down.—Has the merchant put down the amount of the bill in his book?—He has put it down.—Has your servant put down the carpet?—He has put it down.—Would you have put that man down had you been at the meeting?—If he had tried to put me down I should certainly have put him down.—Do not hold your hat, put it down.—Put down your hat on the floor.—Put down your stick.—Have the carpets been taken up?—They have been all taken up, but they will be put down again to-morrow.

110. When this man makes a good remark write it down.—In what manner has he written it down?—He has written it down in pencil.—Why has he not written in ink?—Because he thought he would write it in pencil.—Will the wind blow down our house?—I think it will blow it down if it is very strong.—Would your bad children blow down my girl's paper house?—They would blow it down if they could.—Do not blow it down.—Let us blow it down.—Take care!—Why?—You are treading down the corn.—Who has trodden down the fruit?—Your naughty boy has trodden it down.—Why has he trodden it down?—Because he was very angry.—Would you have trodden it down had you been very angry?—I would not have trodden it down.

111. Why have you knocked him down?—I knocked him down because he had just knocked down my brother.—Who was knocked down?—My brother was knocked down.—Whom did he knock down?—He is so cruel a man that he knocked down his own brother.—Who can knock down that door?—My brother is able to knock it

Inocente	{ puro, exento de crimen; sencillo, imbécil, idiota, que no es capaz de hacer daño.	Innocent.	
	{ exento de crimen, no cul- pable.	Guiltless.	
Motor	{ él, ó la que hace mover. causante de algo. la facultad de moverse.	Mover. Contriver, Motion.	k8ntrl'5v9r.
Movimiento	{ movimiento arreglado con- forme á las leyes físicas mecánicas. impulso.	Movement. Impulse.	

108. ¿Aventaja V. siempre á mi hijo?—Algunas veces lo aventajo, pero no dura mucho mi ventaja (*I do not remain above him long*): él me adelanta generalmente pocos días después.—El no me adelantó ayer, pero me adelantó hoy.—¿Lo adelantará V. hoy?—Yo creo que lo adelantará hoy por la mañana, pues he aprendido mis lecciones bien.—¿Por qué le ha bajado el orgullo á esa muchacha ese hombre de experiencia?—Ella misma se ha amansado, porque lo ama.—¿Cuándo habrá V. echado abajo (de un tiro) aquella águila de su peña?—Cuando cumpla con su obligación mi bien cargado fusil y mi penetrante vista (*keen eye*), caerá la noble ave de su elevada altura.—Hombre (salido) de(l) polvo, humíllate.—¿Me ha arruinado mi mujer?—Ella no (lo) ha arruinado á V.—¿Ha arruinado V. á ese hombre?—He arruinado á su hermano.—¿Se habría dirigido ese navío á aquel bajel pirata (p1'5r1t)?—Se habría dirigido á él.—Dirijámonos á él (*her*).—¿Se echó el pirata sobre nosotros?—Se vino á nosotros, pero pudimos escapar.

109. ¿Anotará V. esas noticias?—Las anotaré en mi libro.—¿Cuándo las anotará V.?—Las anotaré en el momento que V. quiera.—¿Las anotaría V. en mi lugar?—Las anotaría, porque son muy importantes.—¿Las tiene V. por un hecho cierto?—Las tengo por un hecho, porque todo el mundo habla de ellas.—No basta, porque todo el mundo habla en muchos casos de noticias que no merecen ni ser tenidas por un hecho cierto, ni por una verdad.—¿Las tendría V. por un hecho cierto?—Las tendría por un hecho indiscutible si el gobierno las hubiese publicado.—¿Pone este hombre su sombrero en el alguna parte?—Lo pone.—¿Ha sentado el comerciante en su libro el importe de esta cuenta?—Lo ha sentado.—¿Ha colocado la alfombra su criado de V.?—La ha colocado.—¿Habría V. humillado á este hombre si hubiese V. estado en la reunión?—Si él hubiese tratado de humillarme, ciertamente lo habría yo humillado.—Suelte V. el sombrero, póngalo por aquí.—Ponga V. en el suelo el sombrero.—Ponga V. en el suelo su bastón.—¿Se ha desalfombrado?—Todas las alfombras se han quitado, pero mañana se volverán á poner.

110. Cuando este hombre haga una buena observación, siéntela V. en el libro.—¿De qué modo lo ha sentado él en el libro?—Lo ha sentado en él con lápiz.—¿Por qué no lo ha sentado en el libro con pluma (*in ink*)?—Porque él pensó sentarlo en el libro con lápiz.—¿Derribará el viento nuestra casa?—Yo creo que la derribará si el viento es muy fuerte.—¿Derribarían sus malos muchachos de V. la casa de papel de mi muchacha?—La derribarían si pudiesen.—No la derribéis.—Derribémosla.—Tenga V. cuidado.—¿Por qué?—V. está pisando el trigo.—¿Quién ha pisado la fruta?—El revoltoso de su muchacho de V. es quien la ha pisado.—¿Por qué la ha pisado?—Porque estaba muy incómodo.—¿La habría V. pisado si hubiese estado V. incómodo?—No la habría pisado.

111. ¿Por qué lo ha echado V. por tierra?—Lo he echado por tierra, porque él ha echado por tierra á mi hermano.—¿Quién fué echado por tierra?—Mi hermano fué echado por tierra.—¿A quién echó él á tierra?—El es un hombre tan cruel, que echó á tierra á su propio hermano.—¿Quién puede echar á tierra esa puerta?—Mi

down, because I have seen him knock down many doors that were stronger than these.—Try to knock it down.—I cannot myself knock it down.—Has that woman flung the portrait down on the ground?—She has flung it down because she is jealous.

XXXII

Llover con fuerza, llover á cántaros.	To pour down, to pour,	p1'0r.
Ayudar á caer ó bajar.	To help down.	
Descolgar.	To take down,	
Dejarse caer.	(1) To slip down.	
Doblar, plegar.	To turn down.	
Pagar al contado.	To pay down in cash.	
Poner por escrito, anotar.	To note down.	
Bajar.	To take down, to take down into.	
Hacer bajar, hacer entrar, dejar entrar.	To let down, to put down.	
Rendir.	{ To lay down.	
Pesar.	{ To throw down.	
Parecer triste, abatido.	To weigh one thing down with another.	
Llamar abajo, decir á uno que baje.	To be cast down in mind, in spirits etc.	
Deprimir, menospreciar.	To call down.	
	To cry down.	
Descolgar, bajar.	{ To fetch } down.	
	{ To take } down.	

112. Does the rain pour down (Is it pouring)?—It pours down (it is pouring).—Why did you not go out?—I did not go out because the rain poured down.—Had the rain not poured down would you have gone out?—I should have gone out had it not poured down.—Do you wish to take down her pride?—You must first take down her vanity, and afterwards you can more easily take down her pride.—Would you take down the pride of your enemy?—I am very fond of taking down the pride of all people I love, but as he is my enemy I will not take down his pride.—You are wrong.—We must take down the pride of our fellow-creatures.

113. What will you take down?—I wish to take down that fine picture.—Why do you wish to take it down?—I wish to take it down in order to see it.—In that case I will take it down.—Would you have taken down my looking-glass in order to get it cleaned?—I should not have taken it down; because it is not necessary to take down your looking-glass in order to get it cleaned.—Have you slipped down?—I have not slipped down.—When did you slip down?—I slipped down yesterday.—Will you slip down?—I shall not slip down.—Would you have slipped down?—I would not have slipped down.

114. What are you turning down?—I am turning down the leaf.—Why do you turn it down?—I turn it down because my mother has told me to turn it down.—How did you pay for it?—I paid ready money for it (I paid cash down for it).—When did you pay it down?—I paid it down the day before yesterday.—Why did you pay it down?—Because I had money enough to do it.—Would you have paid it down without having money?—Of course.—How?—By borrowing of a friend enough money to pay for it.—Does this book weigh down that?—That weighs down this.—Do you weigh more than your brother?—My brother weighs more than I (weighs me down) and my fat sister besides.

115. Why do you not note down your ideas?—Because they do not deserve to be noted down.—Why do you not recollect it?—Because I did not note it down.—Do-

(1) *To slip down.* puede marcar muy bien la idea de irse bajando sin ser notado, y *to slip up.* la de subir yéndose sin que lo vean á uno.

hermano es capaz de echarla á tierra, porque yo le he visto echar á tierra muchas puertas que eran más fuertes que éstas.—Trate V. de echarlo á tierra.—Yo mismo no puedo echarlo á tierra.—¿Ha tirado al suelo esa mujer el retrato?—Lo ha tirado porque está celosa.

XXXII

Tomar	} <i>en general.</i> <i>las maneras, el tono: arro-</i> <i>garse, tomar injusta-</i> <i>mente, apropiarse.</i>	<i>To take.</i>		
		<i>To assume.</i>		
Examinar	} <i>expresando simplemente la</i> <i>acción de examinar, tan-</i> <i>to en sentido propio co-</i> <i>mo figurado.</i>	<i>To examine,</i>	3gs1m5'n.	
		} <i>informarse de todas las</i> <i>particularidades de un</i> <i>asunto.</i>	<i>To inquire into, to sift,</i>	5nk01'51r, s5ft.
			} <i>equivalente de pesar, sig-</i> <i>nificando examinar aten-</i> <i>tamente, con cuidado, to-</i> <i>das las circunstancias</i> <i>pasadas.</i>	<i>To weigh,</i>

112. ¿Cae la lluvia á cántaros?—Llueve á cántaros.—¿Por qué no salió V.?—No salió porque llovía á cántaros.—Si no hubiese llovido á cántaros ¿habría V. salido?—Hubiera salido si no hubiese llovido á cántaros.—¿Quiere V. abatir su orgullo (de ella)?—Primeramente debe V. abatir su vanidad, y después puede V. más fácilmente abatir su orgullo.—¿Abatiría V. su orgullo á su enemigo?—Me gusta mucho abatir el orgullo de todas las personas que amo, pero como él es mi enemigo, no abatiré su orgullo.—V. no tiene razón (V. está equivocado).—Debemos abatir el orgullo de nuestros semejantes.

113. ¿Qué descolgará V.?—Quiero descolgar esa hermosa pintura.—¿Por qué quiere V. descolgarla?—Quiero descolgarla para verla.—En ese caso, yo la descolgaré.—¿Habría V. descolgado mi espejo para mandarlo limpiar?—Yo no lo habría descolgado, porque no es necesario descolgar su espejo de V. para mandarlo limpiar.—¿Se ha dejado V. caer?—No me he dejado caer.—¿Cuándo se dejó V. caer?—Me dejé caer ayer.—¿Se dejará V. caer?—No me dejaré caer.—¿Se habría V. dejado caer?—No me habría dejado caer.

114. ¿Qué está V. doblando?—Estoy doblando la hoja.—¿Por qué la dobla V.?—La doblo porque mi madre me ha dicho que la doble (*to turn it down*).—¿Cómo lo pagó V.?—Lo pagué al contado.—¿Cuándo pagó V. al contado?—Yo pagué al contado antes de ayer.—¿Por qué lo pagó V. al contado?—Porque yo tenía bastante dinero para pagarlo al contado.—¿Lo habría V. pagado al contado sin tener dinero?—Sin duda.—¿Cómo?—Pidiendo á un amigo bastante dinero para pagarlo al contado.—¿Pesa este libro más que aquél?—Aquél pesa más que éste.—¿Pesa V. más que su hermano?—Mi hermano pesa más que yo y que mi gruesa hernana.

115. ¿Por qué no pone V. por escrito sus ideas?—Porque no merecen ser escritas (*to be noted down*).—¿Por qué no lo recuerda V.?—Porque no lo puse por escrito.—

you not note down all your thoughts?—I do not note them down, but had I noted some of them down every day I should never have had reason to repent of having done it.—Has my brother already taken down my book into my counting house?—No, but he has taken it down into the parlour.—Did my brother let me in?—No, he let you go up, and he let my sister come down.—Would you put this naughty boy into the cellar?—No, I would only send him school.—Who has put down my child into that horrid room?—It is your wife who has put him there because he was crying very much.

116. Did your enemy lay down his arms?—My enemies have always laid down their arms before me.—Would you lay down your arms if I ordered you?—I would only lay down my arms if you knocked me down.—Who are laying down their arms?—The enemy's battalions are now laying down their arms.—Why are you so cast down (in mind) this evening?—I cannot procure any money, for that reason I am cast down in spirits.—Have these bad times cast down the heart of my neighbour's merchant?—He is a great speculator, therefore he feigns to be cast down very low.—Has the enemy thrown down his arms?—He has not yet thrown them down.—How do you know that?—The enemy has already thrown down his arms.—I did not know it, for had I known it I should not have denied it.

117. Do you call me up or down?—I neither call you up nor down; I call you here.—What do you say?—I call you down.—Do you call me up?—No, I have called you down to go out.—Do you cry down my goods?—I do not cry them down.—Why did you abuse me (cry down my merit)?—Because you cried down my sister's.—Shall you cry down my works?—I shall not cry them down.—Would you cry down the goods of that merchant?—I should not cry them down.—Why do you fetch down her pride?—I fetch it down because she is too proud.—Did you fetch down my whip from the parlour?—I did fetch it down for I knew your horse was ready.—Would that waiter fetch down the decanter of wine?—He would fetch it down if you ordered it.—I am going to France.—When do you start?—I start to-morrow about the break of day.

XXXIII

OVER.—Esta partícula significa *sobre, encima*. *The evils that hang over our heads*, los males de que nos vemos amenazados, ó los males que están pendientes sobre nuestras cabezas.

Precedida de *all* equivale á *throughout*, en toda la extensión. *He travelled all over Italy*, viajó por toda Italia. *He leaped over the brook*, saltó al otro lado del arroyo. Dos veces *over* en un mismo periodo significa repetición: y seguida de *above* quiere decir, además de lo debido, ó más de lo que se había ajustado. *I told him so over and over* (ó bien, *over and over again*), se lo dije una y muchas veces. *He gave me two guineas over and above what was stipulated*, además de lo estipulado me dió dos guineas. Después del verbo *to be* denota que lo que se estaba haciendo se ha concluido. *Till his danger be over*, hasta que él se vea fuera de peligro. *All is over*, acabóse todo.

He is over head and ears in love, está locamente enamorado. *Over night*, la noche antes. *Over against*, enfrente. *Hostilities covered over with the name of peace*, hostilidades cubiertas con el nombre de paz. *Some books ought to be read over and over again*, hay libros que se deben leer y releer. *He was set over all the rest*, él tenía autoridad sobre todos los demás. *Over too happy*, extraordinariamente feliz. *The cloth was spotted all over with ink*, el vestido estaba todo salpicado de tinta.

Ceder.	}	To make over.
Transmitir.		To smother over, to smother up.
Echar tierra á un asunto.		To buy over.
Sobornar.		

¿No pone V. por escrito todos sus pensamientos?—No los pongo por escrito, pero (si) hubiese notado algunos (*some of them*) todos los días, no habría nunca tenido motivo para arrepentirme de haberlos escrito.—¿Ha bajado ya mi hermano mi libro á mi escritorio?—Nó, lo bajó á la sala.—¿Me dejó entrar mi hermana?—Nó, le dejó á V. subir y á mi hermana bajar.—¿Haría V. entrar este perverso muchacho en la bodega?—Nó, sólo lo habría obligado á entrar en la escuela.—¿Quién ha hecho bajar á mi muchacho á esa horrible habitación?—Su mujer de V. es quien lo ha hecho bajar á ella, porque estaba gritando mucho.

116. ¿Rindió las armas su enemigo de V.?—Mis enemigos siempre han rendido las armas ante mí.—¿Rendiría V. sus armas si yo se lo mandase á V.?—Yo sólo rendiría mis armas si V. me echase á tierra.—¿Quién está rindiendo sus armas?—Los batallones enemigos están ahora rindiendo sus armas.—¿Por qué parece V. tan abatido esta tarde?—Como no puedo proporcionarme dinero, por eso me muestro abatido.—¿Estos malos tiempos han abatido al comerciante de mi vecino?—Es un gran emprendedor (*sp3'k50l2t9r*), y por eso se manifiesta tan triste.—¿Ha rendido las armas el enemigo?—No las ha rendido todavía.—¿Cómo sabe V. eso? El enemigo ha rendido ya las armas.—Yo no lo sabía, pues si lo hubiese sabido no lo habría negado.

117. ¿Me dice V. que suba ó que baje?—No le digo V. que suba ni que baje, la llamo á V. aquí.—¿Qué dice V.?—Digo á V. que puede V. bajar.—¿Me hará V. subir?—No; le digo á V. que baje para salir.—¿Deprime V. mis géneros?—No los deprimó.—¿Por qué deprimió V. mi mérito?—Porque V. deprimió el de mi hermana.—¿Menospreciará V. mis trabajos?—No los menospreciaré.—¿Deprimiría V. los géneros de ese comerciante?—No los deprimiría.—¿Por qué abate V. su orgullo (de ella)?—Lo abato porque es demasiado orgullosa.—¿Bajó V. mi látigo de la sala?—Lo bajé porque sabía que el caballo estaba listo.—¿Bajaría ese mozo la garrafa de vino?—La bajaría si V. lo mandase.—(Me) voy á Francia.—¿Cuándo parte V.?—Parto mañana á eso del amanecer.

XXXIII

Desesperación	pérdida de la esperanza. abatimiento del alma, des- animación producida por la pérdida de la espe- ranza. violenta.	Despair,	d5sp2'r.
		Despondence,	d6sp8'nd8ns.
		Desperation,	d3sp5r2'sh9n.
Desanudar	en su acepción propia de quitar un nudo. en la figurada de declarar lo que es obscuro, de sim- plificar lo complicado.	To untie,	9nt1'5.
		To unravel,	9nr1'vl.
Corrompido	participio del verbo to cor- rupt, corromper. adjetivo. la que proporciona el trato con las personas distin- guidas, la que da cono- cimiento de las maneras, de la buena educación.	Corrupted,	k8rr9'pt3d.
		Corrupt.	
Educación	la que da el estudio, adon- dando el entendimiento de conocimientos útiles y agradables.	Breeding.	
		Education.	

Conformarse con.	}	To bring over to.
Ganarse.		
Traspasar.	}	To turn over, to skim over.
Hojear.		
Pasar (un río, etc.)		To cross the river, to put over (<i>americanismo</i>).
Pasar lista.		To call over.
Ayudar á pasar.		To help over.

118. Has the duke made over his fortune to her?—He has (made it over to her), but she has left her picture gallery to him.—To whom would you make over your goods?—When I lie on my death-bed I shall then tell you to whom I shall make them over.—Was that affair smothered up?—It was smothered over.—Has that business been smothered up?—It has (been smothered up).—Will that lawsuit be smothered up?—It will be smothered up.—Would it be smothered up if you had money?—If I had money it would be smothered up.—Do you buy over the judges?—No, I buy over the witnesses.—Did the new member buy over most of his voters?—He bought over a great many with money, and the rest were bought over with wine.—Would the members have been bought over if they had been honest men?—Some few would have been bought over.

119. Has the general already been brought over to our schemes?—He would already have been brought over to them, had we brought over his wife first.—Have all our friends already been brought over to our side?—By great perseverance they will probably have been brought over to it, if not, you must try to bring them over.—Do you intend to turn over your trade to me?—I intend to turn it over to you.—When shall you turn it over to me?—I shall turn it over to you to-morrow.—Have you turned over your business to your son?—I have not yet turned it over to him.—What are you doing?—I am turning over the leaves of this book.—I have you already looked it over?—I have already looked it over, but my brother has not.—When does your brother intend to skim over the papers?—He intends to skim them over to day.—Did you skim over this document?—I skimmed it over.

120. Has he crossed the river?—He has crossed it.—Would that man have passed his stolen goods over the wall?—He would have passed them over it.—Was my bundle put over the garden gate?—It was put over it.—Tell the professor to call over the list of his pupils.—He is already calling it over.—Don't you hear?—Has the ship's captain already called over his company?—No, but I believe he is calling it over now.—Why do you cry, help him over?—Because he is in want of being helped over.—Will you help him over now?—I will not help him over now because he did not help me over when I was in want of it (of being helped over).

XXXIV

Rebosar.	To run over.
Repasar.	To run over, to look over, to go over.
Perder, dejar entrever.	To give over.
Pasar por alto, saltar (en la lectura).	To pass over, to miss, to read over.
Asaltar, pasar por encima, pasar trepando.	To get over.
Pasar, calmarse, pasar por encima.	To blow over, to pass over.

VERSIONES.—XXXIV, 120.

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Rayar	{	con rayas de color.	To streak.	
		con una regla.	To rule,	r01.
Rayo	{	borrar.	To strike out, to erase, to cross out,	5r2's.
		el de cualquier cuerpo lu- minoso.	Ray,	r2.
		el brillante, como del sol.	Beam,	b5m.
		el de la tormenta.	Thunderbolt.	

118. ¿Le ha cedido el duque (á ella) su fortuna?—Se la ha cedido; pero ella le ha dejado toda su galería de pinturas.—¿A quién transmitiría V. sus bienes?—Cuando yo esté en mi lecho de muerte (*lie on my death bed*), entonces le diré á V. á quién los transmitiré.—¿Se echó tierra á aquel asunto?—Se le echó tierra.—¿Se ha echado tierra á aquel asunto?—Se le ha echado tierra.—¿Se echaría tierra á aquel proceso?—Se echaría tierra sobre él.—¿Se echaría tierra sobre él si tuviese V. dinero?—Si yo tuviese dinero se echaría tierra sobre él.—¿Soborna V. á los jueces?—Nó, soborno á los testigos.—¿Compró el nuevo diputado á la mayor parte de sus electores (*voters*)?—Compró á muchos con dinero y los demás fueron comprados con vino.—¿Habrían sido sobornados los diputados (*members*), si hubiesen sido hombres honrados?—Algunos (unos pocos) habrían sido sobornados.

119. ¿Se ha conformado ya el general con nuestros planes?—Ya se habría conformado con ellos, si hubiésemos convencido á su mujer.—¿Han sido ya todos nuestros amigos ganados á nuestro partido?—Tal vez los hayan atraído por medio de gran perseverancia; si no, V. debe procurar ganarlos.—¿Piensa V. traspasarme su comercio?—Pienso pasárselo á V.—¿Cuándo me lo pasará V.?—Se lo pasará á V. mañana.—¿Ha pasado V. sus negocios á su hijo?—No se los he pasado todavía.—¿Qué está V. haciendo?—Estoy hojeando este libro.—¿Lo ha hojeado V. ya?—Ya lo he hojeado, pero mi hermano no lo ha hojeado todavía.—¿Cuándo piensa su hermano de V. hojear (*skim over*) los papeles?—Él piensa hojearlos hoy.—¿Hojéó V. este documento?—Lo hojéé.

120. ¿Ha pasado él el río?—Lo ha pasado.—¿Habría este hombre puesto (pasado) los géneros robados por él (*his stolen goods*) al otro lado (por encima) de la muralla?—Los habría pasado por encima (de) ella.—¿Fué pasado mi lío por la puerta del jardín?—Fué pasado por encima (de) ella.—Diga V. al profesor que pase lista de los discípulos.—Ya la está pasando.—¿No oye V.?—¿Ha pasado lista el capitán del barco á su compañía?—Nó, pero creo que está pasándola ahora.—¿Por qué grita V.? ayúdalo á pasar.—Porque necesita que lo ayuden á pasar.—¿Lo ayudará V. ahora á pasar?—No lo ayudaré á pasar ahora, porque él no me ayudó á pasar cuando yo tuve necesidad de ello.

XXXIV

Langüidecer	{	hablando de personas.	To languish (ó to pine away).	(1)
		hablando de personas, animales y plantas.	To droop.	(2)
		hablando del tiempo y su lentitud.	To linger.	
		hablando de plantas y animales.	To flag. (<i>The horse begins to flag</i>).	

(1) *To pine away* despierta una idea de decaimiento más sensible é indica especialmente que es causado por un pesar que devora.

(2) *To droop* sólo expresa los efectos sin indicar la causa, é indica una debilidad mortal.

121. Is that young lady reading over her letter?—She is reading it over very carefully, and as she reads it over attentively she drinks in its contents deeply.—Have you read over to-day's paper?—I have read it over.—Would you have read over your English lessons by night?—I should have read them over if my brother had in the first place read his over.—Does not the coffee-pot run over?—It does run over.—Did your tumbler run over?—The water in it did run over.—Sir, if you fill my wine-glass so full, will it not run over?—I will take care that it shall not run over.—Would the sailor's beer run over?—It would not run over, for sailors generally like it too much to allow it to run over.

122. Does the writer go over his work?—He does: (he goes over it).—Why did the professor run over his list?—He ran it over because he thought it incorrect.—Will you run over my letter?—I shall run it over when I have time.—Would that vagabound run over my estate?—He would run over it.—Have you missed that exercise?—I have missed it.—Why have you missed it?—When I do not write an exercise it is because I have read it over.—You must never miss (pass over) your exercises.—I will try not to miss (to pass over) any more of them.—Has the storm blown over?—It will blow over.—Will that black cloud blow over?—It will not blow over before we have rain.—Would the balls from my enemies' cannon pass over my soldiers?—They would not pass over but amidst them.—Blow over the candle without extinguishing it.

123. Do you give over all hopes of seeing him any more?—I do: (I give them all over).—Did you give over all your money to that man?—I gave it all (over) to him.—Will you give over fighting with that boy?—I shall give over fighting with him when he gives over teasing me.—Would you give me over to the care of that man?—I would give you over to his care if he would give over to my care his lovely child.—Are you going to get over the wall?—I am now getting over it.—Did your mother get over the loss of her husband?—She did not get over it, she died soon after his death.—Will you get over the difficulty?—I shall get over it.—Would you get over the counter instead of going round it?—I should get over it, as it is too much trouble to go round it.—Would you not get over it?—If I had not time to go round without doubt I should get over it.

XXXV

INTO, se refiere al movimiento, in al reposo, pero con algunas excepciones acerca de in.

I shall go into the garden, iré al jardín. *I am in Spain,* estoy en España.

Si el movimiento se limita á un lugar determinado, se usa in.

I saw him walking in the Tuilleries. Lo he visto pasearse en las Tuillerías.

Incitar, excitar.	To draw into, ó to draw on.
Introducirse.	To slip into.
Dedicarse á.	To strike into.
Enterar, informar, imponer.	To let into.
Invocar.	To cry into.
Obligar á (amedrentando).	To awe into.
Entrar en (proyectos, planes, etc.).	} To fall into.
Caer en (trampas, redes, lazos).	
Adivinar, averiguar, inquirir.	To inquire into.
Contraer (deudas, compromisos).	To run into.
Poner en.	} To put into.
Arribar, llegar.	
Tomar parte en una conversación.	To put a word into the conversation (<i>mejor to take part in</i>).
Introducirse á la fuerza.	To break into.
Entrar al paso.	To drop into.

VERSIONES.—XXXV, 123.

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121. ¿Está leyendo esa señorita su carta?—La está leyendo con mucho cuidado; y como lee atentamente su contenido (*and as she reads over*), se empapa (*she drinks in*) profundamente (en) su significado.—¿Ha leído V. el papel de hoy?—Lo he leído.—¿Habría V. leído sus lecciones inglesas durante la noche (*by night*)?—Las habría leído si mi hermano hubiese en primer lugar leído las suyas.—¿No reboea la cafetera (*coffee-pot*)?—Rebosa.—¿Rebosó su vaso de agua de V. (*tumbler*)?—El agua que estaba en él rebosó.—Señor, si V. llena demasiado mi copa, ¿no rebosará?—Cuidaré de que no rebosa.—¿Rebosaría la cerveza de los marineros?—No rebosaría, pues á los marineros les gusta generalmente demasiado para dejarla (*to allow it to*) rebosar.

122. ¿Repasa el escribiente (ó el autor) su trabajo?—Lo repasa.—¿Por qué recorrió su lista el profesor?—La recorrió porque creía que no estaba exacta (*he thought it incorrect*).—¿Repasará V. mi carta?—La repasaré cuando tenga tiempo.—¿Recorrería ese vagabundo mi hacienda (*state*)?—La recorrería.—¿Ha pasado V. por alto ese tema?—Lo he pasado por alto.—¿Por qué lo ha pasado V. por alto?—Cuando no escribo un tema, es porque lo he pasado por alto.—V. no debe nunca pasar por alto sus temas.—Trataré de no pasar ninguno por alto.—¿Se calma la tempestad?—Se calmará.—¿Pasará ese negro nublado?—No pasará antes que haya llovido.—¿Pasarian las balas del cañón de mis enemigos sobre mis soldados?—No pasarían sobre ellos, sino por en medio de ellos.—Sople V. por encima de la vela sin apagarla (*extinguishing*).

123. ¿Pierde V. todas las esperanzas de verlo más?—Todas las pierdo.—Entregó V. á ese hombre todo su dinero?—Todo se lo entregué.—¿Dejaría V. de pelear con ese muchacho?—Dejaré de pelear con él, cuando él deje de molestarme.—¿Me abandonaría V. al cuidado de ese hombre?—Lo abandonaría á V. al cuidado de él, si él abandonase á mi cuidado á su amado hijo.—¿Va V. á pasar por encima de la muralla?—Ahora estoy pasando por encima de ella.—¿Venció su madre de V. (la pena de) la pérdida de su esposo?—No la venció; murió poco después de (*soon after*) quedarse viuda.—¿Vencerá V. la dificultad?—La venceré.—¿Pasaría V. por encima del mostrador (*counter*) en vez de andar alrededor de él?—Saltaría por encima, pues es más molesto andar alrededor de él.—¿No lo saltaría V.?—Si yo no tuviese tiempo de andar alrededor de él, lo saltaría sin duda alguna.

XXXV

	<i>quitar toda la piel.</i>	<i>To skin, to flay.</i>	
	<i>quitar parte de la piel.</i>	<i>To flay.</i>	(1)
Desollar	<i>arrancar la superficie de la piel, desgarrarla.</i>	<i>To graze, to graze the skin.</i>	
	<i>una parte del cuerpo por un golpe que se lleve un pedazo de piel.</i>	<i>To knock the skin off.</i>	
	<i>por medio de la fricción.</i>	<i>To gall,</i>	gal.
Nobleza	<i>dignidad, majestad, magnanimidad.</i>	<i>Nobleness.</i>	
	<i>títulos de; la nobleza como cuerpo colectivo.</i>	<i>Nobility.</i>	
Repetir	<i>volver á decir, decir varias veces.</i>	<i>To repeat.</i>	
	<i>una comedia ú otra cosa que ha de ejecutarse en público.</i>	<i>To rehearse.</i>	
Cuentas	<i>en general.</i>	<i>Accounts.</i>	
	<i>cuentas corrientes.</i>	<i>Current accounts.</i> <i>Accounts current.</i>	

(1) *To skin* se dice exclusivamente de la acción de arrancar la piel con cierto cuidado con un cuchillo ú otro instrumento. *To flay* se emplea también en este sentido, y además en el de arrancar la piel de cualquiera otra manera.

124. Why do you draw that innocent boy into gambling?—It is not I who draw him into it.—Do you wish to slip into that room?—I do not wish to slip into it.—When shall you slip into my house?—I shall slip into it this evening.—Would you slip into my house if I slipped into my friend's?—If you slipped into your friend's house I should slip into yours.—Shall I let you into his plan?—Had you let me into his secret I should know it: as for the plan they have already let me into it.—Has the captain already let the governor into the schemes against the government?—He has already let him into them; but I believe it was unnecessary because I had already let him into the same schemes.

125. Does not that man cry unto God when his conscience dictates to him that he is doing wrong?—Atheists never cry (unto) God but when on their deathbed.—Would that soldier have cried for mercy to his commanding officer?—He would have cried unto him for it had it been of service.—When did Voltaire cry unto God?—He cried unto him in his last hours.—Did he awe her into silence?—He did.—Why did you fall into that man's schemes so soon?—Because my bad understanding makes me fall into every bad scheme, and as that man knew I was a simpleton he allowed me to fall into his net.—But knowing that, why do you fall into it deeper?—Because when one has once fallen into bad schemes, in trying to get out one falls deeper into them, as a gambler in trying to recover his lost money only falls the deeper into debt.

126. Why do you not inquire into that plan?—Had I had time I would have inquired into it, but not having had time it has been impossible for me to inquire into that plan.—Would you have inquired into her thoughts, if she had had more frankness?—Had she had more frankness I would have inquired into them.—Why does your master run into debt?—He runs into debt because he has no money to pay for what he has bought.—Did your eldest son run into debt when he lived in England?—He ran deeply into debt.—Will you run into the house, my dear little fellow?—If you give me six-pence I will.

127. Is that man putting money into the concern?—He is putting some into it.—Has that ship put into the harbour?—She has put into it.—Has that gentleman put his horse into the stable?—He has: (he has put it into it).—Would you have put your word in the conversation unasked?—I would.—Have the wolves broken into the sheepfold?—If it had not been strongly penned they would have broken into it.—Who has broken into that earl's fortress?—Only his worst enemies would have broken into it.

XXXVI

IN, particula que significa *en, dentro, al*; el lugar ó paraje en que se halla presente alguna persona ó cosa.

In *the city*, en la ciudad. In *the rear*, á la cola, al fin, á retaguardia.

Sirve para marcar *el tiempo, el modo, la causa*.

In *the night*, de noche. In *the reign of Augustus*, en el reinado de Augusto. In *the first place*, en primer lugar ó primeramente. In *a joking manner*, en chanza ó chancéandose. *To be rich in land*, ser rico, terrateniente. *We are in good hopes*, tenemos buenas esperanzas. In *the mean time*, entretanto. In *heat*, acaloradamente. *A little in liquor*, un poco achispado. In *the very nick of time*, á propósito, justamente. *This stands me in six shillings*, esto me ha costado seis chelines. In *truth*, verdaderamente.

Cultivar { *en general se traduce por To cultivate.*
hablando del cultivo de la } *To husband, (anticuado), (to till, con ara-*
tierra. } *do).*

124. ¿Por qué incita V. al juego á ese inocente muchacho?—No soy yo quien lo incito á ello.—¿Quiere V. introducirse en ese cuarto?—No quiero introducirme en él.—¿Cuándo se introducirá V. en mi casa?—Me introduciré en ella esta tarde.—¿Se introduciría V. en mi casa si yo me introdujese en casa de mi amigo?—Si V. se introdujese en casa de su amigo, me introduciría en casa de V.—¿Quiere V. que lo entere de su plan?—Si me hubiese V. impuesto de su secreto, lo sabría: en cuanto al plan, ellos me han informado ya de él.—¿Ha dado ya parte el capitán al gobernador de las conspiraciones contra el gobierno?—Ya le ha dado conocimiento; pero yo creo que no era necesario, porque yo lo había ya informado de las mismas conspiraciones.

125. ¿No invoca este hombre á Dios cuando su conciencia le dicta que ha hecho mal?—Los ateos nunca invocan á Dios sino cuando van á morir (*on their death-bed*).—¿Habría este soldado pedido merced al oficial que lo mandaba (*commanding officer*)?—Se la habría pedido si hubiese estado de servicio.—¿Cuándo invocó á Dios Voltaire?—Lo invocó en sus últimas horas.—¿La obligó á callar?—La obligó á ello.—¿Por qué entró V. tan pronto en los proyectos de ese hombre?—Porque mi mala cabeza (*bad understanding*) me hace entrar en cualquier mal proyecto; y como ese hombre conoció que yo era un simplón (*simpleton*), me hizo caer en su(s) red(es) (*he allowed me to fall into his net*).—Pero conociendo eso, ¿por qué cayó más V. en ella (*did you fall into it deeper*)?—Porque cuando uno ha entrado en malos proyectos, al tratar de echarse fuera (*to get out*) cae uno en ellos más profundamente, como un jugador, al tratar de recobrar su dinero perdido, contrae más deudas (*falls the deeper into debt*).

126. ¿Por qué no averigua V. ese plan?—Si yo hubiese tenido tiempo ya lo habría averiguado; pero, no habiendo tenido tiempo, (me) ha sido imposible para mí adivinar ese plan.—¿Habría V. adivinado sus pensamientos si ella hubiese tenido más franqueza?—Si ella hubiese sido más franca, los habría inquirido.—¿Por qué contrae tantas deudas su maestro de V.?—Contrae tantas porque no tiene dinero para pagar lo que ha comprado.—¿Contrajo deudas su hijo de V. el mayor (*your eldest son*) cuando vivía en Inglaterra?—Contrajo muchas.—¿Entrará V. corriendo en la casa, mi querido niño?—Si V. me da seis peniques entraré muy aprisa.

127. ¿Está ese hombre poniendo su dinero en el negocio?—Está poniendo algo en él.—¿Ha arribado este buque al puerto?—Ha arribado á él.—¿Ha puesto este caballero su caballo en la cuadra?—Lo ha puesto en ella.—¿Habría V. tomado parte en la conversación si no se lo hubiesen suplicado (*unasked*)?—Habría tomado parte en ella.—¿Se han introducido los lobos en el redil?—Si no estuviese fuertemente asegurado, se habrían introducido en él.—¿Quién ha forzado la fortaleza de ese conde?—Sólo sus más fuertes enemigos se habrían introducido en ella.

XXXVI

Roca	<i>masa enorme de piedra. escarpada, costa elevada ó formando pendiente. aventuras naturales entre- tenidas, como el Quijote, el Gil Blas; amorosas.</i>	Rock.
		Cliff.
Novela	<i>producción que contiene aventuras menos natu- rales, maravillosas, y que giran sobre el amor.</i>	Novel.
		Romance.

Go in doors, entrad. In arms, sobre las armas. They are all in and out together in a wink, (vulgar) ellos rifien y hacen las paces en un instante.

Entrarse el polvo.	To blow in.
Insultar, reirse en las barbas de uno.	To fly in one's face.
Encontrar casualmente.	To laugh in one's face.
Entrar en.	To fall in with.
Encerrar.	To drop in (<i>familiar</i>).
Comprometerse con, quedarse obligado á.	To shut in, to shut up.
Entrar.	To join in a bond with. (<i>Es frase comercial y de curia.</i>)
Ponerse, meterse á hablar de, jugar con y en el agua.	To enter in an engagement with.
Parir. (1)	To step in.
Acoplar, pujar en subasta. (2)	To dabble in.
Traer á.	To lie in.
Poner en duda.	To buy in.
Recolectar, recoger, hacer entrar, citar.	To bring in.
Dar, entregar.	To call in question.
Obligar á entrar (por fuerza).	To call in, to summon.
Economizar, reducir, (estafar).	To give in.
Achicar, acortar.	To force in.
Contener, refrenar.	To take in, to cheat.
Hacer entrar.	To take in.
	To hold in.
	To fetch in.

128. Did you fall in with my brother in the street?—No, I fell in with him at the theatre.—Had you not gone to the theatre would you not have fallen in with him?—I might have fallen in with him at his house, had I gone there before the time for the theatre.—At what time did you drop into his house?—I dropped in when dinner was ready.—When will you have the kindness to drop into my shop?—When I want (I am in want of) any thing in your line I will undoubtedly come to see you (to give you a call).—Would you have dropped into the house of your friend had you been able to do it?—I would have dropped in had I had time.—Are you shutting me in?—I am not shutting you in.—Did you shut in my son?—I did not shut him in.—Shall you shut up my dog?—I shall shut him up.—Would you shut up my cat if I shut up yours?—If you shut up mine I would shut up yours.

129. Is your brother engaged to your niece?—He is engaged to her.—Will you join with me on these conditions?—I will but without them.—Are you stepping in?—I am.—When did your sister step in?—She stepped in after your sister.—Why did she step in after my sister?—Because it was necessary for her to step in after your sister.—Why does that man dabble in railways, when he has no idea of the thing?—Most infatuated men with money often dabble in what they do not understand.—My child, why have you dabbled so long in the water?—Because it is better and safer to dabble in water than to dabble in politics.

130. Who was confined last week?—My neighbour.—What was she confined of?—Of a fine boy.—Does my father's merchant buy in shawls?—He does not buy in any.—Did your father intend to buy in corn?—Yes, because every body intends to do so.—Has he already bought in some?—No, but my elder brother must have

(1) Sólo la gente ordinaria usa de esta voz: las personas cultas se sirven de la expresión *to be confined*, que á veces se sustituye con elegancia por el verbo francés *accoucher*.

(2) *To buy in*, en las subastas públicas para que no se lleven un objeto por un precio bajo, ofrecer al mismo dueño del objeto una cantidad mayor para no salir perjudicado.

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<i>Rumiar</i>	<i>en sentido propio de estar mascando, y en el figurado de repasar en el entendimiento.</i>	<i>To chew the cud, to ruminate,</i>	ch0, k9d, r50'm6n2t.
	<i>pesar en el entendimiento.</i>	<i>To ponder,</i>	p8'nd9r.
<i>Flotar</i>	<i>sobre la superficie de un fluido, y por extensión de lo que está sostenido en el aire ó flota en él.</i>	<i>To float,</i>	f7t.
	<i>ondeando como los cabellos.</i>	<i>To flow,</i>	f7.
	<i>agitándose en el aire como una bandera.</i>	<i>To wave,</i>	02'v
<i>Pacífico.</i>	<i>dulce de carácter.</i>	<i>Peaceable.</i>	
	<i>que no mete ruido, etc.</i>	<i>Peaceful.</i>	
	<i>una cosa colocándola en sitio donde no pueda ser hallada.</i>	<i>To mislay.</i>	
<i>Extraviar</i>	<i>personas ó animales, con intención ó sin ella de exponerlos á perecer.</i>	<i>To lose.</i>	
	<i>dirigir mal á una persona, inducirla en errores.</i>	<i>To mislead.</i>	
	<i>apartar á alguien del camino de la virtud y del honor.</i>	<i>To lead astray.</i>	

128. ¿Encontró V. por casualidad á (dió V. con) mi hermano en la calle?—No, le encontré en el teatro casualmente (di con él).—¿Si V. no hubiese ido al teatro no lo habría V. encontrado?—Pudiera haberlo encontrado en su casa (si) yo hubiese ido allá antes de la hora del teatro.—¿A qué hora entró V. en su casa (de él)?—Entré cuando estuvo la comida lista.—¿Cuándo tendrá V. la bondad de pasar por mi tienda?—Cuando necesite algo de ella me pasará por allá.—¿Habría V. entrado en la casa de su amigo si hubiese podido V. hacerlo?—Habría entrado en ella si hubiese tenido tiempo.—¿Me encierra V.?—No encierro á V.—¿Encerró V. á mi hijo?—No lo encerré.—¿Encerrará V. (á) mi perro?—Lo encerraré.—¿Encerraría V. á mi gato si yo encerrase el de V.?—Si V. encerrase el mío, encerraría el de V.

129. ¿Está comprometido su hermano de V. con mi sobrina?—Está comprometido con ella.—¿Se comprometerá V. conmigo con esas condiciones?—Me comprometeré, pero sin ellas, (*but without them*).—¿Entra V.?—Entro.—¿Cuándo entró su hermana de V.?—Ella entró después que entró su hermana de V.—¿Por qué entró ella después que entró mi hermana?—Porque fué necesario que ella entrara después de su hermana de V.—¿Por qué se mete este hombre en negocios de ferrocarriles cuando no tiene ninguna idea del asunto (*of the thing*)?—Los más de los hombres infatuados porque tienen dinero (*with money*) se meten á mentado en negocios que no entienden.—Hijo mío, ¿por qué has estado jugando tanto tiempo en el agua?—Porque es mejor y más seguro ponerse á jugar en el agua que meterse en cosas de política.

130. ¿Quién estuvo de parto la semana pasada?—Mi vecina.—¿Qué fué lo que parió?—Un hermoso niño.—¿Hace el comerciante de mi padre acopio de pafolones (*shaws*)?—No hace acopio ninguno.—¿Pensaba su padre de V. acopiar trigo?—Sí, porque todo el mundo piensa hacer lo mismo.—¿Ha acopiado ya alguno?—No, pero

bought some in for him.—Was that man brought into our house by my daughter?—He was brought in by her, and if not my son would have brought him in.—Why have you brought that good for nothing fellow into my class?—He was brought in by me, because no other master would have taken him in.

131. Sir, do you call in question my authority?—As a queen's officer I do not call it in question.—Did the people call in question the abilities of this general?—People always call in question the abilities of all great men.—Who would call in question the tactics of the English officers?—The French officers enjoy the pleasure of calling them into question.—Is the government calling in the bad money?—It does not call it in for it is not necessary.—Did my father intend to call in the amount of his bank-notes?—He called in part of it yesterday, and this morning he will call in the rest.—Call my servant in.—I am calling him in to tell him to call in my friend.—Was the criminal summoned before the court?—He was.—Would he have been called in had he been an honest man?—He would have been called in, but only as a witness.

132. Does your son give in his name as a voter?—He gives it in for he is now of the right age.—Did you give in his name?—I gave it in.—Will you give me that flower?—I shall give it to you after my sister has seen it; but you must take great care with it, and give it into my hand when you have finished looking at it.—Would you give that child into my arms if I wished to have it?—I would.—Am I not forcing them in?—You do perfectly right in forcing them into your shop.—Did you force that man in through your door?—I did not force him in through the door, for he was too stout, but I forced him in at the window, it being large.

133. Do you intend to cheat (to take in) your creditors?—I don't intend to take them in, because my brother hasn't cheated his.—What are you taking in?—I am taking in my dressing-gown.—What does your brother wish to take in?—He wishes to take in your new coat.—Oh! no! it fits me very well, so that he must not take it in.—But he has begun to take it in.—Indeed?—Yes.—In that case he may continue.—Did you hold in your horse?—I held it in because it was very restive.—Did the coachman hold in the horses?—He held them in.—Would you have held in your anger?—Burning with revenge I would not have held it in.

134. Did she fetch you in?—She fetched me in.—Will you fetch in the clothes?—I will fetch them in as it rains, and if I do not fetch them in they will be wet through.—Would you fetch in my little boys if I asked your?—I would fetch them in because it is growing dark.—Why do you fly in my face?—I do not fly in the face of any man.—Did you laugh in my face thinking I was a cowardly man?—I laughed in your face knowing you would not retaliate.—Did the dust blow into her eyes?—It did not blow into them for she had a thick veil on.

XXXVII

With con; explica el medio, el instrumento; denota unión, simultaneidad, ó relaciones de asociación, ó bien implica una idea de adición. *Fire is extinguished with water*, el fuego se apaga con agua. *One with another*, uno con otro, juntos. *To stab with*, herir con. *He will die with cold*, se morirá de frío. *Taken with*, encantado de. *With two heads*, con dos cabezas.

Significa también por. *With study men become learned*, uno se instruye por el estudio.

CONTRA. *To struggle with adversity*, luchar contra la adversidad. *Prejudiced with*, prevenido en contra.

ENTRE. *It is so with the great*, así sucede entre los grandes.

PARA CON. *Do you deal so with me?* ¿Ea así como se conduce V. para conmigo?

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mi hermano mayor habrá acopiado alguno por él.—¿Fue traído á casa ese hombre por mi hija?—Fue traído por ella, y si no, mi hijo lo habría traído por ella.—¿Por qué has traído á ese indolente á mi clase?—Fue traído por mí porque ningún otro maestro lo habría recibido.

131. ¿Caballero, duda V. de mi autoridad?—Como oficial (empleado) de la Reina, no la pongo en duda.—¿Dudaron las gentes de los talentos de ese general?—La gente siempre pone en duda los talentos de todos los grandes hombres.—¿Quién será capaz de dudar de la táctica de los oficiales ingleses?—Los oficiales franceses se divierten en dudar de ello.—¿Está recogiendo el gobierno la mala moneda?—No la recoge porque no es necesario.—¿Intentó mi padre recoger el importe de sus billetes?—Recogió parte de él ayer, y hoy por la mañana recogerá el resto.—Dígale V. á mi criado que entre.—Le estoy llamando para decirle que le diga á mi amigo que entre.—¿Fue citado el criminal ante el tribunal?—Fue citado ante él.—¿Habría sido citado si hubiese sido honrado?—Habría sido citado, pero sólo como testigo.

132. ¿Da su hijo de V. su nombre como elector (*voter*)?—Lo da, pues tiene edad para ello (*for he is now of the right age*).—¿Dió V. su nombre (de él)?—Lo di.—¿Quiere V. darme esa flor?—Se la daré á V. después que mi hermana la haya visto; pero debe V. tener gran cuidado con ella y entregármela en la mano cuando la haya V. acabado de mirar.—¿Pondría V. en mis brazos á ese muchacho si yo deseara tenerlo?—Se lo entregaría á V.—¿No los obligo á entrar?—V. tiene mucha razón en obligarlos á entrar en su tienda.—¿Obligó V. á ese hombre á entrar por su puerta de V.?—No lo obligué á entrar por la puerta, pues él era muy grueso (*stout*), sino que lo obligué á entrar por la ventana, que es ancha (*it being large*).

133. ¿Piensa V. estafar á sus acreedores?—No pienso estafarlos, porque mi hermano no ha estafado á los suyos.—¿Qué está V. achicando?—Estoy achicando mi bata.—¿Qué quiere acortar su hermano de V.?—Él quiere achicar su vestido nuevo de V.—¡Oh, no! me está muy bien (*it fits me very well*), de manera que no lo achicaré.—¡Pero él ha empezado á cortarlo!—¿De veras?—Sí.—En ese caso, que lo achique (*he may continue*).—¿Contuvo V. su caballo?—Lo contuve porque era muy brioso.—¿Contuvo el cobero los caballos?—Los contuvo.—¿Contentaría V. su cólera?—Ardiendo en deseos de venganza, no la habría contenido.

134. ¿Hizo ella entrar á V.?—Ella me hizo entrar.—¿Quiere V. meter adentro la ropa?—Quiero meterla adentro, porque (*as it*) llueve; y si no la meto adentro se pondrá pingando (*they will be wet through*).—¿Quisiera V. meter dentro á los pequeñuelos si yo se lo pidiese á V.?—Ya los habría yo metido adentro, porque se va poniendo muy oscuro.—¿Por qué me insulta V. en mi cara?—Yo no insulto en su cara á ningún hombre.—¿Se rió V. en mis barbas pensando que yo era un hombre cobarde?—Me reí en las barbas de V. creyendo que V. lo aguantaría.—¿Se le entró el polvo en los (*her*) ojos?—No se le ha entrado en ellos, porque tenía puesto (*had on*) un velo muy tupido.

XXXVII

Sombra	{ lo que está sombrío. la representación de un cuerpo por la intercep- ción de la luz. las sombras ó los espíritus, la obscuridad, las som- bras de un cuadro.	Shade, umbrage.	(1)
		Shadow.	
		Shade.	

(1) Este último se usa en el sentido de resentimiento.—*He took umbrage at what I said*, se resentió por lo que yo le dije.

(Prefijo) RE denota la oposición. *To withstand*, resistir; *to withhold*, retener; *to withdraw*, retirar.

Echar en cara, afear, reprochar.	To upbraid with.
Estar con.	To side with, to agree with.
No gastar ceremonias, cumplimientos.	To make free with.
Favorecer una cosa á.	To stand something with.
Estar de acuerdo, en armonía.	} To be consistent with, to fall in with.
	} To be favorable with.
Ceder, acceder á, conformarse con, con- temporizar.	To comply with.
Convenir con.	To close with, to fall in with, to agree.
Luchar.	To close in with.
Imputar á.	To tax with.
Sufrir, sobrellevar.	To bear with.
Ser de la opinión de alguien.	To hold with some one, to agree with.
Adornar.	To adorn with.
Abundar en, haber en abundancia.	To abound with, ó in.
Llenar de.	To fill with.
Cargar, llenar de.	To freight with.
Convenir en.	To strike in with (<i>no muy usado</i>), to agree with.
Convenir.	To stand with.

135. Do you upbraid her with her fault?—I do not upbraid her with it.—What did you upbraid your friend with?—I upbraided him with his bad conduct.—Have you upbraided my son with his conduct?—I have upbraided him with it.—Do you agree with me (side with me)?—I do not agree with you (side with you).—Why do you not agree with me (side with me)?—Because you do not side with my brother.—If I should side with your brother, would you side with me?—I should not side with you if you sided with him, but if you sided with your father I should.—Make no compliments.—By no mean: I make free with you.—Why do you not make free with me (*mejor*: why are you so ceremonious with me)?—I can never make free with dignified people: I am always ceremonious with dignified people.—Who would be able to make free with her?—Nobody would be able to make free with so proud a woman.

136. Does that stand well with your interest?—It does: (that stands well with it).—Did my mother's plans fall in with your opinions?—They did.—Would that circumstance have been favourable to your desires on another occasion?—It would on every other occasion, but not on the present.—Is his behaviour consistent with the education I have given him?—It is consistent, my friend, with the advice of his bad companions.—Will you comply with her request?—I only comply with the wishes of my true friends, but I shall never comply with the fantastical or whimsical ideas of a foolish old woman.—Would you in that case have complied with the orders of the general?—I should only have complied with those of the Queen.

137. Why do you not yet fall in with me?—Because I only agree with the people who agree with me.—Has that man already agreed with his antagonist to fight with him for the sum agreed upon?—I believe he has already agreed with him for it, because he is very fond of public fighting.—What did he tax you with?—He taxed me with that crime.—But was he right in taxing you with it?—He was wrong, because I do not deserve to be taxed by any body with bad actions.—Had you known that would you not have taxed your servant with the theft?—I perhaps should have taxed him with it.—How has she borne with your bad temper?—She has borne with it pretty well.—When shall we bear with her?—When we have grown better we shall bear better with her.—Would they have borne with me?—They would never have borne with you.

Obstinado, terco	{	por buena opinión de uno mismo, por exceso de amor propio.	}	Opinionated.
		de carácter indómito, no amigo de ceder.		Obstinate.
		sordo á la voz de la razón. testarudo, porfado.		Head-strong. Stubborn.
Salvaje	{	hablando de los pueblos que no están civilizados.	}	Savage.
		referente á animal no doméstico.		Wild. (2)
Eficaz	{	que produce efectos poderosos.	}	Efficacious.
		que llena el objeto propuesto superando obstáculos.		Effectual.
Lo más	{	la mayor parte de.	}	Most.
		la mayor parte de nosotros.		Most of us.
		muy.		Most.
		muy notable.		Most remarkable.
Próximo	{	principalmente.	}	Mostly.
		inmediatamente después.		Next.
		después.		Next to.

135. ¿Le echó V. á ella en cara su falta?—No se la eché en cara.—¿Qué le afeó V. á su amigo?—Le afeé su mala conducta.—¿Le ha echado V. en cara á mi hijo su conducta?—Se la he echado en cara.—¿Está V. conmigo?—No estoy con V.—¿Por qué no está V. conmigo?—Porque V. no está con mi hermano.—Si yo estuviese con su hermano de V., ¿estaría V. conmigo?—No estaría con V. si V. estuviese con él, sino si V. estuviese con su padre.—No gaste V. cumplimientos.—De ningún modo; yo no gasto ceremonias con V.—¿Por qué usa V. ceremonias conmigo?—Yo no puedo nunca dejar de usar ceremonias con personas respetables.—¿Quién podría no usar ceremonias con ella?—Nadie podría dejar de gastar ceremonias con una mujer tan orgullosa (*proud a*).

136. Favorece eso á los intereses de V.?—Eso los favorece.—¿Favorecieron los planes de mi madre las opiniones de V.?—Las favorecieron.—¿Habría favorecido esa circunstancia los deseos de V. en otra ocasión?—Los habría favorecido en cualquiera otra ocasión, pero nó en la presente (*in the present*).—¿Está su (*his*) conducta en armonía con la educación que yo le he dado?—Está en armonía, amigo mío, con los consejos de sus malos compañeros.—¿Cederá V. á su ruego?—Yo sólo condescenderé con los deseos de mis verdaderos amigos, pero nunca cederé á ideas fantásticas y caprichosas (*fantastical or whimsical*) de una mujer vieja (y) loca.—¿Se habría V. conformado en ese caso con las órdenes del general?—Yo sólo me habría conformado con las de la reina.

137. ¿Por qué no conviene V. todavía conmigo?—Porque yo sólo convengo con las personas que convienen conmigo.—¿Ha convenido ya ese hombre con su antagonista para reñir con él por la suma concertada?—Creo que ya habrá convenido con él, porque le gusta mucho reñir en público.—¿Qué le imputó él á V.?—Él me imputó ese crimen.—¿Pero tuvo él razón para imputárselo á V.?—No tuvo razón, porque yo no merezco que nadie me impute malas acciones.—Si hubiese V. sabido eso, no habría V. imputado á su criado el hurto (*theft*).—Quizás se lo habría imputado.—¿Cómo ha sufrido (sobrellevado) ella su mal genio de V.?—Lo ha sobrellevado así, así.—¿Cuándo la sobrellevaremos?—Cuando nos hayamos (habremos) vuelto mejores la sobrellevaremos mejor.—¿Me habrían ellos aguantado?—Nunca habrían aguantado á V.

(2) Puede emplearse hablando de alguna fiera; *savage*, pero *wild* es la palabra más usada.

138. Do I adorn my bed with flowers?—You adorn it with them.—Did he adorn his sisters with jewels?—He adorned them with some.—Has my sister adorned herself with ribbons?—She has not adorned herself with any.—Will that woman adorn herself with rings?—She must put some on as I wish her to do so.—Shall you adorn yourself with a fine hat?—I shall adorn myself with one.—Would you adorn my room with pictures?—I would adorn it with them.—Would you have adorned your room with books?—I would have adorned it with them.—Do you agree with me?—I agree with you.—Who agreed with you?—You agreed with me.—Did you agree with my sister?—I did.—Would you agree with me if I agreed with you?—I should certainly agree with you if you agreed with me.

139. Do you agree with me?—I agree with reasonable persons.—Shall you agree with him?—I shall not agree with him because all men who have agreed with him have repented of it.—Had those men not repented would you have held with him?—In that case I should have held with him.—Does not Spain abound with wine?—Isn't there a good deal of wine in Spain?—Yes, there is.—Does the forest abound with trees?—Are there many trees in the forest?—It abounds with them.—Yes, there are.—Does the river abound with fish?—It does not abound with them for the water is bad.—Will the fields abound with corn?—They will abound with it, but not till next year.—Have you not abounded with good things?—No.—Do your gardens abound with fruit?—They do.

XXXVIII

FROM.—Partícula que marca en general el punto de partida; significa *desde*, y es signo del ablativo: es el opuesto á *to*.

He goes from Cadiz to Jerez, él va de Cádiz á Jerez. *Distant one from another*, distante el uno del otro. *From that time*, desde aquel tiempo.

Expresiones familiares.—*From the heart*, de corazón, de buena voluntad. *From the Spaniards*, de los españoles. *From henceforth*, de aquí en adelante. *He lives but from hand to mouth*, él vive á salir del día, esto es, no ahorra, lo comido por lo servido. *From above*, de arriba. *From beneath*, de abajo.—*From top to toe*, de la cabeza á los pies (de pies á cabeza). *From abroad*, de afuera ó de un país extranjero.—*From within*, de adentro. *Quite from what we speak*, todo lo contrario de lo que hablamos.

Ocultarse de, ausentarse de, huir de.		To abscond from, to fly from, to run away, to leave.
Ausentarse de.		To absent from.
Absolver de, perdonar.		To absolve from, to forgive.
Ser ó estar inepto para, incapaz de.		To be disabled from.
Faltar á.	(1)	To fall from, to fail in.
Abstenerse de.		To abstain from.
Arrancar, quitar, coger, tomar.		To abstract from, to take from.
Perjudicar á uno	} en el crédito, fama, honra, etc.	} To detract from, to keep back from.
Disminuir, rebajar		
Quitar		
Retractarse.		To retract from, to retract.
Degradarse.	(2)	To derogate from (muy poco usado).

140. Do you fly from justice?—I do not fly from it.—Did he run away from his duty?—He did.—Has your brother left her house?—No, but my sister has.—Will that man leave his house?—If I desire it he will.—Should I leave the city?—If possible you should leave it to-morrow.—Would you have left my counting-house?—

(1) Las expresiones *to fall from one's word, one's promise*, etc., se traducen generalmente por el verbo *to break*, ó *to fail in*.

(2) Más usado es el verbo *to be derogatory in*, ser denigrante.

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136. ¿Adorno mi cama con flores?—V. la adorna con ellas.—¿Adornó él á sus hermanas con joyas?—Las adornaba con ellas.—¿Se ha adornado mi hermana con cintas?—Ella no se ha adornado con ellas.—¿Se adornará esa mujer con anillos?—Se adornará con ellos (*put some on*), pues deseo que lo haga (*as I wish her to do so*).—¿Se adornará con un hermoso sombrero?—Me adornaré con él (*with one*).—¿Adornaría V. mi cuarto con pinturas?—Lo adornaría con ellas.—¿Habría V. adornado su cuarto con libros?—Lo habría adornado con ellos.—¿Conviene V. conmigo?—Conviengo con V.—¿Quién convino con V.?—V. convino conmigo.—¿Convenía V. con mi hermana?—Convine con ella.—¿Convendría V. conmigo si yo conviniese con V.?—Convendría de seguro con V. si V. conviniese conmigo.

139. ¿Es V. de mi opinión?—Soy de la opinión de (los) hombres razonables.—Estará V. conforme con él?—No estaré conforme con él, porque todos los hombres que han estado conformes con él se han arrepentido.—(Si) no se hubiesen arrepentido esos hombres ¿habría V. estado conforme con él?—En ese caso hubiera estado conforme con él.—¿No abunda España en vinos?—Sí.—¿Abunda en árboles el bosque?—Abunda en ellos.—¿Abunda el río en peces?—No abunda en ellos, pues el agua es mala.—¿Abundarán en grano los campos?—Abundarán en él, pero no hasta el próximo año.—¿No ha abundado V. en buenas cosas?—Nó, señor.—¿Abundan en frutas sus jardines de V.?—Abundan.

XXXVIII

Delicado	} fácil de ser herido, susceptible, lo que es de una ligereza elegante, de una forma delicada. tierno, mirado. quisquilloso, de difícil trato, poco contentadizo. hablando de lo que agrada al gusto, de lo que es delicado, de un gusto exquisito. hablando de lo que encanta, como una hermosa perspectiva, una bella música.	} Delicate.			
				} Touchy, susceptible.	
				} Delicious.	
Inducir	} determinar, persuadir á algo. hablando del motivo que nos impulsa á hacer una cosa. en este mismo sentido, pero cuando el motivo que nos impulsa es agradable al corazón.	} To induce, ó to prevail on, (upon). (1)			
				} To induce.	

140. ¿Se oculta V. de la justicia?—No me oculto de ella.—¿Se apartó él de su deber?—Se apartó de él.—¿Se ha ausentado su hermano de V. de la casa de ella?—Nó, pero mi hermana se ha ausentado.—¿Se ausentará de su casa ese hombre?—Si yo lo deseo se ausentará.—¿Debo ausentarme de la ciudad?—Si fuese posible, V.

(1) *To prevail on* se dice hablando de las personas que nos determinan á algo con palabras persuasivas, con ruegos, etc.

I should not have absconded from yours.—Sir, do you not absent yourself from my house?—I do not absent myself from it.—Did he absent himself from the concert?—He absented himself from the concert.—Has my sister absented herself from your house?—She has absented herself from it entirely.—Would you have absented yourself from my castle?—I would have absented myself from it.—Would you absent yourself for ever?—I would not absent myself for ever.—Would your sister have absented herself from my class?—She would not have absented herself from your class.

141. Did your confessor absolve you from the sin?—He absolved me from it.—Did the priest absolve the sinner from his sins?—He absolved him from them.—Has he absolved my sister from her crime?—He has absolved her from it.—Will you forgive my son his sin?—I shall not forgive him.—Will my uncle forgive my aunt her guilt?—He will not pardon her.—Would you absolve me from doing my duty?—I would not absolve you from doing it.—Would not my nephew have absolved him from the accusation?—He would never have absolved him from it.—Is that ship disabled for crossing the Ocean?—It has been disabled these ten years (It was disabled ten years ago)—Has my horse been disabled from service?—It has been disabled from it.—Would that soldier have been disabled from serving in the army if he had been wounded?—He would have been disabled from service if he had had a bad leg.

142. Has he failed in his word?—He has failed in his oath.—Do you fail in your promise?—I never fail in what I promise.—Which of us will fail the first in his duties?—The one who joined us last, will be the first to fail in his word.—Do you abstain from drinking water?—I do not abstain from drinking it.—Would your sister abstain from drinking milk?—She would abstain from drinking it.—Has my sister abstained from striking you?—She has abstained from it.—Will you abstain from drinking wine?—I shall never abstain from it.—When shall you abstain from hurting my son?—I shall abstain from it when he leaves off throwing stones.—Would you abstain from seeing my sister?—I should not abstain from seeing her.

143. Do I take flowers from your garden?—You do not take any.—Did my son take a watch from your pocket?—He did not.—Has my sister taken a dressing-gown from your shop?—She has not taken one from it.—When did my servant take money from your till?—He must never have taken any from it.—Would you take gloves from my room?—I would take some from your drawer.—Would he have abstracted those valuable papers from your safe?—He would have abstracted them from it.—Where have these deeds been extracted from?—They were extracted from the original deeds.—Did you retract your word?—Men of honour never retract the word they have solemnly given.—Will that man keep back so much from my salary?—He will not keep back so much: the workmen came late and so the overseer fined them saying he would keep back a shilling from each man's wages that week.—Did that work detract from his merit?—It did not.

XXXIX

By.—Esta partícula señala la causa que produce una cosa ó una acción, el motivo que nos impele á hacer una cosa y los medios por los cuales ella se hace.

All things were created by the word of God, todas las cosas fueron creadas por la palabra de Dios. *He died by the hands of the executioner,* murió á manos del verdugo.

Sirve para marcar el tiempo, la proximidad, y el lugar por donde se pasa, el instrumento, la causa y el modo.

By day and by night, de día y de noche. *Sit down by me,* siéntese V. á mi lado. *By break of day,* al romper el día. *By that time,* entonces. *Higher by ten feet,* más alto en diez pies. *By stealth,* á hurtadillas. *Street by street,* de calle en calle. *By agreement,* de común acuerdo ó por convenio. *By turns,* alternativamente.

Expresiones familiares. *By moonlight,* á la luz de la luna. *I got it by heart,* lo

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debería ausentarse mañana.—¿Se habría V. ausentado de mi escritorio?—Yo no me habría ausentado del de V.—Señor, ¿no se ausenta V. de mi casa?—Yo no me ausento de ella.—¿Se ausentó él del concierto?—Él se ausentó del concierto.—¿Se ha ausentado mi hermana de su casa de V.?—Se ha ausentado de ella por completo.—¿Se habría V. ausentado de mi castillo?—Me habría ausentado de él.—¿Se ausentaría V. para siempre?—No me ausentaría para siempre.—¿Se habría ausentado su hermana de V. de mi clase?—Ella se habría ausentado de su clase de V.

141. ¿Absolvió á V. su confesor del pecado?—Me absolvió de él.—¿Absolvió el sacerdote al pecador de sus faltas?—Lo absolvió de ellas.—¿Ha absuelto él á mi hermana de su crimen?—La ha absuelto de él.—¿Absolverá V. á mi hijo de su pecado?—No lo absolveré de él.—¿Absolverá de su delito mi tío á mi tía?—No la absolveré de él.—¿Me excusaría V. de cumplir con mi deber?—No excusaría á V. de ello.—¿No lo habría absuelto mi sobrino de la acusación?—Él nunca lo habría absuelto de ella.—¿Está ese buque incapaz de cruzar el Océano?—Está imposibilitado de hacerlo hace diez años.—¿Ha sido declarado inútil para el servicio mi caballo?—Lo ha sido.—¿Habría estado ese soldado imposibilitado para servir en el ejército si hubiese sido herido?—Habría estado imposibilitado para el servicio, si hubiese tenido una pierna mala.

142. ¿Ha faltado él á su palabra?—Él ha faltado á su juramento.—¿Falta V. á su promesa?—Yo nunca faltó á lo que prometo.—¿Cuál de nosotros faltará primero á sus deberes?—El último que se nos agregó faltará primero á su palabra.—¿Se abstiene V. de beber agua?—No me abstengo de beberla.—¿Se abstendría su hermana de V. de beber leche?—Se abstendría de beberla.—¿Se ha abstenido mi hermana de pegarle á V.?—Se ha abstenido de ello.—¿Se abstendrá V. de beber vino?—No me abstendré nunca de beberlo.—¿Cuándo se abstendrá V. de hacer daño á mi hijo?—Me abstendré de ello cuando él se abstenga (*leave off*) de tirar piedras.—¿Se abstendría V. de ver á mi hermana?—No me abstendría de verla.

143. ¿Arranco flores de su jardín de V.?—V. no arranca ningunas.—¿Le quitó á V. mi hijo un reloj de su bolsillo de V.?—No me quitó ninguno de él.—¿Ha cogido mi hermana una bata de su tienda de V.?—No ha cogido ninguna de ella.—¿Cuándo robó mi criado dinero de su cajón de V.?—No lo habrá robado nunca.—¿Cogería V. los guantes de mi habitación?—Los tomaría de su cómoda de V.—¿Habría tomado él aquellos (*valuable*) papeles de valor de su caja de V.?—Los habría tomado de ella.—¿De dónde han sido extractados estos documentos?—Han sido extractados de documentos originales.—¿Se retractó V. de su palabra?—Los hombres de honor nunca se retractan de la palabra que solemnemente han empeñado.—¿(Me) rebajará este hombre tanto de mi salario?—No (se lo) rebajará (á V.) tanto: los trabajadores llegaron tarde y el capataz los multó diciendo que retendría un chelín del salario de cada hombre aquella semana.—¿Esa obra rebajó algo su mérito?—No lo rebajó.

XXXIX

Cocer	en el sentido general de preparar manjares.	} To dress, to cook.	r1st.
	en el de hacer cocer al horno, como el pan, tortas, etc.		
	de lo que se hace cocer delante del fuego, como un pollo que se asa, manzanas, etc., y de lo que se hace cocer entre las cenizas, como patatas.	To roast,	

aprendí de memoria. *By and by*, luego, al momento. *One by one*, uno á uno. *By this time*, ya para entonces. *He puts it off day by day*, lo va aplazando de día en día. *By no means*, de ningún modo. *By how much?* ¿por cuánto? *By so much*, por tanto. *By-name*, apodo. *By-word*, proverbio, adagio. *By-path*, vereda, senda.

Hacer lugar, dejar sitio.	To stand by, to make room, to stand back.
Guardar, poner aparte.	To put by, to hang by.
Agarrarse de.	To hold by.
Pasar por.	To go by (one's name).
Tomar el nombre de alguien.	
Pasar junto á.	To pass by.
Sostener.	To abide by.
Tirar al suelo.	To throw down.
Desechar.	To throw by, to throw away.
Sentarse al lado de.	To sit by.
Adquirir.	To come by.
Poner á un lado.	To set by, to put by, to put away.
Abogar por, sostener á.	To stand by. (1)
Estar presente.	To stand by.
Seguir (instrucciones).	To go by, to follow, to carry out.

144. Has your valet filled the bottle with wine or with water?—He has filled it with wine, for it is a wine bottle.—Is the inkstand filled with ink?—It is not, but I will fill it now if you like.—Do so, and fill it with the best black ink.—Would you have filled the reservoir with cold water?—I would have filled it with it, for I want to fill it with fine large gold fishes.—What did the merchant freight the ship with?—He freighted it with salt.—Was the steamer freighted with passengers?—She was very well freighted both with passengers and merchandise.—Would the ship have been lost if it had only been freighted with ballast?—Whatever it had been freighted with, it would have been wrecked, for the night was dark and very stormy, and therefore the ship was lost with all on board (that it was freighted with).

145. Is that man putting by his money?—He is.—How much did you put by last year?—I put by a great deal of money.—Will your son put up his books?—He will put them up.—Would he put by what he earns?—What he does not spend he would put by.—Have you gone by my name?—I have.—Would you have gone by that pretty lady without looking at her?—I should have gone by her without noticing her had she not laughed when she was going by me.—I beg you will go by that rule.—Do you abide by what my brother tells you?—I do not abide by what he says.—Did my servant abide by that opinion?—He did.—Will you abide by that maxim?—I will no longer abide by it.—Would you abide by it?—I would not abide by it.

146. Is your son going by my shop?—He is not going by your shop, but he is going by your house.—Has not your servant already gone by my house?—He has already gone by it.—When will your son pass by that tree without taking some of the fruit?—He will go by it without taking any because he dislikes it.—Would you have gone by my room-door without entering?—I should not have gone by it without entering had you not gone by mine this morning.—Do you wish to sit by me?—I wish to sit by you.—Why did you not sit by me?—Because that woman was sit-

(1) También se dice to stand up for.

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Cobre	{ su nombre genérico en inglés. mezcla de cobre y calamina. metal amarillo.	{ Copper. Brass.	(1)
Abandonar	{ por fuerza. por inconstancia, aversión ó resentimiento. dejar simplemente un lugar. desprenderse de.	{ To abandon. To forsake. To leave. To give up.	(2)
Delgado	{ que no está grueso. que sólo tiene los huesos y está descarnado.	{ Lean y thin. A meagre looking-man.	(3) (4)
Contar	{ referir. en aritmética.	{ To count. To reckon.	

144. ¿Ha llenado su criado de V. de vino ó de agua la botella?—La ha llenado de vino, porque es una botella para vino.—¿Está el tintero lleno de tinta?—No está lleno, pero lo llenaré ahora mismo si V. quiere.—Hágalo V., pues, y llénelo con tinta muy negra (*with the best black ink*).—¿Habría V. llenado el estanque de agua fría?—Lo habría llenado de ella, pues necesito llenarlo de hermosos, grandes y dorados peces.—¿De qué ha cargado el barco el comerciante?—Lo cargó de sal.—¿Estaba el vapor lleno de pasajeros?—Estaba muy lleno de pasajeros y de mercancías.—¿Se habría perdido el barco si sólo hubiese estado en lastre?—Sea lo que fuere aquello de que estaba cargado, habría naufragado, porque la noche era oscura y borrascosa, por lo que se perdió el buque con todo lo que llevaba á bordo.

145. ¿Pone este hombre aparte su dinero?—Lo pone aparte.—¿Cuánto guardó V. el año pasado?—Guardé gran cantidad de dinero.—¿Guardará su hijo de V. sus libros?—Los guardará.—¿Guardaría él sus ganancias?—Lo que él no gastase lo guardaría.—¿Ha tomado V. mi nombre?—Lo he tomado.—¿Habría V. pasado junto á esa linda señorita sin mirarla?—Habría pasado junto á ella sin echarla de ver (si) ella no se hubiera reído cuando iba pasando (por) junto á mí.—Suplico á V. que siga esta regla.—¿Sostiene V. lo que mi hermano le dice?—No sostengo lo que él dice.—¿Se atuvo mi criado á esa opinión?—Se atuvo á ella.—¿Sostendrá V. esa máxima?—No la sostendré ya más.—¿La sostendría V.?—No la sostendría.

146. ¿Pasa su hijo de V. por mi tienda?—No pasa por su tienda de V., pero pasa por su casa de V.—¿No ha pasado su criado de V. por mi casa?—Ha pasado ya por su casa de V.—¿Cuándo pasará su hijo de V. (por) junto á ese árbol sin tomar nada de su fruta?—Pasará (por) junto á él sin tomar ninguna porque á él no le gusta.—¿Habría V. pasado junto á la puerta de mi cuarto sin entrar en él?—No habría pasado junto á ella sin entrar si V. esta mañana no hubiese pasado por la mía.—¿Quiere V. sentarse á mi lado?—Quiero sentarme al lado de V.—¿Por qué no se sentó V. á mi lado?—Porque esa mujer estaba sentada al lado de V.—¿Cuándo se sentará V. junto

(1) No tiene un cuarto, se traduce al inglés: *he is not worth a farthing* (or a copper vulgar).

(2) *Sake* se emplea con un nombre en genitivo, ó precedido de *of*, ó con un pronombre posesivo en las frases siguientes, ó análogas: Por amor de Dios, *for God's sake*. Por amor á la paz, *for the sake of peace*. Por V. ó por amor á V., *for your sake*, etc.

(3) Hablando de personas se prefiere *thin* á *lean*.—*Lean* califica los animales. *There were seven fat kine and seven lean kine*. Había siete vacas gordas y siete vacas delgadas.

(4) Este término despierta la idea de debilidad y mala salud; no así *thin*, que puede aplicarse á una persona que se halla completamente buena. Hablando de carne se emplea *lean* para expresar la parte magra; pero tratándose de otra clase de manjares, *meagre* significa escaso.

ting by you.—When shall you sit by this lady?—I shall sit by her if she does not sit by that gentleman.

147. Why do you throw away your coat?—I am not throwing it away now, because I have already thrown it away.—But it is only half worn out, why do you throw it away?—Because I must throw away all clothes that are not new.—Would you already have thrown it away?—I should not yet have thrown it away.—Is that man going by your instructions?—He is going by them.—Have they yet been gone by?—I presume they have not been followed.—How has this man come by his money?—He has come by it through speculating deeply in paper money.—Has my son come by those works honestly?—He has certainly come by them honestly because he bought them from your brother.—Would you have come by this horse without paying for it?—I pay for all things that I have.

148. What did you put away?—I put by my umbrella.—Why did you put it by?—I put it away because it was very fine weather.—When did you put it by?—When the rain was over.—Would you have put it by?—I should have put it by if it had not rained.—Would you put it by now?—I should not put it by.—Did your parents stand by you?—They never stood by me.—Why will they not stand by you?—Because I did not stand by them last year, and consequently they will not stand by me now.—Would you have stood by her had you believed her?—I would have stood by her.—Who saw it?—I saw it: because I stood by.—When were you standing there?—I was standing by when the queen passed.—Shall you be there?—I shall, and stand by.—Had you been standing by would you have taken revenge on him?—I should have pardoned him had I been standing by.—Were you standing by?—I was standing by.

XL

FOR, partícula que indica duración de tiempo, causa, motivo, consideración, precio.

For *many ages*, por muchos siglos. For *his giddy head*, por su cabeza ligera. *He died for his country*, murió por la patria. *He sold it for two dollars*, lo vendió por dos duros.

Sola, ó acompañada de *sake*, viene á ser atributiva.

For *good*, para siempre.

It is most fit for your age, esto cae bien á su edad. *I entreat you for God's sake*, se lo ruego á V. por el amor de Dios. For *my sake*, por mí ó por mi causa.

Cuando va seguido de *all*, ó bien de *all that*, es lo mismo que *though*, y significa aunque, no obstante.

He would not do it for all I said to him, no lo quiso hacer, sin embargo (á pesar) de cuanto yo le dije. For *all you are his father*, aunque sea V. su padre.

Precedido ó no de *as* corresponde á *en cuanto á*, *acerca de*.

As for the other matters, acerca de las otras cosas. *And as for your intending*, en cuanto á la intención de V., etc.

Se toma en un sentido distributivo.

So that he assigned four pounds for every man, de suerte que él señaló cuatro libras esterlinas á cada uno.

Llega á ser partícula inseparable despnes de un verbo y participa de su significación.

If there be any thing that you wait for, si V. espera por algo.

Otras expresiones.—For *as much*, en cuanto á. For *such a little one*, por alguno tan joven.

Admitir una disculpa.

Ajustar.

Expiar.

Hallarse en compromiso.

To allow for a mistake.

To bargain for.

To atone for.

To be in for (*vulgar*).

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á esa señorita?—Me sentaré al lado de ella si ella no se sienta al lado de ese caballero.

147. ¿Por qué desecha V. su levita?—No la desecho, porque ya la he desechado.—Pero si sólo está medio usada, ¿por qué la desecha V.?—Porque hay que desecher todos los vestidos que no están nuevos.—¿La habría V. desechado ya?—Yo no la habría desechado todavía.—¿Está este hombre siguiendo las instrucciones de V.?—Las está siguiendo.—¿Han sido ya seguidas?—Presumo que todavía no han sido seguidas.—¿Cómo ha adquirido ese hombre su dinero?—Lo ha adquirido especulando en papel moneda.—¿Ha adquirido mi hijo esos libros honradamente?—Es seguro que los ha adquirido honradamente, pues los compré á su hermano de V.—¿Habría V. adquirido ese caballo sin pagarlo?—Yo pago todas las cosas que adquiero (tengo).

148. ¿Qué guardó V.?—Guardé mi paraguas.—¿Por qué lo guardó V.?—Lo guardé porque hacía muy buen tiempo.—¿Cuándo lo guardó V.?—Cuando cesó la lluvia.—¿Lo habría V. guardado?—Lo habría guardado si no hubiese llovido.—¿Lo guardaría V. ahora?—No lo guardaría.—¿Abogaron por V, sus padres?—Nunca abogaron por mí.—¿Por qué no lo apoyarán á V.?—Porque yo no los apoyé á ellos el año último, y por tanto, ellos no me sostendrán ahora.—¿La habría V. sostenido á ella si V. la hubiese creído?—Yo la habría sostenido.—¿Quién lo vió?—Yo lo vi, porque me hallaba presente.—¿Cuándo estuvo V. presente allí?—Yo me hallaba allí cuando la reina pasó.—¿Irá V. por allá?—Iré para estar presente.—¿Si hubiese V. estado presente se habría V. vengado de él?—Yo lo habría perdonado si yo me hubiese hallado allí.—¿Estuvo V. presente?—Estuve.

XL

Corona	de soberano y de nobles. de hojas ó flores.	Crown. Wreath,	r3z.
	hablando de personas cuya reputación está fundada en conocimientos ó talentos superiores.	Celebrated,	e3'15br2t3d.
Célebre	tomado en sentido más general, esto es, expresando celebridad en cualquier cosa, tanto buena como mala.	Famous,	f2'm9a.
	general en que se censura la locura, la maldad del siglo.	Satire,	s1't6r.
Sátira	personal, esto es, que sólo puede dirigirse á un solo individuo.	Lampoon.	
Liberalidad	por magnificencia. por cierta especie de beneficencia.	Liberality. Bounty.	
Manchar	llenar con pequeñas manchas. destinándose el color con tinta.	To spot. To stain. To blot.	
	sin orden, como los escombros.	Heap.	
Montón.	arreglado, con orden. de gente. de mentiras.	File. Troop. String.	

Pedir (en cafés, fondas), ir á buscar.	To call for.
Antojarse.	To long for.
Buscar por todos lados.	To look about for.
Ser candidato ó diputado por una ciudad.	To stand for a town.

ALONG, partícula que significa á lo largo, con, en compañía de.

He lies all along, está echado todo á lo largo. *I will go along with you*, iremos juntos. *I come groping along*, vine á tientas. *So far I go along with you*, hasta ahí soy de opinión de V. *As I was going along*, conforme iba andando.

Arrastrar.	To draw along.
Alejarse, retirarse, quitarse de en medio.	To get along (<i>vulgar</i>).

149. Do you allow for that mistake?—I do not allow for it.—Shall we allow for it?—Who shall not allow for it.—Do I bargain for your watch?—You do not bargain for it.—Did she bargain for that man's dog?—No, because she bargained for mine.—Who will bargain for my fine pictures?—Nobody will bargain for them.—Should we bargain for that row of houses?—You should bargain for them.—Do I atone for my fault?—You atone for them.—Did he atone for his crime?—He atoned for it.—Shall we atone for our guilt?—We shall atone for our wickedness.—What do you call for?—I call for wine.—Would you have called for my wine if I had had some?—No, because I only call for my own.—Has that man called for his money at my house?—I presume he has called there before now.—Am I in for it for breaking your spectacles?—You are not in for it (*vulgar*).

150. Were we in for it for spoiling his hat?—We were in for it for tearing his coat.—Shall we be in for it for taking her purse?—You will be in for it for taking the money?—What do you long for?—I long for a looking-glass.—Why do you long for one knowing that I am very desirous of giving you mine?—I do not long for yours but for the Earl of Somerset's large looking-glass.—What did you long for?—I longed for the same thing I am now longing for.—What is it?—I long for money.—That is very strange.—What are you looking about for?—I am looking about for the money I have dropped.—Look about for it, because it is necessary to look about for all useful things.—For what town do you stand?—I stand for London.—I believed you stood for Westminster?—No, it is my brother who stands for Westminster: as for me I stand for London.

151. Will you wait for me?—I will wait for so polite a person as you are.—Why have you not waited for me?—I have not waited for you because you did not wait for me last week, but had you waited for me then I should have waited for you now.—Why does that poor horse draw its leg along?—It draws it along because the bull has broken it.—I wonder how that poor donkey gets along under its load!—Oh! it gets along very well for it is used to carrying heavy burdens.—Will you go home, you naughty boy?—I will not go home for I am not naughty.—Would you get along if I used my stick on your back?—If you hurt me I would then get along on purpose to be out of the way of your blows.—Very good, then get along.

XLI

AGAINST, partícula que tiene dos sentidos: uno marca la oposición y contrariedad, otro la continuación y una época más próxima.

He that is not with me, is against me, el que no está conmigo, está contra mí. *If the Senate be not against it*, si el Senado no se opone á ello. *He strives against the stream*, él lucha contra la corriente, ó todos sus esfuerzos son inútiles. *It was against his will*, esto fué á pesar suyo, contra su voluntad.

El tiempo futuro. *I reserve them against the day of revenge*, yo los reservo para el

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Testigo.	en general. de cargo. duración.	Witness. Deponent, evidence. Time.
Tiempo.	referente al estado atmos- férico. gramatical. el globo terrestre, el mun- do.	Weather. Tense. Earth.
Tierra.	como opuesto al agua. país natal. porción de terreno. propiedad agrícola.	Land. Native land. Ground. Estate.

149. ¿Admite V. esta disculpa?—No la admito.—¿La admitiremos?—No la admitiremos.—¿Ajusto su reloj de V.?—V. no lo ajusta.—¿Ajustó ella el perro de ese hombre?—No, porque ajustó el mío.—¿Quién ajustará mis hermosas pinturas?—Nadie las ajustará.—¿Ajustaríamos esa hilera de casas?—Vda. las ajustarian.—¿Expío mis faltas?—V. las expía.—¿Expío él su crimen?—El lo expió.—¿Expíaremos nuestro delito?—Expíaremos nuestra maldad.—¿Qué pide V.?—Pido vino.—¿Me habría V. pedido mi vino (si) yo hubiese tenido alguno?—No, porque yo sólo pido el mío.—¿Ha ido ese hombre por su dinero á mi casa?—Presumo que ya ha ido.—¿Estoy en compromiso por haber roto sus gafas de V.?—V. no está en compromiso de ninguna especie.

150. ¿Estuvimos en un compromiso por haber echado á perder su (de él) sombrero?—Lo estuvimos por haber roto su levita.—¿Nos hallaremos en algún compromiso por haber tomado su bolsillo?—Vda. se hallarian en un compromiso por haber tomado su dinero.—¿Qué se le antoja á V.?—Se me antoja un espejo.—¿Por qué se le antoja á V. sabiendo que yo deseo mucho darle el mío?—A mí no se me antoja el de V., sino el gran espejo del conde de Somerset.—¿Qué se le antojó á V.?—Se me antojó lo mismo que ahora se me está antojando.—¿Qué es?—Se me antoja dinero.—¿Es muy raro?—¿Qué está V. buscando por todos lados?—Estoy buscando por todos lados el dinero que he dejado caer.—Búsquelo V. por todos lados, porque es necesario buscar por todas partes las cosas útiles.—¿Por qué ciudad es V. candidato?—Soy candidato por Londres.—Yo creía que era V. candidato por Westminster.—No: mi hermano es quien lo es por Westminster: en cuanto á mí, lo soy por Londres.

151. ¿Quiere V. aguardarme?—Quiero aguardar á una persona tan política como V. es.—¿Por qué no me ha esperado V.?—No he esperado á V. porque V. no me esperó la semana pasada; pero (si) V. me hubiese esperado entonces, lo habría yo esperado á V. ahora.—¿Por qué arrastra la pierna ese pobre caballo?—La arrastra porque el toro se la ha roto.—Admiro cómo ese pobre borrico se va con esa carga.—Si, porque está acostumbrado á llevar cargas muy pesadas.—¿Se irá V. de casa, pícaro muchacho?—No me irá, pues no soy pícaro.—¿Se iría V. si yo le diese á V. de palos (*If I used my stick on your back*)?—Si V. me hiciese daño me iría con el propósito de estar fuera del alcance de los golpes de V.—Muy bien; entonces, retírese V.

XLI

Dominante	{ hablando de las opiniones, de los gustos que domi- nan. con más elegancia y ener- gía y expresando el po- der.	Prevailing.
		Prevalent.

día de mi venganza. *Let all things be ready against we come back*, que todo esté pronto para cuando volvamos. *Against Christmas*, para Navidad.

La oposición. *I shall always be for John and against Thomas*, yo estaré siempre por Juan más que por Tomás.

Advertir que se esté alerta, prevenido contra algo.	To caution against.
Oponerse á.	To stand against, to oppose.
Amenazar, denunciar.	To denounce some one.
Murmurar de.	To threaten with.
	To rail against, to abuse.

BACK, partícula que significa *atrás, por detrás*.

To stand back, recular, retroceder. *To give back*, ceder, aflojar.

Expresa *la vuelta*.—*I will be back again quickly*, volveré al instante. *I will have it back again*, quiero volverlo á tener. *To draw back*, retirarse.

Entra en muchas locuciones.—*To fall on one's back*, caer de espaldas. *Back to back*, espalda con espalda. *Back-bone*, el espinazo. *The back-side*, el trasero ó las nalgas. *Back-stairs*, escalera secreta. *A back-shop*, la trastienda. *Back-door*, puerta falsa.

Rechazar.	To beat back, to drive back.
Volver atrás.	To run back, to turn back, to go back, to come back.
Volver á lograr.	To get back.
Reembolsar, reintegrar.	To pay back.
Hacerse el remolón.	To hang back.

152. Has not that boy been cautioned against going to the river?—He was cautioned against going there this morning by me.—Would my neighbour's son have been drowned had he been cautioned against going to the river?—He was not cautioned against going to the river so that he lost his life by being drowned.—Why do you oppose my opinion?—It is not I who oppose it; it is my brother who opposes your opinion, because he is always contrary to the opinions of others.—Would you oppose this plan if the government permitted it?—I would not oppose it.—Why do you threaten me with evil?—I threaten you with evil, because you are an unjust man.—Why did God denounce the people of Israel?—They sinned greatly, and he first threatened them with punishment, and afterwards by the mouth of his prophets he denounced fresh judgments against them.

153. Have you abused your friend (railed against your friend)?—I have abused him (railed against him) because he has abused me (railed against me).—Was that puppy railed against by the chairman of the meeting?—He was railed against by him for his presumption.—Have you already railed against my sister?—I have never railed against her.—Why would you have railed against my father?—Because he railed against me.—Has the enemy already been driven back by the commander in chief?—He is an experienced general therefore he has driven back the enemy sooner than was expected.—Will that ship have been driven back by the stress of weather into the harbour?—It has not been driven back by the stress of weather, but for want of provisions.—Would you have driven back that man had he not done his duty?—I would certainly have driven him back, for of what use is a servant if he will not obey orders.

154. Why do you run back?—I run back because I am afraid.—Did your son run back when you wanted to take him to school?—The naughty boy did run back.—Why will you run back?—I will run back because I see my school-master.—Would you run back if I called you?—I should run back if you called me.—As a proof, call me, and see if I shall not run back.—At what hour shall you get back home this evening?—I shall get back if I can at an early hour.—Did your brother get back from town yesterday?—He got back last night.—When will you get back to your affectionate wife, my dear John?—I shall get back as soon as I can; you know, my dear,

	lo opuesto á blando.	Hard.
Duro	lo opuesto á dulce, suave, hablando de las cosas, de los sonidos, de las palabras, del carácter.	Harsh.
Teatro	sala de espectáculo, y en figurado lugar donde se verifican grandes acontecimientos.	Theatre.
	colección de las obras dramáticas de un autor.	Plays.
Caer	en general.	To fall.
	caer perpendicularmente de cierta altura.	To drop.
Huella	señal que deja la planta del pie en el suelo.	Footstep.
	sinuosidad que deja en el terreno la rueda de un carruaje.	Track.
	vestigio.	Vestige.
Sueño.	reposo del dormir.	Sleep.
	gana de dormir, somnolencia.	Sleepiness.
	letárgico.	Drowsiness.
	ligero.	Slumber.
	ensueño, devanío.	Dream.

152. ¿No se le ha advertido á ese muchacho que no vaya al río?—Esta mañana en mi casa se le advirtió que no fuese.—¿Se habría ahogado el hijo de mi vecino si se le hubiese avisado que no fuese al río?—No se le advirtió que no fuese al río, de modo que perdió su vida ahogándose.—¿Por qué se opone V. á mi opinión?—No soy yo quien se opone á ella: es mi hermano quien se opone á ella, porque él siempre se opone á las opiniones de los demás.—¿Se opondría V. á este plan si el gobierno lo permitiese?—No me opondría.—¿Por qué me amenaza V. con males?—Lo amenazo á V. con ellos, porque es V. un hombre injusto.—¿Por qué amenazó Dios con su ira al pueblo de Israel?—Ellos pecaron atrocemente, y él primero los amenazó con el castigo, y después por boca de sus profetas los amenazó con inmediatos castigos (*judgments*).

153. ¿Ha murmurado V. de su amigo?—He murmurado de él, porque él murmuró de mí.—¿Murmuró de ese necio el presidente de la reunión? (*pasiva*).—Murmuró de él por su presunción.—¿Ha murmurado V. ya de mi hermana?—Nunca he murmurado de ella.—¿Por qué habría V. murmurado de mi padre?—Porque él murmuró de mí.—¿Ha sido ya el enemigo rechazado por el general en jefe?—Es un general experto, por lo que ha hecho retroceder al enemigo más pronto de lo que se esperaba.—¿Habría hecho el mal tiempo retroceder este barco al puerto?—No lo ha hecho retroceder el mal tiempo, sino la falta de provisiones.—¿Habría V. rechazado á este hombre si él no hubiese cumplido con su deber?—Ciertamente lo habría rechazado, pues de qué sirve un criado si no quiere obedecer (*orders*) lo que se le manda.

154. ¿Por qué se vuelve V. atrás corriendo?—Vuelvo atrás porque tengo miedo.—¿Volvió atrás su hijo de V. cuando V. quería llevarlo á la escuela (*to take him to school*)?—El pícaro del muchacho volvió atrás corriendo.—¿Por qué volverá V. atrás?—Volveré atrás, porque veo á mi maestro (*school-master*).—¿Volvería V. atrás si yo lo llamase?—Volvería si V. me llamase; como prueba, llámeme V. á ver si vuelvo.—¿A qué hora vuelve V. á casa esta tarde?—Volveré temprano si puedo (*at an early hour*).—¿Volvió su hermano de V. de la ciudad ayer?—Volvió ayer noche.—¿Cuándo volverá V. con (*to*) su querida (*affectionate*) esposa, querido Juan?—Volveré tan

that if it were possible I would get back to-morrow, but as that cannot be, I shall get back the day after.

155. Are the enemies beaten back by their foes?—They are not beaten back by them.—Why have they been beaten back?—They have been beaten back because they were bad soldiers.—Would they not have been beaten back by the English?—They would most certainly have been beaten back by them.—Who has paid you back?—My brother has paid me back the money he owed me.—Would you have paid back your creditors?—Being on good terms with them, and having money enough, I should have paid them back.—Is your boy hanging back?—He is hanging back because he is lame.—Has that child hung back from attending school?—He has hung back for he did not know his lessons.

XLII

THROUGH, THROUGHOUT, partículas que significan *por, de parte á parte, por en medio de.*

He ran the prince through the breast with a sword, atravesó con una espada al príncipe *de parte á parte.* *He came in through one gate, and went away through another,* entró *por* una puerta y salió *por* otra. *They perished through cold,* perecieron de frío.

Seguido de *out* significa *por todo, ó en toda la extensión de.* Véase *over.*

Throughout *the universe,* por todo el universo. Through *want of skill,* por falta de maña. Through *his means,* por medio de él, por su consejo ó dirección. *To bore through,* taladrar de parte á parte.

Pasar algo á través de algo.	To get through.
Dar bien las lecciones.	To say lessons well.
Pasar, atropellar por todo, atravesar algo, clavar.	To drive through.
Pasar á través de algo, atravesar, llegar al fin por medio de.	To go through.
Justificar.	To bear through.
Acabar con, disipar, atravesar, pasar corriendo.	To run through.
Atravesar, dirigirse hacia un lugar para atravesarlo.	To strike through.
Abrirse paso á través de una pared, de un muro, un regimiento.	To break through.

ACROSS, CROSS, partícula que significa en general *de través, de medio á medio ó por en medio.*

I went across the church, atravesé la iglesia. *When any thing comes across between friends,* cuando se suscita alguna disputa entre amigos. *He had his legs folded across,* tenía las piernas cruzadas.

Pasar á nado.	To swim across.
Atravesar corriendo, extenderse en.	To run across.
Saltar á través de, atravesar saltando.	To jump across.
Pasar por en medio de.	To go across.
Pasear por en medio de.	To walk across.
Tropezar con una persona.	To come across a person.
Atravesar la calle.	To step across the street.

156. Am I saying my lessons well?—Considering all things you get through them pretty well.—Did you get through your work last night?—I got through with it very well, but it was late when I finished.—Will you ever get through the book I have lent you?—I hope I shall get through it in a short time.—Would you get

pronto como pueda. V. sabe, querido amigo, que si fuese posible volvería mañana (mismo); pero como esto no puede ser, volveré pasado mañana (*the day after*).

155. ¿Son los enemigos rechazados por sus adversarios (*foes*)?—No son rechazados por ellos.—¿Por qué han sido rechazados?—Han sido rechazados, porque eran malos soldados.—¿No habrían sido rechazados por los ingleses?—Sin ninguna duda (*most certainly*) habrían sido rechazados por ellos.—¿Quién ha reintegrado á V. del dinero?—Mi hermano me ha reintegrado del dinero que él me debía.—¿Habría V. reintegrado á sus acreedores?—Llevándome bien con ellos (*being on good terms with them*) y teniendo bastante dinero, los habría reintegrado.—¿Se está haciendo el remolón su hijo de V.?—Se está haciendo el remolón porque es cojo.—¿Se ha hecho este muchacho el remolón para no ir á la escuela (*from attending school*)?—Se ha hecho el remolón porque él no sabe sus lecciones.

XLII

Apartar	{	cambiar la dirección de alguna cosa.	To turn aside (materialmente), to avert (moralmente).	
		en el sentido de disuadir.	To dissuade.	
		separar á alguien de alguna cosa.	To deter.	
Sima	{	todo abismo, toda profundidad inmensa.	Gulf,	g9lf.
		de un remolino de agua.	Whirlpool.	
Espectáculo.	{	lo que llama fuertemente la atención.	Spectacle.	
		gran aparato.	Show.	
		panorama, vista.	Sight.	
Espectador.	{	en que se despliega gran pompa y lujo.	Pageant.	
		testigo ocular que no toma parte activa en un asunto.	Beholder, looker on.	
		indiferente.	By-stander.	
Acompañamiento.	{	atento, y que mira absorto.	Gazer.	
		observador.	Spectator.	
		cortejo de honor.	Retinue.	
Tierras	{	más numeroso que el precedente.	Suite.	
		muy numeroso.	Train.	
		grandes extensiones de terreno que componen una propiedad de importancia.	Lands.	
Hacer un cambio.	{	gran porción de terreno distribuida en parque, jardines, prados, huertas, etcétera.	Grounds.	
		cuando se trata de asuntos y géneros mercantiles.	To barter.	
		de un objeto por otro, sin que se trate de operación mercantil.	To truck (anticuado); to exchange.	

156. ¿Doy correctamente mis lecciones?—Teniéndolo todo en cuenta, V. las da bastante bien.—¿Acabó V. su trabajo la noche última?—Lo acabé, pero era tarde cuando lo acabé.—¿Acabará V. de leer el libro que le he prestado á V.?—Espero acabarlo en corto tiempo.—¿Acabaría V. más pronto su trabajo si yo le ayudase

through your work sooner if I helped you?—In that case I should most certainly get through sooner.—Is the queen's carriage being driven through the park?—It is now being driven through it.—By using those large nails would you not have driven them through the lid of the box into the clothes within it?—Without doubt I should have driven them through had I used them.—Why have you your hands wet?—Because my old umbrella lets the rain drop through.—Why are the walls and the floors damp?—Because the roof is full of holes, and so the rain comes through.

157. Is that the man who has gone through thick and thin?—It is.—Has that man gone through the town?—He must have already gone through it.—Has that book been read (gone through) yet?—It has for I went through it myself.—Would you have gone through the park had I gone through with you?—I should then have gone through.—Has your conduct borne you through your misfortune?—It has not borne me through it.—Did your son run through his money?—He ran through it all.—How will your father run through his fortune?—He will run through it by drinking.—Would the child run through my house?—He would run through it.—Did you strike through the wood?—I did not strike through the wood but through the morass.

158. Did he break through the wall?—He broke through it.—Will the door be broken through?—It shall not be broken through because I will prevent it.—Would the enemies' battalions have been broken through?—If they had all been English soldiers undoubtedly they would not have been broken through.—Did you swim across the river?—I did right across it.—Did you swim across the brook?—I swam across it.—Shall you swim across the river?—I shall swim across it.—Do you bear well what people say?—I cannot bear what they say.

XLIII

Separar.	To set aside.
Volver á un lado.	To turn aside.
Llamar aparte.	To call aside.
Extraviarse, abandonarse.	To go astray.
Separar, desarmar (una cosa).	To take asunder, to take to pieces.
Romper, hacer dos pedazos.	To draw asunder.
	To break asunder, to break in two pieces,
	to break apart.
Rajar en dos partes.	To cleave asunder.
Cortar en dos.	To cut asunder, to cut in two, 1s9'nd9r.
Al lado, á un lado.	} Aside, 1s1'5d.
Aparte.	
Despreciar, no hacer caso.	To lay aside.
Abandonar un proyecto.	To lay aside a project.
Desviado, errado (fuera del camino recto).	Astray.
Errar el camino.	To go astray.
Desviar, apartar, descaminar, descarriar.	To lead astray.
Vencer, reponerse, restablecerse, llevar la mejor parte, ganar.	To get the better of.
Distraer.	To call off from.
Perder, salir uno malamente, quedarse corto (no alcanzar).	To fall short.
Interrumpir.	To cut short.

159. Why do you lay aside your money?—I do not lay aside my money.—What are you then laying aside?—I am laying aside my bank notes.—Would you have laid aside your bills if my friend had come in?—I would have laid them aside, because

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á V.?—Lo acabaría más pronto ciertamente.—¿Está atravesando el parque el carruaje de la reina?—Ahora lo está atravesando.—Usando estos clavos grandes ¿no habría V. atravesado la tapa del baúl hasta tocar dentro á los vestidos?—Sin duda la habría atravesado si los hubiese usado.—¿Por qué tiene V. las manos mojadas?—Porque mi viejo paraguas deja pasar el agua á través de él (*lets the water drop through*).—¿Por qué están húmedas las paredes y el suelo?—Porque el techo está lleno de goteras, y la lluvia lo cala (*comes through*).

157. ¿Es ese el hombre que ha atropellado por todo?—Él es.—¿Ha atravesado ese hombre la ciudad?—El debe haber pasado ya por en medio de ella.—¿Ha sido ya leído todo ese libro?—Ha sido leído todo él, pues yo mismo lo leí.—¿Habría V. atravesado el parque si yo lo hubiese atravesado con V.?—Entonces lo habría yo atravesado.—¿Su conducta de V. lo ha justificado á V. de su desgracia?—No me ha justificado de ella.—¿Acabó con su dinero su hijo de V.?—Acabó con todo él.—¿Cómo acabará su padre de V. con su fortuna?—Acabará con ella bebiendo (*by drinking*).—¿Pasaría corriendo el muchacho por mi casa?—La atravesaría corriendo.—¿Atravesó V. el bosque?—No atravesé el bosque, sino el pantano.

158. ¿Se abrió él paso por la pared?—Se abrió paso por ella.—¿Se abrirán paso por la puerta?—No se abrirán paso por la puerta, porque yo lo impediré.—¿Se habría abierto brecha en los batallones enemigos?—Si hubiesen sido todos soldados ingleses, indudablemente no se habría abierto brecha en ellos.—¿Pasó V. el río á nado?—Lo pasé á nado directamente.—¿Pasó V. á nado el torrente?—Lo pasé á nado.—¿Pasará V. á nado el río?—Lo pasaré á nado.—¿Soporta V. lo que dicen?—No puedo soportar lo que dicen.

XLIII

Indicar	{ mostrar probando. designar señales. indicar el camino.	To indicate. To point out. To direct to.	
Divisa	{ frase pequeña que se pone comúnmente á la cabeza de un escrito. grabada en un sello ó un anillo.	Motto. Posy (poco usado).	
Aumento	{ de extensión, como de un campo, ciudad, etc. elevación, aumento de la extensión de un imperio. artificial.	Enlargement. Aggrandizement,	1'grind16sm3nt.
Canal	{ el de un río estrecho, y en el sentido figurado de vía, medio.	Canal. Channel.	
Cerdo	{ la carne del animal. el animal mismo.	Pork. Pig, swine, hog.	
Carnero	{ la carne para comer. nombre del animal.	Mutton. Sheep.	
Vaca	{ la carne. nombre del animal.	Beef. Cow.	
Ternera	{ la que se sirve en las mesas. el animal.	Veal. Calf, heifer.	

159. ¿Por qué guarda V. su dinero?—Yo no guardo mi dinero.—Entonces ¿qué está V. guardando?—Estoy guardando mis billetes de Banco.—¿Habría V. guardado sus recibos si mi amigo hubiese entrado?—Los habría guardado, porque uno debe

one must lay aside his money when there are robbers at hand.—Who was set aside?—They naughty boy was set aside—Why was he set aside?—He was set aside because he was naughty.—When was he set aside?—He was set aside yesterday morning.—Would you have set him aside?—I should have set him aside.—Do you turn aside the blows?—I turn them aside.—When did you turn aside the blows?—I turned them aside this morning when fencing.—Have you turned aside the blows of your enemies?—I have turned them aside.—What blows are you turning aside?—I am turning aside the blows of my enemies.

160. Was my son called aside by you?—He was called aside by my sister.—Will my son be called aside by yours?—I believe he will already have been called aside by him.—Would you have called that girl aside in order to tell her something?—I should have called her aside in order to speak to her of the feelings of my heart.—Is that man going astray?—He is going astray.—When did you go astray from the paths of piety?—I went astray from them when I had not the fear of God before my eyes.—Would you have gone astray from your duty, knowing that you were doing wrong?—Oh! if I had known it I should not then have gone astray.

161. Do you get the better of your opponent so soon?—I do get the better of him, for I am abler and stronger than he.—When did your brother get the better of the cold which he took last Sunday?—He got the better of it the evening of the day after.—Will you get better soon?—I cannot tell you when I shall get better.—Would he get the better of you if he could?—He would get the better of me if he were able.—My child, why do you call off my attention from this work?—Father, I love you so much, that I call off your attention from your task, to receive a kiss.—Who called off the attention of your mother a short time ago?—My dear father, who could call off her attention but you?

162. Does the merchant's balance fall short this year?—It does not fall short for he has a good book-keeper.—What are you thinking of?—I am thinking I fall short of my account.—Would you have fallen short of it if you had been more prudent?—I should not have fallen short of it if I had been more prudent, but this year circumstances have made all merchants fall short of their expectations.—Why did you cut me short in the middle of my speech?—I am in the habit of cutting all people short who speak nonsense.—Cut that man short, for he chatters more than a monkey.

XLIV

AGOING, GOING, partícula adverbial que significa preparación para un acto. *To set a mill agoing*, poner un molino en marcha.

A punto de, dispuesto á, en acción, en movimiento.

AFTER, partícula que indica, hablando de las personas ó cosas, las que siguen á las otras. Por lo regular significa *después*.

After his death, *después* de su muerte. *The day after*, al día siguiente. *He was a little after their time*, él vivía algún tiempo *después* de ellos.

También significa la *moda*, la *causa*, y la *intención*. *After the Spanish fashion*, á la española. *They thirst after my riches*, codician mis riquezas.

Después de *next* ó *presently* marca la *proximidad inmediata*. *Next after these*, inmediatamente *después* de estos. *Next after his brother, he loved them most*, *después* de su hermano, á nadie amaba más que á ellos.

Se emplea en lugar de *as soon as*, sobrentendiéndose *that*. *After we had sat down*, así que nos hubimos sentado. *After the kings were driven out of Rome*, *después* que los reyes fueron expulsados de Roma.

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guardar su dinero cuando se halla á la vista de ladrones (*when there are robbers at hand*).—¿Quién fué separado?—El muchacho malo fué separado.—¿Por qué fué separado?—Fué separado porque era malo.—¿Cuándo fué separado?—Fué separado ayer por la mañana.—¿Lo habría V. separado?—Lo hubiera separado.—¿Para V. los golpes?—Los paro.—¿Cuándo paró V. los golpes?—Los paré esta mañana cuando tiraba al florete (*when fencing*).—¿Ha parado V. los golpes de sus enemigos?—Los he parado.—¿Qué golpes está V. parando?—Estoy parando los golpes de mis enemigos.

160. ¿Ené mi hijo llamado aparte por V.?—Fué llamado aparte por mi hermana.—¿Será llamado aparte mi hijo por el de V.?—Yo creo que ya habrá sido llamado aparte por él.—¿Habría V. llamado aparte á esa muchacha para decirle algo?—La habría llamado aparte para hablarle de los sentimientos de mi corazón.—¿Se extravía ese hombre?—Se extravía.—¿Cuándo se apartó V. de la senda (*the path*) de la piedad?—Me aparté de ella cuando dejé de tener el temor de Dios ante los ojos.—¿Habría V. abandonado su deber sabiendo que hacia V. un mal?—¡Oh! si yo lo hubiese sabido, entonces no lo habría abandonado.

161. ¿Tan pronto vence V. á su contrincante?—Yo lo venzo, porque soy más capaz y fuerte que él.—¿Cuándo se restableció su hermano de V. del resfriado que cogió el domingo último?—Se restableció la tarde del día después.—¿Se restablecerá V. pronto?—Yo no puedo decir á V. cuándo me restableceré.—¿Vencería él á V. si él pudiese?—El me vencería si fuese capaz.—Hijo mío, ¿por qué distraes mi atención de esta obra?—Padre, te amo tanto, que distraigo tu atención de tu obra á fin de recibir un beso.—¿Quién distraía la atención de tu madre hace un rato?—Mi querido padre, ¿quién la pudiera haber distraído sino V.?

162. ¿Ha salido mal este año el balance del comerciante?—No ha salido mal, pues tiene un buen tenedor de libros.—¿Qué está V. pensando?—Estoy pensando que no me sale la cuenta (ó que pierdo).—¿Habría V. perdido si hubiese V. sido más prudente?—No habría perdido si hubiese sido más prudente, pero las circunstancias han hecho perder á todos los comerciantes en sus especulaciones.—¿Por qué me interrumpió V. en la mitad de mi discurso?—Yo tengo la costumbre de interrumpir á todo el que habla desatinos (*who speaks nonsense*).—Interrumpa V. á ese hombre, pues él solo charla (*chatters*) más que un sacamuelas (mono, *monkey*).

XLIV

Roer	<i>comer con los dientes poco á poco.</i> <i>morder.</i> <i>morder ó mascar por un movimiento continuo de los dientes, como hace el caballo.</i> <i>consumir poco á poco, como el moho en el hierro.</i> <i>en sentido figurado y hablando de los efectos naturales, mirar, devorar.</i> <i>en general.</i>	<i>To gnaw,</i>	n6.
		<i>To nibble,</i>	n6bl.
		<i>To champ,</i>	chlmp.
		<i>To eat into.</i>	
Labrar	<i>tierras.</i> <i>casas, edificios.</i> <i>en el sentido de pulimentar.</i> <i>un madero.</i>	<i>To prey upon,</i>	pr2.
		<i>To labour.</i>	
		<i>To till, to cultivate the ground.</i>	
		<i>To build, to construct buildings.</i>	
		<i>To finish, to polish.</i>	
		<i>To fashion a piece of timber.</i>	

8

Desear sensualmente (poco usado).	To lust after,	19st.
Codicciar, suspirar por.	To hunt after, to hunt for,	h9nt.
Juzgar acerca de una cosa.	To gape after, to look after, to long for,	g2p.
Echarse fuera de un compromiso.	to long after,	j9dj.
Desembarazarse de algo.	To judge of a thing.	
Quitarse á alguien de encima (en el sentido de libertarse de él).	To get clear of.	
Ser forzada (una caja).	To be broken open (a box).	
Ser forzada (una casa).	To be broken into (a house).	
Chocar algo con algo.	To fall foul of, to run against.	
Entorpecerse, ir mal (los negocios), varar.	To run aground.	
Manifestar toda la verdad.	To manifest the truth.	
	To lay open the whole truth.	
	To tell all one knows about a thing.	

163. Have you judged of that?—I cannot yet judge of it, for in order to judge of it, it is necessary to have more knowledge than I have.—Has my brother already made up his mind as to that idea?—Perhaps he has, but I do not think so.—Judge nothing.—Shall you get clear of him?—I hope so.—Did you get clear of the engagement you made with that woman?—I got clear of it very nicely.—Will you get clear of that?—I shall.—Would you get clear of that man if you were able?—I would get clear of him at once, but I think he will be of use to me, therefore I prefer not to get clear of him yet.

164. Why are you telling all you know about that (laying open the whole truth)?—Because truth must be manifested (laid open).—But do you not know that the truth ought not always to be spoken?—Yes, but on this occasion it was very useful to lay it open, and had you been in my place you would have done the same as I did.—Were the doors of the palace broken open by the mob?—They were not because they were guarded by the queen's soldiers, but, if they had not been guarded they would have been broken open.—Have the doors of the duke's mansion already been broken open?—They must already have been broken open, because I have seen his furniture in the hands of the populace.

165. Did the steamer run against (fall foul of) the brig in the middle of the night?—She fell foul of her and all was lost, cargo, ship, crew, and passengers.—How was it that steamer fell foul of her?—Because the watchman of the brig fell asleep at his post, and therefore the steamer struck the brig, which sank to rise no more.—Has the steamer run aground?—She must have run aground on that sunken rock.—Would she have run aground on that reef of rocks had the captain been properly acquainted with the coast?—She would not have run aground on it.

166. Has she lusted after riches?—She is a proud woman who is never satisfied, so that she lusts after all things that can procure her riches, health and fame.—Does the general wish for power?—He now wants lots of votes (a great number of votes), but he wants power also.—What are you hunting after?—I am hunting after riches.—Have you ever longed for honours?—I have always longed for good things, and consequently have longed for them.—Why do you look so after that horse?—I am looking after it because it is very handsome.—What did you long for when you were young?—I longed for many things, but I now know it is of no use longing for things which one cannot have.—Would you desire riches?—I would all day long, if I thought by doing so I should get them.

Disponer	{	en general.	To dispose.
		poner en estado de.	To make fit.
		arreglar las cosas.	To place things in order.
		preparar.	To prepare.
		resolver.	To resolve.
		mandar.	To command, to order.
Desmontar	{	uno de sí mismo.	To act freely.
		uno sus cosas (hacer testamento).	To make a last will.
		árboles.	To fell or to cut down trees.
		armas de fuego	To uncock fire-arms.
		cualquier aparato ó máquina.	To take an instrument to pieces.
		las tropas de á caballo.	To dismount a troop of horses.
		cañones.	To dismount cannons.
Desmontar	{	el timón.	To unhang the rudder.
		echar pie á tierra.	To dismount, to alight from a horse, mule, etc.

163. ¿Ha juzgado V. acerca de esto?—No puedo todavía juzgar acerca de ello, pues para juzgar de ello es necesario tener más conocimientos de los que yo tengo.—¿Ha juzgado ya mi hermano de esa idea?—Puede ser, pero yo no creo que él haya ya juzgado de ella.—No juzgue V. de nada.—¿Se lo quitará V. (á él) de encima?—Así lo espero.—¿Se echó V. fuera del compromiso que V. tenía (*made*) con esa mujer?—Me eché fuera de él muy fácilmente.—¿Se echará V. fuera de eso?—Me desembarazaré de ello.—¿Se quitaría V. á ese hombre de encima si pudiese?—Yo me libertaría de él de una vez, pero creo que me será útil (*he will be of use to me*), por lo que no me lo quitaré de encima.

164. ¿Por qué está V. manifestando toda la verdad?—Porque la verdad debe manifestarse.—¿Pero V. no sabe que no siempre debe manifestarse la verdad?—Sí, pero en esta ocasión era muy necesario (*useful*) manifestarla, y si hubiese V. estado en mi lugar habría V. hecho lo mismo que yo hice.—¿Fueron las puertas del palacio forzadas por los revolucionarios?—No fueron forzadas por ellos, porque estaban guardadas por los soldados de la reina; pero si nó, habrían sido forzadas.—¿Han sido ya orzadas las puertas de la morada del duque?—Ya habrán sido forzadas, porque he visto sus muebles (*furniture*, f0'rn5ch9r) en manos del populacho.

165. ¿Chocó el vapor con el bergantín en la mitad de la noche?—Chocó contra él y todo se perdió (pasiva): carga, barco, tripulación (*crew*, k'ró) y pasajeros.—¿Cómo fué que chocó con él (*on her*) el vapor?—Porque el vigía (*watchman*, 08'chm1n) del bergantín se quedó dormido en su puesto, y por eso el vapor chocó con el bergantín, el cual se fué á pique para no aparecer jamás (*to rise no more*).—¿Ha varado el vapor?—Debe haber varado en esa oculta (*sunken*) roca.—¿Habría varado en ese arrecife de rocas (si) el capitán hubiese conocido la costa como debía?—Entonces no habría varado en él.

166. ¿Ha suspirado ella por riquezas?—Es una mujer orgullosa que nunca está satisfecha, de manera que ella suspira por todas las cosas que pueden procurarle riquezas, salud y fama.—¿Ansía poder el general?—Ahora anhela un gran número de votos, pero también desea el poder.—¿Qué anda V. buscando?—Ando buscando riquezas.—¿Ha deseado V. ardientemente honores?—Yo siempre he deseado buenas cosas, y por consecuencia he andado tras ellos.—¿Por qué anda V. así tras ese caballo?—Ando tras él, porque es muy hermoso.—¿Qué deseaba V. cuando era joven?—Deseaba muchas cosas, pero ahora conozco que no sirve desear cosas que no se pueden obtener.—¿Habría V. suspirado por riquezas?—Suspiraría por ellas todos los días si creyese que por desearlas ardientemente podría obtenerlas.

XLV

BEFORE.—Esta partícula expresa *anterioridad de tiempo y de lugar*: significa *antes de, ante, delante*.

Before night fall, antes de anoecer. *Before all things*, ante todas cosas. *All philosophers before him*, todos los filósofos anteriores á él. *They were brought before the judge*, fueron conducidos ante el juez. *Before our door*, delante de nuestra puerta.

Se emplea á veces de un modo comparativo: *I will die before I behave so*, antes moriré que conducirme así.

Tomar la delantera.	To get before.	
Pasarse sin algo.	To go without.	
Asolar, arruinar.	To lay waste.	
Hacer la vista larga, tolerar (por connivencia), favorecer, disimular.	To connive at,	k8nn1'5v.
Pasar por casa de alguien.	To call at.	
Promover } á alguien.	To help forward.	
Fomentar } á alguien.		
Rendirse, someterse.	To knock under (no es de uso sino en el estilo popular), to give in.	
Tener sujeto } á alguien.	To keep under, to keep down.	
Sujetar }		
Poner en movimiento ó acción, andar.	To set agoing, to set going.	
Separadamente, desunidamente.	Asunder.	
Cortar alguna cosa en dos partes.	To cut a thing asunder.	

167. Is that man going without his dinner?—He is going without it for he is in a hurry.—How long has that poor woman gone without food (victuals)?—She has gone without any for three days.—Did he lay waste the field?—No, he laid waste the country.—What are you laying waste?—I am laying waste my enemy's estates.—Which of his estates are you laying waste?—I am laying waste his favourite park.—Do those fierce looking men connive at schemes against the government?—If they are wicked they will connive at any thing.—Would you in my place have connived at her faults in the same manner I have connived at yours?—I would have connived at her faults in the same manner that you have connived at mine, for good natured men would connive at those faults which you have.

168. Why do you not help my friend forward in life?—Because I must help forward in life those persons who deserve to be helped forward.—Have you helped my poor nephew (forward in life)?—He deserves to be helped forward, but were he in want of it I would do it.—Have the enemy's troops given in (knocked under, at last)?—They have not yet knocked under, because it is necessary to have a clever general in order to make them knock under.—Will your proud wife knock under (give in)?—She will for she must yield to necessity.—Who knocks under?—The man, who during his life has never knocked under, is obliged to knock under now.—Keep him down and he will no longer be disobedient.—I wish to be loved and consequently I will never keep any one down.—If I had kept my servants under they would have left me.—You are mistaken, my dear friend, because you confound the being on bad terms with one's servants to the keeping of them under.

169. Why do you get before me?—I get before you because I am quicker.—Did your son get before mine in the class?—He did get before him, for he was more industrious than he.—Shall you get before us?—I will now get before you, for I want to hear what you are saying to my sister.—Would you get before me if I promised to buy you a pretty little rocking-horse?—I would then get before you.—What is set

XLV

Sueldo	} mesada fija que recibe una persona que ocupa un empleo.	Salary,	s1'11r5.	
		} salario de un criado, de un artesano.	Wages,	02j3s.
			} recompensa, paga, tanto en bueno como en mal sentido.	Reward,
Arroyo	} muy pequeño, que corre lentamente.	Rill,		r5l.
		} más ancho y poco profundo, que corre en medio de un prado, de un valle.	Brook,	br0k.
	} más caudaloso que brook.		Rivulet,	r5'v50l3t.
		} toda corriente de agua en general.	Stream (1),	str5m.
	} en una calle; tubos de desagüe.		} Drain, gutter, sewer, dr2n, g9't0r, s50'0r.	
	} el arroyo, la alcantarilla.			

167. ¿Se pasa ese hombre sin comer?—Se pasa sin comer, pues está de prisa.—¿Cuánto tiempo se ha pasado sin comer esa pobre mujer (*victuals*, v5tl5)?—Se ha pasado sin comer tres días.—¿Asoló él el campo?—Nó, asoló el país.—¿Qué está V. asolando?—Estoy asolando los Estados de mi enemigo.—¿Cuál de sus Estados está V. asolando?—Estoy asolando su parque favorito.—¿Toleran esos hombres de fiero mirar (*fierec*) las conspiraciones contra el gobierno?—Si son malos tolerarán cualquiera cosa.—¿Habría V. en mi lugar hecho la vista larga con respecto á sus (*her*) faltas, del mismo modo que yo lo hice con respecto á las de V.?—Yo habría tolerado sus faltas del mismo modo que V. ha tolerado las mías, pues los hombres de buenos sentimientos (*good natured*) tolerarian aquellas faltas que V. ha tolerado.

168. ¿Por qué no promueve V. á mi amigo?—Porque yo debo promover á las personas que merecen ser favorecidas.—¿Ha favorecido V. á mi pobre sobrino?—Merece ser favorecido, pero si él tuviese necesidad de ello, yo lo haría.—¿Se han rendido al fin las tropas enemigas?—No se han rendido todavía, porque es necesario tener un general experto para obligarlas á que se rindan.—¿Se someterá su orgullosa mujer de V.?—Se someterá, pues tiene que someterse á la necesidad.—¿Quién se somete?—El hombre que durante su vida nunca se ha sometido, se ve obligado á ello ahora.—Téngalo V. sujeto y no será jamás desobediente.—Yo quiero ser amado, y, por consiguiente, nunca sujetaré á nadie.—Si yo hubiese sometido á mis criados, ellos me habrían abandonado.—Está V. equivocado, querido amigo, porque V. confunde llevarse mal con los criados con tenerlos sujetos.

169. ¿Por qué me toma V. la delantera?—Le tomo á V. la delantera porque soy más listo.—¿Adelantó su hijo de V. al mío en la clase?—Lo adelantó, porque era más aplicado que él.—¿Nos cogerá V. la delantera?—No se la cogeré á V., pues quiero ahora oír lo que está V. diciendo á mi hermana.—¿Cogería V. la delantera si yo prometiese á V. comprar un lindo caballito de juguete (*a pretty little rocking horse*)?—

(1) *Stream* en sentido figurado significa grande abundancia; arroyos de sangre *stream of blood*.

going?—The mill is set going.—Why is it set (a)going?—It is set (a)going because the wind blows.—Would it not be set (a)going if it were not windy?—It would not be set (a)going.

XLVI

Never laugh (11f) at others.

170. A *one-eyed* (00n1'5d) man, who was very fond of showing his wit, was walking (06'kōng) one morning near London and chanced to meet a man with a *bunch-back* (h9'nch1k).—Thinking to have a joke (j7k) at his cost, he said to him: Why, my friend, you are loaded betimes (bōt1'5ms) this morning!—The other, without being disconcerted, replied. Truly it appears to be very early if one may judge (y9y) by you, for I see you have not yet opened both your windows.

The school-boy and the grapes (gr2ps).

171. A school-boy who had just returned from church, where he had heard the minister (m5'nōst9r) publish the bans of marriage, had occasion to pass through the refectory (rōfā'kt9r5), and seeing some fine grapes on the sideboard (s1'db8rd) could not resist the temptation (tāmp1'sh9n). Thinking himself unobserved (9n8bs9'rvd), he took a bunch (b9nch), and putting it to his mouth, repeated: «I publish the bans of marriage between this bunch of grapes and my mouth; if any one can show cause why they should not be united (50n1'5t3d), let him speak now or ever after hold his peace (p6s).» The grapes and mouth were immediately united; but, unfortunately for the boy, the master perceived and overheard him; however (h103'v9r) he said nothing till the following (f8l7'5ng) day, when, calling the boy to him before all the scholars, he took a rod in his hand prepared to flog him, saying: «I publish the bans of marriage between this rod and this boy's back; if any one can show cause why they should not be united, let him speak now or ever after hold his peace.»—The urchin (9'rchōn) perceived what was the matter, and instantly cried (kr1'53) out with great presence (pr3's3ns) of mind: «I forbid the bans.»—«What impediment can you show?» said the master.—«Why the parties are not agreed.»—«Oh!» replied the master, pleased at the ready wit of the boy, «if that is the case, we must defer the marriage.»

The watch refused (r5f50'sd).

172. Have you confessed all? said a venerable abbe (1'b3) to a sinner.—No, replied he: I have another sin on my conscience (k8'nsh53ns), I have stolen a watch, will you accept it?—I said the offended priest, how dare you insult (5ns9'lt) me and my holy profession in such a manner? Return the watch instantly to the owner (7'n9r).—I have already offered to restore it, and he has refused, therefore I beseech (bōs5'ch) you to take it.—Cease to insult me, said the abbe, you should have offered it again.—I have done so, replied the thief, and he declared (d5kl2'1rd) he would not receive it.—In that case, said the holy father, I can absolve you; but I strictly enjoin you not to commit any more thefts.—Soon after the departure (d5p1'rch9r) of the penitent, the curate (k50'r2t) discovered that his own watch had been stolen from a hook where he was accustomed to hang it; and he then perceived that the thief had offered it to him, but he had refused to accept it.

Irish wit.

173. A Scotchman and an Irishman were disputing in London about the merits of their countries and of their countrymen. The Scot, to prove the superiority

Entonces se la tomaría á V.—¿Qué está andando?—El molino está andando.—¿Por qué está andando?—Está andando porque el viento sopla.—¿No andaría si no hubiese viento?—No andaría.

XLVI

Nunca te burles de los demás.

170. Un tuerto, que era muy aficionado á lucir su ingenio, estaba paseándose una mañana cerca de Londres y acertó á encontrar á un jorobado. Pensando divertirse á su costa, le dijo: En verdad (*why*), amigo, que vas muy cargado tan de mañana.—El otro, sin desconcertarse, replicó: Ciertamente parece ser muy temprano, pues veo que no has abierto aún las dos ventanas.

El muchacho de escuela y las uvas.

171. Un muchacho de escuela que acababa de volver de la iglesia, en donde había oído al ministro leer las amonestaciones, tuvo ocasión de pasar por el refectorio, y viendo unas hermosas uvas en el aparador, no pudo resistir á la tentación. Pensando no ser observado, tomó un racimo y, aproximándose á la boca, repitió: «Publico las amonestaciones entre este racimo de uvas y mi boca. Si alguno puede presentar razón por la cual no deban estar unidas, que hable ahora, ó, de lo contrario, habrá de estar después á lo hecho.» Las uvas y la boca se unieron en el acto; pero desgraciadamente para el muchacho, el maestro lo vió y oyó: sin embargo, no dijo nada hasta el día siguiente, en que, llamando al muchacho delante de los escolares, tomó unas disciplinas (palmeta, manojo de mimbres usado antiguamente para azotar á los niños, vara) en la mano y se preparó á pegarle, diciendo: «Publico las amonestaciones entre estas disciplinas y las espaldas de este muchacho; si alguien puede presentar razón por la cual no deban unirse, que hable ahora ó de lo contrario, estése después á lo hecho.» El muchacho conoció en seguida de qué se trataba, y exclamó con gran presencia de ánimo: «Yo impido esa unión.»—«Y ¿qué impedimento puede V. presentar?» dijo el maestro.—«Que las partes no están conformes.»—«¡Oh!» replicó el maestro, complacido con la rápida salida del muchacho, «siendo así, hay que diferir el matrimonio».

El reloj rehusado.

172. ¿Lo has confesado todo? dijo un venerable sacerdote á un penitente.—Nó, replicó él; tengo otro pecado sobre mi conciencia. He hurtado un reloj; ¿lo quiere V.?—¡Yo! dijo ofendido el sacerdote: ¿te atreves á insultarme á mí y á mi santa profesión de tal manera? Vuelve el reloj al instante á su dueño.—Ya he ofrecido devolvérselo, y él lo ha rehusado; por lo cual, suplico á V. que lo tome.—Cesa de insultarme, dijo el sacerdote; debieras haberlo ofrecido otra vez.—Ya lo he hecho, replicó el ladrón, y él dice que no quiere recibirlo.—En ese caso, dijo el padre, puedo absolverte; pero te prohibo severamente que cometas más robos.—Poco después de la partida del penitente, descubrió el cura que había sido robado su reloj de un gancho en donde acostumbraba á colgarlo, y entonces conoció que el ladrón se lo había ofrecido, pero que él se había negado á aceptarlo.

Agudeza de un irlandés.

173. Un escocés y un irlandés estaban disputando en Londres sobre el mérito de sus países y de sus paisanos. El escocés, para probar la superioridad de su pro-

(sOp5r5'8r5t5) of his own country, asked the Hibernian (h15b9'rn5ln) why, among the Scotchmen who came to England, there were so many who distinguished themselves by their learning and talents (t1'13nts), while most of the Irish remained in the lowest employments?—Oh! replied the other, I shall take that as a proof of my argument (l'rg50m3nt); it is because none but fools leave my country, and no wise men would remain in yours.

XLVII

The double (d9bl) lesson.

174. Swift (s05'tt), it is said, was not very generous (y3'n3r9e); he seldom gave anything to the servants of those who sent him presents; but he once received a good lesson from a *lad* who very often took him hares, partridges (p1'rtr5ch3s), and other game. One day the boy arrived with a *pretty* heavy basket containing fish, fruit and game: he knocked at the door (d7'9r), and the Dean (d5n), by chance, opened it himself.—Here, said the boy gruffly (gr0'f15) my master has sent you a basket full of things.—Swift, feeling himself displeased at the boy's rude (r0d) manner, said to him: «Come here, my lad, and I will teach you how to deliver a message (m3's2ch) a little more politely; come, imagine yourself Dean Swift, and I will be the boy.»—Then taking off his hat very politely (p8l1'5t15), and addressing himself to the lad, he said: «Sir, my master sends you a little present, and begs you will do him the honour to accept it.»—«Oh, very well, my boy, replied the lad, tell your master I am much obliged to him, and there is *half* a crown for yourself.»

Swift, by this eloquent (3'18k03'n) rebuke (r5b50'k), unexpectedly saw himself surprised into an act of generosity, to which he was not accustomed; and taking a *crown* from his pocket, he gave it to the boy, who went away overjoyed that his *practical lesson on liberality* (l5b3'r15t5) had produced so good an effect on his *polite* master.

A curious (k50'r59e) vindication (v5nd5k2'sh9n).

175. During the wars in Italy, a gentleman who was returning home late at night was robbed of his cloak (kl7k) by some soldiers. He complained to the celebrated (s3t5br2't3d) chief, Facino Cane, telling him that some of his men had taken his cloak, adding that he hoped the general would not let them go unpunished.—Facino looking at the gentleman, asked him how he was dressed when he lost his cloak.—Just as I am at present, replied he.—Then, said the chief, you have not been robbed by my men, for there is not one among them who would have left so good a coat upon your back as you wear now.

Modesty of a youth.

176. A young man who had *paid* great attention to his studies, and consequently (k8ns5k03'ntl5) had made great *progress*, was once *taken* by his father to dine with a company of literary men. After dinner, the conversation turned naturally (n2'ch50r115) upon literature (l5't3r1t50r) and the classics. The young man listened to it with great attention, but did not say anything. On their return home, his father asked him why he had remained silent (s1'513nt) when he had so good an opportunity of showing his knowledge.—I was afraid, my dear father, said he that if I began to talk (t6lk) of what I *do* know, I should be interrogated upon what I *do* not know.—You are right, my dear boy, replied the father, there is often more *danger* (d2'ng9r) in speaking that in *holding one's tongue*.

pio país, preguntó al hiberniano por qué, entre los escoceses que venían á Inglaterra, había tantos que se distinguían por su saber y su talento, mientras que la mayor parte de los irlandeses permanecían en los más bajos empleos.—¡Oh! replicó el otro; he ahí una prueba de mi argumento: eso consiste en que sólo los tontos dejan mi país, y ningún hombre sabio quiere permanecer en el tuyo.

XLVII

La doble lección.

174. Se dice que Swift no era muy generoso y que rara vez daba algo á los criados de los que le enviaban regalos; pero en cierta ocasión recibió una buena lección de un muchacho que muy á menudo le llevaba liebres, perdices y otra caza. Un día llegó el muchacho á su casa con un bien cargado cesto que contenía pescado, fruta y caza: llamó á la puerta, y el mismo deán por casualidad abrió.—Ahí, dijo el muchacho bruscamente, envía á V. mi amo una cesta llena de cosas.—Swift, sintiéndose disgustado de los rústicos modales del muchacho, le dijo: «Mira, niño, voy á enseñarte el modo de entregar un encargo con alguna más política; ven; figúrate que tú eres el deán Swift, y yo seré el muchacho».—Entonces, quitándose el sombrero y dirigiéndose al muchacho, dijo: «Señor, mi amo envía á V. un pequeño regalo y le suplica que le haga el honor de aceptarlo».—«¡Oh! muy bien, replicó el muchacho, di á tu amo que le quedo muy reconocido, y ahí tienes esa media corona para tí».

Swift, con esta elocuente repreensión, inesperadamente se vió obligado á un acto de generosidad que no acostumbraba; y, sacando del bolsillo *una corona* se la dió al muchacho, el que salió al punto alborozado, viendo que su *lección práctica* de liberalidad había producido tan buen efecto en su *cortés maestro*.

Una disculpa original.

175. Durante las guerras de Italia, un caballero, al retirarse á su casa tarde por la noche, fué despojado de su capa por unos soldados. Quejóse al célebre jefe Facino Cane, diciéndole que algunos de sus subordinados (le) habían robado la capa, añadiendo que esperaba no quedasen impunes.—Facino, mirando al caballero, le preguntó que cómo iba vestido cuando perdió su capa.—Exactamente lo mismo que estoy ahora, replicó.—Entonces, dijo el jefe, no habéis sido robado por mis gentes, pues ni uno solo de ellos habría dejado sobre vuestros hombros vestido tan bueno como ése que lleváis.

Modestia de un joven.

176. Un joven que había prestado mucha atención á sus estudios y que, por consiguiente, había hecho grandes progresos, fué llevado por su padre á comer con una sociedad de literatos. Después de la comida recayó la conversación, como era natural, sobre la literatura y los clásicos. El joven escuchaba con grande atención, pero no decía nada. De vuelta á casa le preguntó su padre por qué había permanecido silencioso, habiéndose ofrecido tan buena ocasión de manifestar sus conocimientos.—Temía, querido padre, dijo, que si empezaba á hablar de lo que sé, se me hubiese preguntado de lo que no sé.—Tienes razón, querido hijo, contestó el padre, hay á veces más peligro en hablar que en permanecer callado.

English politeness (p7l1'5tn3s).

177. When Bonaparte (b8'n1p1rt) was besieging Toulon, which was in possession of the English, and from which he drove them, he was one day directing the construction of a battery (b1't3r5), and the enemy, perceiving it, commenced a warm fire upon it. Bonaparte wanting to send off a despatch (d5sp1'ch) asked for a sergeant who *could* write. A sergeant immediately came out of the ranks and wrote a letter under his dictation. It was scarcely finished when a cannon ball (b6l) fell close between Bonaparte and him and covered them with dust: the latter, looking towards the English lines said: Gentlemen, I thank you; I did not think you were so polite; I wanted a little *sand* for my letter.—The expression and the calmness (k1'mn3s) of the sergeant struck Napoleon (n1p8'l38n), who did not forget it. The sergeant was soon promoted, and finally (f1'5n2l5) became marshal of France: it was the brave Junot.

XLVIII

Embarrassing (3mb1'r1s5ng) *news*.

178. In the year 1650, there was a terrible plague (p12g) at Tunis, on the coast of Africa. There were at that time in the town two French missionaries (m5sh3'n2r5s), named Levachir and Guérin. The former was attacked by the malady and in a few hours was abandoned as dead (d3d). Mr. Guérin immediately wrote to the superior of the mission (m5'sb9n) in France, informing him of the loss of his friend. The letter was given to the captain of a vessel which was about to sail for Toulon, and preparations (pr3p2r2'sh9ns) were made to bury (b9'r5) Mr. Levachir; but as they were removing him, he showed *some* signs of life, and was with the assistance of a doctor perfectly restored. A very few hours afterwards, his friend Mr. Guérin, was attacked and died the same night. Mr. Levachir, knowing nothing of the letter sent by his deceased (d5s5st) friend, wrote directly (d15r3'ktl5) to the head of the mission, to announce the death of Mr. Guérin. The vessel not having yet sailed, the letter was given to the same captain, and the superior (s0p5'r59r) received by the same post a letter from each of the missionaries announcing the death of the other. The mystery was not cleared up for some months.

The advantage of not being able to swim.

179. A gentleman who went frequently from one part of London to another in a boat on the Thames, was once in very great danger of being *overset* in consequence of a violent storm. He told the waterman to take care, but he replied. Oh! never fear, there is no danger; for I can swim.—But I cannot, said the gentleman.—However (h103'v9r) they landed safely. The next time the gentleman was going to take a boat, he called out, as he approached the stairs. Who knows how to swim?—Several of the watermen ran towards him *erying out*, H! H! H!—But he observed one among them who walked away saying nothing, upon which he called to him. Hallo! (h1l0') my fine fellow, why do you *sneak away*?—Because, replied he, I *cannot* swim.—Then, said the gentleman, you are the very man for me, because you will take care of me for the sake of yourself.

Marine logic.

180. A sailor who had already made several voyages (v85'2ch3s) to sea, had engaged on board an *Indiaman*, bound to China (ch1'5n1). This was a longer voyage than any he had yet made, and one of his friends endeavoured (3nd3'v9rd) to dissuade (d5s02'd) him, magnifying the danger and advising him to settle on shore.

Cortesía inglesa.

177. Cuando Bonaparte estaba sitiando á Tolón, que se hallaba en poder de los ingleses y de donde los echó, estaba un día dirigiendo la construcción de una batería, y distinguiéndolo el enemigo empezó á dirigir sus fuegos sobre ella. Necesitando Bonaparte enviar un despacho, pidió un sargento que supiese escribir. Inmediatamente salió uno de las filas, y escribió una carta que él le dictó. Apenas estaba acabada cuando cayó una bala de cañón entre Bonaparte y él, cubriéndolos de polvo. El sargento, mirando hacia las líneas inglesas, dijo: Caballeros, gracias; no pensé que fuérais tan políticos; necesitaba una poca de arenilla para mi carta.—La expresión y la calma del sargento llamaron la atención de Napoleón, quien no lo olvidó. El sargento en breve fué promovido, y finalmente llegó á ser mariscal de Francia: era el valiente Junot.

XLVIII

Noticias que dejan perplejo á cualquiera.

178. En el año de 1650 hubo una terrible epidemia en Túnez, costa de África. Hallábanse en aquella época en dicha ciudad dos misioneros franceses llamados Levachir y Guérin. El primero fué atacado de la enfermedad, y en pocas horas lo dejaron por muerto. Mr. Guérin inmediatamente escribió al superior de la misión en Francia, noticiándole la pérdida de su amigo. La carta fué entregada al capitán de un buque que estaba á punto de darse á la vela para Tolón, y se hicieron los preparativos para enterrar á Levachir; pero, cuando empezaron á moverlo, dió Levachir señales de vida, y con la asistencia de un médico quedó completamente curado. Muy pocas horas después su amigo Mr. Guérin fué atacado y murió la misma noche. Mr. Levachir, no sabiendo nada de la carta enviada por su difunto amigo, escribió directamente al superior de la misión para anunciarle la muerte de Mr. Guérin; y como aún no se había dado á la vela el buque, fué entregada la carta al mismo capitán, de modo que el superior recibió por el mismo correo una carta de cada uno de los misioneros anunciándole la muerte del otro. El misterio no se aclaró durante meses.

Ventaja de no saber nadar.

179. Un caballero que iba frecuentemente de una parte á otra de Londres en bote por el Támesis, estuvo una vez en gran peligro de volcar á causa de una violenta tempestad. Dijo al botero que tuviese cuidado; pero éste replicó: ¡Oh! no tenga V. miedo, no hay peligro, pues yo sé nadar.—Pero yo nó, dijo el caballero.—Sin embargo, saltaron en tierra felizmente. Pocos días después el caballero fué á tomar un bote y gritó al aproximarse á los muelles: ¿Quién sabe nadar? ¿Quién sabe nadar?—Varios marineros corrieron hacia él, diciendo: Yo, yo, yo. Pero observó á uno de entre ellos que se marchaba sin decir nada, visto lo cual lo llamó.—Hola, camarada, ¿por qué se escurre V.?—Porque no sé nadar, contestó.—Entonces, dijo el caballero, V. es mi hombre, pues cuidará de mí por amor á sí mismo.

Lógica marina.

180. Un marinero que ya había hecho muchos viajes por mar, se ajustó á bordo de una urca que iba á China. Era éste un viaje más largo que ninguno de los que hasta entonces había hecho, y un amigo suyo trataba de disuadirlo, abultándole los peligros y aconsejándole que se quedase en tierra.—¡Tontería!, replicó el marinero,

Nonsense, replied the *Jack-tar*, don't talk to me of danger, there is no more on sea than on shore.—Let me ask you, said his friend, what was your father?—He was a seaman.—And where did he die?—He wast lost in a shipwreck.—And your grandfather?—He fell *overboard* and was drowned.—And where did your great grandfather die?—He perished in a vessel that struck against a rock.—Then don't you think you are very foolhardy to go to sea and risk your life where so many of your family have perished?—And let me ask you, said the sailor, where did your father die?—Why, on his bed certainly.—And your grandfather?—In his bed also.—Then don't you think you are very foolhardy to go to bed, where so many of your ancestors have perished? Let me tell you that God protects his creatures (kr5'ch9rs) as much at sea as on shore.

Wet and dry.

181. A reaper being at work in a field in Devon-shire, near the banks of a river, saw a man throw himself into the water: he ran directly to his assistance, plunged (pl9ngd) in and brought him to the shore. Having left him to return to his work, he very soon saw him again leap in. A second time the reaper jumped into the river, and, with very great difficulty, rescued (r3'sk50d) him; he recommended him to go home, and not attempt such a foolish action as to drown himself. He then resumed his labour, but, in a short time, saw the same man hang himself to the branch of a tree. Finding him so determined to kill himself he resolved to give himself no more trouble (tr9bl) about him but to let him hang. Some time after, the friends of the man came in search of him, and finding him hanging dead on the tree, they reproached (r5pr80'chd) the reaper, saying, that he must have seen him do it, and ought to have *cut him down*.—Not I, indeed, replied he; I had already drawn him twice out of the river, and having left him *dripping-wet*, I supposed he had hung himself up to dry.

XLIX

A very singular excuse.

182. An Irishman, who had stolen a gun, was taken, and brought to justice. On the day of trial (tr1'51l) he was reflecting (r5fl3'kt5ng) on what defence (d5f3'ns, he should make before the judges, when he saw a *fellow-prisoner* return from the court (k8rt), having been tried for stealing a goose.—Well, said the Irishman, how have you *come off*?—Oh! replied the other, I am acquitted (1k05't3d).—What defence did you make?—*Why*, I told the judge that I had *brought up* the goose from the time it was a *gosling*, and that I had witnesses to prove it.—Very good, indeed, said *Paddy*, who was at that moment called into court to *take* his trial; stay a short time for me, I shall soon be acquitted. He was then conduct to the bar, the accusation (1k50s2'sh9n) was read, and the judge asked him what he had to say in his defence.—My Lord, replied the Hibernian (h1'5b9'rn51n), I have *brought up* that gun ever since it was a pistol, and I can bring witnesses to prove it.—The judge, however, and the jury were not sufficiently credulous, and poor Paddy was condemned to be transported.

A serious (s5'r59s) mistake.

183. Baron Sutherland (s9'z3rl1and), when at St-Petersbourg (s2ntp5't9rsb9rg), possessed a very handsome pug dog (p9'g d8g'), and the Empress Catharine (k1'z2r5n) having seen and admired it, he could not do less than make her a present of it. The Empress graciously thanked the baron, accepted the dog, gave him the name of Sutherland, and made him her favourite lap-dog. He was fed with so many luxuries and took so little exercise, that the poor beast soon died. The Empress was so fond of the little animal, that she determined to have him stuffed and put into a glass

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no me hables de peligros: no hay más en la mar que en tierra.—Déjame que te pregunte, dijo el amigo: ¿qué fué tu padre?—Marinero.—¿Y dónde murió?—Peció en un naufragio.—¿Y tu abuelo?—Cayó al agua y se ahogó.—¿Y cómo murió tu bisabuelo?—Peció en un buque que se estrelló contra una roca.—Y entonces, ¿no piensas ser un temerario en darte á la mar y arriesgar tu vida donde tantos de tu familia han perecido?—Pues déjame á mí ahora preguntarte, dijo el marinero: ¿en dónde murió tu padre?—En la cama.—¿Y tu abuelo?—En la cama también.—Y entonces, ¿no piensas que eres muy temerario en ir á la cama, donde tantos de tus antecesores han perecido? Convengamos en que Dios proteja á sus criaturas tanto en la mar como en tierra.

Húmedo y seco.

181. Un segador, estando trabajando en un campo en el condado de Devon cerca de un río, vió á un hombre arrojarse al agua: corrió inmediatamente á su socorro, se tiró al agua y lo sacó á la orilla. Habiéndolo dejado, volvió á su trabajo; pero pronto lo vió otra vez arrojarse. Por segunda vez el segador se echó al río y con grandísima dificultad lo sacó, y le recomendó que se volviese á su casa sin intentar una acción tan loca como la de ahogarse. Vuelto á su trabajo, vió á poco tiempo al mismo hombre colgarse de la rama de un árbol. Considerándole tan resuelto á matarse, resolvió no cuidarse más de él, sino dejarlo ahorcar. Algún tiempo después llegaron los amigos de aquel hombre en su busca, y hallándolo muerto colgado del árbol, se fueron al segador y le dijeron que debía haberlo visto ahorcarse y haber cortado la soga.—Yo nó, replicó él; ya lo había yo sacado dos veces del río; y, habiéndolo dejado chorreando, eupuse que se había colgado para secarse.

XLIX

Una excusa bastante singular.

182. Un irlandés que había robado una escopeta fué preso y entregado á la justicia. El día en que debía verse el proceso estaba reflexionando en la clase de defensa que haría ante el juez, cuando vió á un compañero de prisión volver del tribunal, ante el cual había comparecido por haber robado un ánsar.—Y bien, dijo el irlandés, ¿cómo has escapado?—¡Oh! replicó el otro: estoy libre.—¿Qué defensa hiciste?—Dije al juez que había criado (traído) el ánsar cuando todavía no era más que un anserino, y que tenía testigos para probarlo.—Muy bien, me gusta, dijo Paddy, á quien en aquel mismo momento llamaron ante el juez, porque iba á verse su causa. Espérame un poco, que al instante quedo libre. Conducido á la barra, se leyó la acusación, y el juez le preguntó qué tenía que decir en su defensa.—Señor, contestó el irlandés: que he criado á la escopeta cuando todavía no era más que una pistola, y puedo presentar testigos para probarlo.—Ni el juez, ni el jurado, sin embargo, fueron suficientemente crédulos, y el pobre Paddy fué condenado á la deportación.

Una seria equivocación.

183. Estando en San Petersburgo el barón Sutherland, poseía un perro de agnas muy hermoso; y, habiéndolo visto y admirado la emperatriz Catalina, no pudo él menos de regalárselo. La Emperatriz dió las gracias al Barón, aceptó el perro, le puso por nombre Sutherland, y lo hizo su faldero favorito. Tanto lo cuidaron é hizo tan poco ejercicio el pobre animal, que murió pronto. Quería de tal modo la Emperatriz el animalito, que determinó llenar de paja su piel y ponerlo en una caja de cristal. La mañana después de su muerte dijo en francés á uno de sus oficiales: Ve ahora

case. On the morning after his death, she said in French to one of her officers: Go directly, take Sutherland, and see him stuffed (*empaillé*).—The officer thought she said *empaler*; and, not thinking of the dog, he went immediately to the Baron's house, supposing he had committed some heinous (*h5'n0s*) crime, and said: Sir, you must follow me immediately.—Sutherland, not a little surprised at such a summons (*s8'm8ns*), and particularly at the manner in which it was announced, demanded some explanation (*3ksp12n2'eh9n*), but the officer replied: Sir, it is not for me to criticise the orders of her Majesty; my duty is to see them executed.—The orders of her Majesty! exclaimed the baron, what orders can she have given *with respect* to me?—I am sorry, replied the officer, to inform you that she *has just* given me peremptory orders to *see* you immediately *empaled* (*3np2'ld*), and I dare not delay.—Good God! cried Sutherland, me empaled! what have I done to offend her Majesty?—That is not my business, Sir.—At least, said Sutherland, before my punishment, conduct me to the palace, that I may hear my condemnation from her own mouth, and learn the cause of it; for I assure you, Sir, as a man of honour, that I have neither done, said, nor even thought anything against the Empress, or any one *else*: therefore be assured there is some mistake.—The officer, finding the Baron so confident of his innocence, ventured (*v8'neh9rd*) to conduct him to the palace. When he saw the Empress, he exclaimed: How, madam, have I been so unfortunate as to offend you, and subject myself to such a cruel order?—Catharine looked at him and the officer, and she said: What is the meaning of this, Sir, for I protest I don't understand one word of it?—Did not your Majesty, replied the officer give me orders to go and see Sutherland empaled?—Catharine immediately *burst out laughing*, and, as soon as she could speak, said: Don't be alarmed, Baron; you have nothing to fear.—Then turning to the officer: You stupid man, said she, it was the dead pug Sutherland that I told you to see stuffed (*empaillé*) and not empaled (*empalé*).—The Baron is, I am sure, one of the last men who would imagine anything against me. Understand well what you set about, and you will avoid many blunders.

Deaf (*d3f*) as a post.

184. About five o'clock one winter's evening a gentleman on horseback stopped at an inn which was full of travellers. He rode into the yard, and calling the ostler very loud said: Here take care of my horse and put him in the stable.—We have no room, said the ostler, the stable is full.—Yes, yes, replied the gentleman, seeming not to hear, I will think of you to-morrow morning.—But I tell you there is no room.—Ay, ay, give him a peck of oats, and as much hay as he will eat, said the traveller; and leaving his horse, he made the best of his way into the house.—He must be a fool, said the ostler.—I think he is deaf, replied a stable boy: but, at all events (*5v8'nts*); we must take care of his horse, we shall be responsible for it. Our traveller now entered the house and the landlady told him as the ostler had done that it was impossible to lodge him. He cried out loud enough to *stun* her: No compliments, no ceremony, I beg, *ma'am*, your accommodation will be very good: I am easily satisfied, and it is quite useless for you to speak, for I am so deaf that I cannot hear a cannon.—He then took a chair and seated himself by the fire, as if he had been at home. Finding no means of getting rid of him; the landlord and his wife determined to let him pass the night on the chair as the beds were all engaged. Shortly after he saw the dinner served in the next room, and immediately taking his chair, he placed himself at the table: it was in vain they *bawled* to him as loud as possible, that it was a private company, and they would not receive a stranger: he appeared to think that they wished to give him the top of the table, and thanking them for their politeness, he said he was very comfortable where he was seated. Finding they could not make him understand, they let him remain. After eating like an alderman (*6l'd9rm1n*), he threw a thirty sous piece on the table to pay for his dinner; but the landlady pushed (*p0shd*) it towards (*t0'9rds*) him with disdain, saying: What! do you suppose that thirty sous will pay for such a dinner as you have eaten?—Oh! I beg pardon, *ma'am*, replied he, I insist on paying for my own dinner; I thank those gentlemen for their politeness, but I will not suffer them to pay for me.—Then looking at his watch, he went out of the room, wishing them all good night, and soon found his way to a bedroom. The company, after having

mismo, coge á Sutherland y hazlo llenar de paja (*empailler*).—El oficial pensó que había dicho *empaler* (*empalar*), y no acordándose del perro, fué inmediatamente á casa del Barón, suponiendo que había cometido algún crimen atroz, y le dijo: Señor, tenéis que seguirme inmediatamente.—Sutherland, no poco sorprendido de semejante intimación, y particularmente de la manera con que fué anunciada, pidió algunas explicaciones; pero el oficial replicó:—Señor, no me corresponde á mí comentar las órdenes de S. M.; mi deber es hacerlas ejecutar.—¡Las órdenes de S. M.! dijo el Barón: y ¿qué órdenes puede haber dado con respecto á mí?—Siento deciros, replicó el oficial, que acaba de darme terminantemente la orden de haceros empalar en el acto, y no me atrevo á dilatarlo.—¡Gran Dios, exclamó Sutherland, empalado yo! ¿Qué he hecho yo para ofender á S. M.?—Eso no me concierne, señor.—Pero siquiera, dijo Sutherland, antes de mi castigo llevadme á palacio, para que pueda oír yo mi sentencia de su propia boca, y saber la causa de ella; pues os aseguro, señor, como hombre de honor, que no he hecho, dicho, ni aun pensado nada contra la Emperatriz ni contra nadie; por lo cual estad seguro de que hay aquí alguna equivocación.—Viendo el oficial al Barón tan confiado en su inocencia, se aventuró á conducirlo á palacio. Cuando el Barón vió á la Emperatriz, exclamó: ¿En qué, señora, he sido tan desgraciado que haya ofendido á V. M. y que merezca tan cruel orden?—Catalina miró al Barón y al oficial, y dijo:—¿Qué significa esto, pues aseguro que no entiendo una palabra de cuanto decís?—¿No me dió V. M. la orden, respondió el oficial, de mandar empalar á Sutherland?—Catalina inmediatamente rompió en una carcajada, y en cuanto pudo hablar, dijo: No os alarméis, Barón; nada tenéis que temer.—Y volviéndose al oficial, le dijo: ¡Estúpido! Era al perro muerto, Sutherland, á quien yo os dije que vieséis llenar de paja (*empailler*) y no empalar (*empaler*). El Barón, estoy segura de ello, es uno de los últimos que imaginarían nada contra mí. Comprended bien lo que tenéis que hacer antes de ponerlo por obra, y evitaréis muchas faltas.

Sordo como un poste.

184. Á eso de las cinco de una tarde de invierno, un caballero á caballo se paró á la puerta de una posada llena de viajeros. Montado entró en el patio, y llamando al mozo de cuadra muy alto, dijo: Cuida de mi caballo y llévalo á la cuadra.—No hay sitio, dijo el mozo; la cuadra está llena.—Sí, sí, replicó el caballero aparentando no oír, pensar en ti mañana.—Pero ¡si le digo á V. que no hay sitio!—¡Ah! se me olvidaba, dale un celemin de avena y todo el beno que quiera comer, añadió el caminante, y soltando el caballo, se coló en la casa.—Debe ser un loco, dijo el mozo.—A mí me parece que es sordo, replicó un muchacho de la cuadra; pero sea lo que sea, tenemos que cuidar de su caballo, pues seremos responsables de él. Nuestro caminante, pues, entró en la casa y la posadera le dijo lo mismo que el mozo; que era imposible alojarlo; pero él, sin hacer caso, gritó hasta el extremo de aturdirlo:—Nada de cumplimientos, nada de ceremonias: las habitaciones de V. me parecen muy buenas; yo me contento con cualquier cosa, y le advierto que es enteramente inútil que me hable, pues soy tan sordo que no puedo oír ni un cañonazo.—En seguida tomó una silla y se sentó junto al fuego como si estuviese en su casa. No hallando el posadero ni su mujer manera de quitárselo de encima, determinaron dejarle pasar la noche en la silla, pues todas las camas estaban ocupadas. Poco después vió el caminante servir la comida en la habitación próxima; y, tomando inmediatamente su silla, se sentó á la mesa: en vano fué que gritándole todo lo más alto posible, le dijese que la comida aquella era de unos particulares, y que no querían admitir á un extraño: él aparentó entender que deseaban dejarle la cabecera de la mesa; y, dando gracias por la cortesía, replicó que se hallaba muy bien donde se había colocado. Viendo que no podían hacerse entender, lo dejaron. Después que nuestro caminante comió como un prefecto, echó sobre la mesa una pieza de treinta sueldos para pagar su comida; pero la posadera la arrojó hacia él con desdén, diciendo: ¡Cómo! ¿piensa V. que semejante comida se paga con treinta sueldos?—¡Oh! Perdona V., señora, replicó él, yo quiero pagar mi parte; doy gracias á estos caballeros por su atención, pero yo no consentiré que paguen por mí.—Y sacando su reloj salió de la habitación dando las buenas noches, y se dirigió á un dormitorio. Todos los que allí se hallaban, después

laughed heartily at his apparent stupidity, sent a servant to see where he was gone. She soon returned saying, he had taken possession of one of their bed-rooms. They then agreed to go, all together, and turn him out by force; but when they approached the door they heard him barricading it with the furniture, and talking loudly to himself. They listened and heard him say: What an unfortunate situation is mine! any one might break open my door, and I should not hear it; those gentlemen may be all honest men, and they may not; therefore as I have some money, I will not run any risk. No, I will not go to bed, nor put out the light; I will sit up all night with my pistols cocked, and if any one should enter; I will shoot him directly.—Hearing this, they made no attempt to dislodge him; and he went to bed and passed the night very quietly (k01'53tl5), leaving the gentleman who had engaged the bed to find a lodging where he could. The next morning, he came down, went to the stable for his horse, led him to the door, by which time the company were assembled to have another laugh at him. As soon as he was mounted, he threw (zr0) to the servant thirty sous for his horse and his lodging, and also some sous to the ostler; then changing his manner he said.—Gentlemen, I thank you for the politeness you have shown me; I have to beg pardon of one of you for having taken his bed; but one of my friends was refused a lodging here last night, and he has betted twenty louis that I would not procure one, so I have played the deaf man to some effect. I leave you to judge if I have done it well.—He then spurred (sp9rd) his horse, and left them in amazement (1m2'sm3nt).

A salutary pill.

185. During an unfortunate (9nf7'rch0n2t) campaign (k1'mp2n) in which the French army suffered great losses, two peasants of a certain village (v5'l2ch) were called on to draw for the conscription; one only was wanted to complete the number; and of the two who were to draw, one was the son of a rich farmer, and the other the only child of a poor widow. The farmer made great interest with the superintendent (s50'p9r5nt3'nd3nt) of the ballot, and promised him a reward (r:508'rd), if he could find means to prevent his son from going to the army. In order to accomplish it, he put into the urn (9rn) two black balls instead of one black and one white one. When the young men came, he said: There is a black ball and a white one in the urn; he who draws the black must serve.—The widow's son, having some suspicion (s9sp5'ch9n) that all was not fair, approached the urn, drew one of the balls, which he immediately swallowed without looking at it.—Why, said the superintendent, have you done that? how are we to know whether you have drawn a black or a white ball?—It is very easy to discover, replied he; let him draw the other; if I have the black, he must necessarily draw the white one.—He could not refuse; and the farmer's son, putting his hand into the urn, drew the remaining ball; which, to the great satisfaction of most of the spectators, was a black one, and the widow's son was saved.

L

The danger of being ungrateful.

186. An indian prince, who was very fond of going on the water, had one day the misfortune to fall into a river. He was drowning when a slave plunged in, caught him by the hair of his head, dragged him to the shore, and saved his life. When he had recovered his senses, he called for the man who had drawn him out of the water, and finding him to be a slave, he said: How dare you profane the sacred head of your sovereign lord by placing your unworthy hand upon it?—Sire (s1'51r), said he, it was to save your life.—Slave! replied the prince, you have polluted it;—and he immediately ordered him to be put to death. Some time after, the prince, in stepping from one boat to another, fell again into the water, and finding no one attempted to save him, he called out for assistance; but the only answer he received was: Re-

de haberse reído grandemente de la aparente estupidez del viajero, enviaron una criada á ver adónde había ido. Volvió ésta al punto, diciendo que había tomado posesión de uno de los dormitorios. Todos entonces convinieron en ir y sacarlo á la fuerza; pero cuando se aproximaron á la puerta de la habitación le oyeron que estaba barricándola con los muebles y hablando alto consigo mismo: prestaron atención y le oyeron decir: ¡Qué situación tan desgraciada la mía! Cualquiera puede venir, y forzar la puerta sin que yo lo oiga: estos caballeros pueden ser gente muy honrada, pero también pueden no serlo: sin embargo, como traigo dinero, no quiero correr riesgo ninguno. Nó, nó me acostaré ni apagaré la luz. Me pasaré sentado toda la noche con las pistolas montadas, y si alguien entra le descerrajo un tiro.—Al oír esto no trataron ya de desalojarlo, y él se acostó y pasó la noche muy tranquilo, dejando al dueño de la cama que buscase alojamiento donde pudiera. A la mañana siguiente bajó, se fué á la cuadra á buscar su caballo y lo condujo á la puerta, en donde ya todos estaban reunidos para reír un poco á su costa. En cuanto estuvo montado, tiró al criado treinta sueldos por su caballo y alojamiento y algunos sueldos más para el mozo; y, cambiando de modales, dijo:—Caballeros, doy gracias á Vds. por las deferencias que me han manifestado. Tengo que excusarme con uno de Vds. por haberle tomado su cama; pero á un amigo mío se le negó alojamiento aquí la noche pasada, y apostó veinte luisas á que yo no podría procurármela; por lo cual, para conseguirlo me he fingido sordo: Vds. dirán si he representado bien mi papel.—Y diciendo esto espoleó su caballo, dejando á todos sorprendidos.

Una píldora saludable.

185. Durante una desgraciada campaña en que el ejército francés sufrió grandes pérdidas, dos paisanos de cierta aldea fueron llamados á la quinta; sólo uno se necesitaba para completar el número, y de los dos que fueron citados el uno era hijo de un rico arrendador y el otro de una viuda pobre. El arrendador habló al jefe del sorteo y le prometió una buena recompensa si podía hallar manera de impedir que su hijo fuese al ejército. Con el objeto de lograrlo, puso el jefe en la urna dos bolas negras en vez de una blanca y otra negra. Cuando llegaron los jóvenes, dijo: En la urna hay una bola blanca y otra negra: el que saque la negra irá á servir.—Sospechando el hijo de la viuda que no se jugaba limpio, se aproximó á la urna y sacó una de las bolas, que inmediatamente se tragó sin mirarla.—¿Por qué has hecho eso, dijo el superintendente? ¿Cómo haremos ahora para conocer si has sacado la bola blanca ó la negra?—Muy fácil es saberlo, replicó el mozo: que saque la otra mi compañero: si yo he sacado la negra, él sacará necesariamente la blanca. El superintendente no pudo negarse á ello, y, metiendo la mano en la urna el hijo del arrendador, sacó la bola restante, que con gran satisfacción de la mayor parte de los espectadores era negra; y así se salvó el hijo de la viuda.

L

Peligro de ser ingrato.

186. Un príncipe indio muy aficionado á viajar por el agua, tuvo un día la desgracia de caerse en un río; y ya estaba á punto de ahogarse, cuando un esclavo se arrojó, lo cogió por los cabellos, lo arrastró á la orilla y le salvó la vida. Así que el príncipe hubo recobrado los sentidos preguntó por el hombre que lo había sacado del agua, y viendo que era un esclavo, dijo: ¿Cómo te has atrevido á profanar la sagrada cabeza de tu soberano señor, colocando tu indigna mano sobre ella?—Señor, dijo, lo hice para salvar vuestra vida.—¡Esclavo! replicó el príncipe, tú la has profanado; y mandó inmediatamente que lo matasen. Algún tiempo después, el príncipe, saltando de un bote á otro, volvió á caerse al agua; y, viendo que ninguno trataba de salvarlo, pidió socorro; pero la única respuesta que recibió fué: Acordaos de cómo

member how you rewarded the slave who saved your life before.— Being unable to swim, the ungrateful prince sunk to rise no more and thus was rewarded for his base ingratitude.

A necessary precaution (pr5k8'sh9n).

187. Two young men set out together on a long journey: one of them was a great spendthrift, but the other being very economical, it was agreed, for their mutual benefit, that he should have charge of the purse. The spendthrift soon found himself embarrassed, wishing to buy all the curiosities he saw, and not having money to do so. They slept both in the same room; and one night, after they had been some time in bed, the prodigal called to his friend saying: William, William!—but William did not answer, till hearing him call very loud, and fearing he might disturb the people of the house, he said: Well, what do you want?—Are you asleep? said the other.—Why? said William.—Because, if you are not I want to borrow a pound of you.—Oh, I am fast asleep, and have been so for some time. Finding William inexorable (5n3'x8r1bl), the other used frequently to get out of bed in the night, and seek about the room for the purse; but could never find it. At last they arrived at the end of their journey, which, by the economy (5k8'n8m5) of William, had cost but very little: his companion was much pleased, well knowing that if he had kept the purse, it would have been much more expensive. He then said to William: Tell me, now there is no more danger, where you hid the money of a night, for I frankly confess that I have often endeavoured to find it?—I expected that, said William, and therefore I always waited till you were in bed; and, after putting out the light, I hid the purse in your own pocket, knowing you would not seek it there.

Avarice (1'v1r5s) rewarded.

188. An avaricious merchant in Turkey, having lost a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold, had it cried by the public crier, offering half its contents to whoever had found and would restore it. A sailor, who had picked it up, went to the crier and told him it was in his possession, and that he was ready to restore it on the proposed condition; but the owner, having thus learned where his purse was, thought he would endeavour to recover it without losing anything. He, therefore, told the sailor if he desired to receive the reward, he must restore also a valuable (v1150'2bl) emerald which was in the purse. The sailor declared that he had found nothing in the purse except the money, and refused to give it up without the recompense. The merchant went and complained to the *cadi* (k1'd5), who summoned the sailor to appear, and asked him why he detained the purse he had found?—Because, replied he, the merchant has promised a reward of a hundred pieces of gold which he now refuses to give, under pretence (pr5t3'ns) that there was a valuable emerald (3'm3r1ld) in it, and I swear (s03'r) by Mahomet (m1'h8m3t) there was nothing in it but the gold.—The merchant was then desired to describe the emerald, and how it came into his possession; which he did, but in a manner that convinced the *cadi* of his dishonesty (d5s8'n3sty), and he immediately gave the following judgment.—You have lost a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold and a valuable emerald: the sailor has found one containing only 200 pieces; therefore it cannot be yours: you must then have yours cried again, with a description of the precious stone.—You, said he to the sailor, will keep the purse during forty days without touching its contents, and, if at the expiration of that time, no person shall have claimed it, you may justly consider it yours.

The double metamorphosis (m3t2m9'rf8s5s).

189. An Irishman was once employed by a gentleman at Hampstead (h1'mpst3d) to carry a live (l1'5v) hare, as a present, to one of his friends at London. It was put into a bag, and he set off: Hampstead being about five miles from London, the Irishman stopped half way at a public house to drink a pint of beer. Some wags;

recompensasteis al esclavo que os salvó la vida la otra vez.—No sabiendo nadar, el desgraciado príncipe se hundió para no salir más, y así quedó pagada su baja ingratitud.

Una precaución necesaria.

187. Dos jóvenes partieron juntos para un largo viaje: siendo el uno de ellos muy gastador y el otro muy económico, convinieron, para beneficio mutuo, que el económico se encargase de la bolsa. Muy pronto el gastador se halló apurado deseando comprar todas las curiosidades que veía y sin tener dinero para ello. Dormían juntos en la misma habitación, y una noche, después de algún tiempo de estar en la cama, el pródigo llamó á su amigo, diciendo:—Guillermo, Guillermo; pero Guillermo no contestó, hasta que fué llamado tan en alta voz, que, temiendo se despertase la gente de la casa, dijo:—Pero ¿qué se te ocurre?—¿Estás dormido?—¿Por qué, dijo Guillermo?—Porque si no lo estás, necesito que me prestes una libra.—¡Oh! estoy dormido, y hace algún tiempo que lo he estado. Hallando inexorable á Guillermo, se echó el otro varias veces fuera de la cama durante la noche para buscar la bolsa por el cuarto; pero nunca pudo encontrarla. Llegados por fin al último del viaje, el cual, por la economía de Guillermo había costado muy poco, su compañero quedó muy complacido; y, conociendo bien que, si hubiese él llevado la bolsa, se habría gastado mucho más, dijo á Guillermo:—Dime, ahora que no hay ya peligro, en dónde ocultabas el dinero durante la noche, pues te confieso francamente que muchas veces traté de hallarlo.—Me lo esperaba, contestó el otro, y por eso siempre aguardaba á que estuvieses en la cama; y, después de apagar la luz, guardaba la bolsa en tu propio bolsillo, seguro de que no la buscarías allí.

Avaricia recompensada.

188. Un avaro comerciante de Turquía, habiendo perdido una bolsa con 200 piezas de oro, hizo publicar por medio del pregonero que ofrecía la mitad de su contenido á quien la hubiese hallado y se la devolviese. Un marinero que la había recogido fué al pregonero y le dijo que la bolsa se hallaba en su poder, y que estaba pronto á devolverla con la condición propuesta; pero el dueño, sabiendo ya dónde se encontraba la bolsa, pensó que podía tratar de recuperarla sin perder nada; y para ello dijo al marinero que, si deseaba recibir la recompensa, debía devolver también una esmeralda de gran valor que estaba en la bolsa. El marinero declaró que no había hallado en la bolsa nada más que el dinero, y se negó á entregarlo sin la recompensa. El comerciante fué y lo citó ante el cadí, el cual mandó comparecer al marinero y le preguntó por qué retenía la bolsa que había encontrado.—Porque, replicó, el comerciante ha prometido una recompensa de 100 piezas de oro, que ahora se niega á dar, so pretexto de que había en la bolsa una esmeralda de gran valor; pero yo juro por Mahoma que no había en ella más que el dinero.—Se intimó entonces al comerciante que describiese la esmeralda y dijese cómo se hallaba en su poder, lo cual hizo, pero de tal manera que convenció al cadí de su mala fe, por lo cual inmediatamente dictó la siguiente sentencia: «Tú has perdido una bolsa con 200 piezas de oro y una esmeralda de valor: el marinero se ha encontrado una que contenía sólo 200 piezas; por lo tanto, no puede ser la tuya. Debes, pues, volver á pregonar la tuya con una descripción de la piedra preciosa.»—Y tú, le dijo al marinero, guardarás la bolsa durante cuarenta días sin tocar á su contenido; y, si al terminar ese tiempo nadie la ha reclamado, puedes justamente considerarla como tuya.»

La doble metamorfosis.

189. En cierta ocasión un irlandés recibió de un caballero de Hampstead el encargo de llevar una liebre viva de regalo á un amigo suyo en Londres. Puesta la liebre en un saco, el irlandés partió. Hampstead está á unas cinco millas de Londres, y el irlandés se detuvo á la mitad del camino en una taberna para beber un vaso de cer-

who were drinking in the tap-room, finding what he had in the bag, determined to play him a trick; and one of them, while the others kept him in conversation, took out the hare and put in a cat. Having finished his beer, the Irishman started with his load. On arriving at London, he said to the gentleman: Sir, my master has sent you a live hare.—Very well, said he, let us see it.—He then opened the sack, and to his great astonishment found a cat.—By the powers! said Paddy, it was a hare at Hampstead, for I saw it put into the bag.—Go back, go back, said the gentleman, they are making a fool of you.—Paddy took up the bag, and trotted off again towards Hampstead, stopping, on his return, at the same public house and telling his adventure, to the amusement of those who had played him the trick. To render the farce complete, they contrived to take out the cat and replace the hare; and the unsuspecting Irishman set off again for Hampstead. On arriving, he said to his master: Sir, do you know that you have sent a cat instead of a hare?—Go along, you stupid fellow, replied the gentleman.—Well, then, believe your own eyes.—On saying which, he opened the bag, and out leaped the hare. The Irishman could scarcely believe his eyes, and appeared for some moments petrified with fear. At length he ejaculated (5j1k5012't3d): By Jasus, it is a hare at Hampstead, and a cat at London.—Come, come, said the master, put it into the bag and return.—By Jasus, master, I shall go no more, for if the vile air of London can change a hare into a cat, it may, perhaps, change me into an ass; and will (1) I, think you, risk going on all four during the rest of my days?

LI

A strange interview.

I

190. Death was holding high revelry (*javana, borrachera*) in the good city of London, in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-five. At that time, there dwelt in Cheapside, a certain silk-mercator, named Mark Hansel, who was a substantial, rich old citizen; and a very respectable one after his sort, which was a sort that does not include any strong feelings, or highly sensitive perceptions, but has a drowsy (*ador-mecido*) cash-box sense of right and wrong, and loves Virtue most, when she is comfortably seated by the fireside with a mug (*jarro, vasito*) of ale at her elbow. Mark Hansel was a very respectable man, and always paid his way; and, although he had never read Adam Smith in the *Wealth of Nations*, for the conclusive reason that that work was not then written, nor its author born, he conducted himself as well as if he had; and increased and multiplied.

Nevertheless, he could not prevent the Plague from entering his house; which vexed him a great deal, as he had taken vast pains to keep it out, and he was naturally piqued at the failure of his plans. Mark was a widower, with no children; and his household consisted of himself, one or two of his clerks, and prentices, his maid-servant, and a few lodgers in the upper stories: for Mark's house was large, and silk-mercators in those days were not the fine gentlemen they are now, and did not think themselves above taking a staid, decent person into their dwellings at a certain rate per week. Now, when the Plague first of all threatened the city, Mark did what was very common at that time—he made it a condition with those who dwelt there, that if they staid at all, they must provide themselves with every requisite, and be content to remain without stirring a foot out of doors until the pest should have abated. As they offered no objection to these terms, the house was solemnly closed

(1) Este will no es gramatical, porque Paddy no podía dudar de su voluntad; en el original se usa con gracia para acrecentar la idea de la estupidez que Paddy manifiesta. Paddy significa Patricio y se aplica por mote ó sobrenombre á los irlandeses.

veza. Unos chistosos que estaban bebiendo en la sala de la taberna, sabiendo lo que llevaba en el saco, determinaron pegarle un chasco; y uno de ellos, mientras los demás lo entretenían hablándole, sacó la liebre y metió un gato. Habiendo acabado su cerveza el irlandés, se marchó con su encargo. Al llegar á Londres, dijo al caballero: Señor, mi amo envía á V. una liebre viva.—Muy bien, dijo el caballero, veámosla. Abrió en seguida el saco, y con gran asombro se encontró con un gato.—¡Por Dios! dijo Paddy, era una liebre en Hampstead, pues yo la ví meter en el saco.—Vuelve, vuelve, dijo el caballero, se están divirtiendo contigo.—Paddy cargó con el saco y volvió otra vez á Hampstead, pero se detuvo en la misma taberna, donde refirió su aventura, con gran diversión de los que le habían pegado el chasco; los cuales, para hacer la farsa más completa, imaginaron sacar el gato y volver á meter la liebre, con la cual el cándido irlandés partió de nuevo para Hampstead. Al llegar dijo á su amo: Señor, ¿sabe V. que ha enviado un gato en vez de una liebre?—Vete de aquí, estúpido, replicó el caballero.—Bien, pues crea V. á sus propios ojos. Y, diciendo esto, abrió el saco y saltó la liebre. El irlandés podía apenas creer lo que veía y se quedó durante algunos momentos petrificado de miedo; hasta que al fin exclamó: Por Jesús, que era liebre en Hampstead, y gato en Londres.—Anda, anda, dijo el amo, pon la liebre en el saco y vuelve.—¡Por Dios! mi amo, yo no haré tal, pues, si el corrompido aire de Londres puede convertir una liebre en gato, quizá pueda convertirme á mí en borrico, y ¿piensa V. que puedo exponerme yo á andar á cuatro pies el resto de mi vida?

LI

Conferencia rara.

I

190. La muerte estaba haciendo grandemente de las suyas en la buena ciudad de Londres, allá por los años de mil quinientos sesenta y cinco. Vivía por aquel tiempo en Cheapside cierto mercader de sedas llamado Mark Hansel, acomodado, rico y rancio burgués, muy respetable á su manera, en la que no estaban incluidos sentimientos de excesiva delicadeza ni percepciones de la más exquisita sensibilidad, pero que poseía un sentido práctico de tanto peso como el dinero contante de su caja para juzgar de lo justo y de lo injusto, y amaba la virtud, sobre todo si ésta se hallaba cómodamente sentada cerca del hogar, con un vaso de cerveza al alcance de la mano. Mark Hansel era un hombre muy respetable, que cumplía todos sus compromisos; y aunque no había leído nunca la *Prosperidad de las Naciones*, de Adam Smith, por la concluyente razón de que dicha obra no había sido aún escrita ni su autor había nacido todavía, se manejaba lo mismo que si la hubiese leído, y crecía y multiplicaba (sus negocios).

A pesar de todo, no pudo impedir que la Peste entrase en su casa, lo que le molestó tanto más cuanto que se había tomado grandes trabajos para impedirle la entrada, y se sintió naturalmente mortificado por el fracaso de sus planes. Mark era viudo, sin hijos, y su familia toda estaba constituida por él, uno ó dos dependientes y aprendices, la criada y algunos inquilinos en los pisos altos; pues la casa de Mark era espaciosa, y los mercaderes de sedas no eran todavía por aquellos tiempos tan atildados caballeros como en el día, ni se consideraban rebajados por admitir en sus domicilios á una persona comedida y decente, mediante cierta cuota semanal. Desde el momento en que la Pesta comenzó á invadir la población, Mark hizo lo que era muy común por aquel tiempo, y estipuló como pacto inquebrantable con los que allí vivían—si deseaban continuar habitando aquella casa—que habían de proveerse á su vez de todos los requisitos indispensables, y resignarse á no poner

and barred (as if the Plague cared for locks and bolts!) and the windows were shut close, and business was suspended, and there was a strange, dull (*pesado*), twilight, funeral look in all the rooms, and the rue (*ruda*) and wormwood (*ajeno*) and other disinfecting plants, lying about at every turn, were anything but cheerful in their suggestions. It was bad enough in the day-time; but, at night, old Mark would lie awake in his bed, listening to the stagnant silence, and fancying that he heard in it stealthy (*furtivos*), creeping (*lentos*) footsteps of the Enemy going to and fro, upon his errands (*mandados, comisiones, quehaceres*). And he was not far wrong in his guess; for one night the said Enemy paused before Mark's door and passed through it, bolt and all, and went creeping (*deslizándose*), creeping up the staircase, with his ghostly, silent steps—so silent that not a soul heard him, though his breath was thick and clammy (*viscoso*) on the walls—and entered one of the upper rooms, and with a strong gripe upon the throat, seized him who lay there, and left him dead and livid by the dawn.

Old Mark was greatly astonished at this when he came to find it out in the morning; for he had no idea that the Plague could possibly enter a house that was barricaded. However, he got the body away as quickly as he could, and, as an additional precaution, had all the shutters closed over all the windows; and then, thinking himself infallibly secure, sat down once more in his voluntary idleness, and amused himself with looking over his account books, and calculating how much he was worth. But the great Enemy came again silently in the night, and snote another victim. Then, another and another, until not one soul beside Mark himself was left in the house; and, as the body of the last victim was carried forth one evening, and thrown into the dead-cart, he felt more solitary than ever he had in his life.

II

191. I have said that the last body was taken forth one evening. Mark saw it put into the cart; and, after having barred up the door, returned to his room, and sat down, thinking. He was puzzling (*embrollar, aturrullar*) his brains how to manage for companionship, and had almost made up his mind to ask the only nephew he had, to come and live with him (although he knew him to be a young rake (*calavera*) and a spendthrift, (*derrochador, manirroto*), when it occurred to him that, as shutting up the house had so signally failed—and he could not but admit that it failed—he might as well run the risk of breathing a little of the open air, and seeing at the same time whether he could light upon a neighbour (*dar con, encontrar*). It was the month of September; and, the disease being at its height, the government had set a watch upon all infected houses, with strict orders that no one should be allowed to issue forth. Mark, however, knew that the watchman over his house had been comfortably drunk at an adjacent tavern for the last hour; so he opened the outer door, and stood gazing up and down the street. What he saw did not in the least tend to raise his spirits; for, instead of a gay, loud thoroughfare (*tránsito*), with horses and vehicles, and cavaliers and ladies, there was a silent desert. No lights glimmered in the dull (*triste, sombrío*) black casement (*ventana*)—no faces looked forth upon the empty road below—no sound of life stirred (*agitar*) within the languid air. A thick crop (*cosecha*) of grass had sprung up between the stones of the road; and the lightest blade (*hoja*) scarcely fluttered (*se meneaba*) in the heavy stagnation. Looking towards Old St. Paul's Hansel saw the rich and various outline of that beautiful structure—then within a twelvemonth of its utter destruction—almost massed by the leaden gloom (*opacidad, tristeza*) of the evening sky, against which it was scarcely relieved; and turning away his gaze (*contemplación, mirada*) he beheld at very small intervals the dreadful red cross smeared (*salpicar, untar, emporcar*) with lurid (*lóbrego, cárdeno*) distinctness on the shutters (*postigos*) of several of his neighbours. Mark began to feel that, after all, he had better remain indoors; and

el pie más allá de los umbrales de la puerta hasta que la epidemia hubiera desaparecido completamente. Como ellos no opusieran objeción ninguna á estas condiciones, la casa quedó solemnemente cerrada y atrancada (como si la Peste se cuidase de cerraduras ni cerrojos) y las ventanas fueron también cerradas á piedra y lodo. Suspendidos los negocios, dominaba allí dentro un extrañío, soñoliento y sombrío aspecto fúnebre en todas las habitaciones; y la ruda, la hierbabuena y otras plantas desinfectantes arrojadas acá y allá, sugerían ideas nada alegres ni tranquilizadoras. Aquello era bastante malo durante el día; pero, por la noche, el viejo Mark permanecía despierto, acostado en su cama, escuchando en el dormido silencio, y creyendo oír las furtivas y rastreras pisadas del Enemigo yendo de un lado á otro, para realizar sus siniestros designios. Y no andaba muy descaminado en sus sospechas; pues una noche el consabido Enemigo hizo alto ante la puerta de la casa de Mark, pasó á través de ella con cerrojos y todo, y arrastrándose, arrastrándose, fué subiendo las escaleras con sus silenciosos pasos de fantasma (tan silenciosos, que ni un alma pudo oírlos, aunque su hálito era espeso y se quedaba pegado en las paredes), penetró en una de las habitaciones altas, y apretando con fuerte zarpa el cuello del que allí dormía, lo dejó muerto y lívido á eso del amanecer.

El viejo Mark se quedó grandemente sorprendido cuando á la mañana tuvo de ello noticia; pues no podía concebir la idea de que la Plaga pudiese entrar en una casa tan bien cerrada y atrancada. Pero en el acto, echó fuera el cadáver á toda prisa; y, como precaución adicional, ordenó que todos los postigos de las ventanas estuviesen constantemente cerrados; con lo que, considerándose ya entonces infaliblemente seguro, se abandonó una vez más á su voluntaria peréza, recreándose en el exámen minucioso de sus libros de cuentas corrientes, y deduciendo de ellos lo mucho que valía. Pero el gran Enemigo vino otra vez silenciosamente por la noche, y sacrificó una nueva víctima. Después, otra y otra, hasta que ni un alma quedó en la casa con Mark; de modo que, no bien el cuerpo de la última víctima fué sacado de la casa una tarde y arrojado en el carro de los muertos, Mark se sintió más solitario que lo había estado nunca en su vida.

II

191. He dicho que el último cadáver fué sacado una tarde. Mark lo vió poner en el carro; y después de atrancar nuevamente la puerta, se volvió á su habitación y se sentó pensativo. Estuvo devanándose los sesos para ver de procurarse alguna compañía, y casi se había hecho el ánimo de llamar al único sobrino que tenía y vivir con él (aunque sabía que era un joven libertino y derrochador), cuando se le ocurrió que, en vista de que cerrando tan cuidadosamente la puerta había obtenido el mayor de los fracasos—y no cabía admitir que no hubiese fracasado—podía muy bien exponerse á respirar un poco el aire libre y ver al mismo tiempo dónde podría dar con algún vecino. Era el mes de Septiembre, y, habiendo llegado la epidemia á su apogeo, el gobierno había puesto un guardia en cada casa infestada, con órdenes estrechas de que nadie pudiera salir de ellas. Mark sabía, sin embargo, que el guardia correspondiente á su casa había estado trincando de lo lindo en una taberna próxima; confiado en esto, abrió la puerta exterior, y estuvo escudriñando la calle por uno y otro lado. Lo que vió no era ciertamente lo más á propósito para levantar su espíritu. Pues en vez de una alegre y pasajera calle con caballos y vehículos y caballeros y señoras, aquello era un silencioso desierto. Ni una luz brillaba tímidamente en los sombríos y negros huecos de las ventanas; ni un rostro asomado á la desierta calle que se extendía allá abajo; ni un rumor de vida se agitaba en el mortecino aire. Una espesa capa de hierba había crecido entre las juntas de las piedras, y apenas si la más leve brizna se movía en la pesada calma. Al mirar hacia San Pablo el Viejo, Hansel vió la hermosa y variada silueta de aquel hermoso edificio—entonces inmediato en un año á su total destrucción—casi borrado por la plomiza obscuridad del cielo de la tarde, sobre el cual se destacaba confusamente; y, volviendo atrás su mirada, observó á muy pequeños intervalos las pavorosas cruces rojas pintadas con luctuosa distinción sobre las puertas de muchos de sus vecinos. Mark comenzó á creer que, después de todo, habría hecho mejor en permanecer dentro de su casa; y, con efecto, se hubiera recogido inmediatamente, á no haber oído el enton-

would have departed instantly, but that his ear caught the now unusual sound of a carriage rattling over the pavement. It came from the direction of Cornhill, and made an ominous rumble (*ruído, crugido*) in the hush (*quieto, silencio, interjección hush*).

For the mere sake of a little companionship, however brief, Hansel determined to wait until the carriage had passed. He therefore stood watching its approach. It was drawn with surprising quickness by four black horses, which pranced (*cabriola*) and scattered the foam from their nostrils in a grand and royal manner, and at every step, their hoofs beat up such a shower of sparks from the stones, that the passage of the vehicle was vividly delineated in a running stream of fire. Mark wondered who the traveller might be; but much time was not allowed him for conjecture, as the swiftness at which the carriage was drawn soon brought it up to his house; and his astonishment was great when he perceived it came suddenly to a dead halt precisely at that spot. He now observed that the vehicle, as well as the horses, was black, and that the coachman and the footmen were clothed in mourning liveries.—Some family that has lost a relation or two in the Plague, thought Hansel.

III

192. The door of the carriage was opened by one of the footmen, and a very handsome stately gentleman alighted. He, too, was clothed in black; and on his head, he wore a hat with a large drooping feather.

—Good evening, Mark Hansel, he said, making a kind of salutation. I want to have a word with you.

—At your service, returned Mark, bowing profoundly. You seem, Sir, to know something of me; but I have not the honour of recollecting you.

—No? said the stranger, with a momentary smile. I have known you, however, from your birth upwards.

—Indeed, Sir, exclaimed Mark. I should have supposed you were a younger man than myself, by a good score of years.

—Older, older, replied the stranger. But I must admit I bear my years well considering all I have had to go through; and yet there are times when I feel I should like to lie down somewhere and rest.

He spoke this in a low, meditative tone; and Hansel could not help remarking that he seemed to carry with him a palpable darkness, which alternately dilated and contracted with a wavering motion. And yet there was nothing very singular in this, either; for the night was rapidly falling, and the fluctuating outline of the black velvet mantle which the stranger wore, mingled heavily with the gloom.

—Will you walk into my poor house, Sir? inquired Mark. We shall be quite alone; all here except myself have died of this dreadful sickness.

—No, replied the gentleman, that is not my object. I want you first to accompany me to a place where you will see some friends of yours; and then to ask you to do me a favour,—to be paid for, mind, and handsomely. Will you follow me?

—I shall be proud, said Hansel, to go wherever you worship may command.

Stepping into the carriage, the stranger beckoned (*hacer seña con la cabeza ó la mano*) Mark to follow him; and the horses immediately set off at full gallop.

—How suddenly the night has fallen! observed Hansel; and how close the air has grown!

—No wonder, replied his companion: there is mischief in the air; and a great cloud of death hangs over all London!

Faster and faster went the coach; every instant seeming to add obviously to its speed. Mark looked out of the windows, and saw the houses on each side of the way spinning (*to spin, hilar*) past in a long, indistinct, dull line, in which all details were blurred (*borrados, borrosos*) and lost, like the painted sides of a humming (*zumbante*) top (*trompo, peonza*) in the intensity of its whirl (*giro*). Faster and faster yet; until, by the fervour of the motion, the stagnant air was wakened into life and rush-

ces desusado ruido de un carruaje rodando sobre el pavimento. Venía en la dirección de Cornhill, y producía un siniestro rumor en medio de aquel silencio.

Por el solo deseo de alguna compañía, aunque corta, Hansel decidió aguardar hasta que el coche hubiese pasado. Permaneció, por lo tanto, aguardando á que se aproximase. Iba tirado con sorprendente velocidad por cuatro caballos negros, que cabriolaban y esparcían la espuma de sus narices con aire majestuoso, y sus cascos levantaban tal lluvia de chispas de las piedras, que el tránsito del carruaje resultaba vívidamente delineado por un torrente de fuego que avanzaba. Mark no hacía más que pensar con cierta admiración en quién pudiera ser aquel transeunte; pero no le fué concedido muy largo tiempo para sus conjeturas, pues la rapidez con que el carruaje venía arrastrado lo condujo pronto hasta delante de la casa; y su admiración fué grande cuando lo vió de súbito parar en firme, precisamente en aquel sitio. Entonces observó que el coche era también negro, como los caballos, y que el cochero y los lacayos vestían enlutadas libreas.—Alguna familia que habrá perdido un pariente ó dos en la epidemia, pensó Hansel.

III

192. Uno de los lacayos abrió la puerta del carruaje, y un caballero muy hermoso y de gallarda postura echó pie á tierra. También iba vestido de negro, y en la cabeza llevaba un sombrero de ancha y flotante pluma.

—Buenas tardes, Mark Hausel, dijo, haciendo una especie de saludo. Necesito hablarte dos palabras.

—A vuestras órdenes, contestó Mark, inclinándose profundamente. Parece, señor, que me conocéis, aun cuando yo no tengo el honor de recordaros.

—¿Nó?, dijo el extraño personaje con momentánea sonrisa. Pues yo te conozco, sin embargo, desde tu infancia.

—¿De veras, señor?, exclamó Mark. Hubiera yo jurado que érais más joven que yo, lo menos en una veintena de años muy cumplidos.

—Soy más viejo, mucho más viejo, replicó el recién llegado. Pero debo confesar que llevo bien mis años, á pesar de lo muy trabajoso de mi vida; y, sin embargo, hay ocasiones en que desearía yacer muerto en cualquier parte y descansar.

Dijo esto en tono profundo y reflexivo, y Mark no pudo menos de observar que parecía llevar consigo una palpable obscuridad que alternativamente se dilataba y contraía con undulante movimiento. Después de todo, no había en esto nada de extraño; pues la noche iba cayendo rápidamente, y el flotante contorno del negro manto de terciopelo del desconocido se confundía pesadamente con las tinieblas.

—¿Queréis pasar á mi pobre casa, señor? preguntó Mark. Estaremos completamente solos: todos en ella, excepto yo, han muerto de esta terrible enfermedad.

—Nó, replicó el caballero; no es ese mi objeto. Necesito que me acompañes primero á cierto sitio, donde verás á varios amigos tuyos; y entonces te pediré un favor, que, por supuesto, te pagaré de muy buen grado y espléndidamente. ¿Quieres seguirme?

—Tendré á gran honor el ir á donde su señoría tenga á bien ordenar.

El desconocido subió al carruaje é hizo seña á Mark de que lo siguiese; y los caballos partieron inmediatamente á galope tendido.

—¿Qué repentinamente ha caído la noche!, observó Hansel; y ¡qué densidad ha adquirido el aire!

—No tiene nada de extraño, replicó su compañero; el aire está emponzoñado, y una gran nube de muerte se halla suspendida sobre todo Londres.

El coche caminaba más y más de prisa, pareciendo aumentar sensiblemente á cada instante su velocidad. Mark miró por las ventanillas y vió las casas en hilera á ambos lados del camino, formando una línea oscura é indistinta, en la que todos los detalles quedaban borrados y confundidos, como los pintados círculos concéntricos de un trompo zumbador en la intensidad de sus giros. Y más y más de prisa aún; hasta que, por el ardor de la locomoción, el estancado aire se despertó á la vida, y se

ed past the carriage windows with a long, wailing (*lloroso, lamentable*) sigh. Faster and faster still; and darker and darker grew the night; and through the blackness Mark could see nothing but the eyes of his companion gleaming like two small fires at the back of a deep, dusky (*sombria*) cavern. And now the town was passed; and Mark beheld a wide open country, very bare and grim (*feo, disforme*), which he did not recognize. He began to feel uneasy. Still, faster and faster went the coach; and darker and darker grew the night; till it appeared as if they were being carried on the wind itself into a great black empty gulf. During all this time the stranger did not utter one word. Nor did Mark; for his breath was gone.

IV

193. At length the carriage came to a dead halt with so much suddenness, that the ground reeled beneath their feet, and a long, dark hedgerow on each side of the road, still appeared to rush giddily past into the wide obscurity. As soon as Hansel could get the use of his eyes, he perceived that they were standing before a vast, dimly-defined (*dim, obscuro*) building, which rose far up into the air, until it became one with the night. It belonged to an order of architecture which Mark had never seen before; and had a look of great age and melancholy grandeur. Columns of an indescribable fashion—grotesque faces and prodigious sculptures, that seemed each one an awful riddle (*enigma*)—made themselves heavily manifest through the darkness; and, though Mark was anything but an imaginative man it struck even him that the whole edifice was a sort of shadowy symbol, and that it typified an unutterable (*indecible*) mournfulness (*duelo, pesar*) and desolation. He observed all this in a single moment; for the stranger, without a word, drew him through a wide doorway into the interior. A spacious, but dimly lighted hall was then disclosed; and the strange gentleman, turning to Mark, said—

—This is one of my country mansions. You must come with me, and look over all the rooms.

Hansel, though fear was in his heart, and he would gladly have been away, bowed humbly, and walked by the side of his conductor. They passed through several magnificent apartments, filled with objects of great pomp and majesty; but a sense of sadness and wickedness (*perversidad*) was over all; and not a living being was to be seen; and the silence was oppressive. Black velvet curtains fell in massive folds from the walls; and all the rooms were involved in perpetual shadow. After some time, they reached a chamber of greater extent than any of the others—so large, indeed, that the citizen could not see the opposite side; and here his companion paused. The next moment Hansel observed that the place was occupied by eight or nine male figures, dressed in uncount (*varos*) habiliments, and playing very earnestly at a game resembling skittles (*bolos*): the pins (*palos*) formed by a row of fleshless bones and the projectiles smooth, bare skulls. The sport seemed to Mark rather grim, and the performers had very pale faces; but they kept on chattering vivaciously in an unknown tongue, and, whenever any one made a hit, all chuckled (*cloquear, hacer fiestas*) and laughed.

—Draw a little nearer, said the master of the house. Do you remember these gentlemen?

Mark advanced a pace or two, and then suddenly started back. The skittle-players were none other than the recent inmates of his house, whom he had supposed were dead of the Plague!

—Good Heaven! exclaimed the silk-mercator. What is the meaning of this?

—It means, replied the strange gentleman, that all your late friends are provided for by me, and without any charge to them. But you must not speak to them. They would not understand you, nor you them. Don't you think they look very happy?

—The Lord deliver me! thought Mark; for I am in a land of phantoms. But, fearing to offend his companion, he answered «They must needs be happy under your worship's protection.»

precipitaba por las ventanillas del coche, con largo y sollozante gemido. Y más y más de prisa aún; y más y más obscura crecía la noche; y, á través de las tinieblas, Mark no podía ver más que los ojos de su compañero centelleando como dos chispas en el fondo de una honda y obscura caverna. Y ya la ciudad había quedado atrás; y Mark contempló un vasto campo sin límites, yermo y deforme, que no reconoció. Comenzó á sentir malestar. Y más y más de prisa volaba el carruaje; y más y más obscura crecía la noche; hasta parecer como que eran llevados por el viento mismo, dentro de una inmensa, negra y cóncava vorágine. Durante todo este tiempo, el desconocido no pronunció una sola palabra. Tampoco Mark, porque se había quedado sin aliento.

IV

193. Por fin el carruaje paró en firme tan súbitamente, que el terreno se les escurrió bajo los pies, y dos largas, negras filas de vallados situadas á ambos lados del camino parecían correr aún y precipitarse vertiginosamente en la inmensa obscuridad. Cuando Mark pudo recobrar el uso de sus ojos, vió que estaban parados delante de un vasto, incomprensible edificio, tan alto, que, al elevarse en el aire, llegaba á ser uno con la noche. Pertenecía á un orden de arquitectura que Mark no había visto nunca antes, y tenía un aspecto de antigüedad remota y de melancólica grandeza. Columnas de forma indescriptible; carátulas grotescas y prodigiosas esculturas, cada una de las cuales parecía un enigma solemne, se dejaban ver confusamente á través de la obscuridad; y, aunque Mark distaba mucho de ser hombre de imaginación, le impresionó, no obstante, el advertir que todo el edificio era como una especie de símbolo tenebroso y que entrañaba en sí una inexplicable tristeza y desolación. Sólo de un momento pudo disponer para observar todo esto, pues el desconocido, sin proferir palabra, lo arrastró á través de una espaciosa portada hacia el interior. Presentóse ante ellos un espacioso, pero tristemente iluminado salón, y el desconocido caballero, volviéndose á Mark, dijo:

—Esta es una de mis casas de campo. Quiero que vengas conmigo y examines todas las habitaciones.

Hansel, aunque sentía miedo en su corazón, y hubiera deseado de todas veras encontrarse fuera de allí, se inclinó humildemente y siguió los pasos de su conductor. Cruzaron muchas magníficas habitaciones profusamente adornadas con objetos de gran pompa y majestad; pero un ambiente de tristeza y de iniquidad se extendía por todas partes: ni un solo ser animado se veía, y el silencio era abrumador. Negras cortinas de terciopelo colgaban en macizos pliegues de los muros; y todas las habitaciones estaban envueltas en perpetua sombra. Pasado algún tiempo, llegaron á una habitación más grande que ninguna de las otras; tan grande realmente, que el mercader no pudo distinguir el lado opuesto, y allí se detuvo su compañero. Desde un principio, Hansel observó que aquel lugar estaba ocupado por ocho ó nueve figuras de hombre cubiertas con extrañas vestiduras y jugando muy seriamente á un juego parecido al de los bolos; éstos eran filas de huesos descarnados, y las bolas bruñidas y desnudas calaveras. El *sport* pareció á Mark algo lúgubre, y los jugadores tenían unos rostros muy palidos, pero continuaban charlando bulliciosamente en una lengua desconocida; y siempre que alguno de ellos hacía tantos, armaban gran algazara y se reían.

—Aproxímate un poco más, dijo el dueño de la casa. ¿Recuerdas á esos señores?

Mark avanzó uno ó dos pasos, pero súbitamente retrocedió. Los jugadores de bolos no eran otros que los recientes huéspedes de su casa, á quienes él había supuesto muertos por la Peste.

—¡Santo cielo!, exclamó el mercader de sedas. ¿Qué significa esto?

—Significa, replicó aquel extraño personaje, que todos tus últimos amigos han sido atendidos por mí, y sin ningún gravamen para ellos. Pero no debes hablarles. No te entenderían, ni tú á ellos. ¿No es verdad que parecen muy felices?

—¡El Señor sea conmigo!, pensó Mark; pues estoy en un país de fantasmas. Pero temiendo ofender á su compañero, respondió:—Han de ser necesariamente dichosos bajo la protección de vuestra señoría.

—A right courtly speech! cried the other, with a disagreeable laugh. Well, since you admit that they look happy, there could be no great harm in sending a few more to the same place—eh?

—Your worship is the best judge, replied Hansel, who thought it advisable to maintain a respectful demeanour (*conducta, porte*).

—Follow me, then. And the master of the mansion led the way out of the hall, and conducted Mark into the open air.

V

194. A wide desert plain stretched far away before their eyes, unbroken by a single house, tree, or any other object, and covered by a dry, burnt-up turf (*césped*). Thick night hung ponderously overhead; but flashes of lightning played incessantly across the sky, revealing in the distance an abrupt rock of dusky (*oscuro, sombrío, lóbrego, triste*) stone, down the sides of which a stream of water fell noiselessly, and crept away through weedy (*herbosos, de hierbas malas*) channels until lost to sight.

—Listen to me now, exclaimed the stranger, fixing his intense and gleaming eyes upon Mark. The plague is in London, as you know.

—Indeed, Sir, I know it but too well, said Hansel. The people are dying round us with a dreadful quickness every day.

—And yet not fast enough, responded the other. I say, not fast enough, he added, seeing Mark change countenance. Why what better could you wish for a man than to come to this quiet spot, and play with the skulls and bones of his enemies? They come thronging in (*apiñándose la gente, en tropel*) hour after hour; but it is my mood that they should come faster. Yea, I will have every soul in London for my guest. You see that stream of water pouring down the rock in the distance? That water is poisoned: and with it I design to kill every one of your townfolk. Hearken (*escucha*). If you will consent to take with you a portion of this subtle fluid, and so corrupt all the wells and springs of London, I will give you riches uncountable; and you shall be the last to die and the first to taste all the pleasures of my domain. Will you do this?

During the delivery of this speech, Mark observed a terrible transformation in the whole appearance of his companion. An awful (*espantoso, tremendo*) light boiled up out of the black depth of his eyes; his lips became twisted into an expression of mingled fierceness and sarcastic laughter; and Mark saw that he stood in the presence of the Evil One.

—Get thee behind me, Satan—Devil! I defy thee and all thy host, thou Old Mischief! I spit in thy face, and on thy offer, thou Shadow of the Curse of God!

At this, the fearful thing wavered (*fluctuar, ondear, quedar indeciso*) before his eyes like the shadow of a tree upon the ground when the tree itself is shaken by a high wind; but the Old One steadied (*se repuso, se afirmó*) himself after a while, and said:

—You refuse? Then attend to my last words. Nine of the inmates of your house have already died of the Plague. By to-morrow night, a tenth shall be stricken.

And, as he spoke, a tempest and an earthquake with amazing (*espantoso, sorprendente*) flashes of fire, and a great roaring seemed to rise up in the place; and instantly every thing vanished; and Mark found himself seated in his own arm-chair, rather frightened, and very much dazed (*desvanecido, deslumbrado, desorientado*).

VI

195. It is my own opinion—as a firm disbeliever in all such stories—that the worthy mercer had fallen asleep, and had been dreaming; that he had not been standing at the street-door at all, but had been overtaken by slumber as he sat thinking about his prospects; and that he was awakened by a thunderstorm which was then

—Eso es hablar con cortesía, exclamó el otro riendo de un modo desagradable. Bien; puesto que admites que parecen ser muy dichosos, no habría gran inconveniente en enviar algunos más al mismo sitio, ¿eh?

—Vuestra señoría puede juzgar de eso mejor que nadie, replicó Hansel, que consideró prudente observar una conducta respetuosa.

—En ese caso, sígueme. Y el dueño de la casa guió hacia fuera del aposento, y condujo á Mark al aire libre.

V

194. Extendíase ante sus ojos una inmensa llanura desierta, no interrumpida por una sola casa, ni por un solo árbol ni por objeto ninguno, y cubierta de césped seco y abrasado. Espesa noche se cernía ponderosamente allá en lo alto; pero los relámpagos se entrecruzaban sin cesar en el cielo, dejando ver en la tejanía una abrupta roca de obscura piedra, por los lados de la cual caía silenciosamente un torrente de agua, y se repartía serpeando por canales cubiertos de hierbas insalubres, hasta perderse de vista.

—Escúchame ahora, exclamó el desconocido, fijando sus intensos y brillantes ojos sobre Mark. La Peste está en Londres, como sabes.

—Y en verdad, señor, que lo sé bastante bien, dijo Hansel. La gente cae muerta á nuestro alrededor con una frecuencia más terrible cada día.

—Y no con la bastante rapidez aún, sin embargo, respondió el otro. Digo con no bastante rapidez, añadió al ver á Mark cambiar de semblante y de actitud. Porque ¿qué cosa mejor puede desearse para un hombre que venir á este lugar tranquilo y jugar con las calaveras y los huesos de sus enemigos? Llegan aquí en montón á todas horas; pero es mi capricho que vengan más de prisa. Sí, quiero tener por huéspedes á todas las almas de Londres. ¿Ves aquel torrente de agua manando de la roca allá lejos? Aquel agua está emponzoñada, y tengo el designio de matar con ella á todos los habitantes de tu ciudad. Escucha. Si consientes en llevarte una porción de ese fluido sutil y corromper con él todos los pozos y las fuentes de Londres, te daré riquezas innumerables, y serás el último que muera y el primero que goce de todos los placeres de mis dominios. ¿Aceptas?

Mientras pronunciaba este discurso, Mark observó una terrible transformación en todo el aspecto de su compañero. Una pavorosa luz hervía en el negro abismo de sus ojos; sus labios se quedaron fruncidos con una expresión mezclada de fiereza y de sarcástica burla; y Mark vió que se hallaba en presencia del Demonio.

—¡Huye de mí presencia, Satanás. ¡Demonio! ¡Yo te desafío á ti y á toda tu hueste, Espíritu maligno! ¡Yo te desprecio á ti y á tu oferta, Sombra de la maldición de Dios.

Mientras esto decía Mark, el pavoroso ser osciló ante sus ojos como un árbol cuando es conmovido por un huracán; pero el enemigo se repuso pasado un instante y dijo:

—¿Rehusas? Entonces, escucha mis últimas palabras. Nueve personas de tu casa han muerto ya de la Peste. Mañana á la noche, perecerá el décimo.

Y diciendo así, una tempestad y un terremoto acompañado de llamas gigantescas y espantoso ruido, sacudió aquel lugar; y en el acto se desvaneció todo, y Mark se encontró en su habitación, sentado en su sillón de brazos, perplejo y lleno de terror.

VI

195. Mi opinión, como descreído impenitente en cuentos semejantes, es que el buen mercader se quedó dormido y soñó; que ni siquiera estuvo en la puerta de la calle, sino que fué sorprendido por la pesadilla en un estado de duerme-vela cuando se sentó pensando en la suerte que le esperaba, y que se despertó por un trueno ra-

raging, and which formed the conclusion of his dream. Hansel himself, however, firmly believed in the absolute truth of the vision; and you may safely assume that it made him feel very melancholy. He lay awake during the greater part of the night, preparing himself for his approaching end and trembling with fear every moment, lest he should be exposed to some new temptation. When, after a troubled sleep, he awoke in the morning, he reflected that that was the last time he should behold the light,—for,—said he,—I am the only one left in the house, and consequently there cannot be any other addition to the list.—And he felt himself overpowered with wretchedness (*miseria, infelicidad*) and dread (*miedo, espanto*).

The day passed slowly and mournfully. Poor Hansel endeavoured as much as possible to force his mind into a state of religious resignation, and, to this end, brought forth the great family *Bible*, and read more of it at a stretch (*firón*), than he had done since his school-days. But the awful cry of the attendants upon the dead-carts continually broke in upon (*cortaba, interrumpía*) his studies; and his heart was sick within him. He could not shut out the thought that within a little while, he too would be lying among those festering masses,—a thing horrible to look at, perilous to approach, fit only to be hurried away to the revolting grave-pits. And then he speculated upon how soon it would be before his death would be discovered, and whether the authorities would, after a time, break open the doors and find his rigid body staring with unclosed eyes upon the air. He fought hard against these reflections; but every moment was one of intense watchfulness (*cuidado, desvelo*) and agony, for he could not tell when the first symptoms of disease would attack him. It seemed to him as if he were waiting in a dark room for the mortal stab of an enemy; and he therefore held his nerves in perpetual readiness for the shock.

Not a bit or drop passed his lips during the day, and towards evening he felt a faintness coming over him, which he believed to be the approach of the fatal malady. The light was rapidly fading; and as it seemed horrible to him to die in the dark, he lit a candle and sat down again in his chair, waiting, and commending himself to God. A deep, grand silence prevailed within and without the house, and although there was something awful in it, the poor silk-mercer found it very soothing (*delicioso*). It was so exceedingly intense, that it seemed to have life and consciousness in it, and to swell upwards like a noble psalm in the ears of eternity. So Mark sat listening to it, and hoping that he might die out into that silence, as moths (*polilla*) and insects of the summer cease in the stillness of an autumn night.

At length he was conscious of a sound within the silence. He listened, and heard foot steps in the upper rooms of the house, and immediately after he was aware that they were descending the stairs. At this he felt greatly troubled; for he feared either that the devil was about to renew his temptations, or that death was coming upon him in a visible shape. Slowly, and with some unsteadiness (*falta de firmeza*), the steps came down the stairs, and paused for a moment before the room in which Mark was sitting. The door was then opened, and a figure entered.

VII

196. It was a young man, dressed after the manner of a cavalier of that time. His clothes, however, were soiled and discomposed, and his face, though handsome, was flushed (*encendido*) and haggard (*feroz, macilento*). His whole appearance was debauched and utterly abandoned, and he came into the room with a reckless manner, and threw himself into a chair. Hansel stared at him for a moment in silence; then suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise:

—Mercy on me! he cried; it is my wretched nephew.

—Yes, said the intruder, in a thick voice, it's your nephew—and you may say your wretched nephew too, for I have no money.

—Ay, that is the only reason why I see you here, I suppose. You want, as you call it, to «borrow» some of me. But how, in the name of mischief, did you get into my house? I thought all the doors were bolted.

bioso que estalló cuando llegaba al final de su ensueño. Hansel, sin embargo, creía firmemente en la absoluta verdad de la visión, y es seguro que le produjo una gran melancolía. Estuvo despierto durante la mayor parte de la noche, preparándose para su próximo fin, y temblando á cada instante de miedo de verse expuesto á alguna nueva tentación. Cuando, después de un sueño agitado, se despertó por la mañana, pensó en que aquella era la última vez que veía la luz, pues,—decía él,—yo soy el único que queda en la casa, y, por consiguiente, no cabe ninguna otra adición en la lista. Y se sintió subyugado por la desventura y el terror.

El día transcurrió pesado y triste. El pobre Hansel hizo todo lo posible por colocarse en un estado de religiosa resignación, y, á este fin, sacó la gran *Biblia* familiar, y leyó en ella de un tirón mucho más de lo que había leído desde los días en que iba á la escuela hasta entonces. Pero el pavoroso grito de los hombres que conducían el carro de los muertos lo interrumpía constantemente en sus estudios, y sentía que su corazón estaba enfermo dentro de su pecho. No podía desechar el pensamiento de que dentro de poco él también yacería entre aquellos montones corrompidos, como una cosa de horrible aspecto, de peligroso contacto, y propia únicamente para ser arrojada lo más pronto posible en la repugnante fosa de los muertos. Y entonces se ponía á reflexionar sobre el tiempo que tardarían en descubrir su muerte, y en si las autoridades, pasado cierto tiempo, descerrajarian las puertas y encontrarían su cuerpo rígido, con los ojos abiertos, mirando fijamente al techo. Luchó insistentemente con tales reflexiones; pero cada momento que pasaba era un momento más de ansiedad y de agonía, pues no podía saber cuándo sería atacado por los primeros síntomas de la enfermedad. Le parecía como si estuviera aguardando en una habitación á oscuras la mortal puñalada de un enemigo; y tenía, por lo tanto, los nervios en perpetua tensión.

Ni un bocado, ni una gota, pasaron sus labios durante el día; y allá hacia la noche sintió que se apoderaba de él una debilidad, que creyó era la aproximación de la fatal enfermedad. El día iba desvaneciéndose rápidamente; y, como le pareciera cosa horrible morirse á oscuras, encendió una vela y se sentó de nuevo en su sillón, aguardando y encomendándose á Dios. Un profundo silencio reinaba dentro y fuera de la casa; y, aun cuando en ello había mucho de pavoroso, el pobre mercader de sedas lo encontraba delicioso en extremo. El silencio era tan excesivamente profundo, que parecía haber vida y conciencia en él, y elevarse, siempre creciente, de su seno, un noble salmo, hasta los oídos de la eternidad. Mark se quedó sentado escuchándolo y esperando morir dentro de aquel silencio, así como las polillas y los insectos del verano dejan de existir en la calma de una noche de otoño.

Por fin, tuvo conciencia de un sonido en medio de aquel silencio. Escuchó, y oyó pasos en las habitaciones altas de la casa, é inmediatamente después percibió que bajaban por las escaleras. Esto le produjo gran turbación; pues temió una de dos cosas, ó que el Demonio viniera á renovar sus tentaciones, ó que la muerte se adelantase hacia él en forma visible. Lentamente y con alguna indecisión los pasos descendían por las escaleras é hicieron alto un momento ante la habitación en que Mark estaba sentado. La puerta se abrió luego, y una figura humana entró.

VII

196. Era un joven, vestido conforme al uso de los caballeros de aquel tiempo. Su traje aparecía, sin embargo, sucio y descompuesto, y su rostro, aunque bello, estaba encendido y tenía una expresión indómita. Todo su aspecto era desordenado y de completo abandono; entró en la habitación con aire despreocupado, y se dejó caer en una silla. Hansel lo examinó un momento en silencio; después, lanzó repentinamente una exclamación de sorpresa:

—¡Dios nos ampare!, exclamó; es el perdido de mi sobrino.

—Sí, dijo el intruso con voz opaca, es vuestro sobrino; y muy bien podéis añadir el perdido de vuestro sobrino, porque no tengo dinero.

—Lo supongo; esa es, sin duda, la única razón por que te veo aquí. Necesitas, según tu frase, «pedirme prestado». ¿Pero cómo, ¡mal pecado! has podido entrar en mi casa? Yo creía que todas las puertas tenían echados los cerrojos.

—Why, you see, nunks, I heard at the next house that all your companions were dead of the Plague, and so I prevailed upon your neighbour to let me over his roof, to see if there was any little cranny through which I could creep, in order to come and see you. And I found a trap-door unfastened; so here I am, come over the house-top! Now, that's kind and dutiful, I think.

—Gilbert, Gilbert! you're a scoffing (*burlón*) young rake (*tuno*). I don't wish to be harsh with you; but I am now on the point of death, and you disturb my devotions. I desire you to leave my house.

—Just about to die! I must say you look mighty well for a moribund; but you know best. As for leaving the house, I'll do so directly I've got what I want—the key of your strong-box.

—Then you'll wait for ever, Gilbert; for you won't get it. You want my money to go rioting (*armando alborotos*) about the town at this dreadful season, and sink yourself into all the horrible vices that your heart can yearn for (*desear con ahinco*). Why, you're drunk now, Sir.

—Drunk! Of course. I'm always drunk. How else could I keep myself alive, with poison in the very air I breathe, and people dropping all round me, like over-ripe medlars (*nisperos*)? I soak (*remajo*) myself in wine, and I live. I could fight the devil himself with a flask of Burgundy.

And I, Gilbert, can fight him without. But I will not help you to your favourite weapon, because I know you will use it *against* yourself and *for* the devil. Leave the house!

—Listen to me, you grey sinner! exclaimed Gilbert Hansel, starting up, and drawing his rapier (*espada*). You told me just now that you were on the point of death; and unless you instantly give me what I want, you never spoke a truer word, for I'll run you through the body. I must have gold, that I may buy me meat and wine, and laugh at death. If once I get sober, I shall die; but with the cheerful Burgundy singing in my brain, I would sit in a dead-pit (*huesa*), and defy fate. I must drink, and dance, and sing, and dice (*jugar á los dados*), and disport (*divertirme*) me gallantly, to keep away this Phantom that walks up and down. So, the key of the money-chest, grey-beard, before I draw my sword across your throat!

As old Hansel had fully made up his mind that he should die, it might have been supposed that this menace would have had very little effect upon him. But there is something exceedingly disagreeable in having one's throat carved in cold blood; and—to make use of an Hibernicism—it is natural to wish to put off the evil day, if only for half an hour. So, after some muttering (*refunfuño*) and shirking (*esquivar*), Mark at length—quickenad in his movements by the near approach of the rapier—put his hand into his pocket, and produced the required key. His nephew received it with a laugh of triumph.

—One more favour I require of you. I want the key of your wine-cellar as well.

—Why trouble me farther? muttered the old silk-mercer. I am no wine-bibber (*bebedor, chispero*) like yourself, thank Heaven!

—The very reason why there is plenty for me in your cellars. I know you can produce a good flask upon occasion; and I mean to taste the quality of your wines before I go. Come, give me the key without more ado.—Ah! that's it! Thanks! See what a civil fellow I am, as long as you behave like a dutiful uncle. Now will I go and embalm me in your Rhenish, and fortify my flesh against corruption. Farewell, nunks—unless you will come and crack (*rajarse, despacharse*) a bottle with me. You won't? Then I leave you to die at your leisure, while I live merrily: I, drunk and living; you sober and carrion (*carroña*). Farewell, grey-beard! and the devil seize the right one!

He reeled out of the room as he spoke and went lumbering down (*bajando pesadamente*) the stairs seeming to make direct for the wine-cellar. Mark heard him enter and close the door with a loud jar (*portazo*) behind him. Then all was again quiet, except at intervals; when fragments of some drunken song from below became faintly distinguishable.

—Pues ¡qué demonio! ya lo veis. Oí decir en la casa de aquí al lado que todos vuestros compañeros habían muerto de la Peste, y conseguí del vecino que me dejase subir al tejado, para ver si había algún boquete por donde yo pudiera colarme, aunque fuera á gatas, con el fin de venir á veros. Encontré un ventanillo mal asegurado, y aquí me tenéis caído del techo. Me parece que esto es afecto y portarse como es debido.

—¡Gilberto! ¡Gilberto! eres un joven insolente y libertino. No quiero ser severo contigo; pero voy á morir de un momento á otro, y vienes á turbar mis devociones. Deseo que te vayas de mi casa.

—¡Conque... para morir de un momento á otro! Pues, para moribundo, tenéis demasiado buen aspecto y bastante energía; pero vos lo sabréis mejor que nadie. En cuanto á marcharme de casa, lo haré inmediatamente que haya obtenido lo que me hace falta: la llave de vuestra caja de caudales.

—En ese caso, tendrás que aguardar una eternidad, Gilberto, pues no la obtendrás de ningún modo. Necesitas mi dinero para andar de francachela y escandalizando por ahí en esta época temible, y hundirte en los horribles vicios por que suspira tu corazón. ¡Pero qué es eso, caballero! ¿Estás borracho?

—¿Borracho? Pues nó que nó. Yo estoy siempre borracho. ¿Qué mejor pudiera yo hacer para conservarme sano y bueno, estando emponzoñado el aire que se respira y viendo caerse redonda á la gente á nuestro alrededor como nísperos maduros? Me empapo en vino, y vivo. Con una botella de Borgoña, lucharía yo contra el mismo Diablo.

—Y yo, Gilberto, puedo luchar con él, sin necesidad de botella ninguna. Pero no quiero poner en tus manos esa tu arma favorita, porque sé que harías uso de ella contra ti mismo y á favor del Diablo. ¡Márchate de casa!

—Escuchadme, viejo camastrón, exclamó Gilberto, poniéndose rápidamente de pie y desnudando su espadín. Acabáis de decirme que estábais á punto de moriros, y si ahora mismo no me dais lo que necesito, no habéis dicho en vuestra vida una verdad más grande, pues voy á atravesaros de parte á parte. Yo necesito dinero para comprar carne y vino, y reirme de la muerte. Si una vez tan sola fuese yo sobrio, me moriría; pero con el querido Borgoña cantando dentro de mi cerebro, soy capaz de sentarme encima de una sepultura y desafiar á la muerte. Yo necesito beber, y bailar, y cantar, y jugar á los dados, y divertirme alegremente, y ahuyentar á ese Fantasma que anda dando vueltas de acá para allá. ¡Así, la llave de la caja del dinero, viejo camastrón, antes que os hunda mi espada en la garganta!

Como el viejo Hansel tenía completamente hecho el ánimo á la idea de su próxima muerte, pudiera suponerse que aquella amenaza le hubiera producido muy poco efecto. Pero hay algo muy desagradable en eso de tener el cuello traspasado á sangre fría; y, —para hacer uso de una frase popular,—un día de vida es vida, y el que vive, Pascuas ve. Así es, que después de algunas excusas y refunfuños, Mark por fin, avivado en sus movimientos por la proximidad del espadín, echó mano al bolsillo y sacó la llave solicitada. Su sobrino la recibió con una carcajada de triunfo.

—Otro favor tengo que pedir os. Necesito también la llave de vuestra bodega.

—¿Todavía quieres molestarme más?, refunfuñó el viejo mercader de sedas. No soy bebedor como tú, á Díos gracias.

—Razón de más para que yo encuentre vino abundante en vuestras bodegas. Ya sé yo que tenéis siempre guardada una buena botella para las ocasiones, y me propongo probar la calidad de vuestros vinos, antes de irme. Vamos, venga la llave, sin más dificultades. ¡Ajajá! Aquí está. Gracias. Ya veis qué atento y qué buen muchacho soy, á medida que vos os convertís en un tío razonable. Ahora, á embalsamarme con vuestro Rhin y á fortificar mi carne contra la corrupción. ¡Ea, adiós, voto al Diablo! á menos que no queráis venir á cascar una botella conmigo. ¿No queréis? En ese caso, os dejo morir con toda tranquilidad, mientras yo vivo alegremente. Yo, borracho, y vivo y sano; vos, sobrio y carroña, podrido. ¡Adiós, viejecillo! y que el Diablo se lleve lo que sea suyo.

Hizo algunas eses dando tumbos, hasta salir de la habitación, y comenzó á bajar torpemente las escaleras, en dirección, al parecer, á la bodega. Mark lo oyó entrar y cerrar tras sí con un fuerte portazo. Todo volvió á quedar en silencio, excepto á intervalos, en que ebrias canciones que venían de abajo, se hacían débilmente perceptibles.

—What a horrible, abandoned reprobate he is! thought Mark. I wish he had never found his way in. I have lost my money, my wine, and my resignation, all at one blow. How long the dreadful hour is, in coming!

VIII

197. At length he fell asleep, quite worn out with watching and mental excitement. When he awoke it was broad daylight. Looking at the clock, and finding that it was six, his heart leaped within him, and he could not help shouting out aloud, Hurrah! By the blessing of Heaven, the Old Liar's prophecy is defeated. I have lived over the night. And he fairly danced about the room.

In a little while, feeling hungry, he set about preparing himself some breakfast and began eating it with great relish (*apetito, gusto, saboreo*). I shall laugh at the devil's prophecies in future, he thought. But I wonder what has become of that rascal (*bribón, tunante*) nephew of mine. If he is still in the house, I could almost shake hands with him, I feel so happy. I don't think it was a dream that he was here last night. Stay; I'll go and seek him.

Mark went through several of the empty rooms without success, and at last be-thought (*se acordó*) him of the wine-cellar. Thither he repaired, and saw something lying on the ground, like a heap (*montón*) of clothes.

—Here he is, thought Mark, drunk and sleeping like a log (*leño*), with an empty wine flask in his hand. Asleep? Merciful Heaven! he's dead—plague-struck—twisted (*retorcido*) and wrenched (*dislocado*) with pain (*dolor*)! Horrible! And Mark rushed out of the cellar.

His nephew was indeed dead. The Pest had overtaken him in the midst of his boasted preservative, and had withered (*marchitó*) him like a leaf. And so the prophecy was fulfilled, though not in the sense understood.

Mark must have been fated not to die of the Plague; for, even this last peril did not hurt him. He frequently related the story of his interview with the Devil—in which he never ceased to believe—and of the death of his wild nephew.

As for me, I confess that, to my mind, the devil part of the story was a dream; but this is only my individual opinion, and I offer it as nothing more.

CH. DICKENS.

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—¡Qué perdido tan aborrecible y tan réprobo, pensó Mark. Quisiera que no hubiera hallado nunca el camino que aquí lo condujo. He perdido mi dinero, mi vino y mi resignación, todo á un tiempo. ¡Cuánto tarda en llegar esa hora tan temida!

VIII

197. Al cabo se quedó dormido, completamente estropeado de tanto desvelo y excitación mental. Cuando despertó, era ya de día. Al mirar al reloj y ver que eran las seis, el corazón le saltó dentro del pecho, y no pudo menos de gritar lleno de júbilo y muy alto:—¡Hurraaa! Con el favor del cielo, la profecía del Espíritu maligno y embustero no se ha cumplido. Ha pasado la noche, y estoy vivo aún. Y comenzó á bailar alegremente alrededor del aposento.

De allí á poco, sintiéndose con apetito, se puso á prepararse por su mano algo que almorzar, y comenzó á comer con gran delicia. En lo futuro, me burlaré de las profecías del Diablo, pensaba. Pero tengo curiosidad por saber lo que ha sido de ese tunte de mi sobrino. Si estuviese en casa todavía, casi, casi me decidiría á darle un apretón de manos y hacer las paces con él. ¡Me siento tan feliz! Creo que no ha sido un sueño que estuvo aquí ayer por la noche. ¡Anda, anda! voy á buscarlo.

Mark atravesó sin resultado varias habitaciones desiertas, hasta que al fin se acordó de la bodega. Encaminóse á ella, y vió algo tirado en el suelo, como un montón de ropa.

—Aquí está, pensó Mark, borracho y dormido como un leño, con una botella vacía en la mano. ¿Dormido?... ¡Dios misericordioso! ¡Si está muerto! ¡La Peste lo ha agarrotado, retorcido y dislocado con sus tormentos! ¡Horror! Y Mark salió precipitadamente.

En efecto, su sobrino estaba muerto. La Peste hubo de atacarle precisamente cuando se entregó á su tan decantado preservativo, y lo había dejado seco lo mismo que á una hoja. Así, la profecía fué cumplida, aunque nó en el sentido que había sido interpretada.

Seguramente Mark no había nacido para morir de la Peste, en vista de que ni aun aquel último peligro había logrado llegar hasta él. Mark refería frecuentemente la historia de su entrevista con el Diablo, en la que nunca dejó de creer, y de la muerte del canalla de su sobrino.

En cuanto á mí, confieso que, según mi parecer, la parte de la historia que se refiere al Diablo fué un sueño; pero esto no es más que mi opinión individual, y como me lo contaron te lo cuento.

JOSÉ TORRES REINA.

LII

THE STEP-SISTER

CHARACTERS

BEN POTTER (a retired tradesman).

JOHN CARTER.

MARY POTTER (Ben's blind daughter, engaged to John).

EMILY (Mary's step-sister).

SARAH (a servant).

THE STEP-SISTER

SCENE.—A middle-class sitting-room, plainly but neatly furnished; cheffonier with decanter, &c., book-shelves, writing materials; doors N. and E.; table, chairs, &c. Sarah discovered dusting furniture.

SARAH (rubbing chair-back viciously).—Dear! dear! To think as it's only yesterday you could ha' done your 'air (*haberse arreglado el cabello*) by this chair-back, and here it is again as dull as ditch (*zanja*) water! They say London's a 'olesome place to live in, but if so, cleanliness don't count for much, that's certain.

Enter Mary, L. Sarah goes to meet her, and moves a chair out of her way. Mary walks R. and sis. at table with knitting.

MARY.—Still cleaning, Sarah? I declare, you're indefatigable.

SARAH.—Ah, miss, sometimes I think it's a mercy you can't see—I'm sure the way the dust's 'cumulated on these 'ere chaney (1) ornaments in no more than four-and-twenty hours is 'eartrendin' (2).

MARY.—Ah, Sarah, I often console myself for my blindness by reflecting that I am spared the sight of much that is unpleasant, though I'm sure I should find little to offend the eyes in this house. Father always says it's as clean as a new pin.

SARAH.—So 'tis, miss, so 'tis, so long as I'm always a dustin' and a scrubbin'—but let me turn my back for a single instant, and I declare the 'ole place is chock full of dust and litter (*baratijas*).

MARY.—Oh, come, Sarah, it's surely not so bad as that!

SARAH.—Isn't it though! And since that new sister of yours 'as been here, what with her paintin' and potry writin' and such rubbish (3) it's been a most impossible to keep the place decent.

MARY.—Now, I won't have you grumble so at Emily! I'm sure her poetry, which you call rubbish, is beautiful, and if I could only see her pictures—

SARAH.—Pictures, indeed! I've no patience with her! The 'ouse has been topsy turvy (4) ever since she's been in it, and her furrin newfangled (5) ways'll be the ruin of our domestic 'onomy.

MARY.—I'm sure you'll be fond of her when you've got used to her. Sarah, and then—think how nice it is for me to have a dear sister as friend and companion! I know you like anybody who makes me happy, don't you now?

(1) Por china ornaments (ch'5nl s'raim3nts).

(2) Por heartrending.

(3) Rubbish es escombros.

(4) Topsy-turvy, lo do arriba abajo.

(5) Newfangled, inventado como novedad.

LII

LA HERMANASTRA

PERSONAS

BENJAMÍN POTTER (comerciante retirado).
 JUAN CARTER.
 MARÍA POTTER (ciega, hija de Benjamin y prometida de Juan).
 EMILIA (hermanastra de María).
 SARA (criada).

LA HERMANASTRA

Gabinete en casa de una familia de la clase media, sencillo, pero bien amueblado; rinconera con garrafas, etc.; estantes, mesa de escribir. Puertas á derecha é izquierda; mesas, sillas, etc. Sara limpiando el polvo.

SARA (de mal humor restregando el respaldo de un sillón). ¡Vaya, vaya! ¡Y pensar que aun ayer mismo hubiera podido mirarse una como en un espejo en este espaldar y verlo ahora más sucio que agua de fregado! Dicen que Londres es un sitio muy sano para vivir; pero, si lo es, la limpieza aquí no vale para nada, ¡mucho que sí!

María (por la izquierda). Sara va hacia ella, y le quita una silla de en medio. María se dirige á la derecha y se sienta á la mesa con su labor (*knitting*) (1).

MARÍA.—¿Todavía limpiando, Sara? ¡Te digo que eres incansable.

SARA.—Señorita, algunas veces pienso que es una bendición el que V. no vea; pues aseguro á V. que este modo de amontonarse el polvo sobre estos juguetitos de porcelana en menos de veinticuatro horas es para descorazonarla á una.

MARÍA.—Mira, Sara, muchas veces me consuelo de mi ceguera, pensando que así me ahorro el ver tantas cosas feas como hay por el mundo. Pero á buen seguro que en esta casa encontraría yo bien poco que ofendiera la vista. Papá dice siempre que está más limpio que un pino de oro.

SARA.—Es verdad, señorita, es verdad; pero sólo mientras que estoy limpiando y fregando; porque déjeme V. volver la espalda no más que un instante, y le aseguro que toda la casa estará llena de polvo y de basura.

MARÍA.—¡Anda, mujer, seguramente no estará tan malo!

SARA.—¡Vaya que sí! y desde que vino esta nueva hermanita de V. con sus pinturas y sus poesías, y sus escribanías y sus basuras, ha sido casi imposible tener la casa ni medio decente siquiera.

MARÍA.—¡Cuidado, Sara, que no quiero que te quejes tanto de Emilia! Sus poesías, que tú llamas basuras, son preciosísimas; ¡y si yo pudiera ver sus pinturas!

SARA.—¡Pinturas! ¡quía! Yo no la puedo aguantar. Toda la casa está siempre revuelta desde que vino, y con sus endemoniadas ideas de las últimas modas de estranjería, va á ser la ruina de la casa.

MARÍA.—Yo estoy segura de que la querrás mucho cuando te acostumbres á ella, Sara; y ahora, piensa ¡qué agradable es para mí el tener una hermanita como amiga y compañera! A ti te gusta cualquiera que me haga feliz; ¿no es verdad?

(1) Trabajo á punto de aguja como el de las calcetas.

SARAH.—That I do, miss, but I doubt if this 'ere 'arf-sister of yours will make you happy.

MARY.—Why ever not?

SARAH (evading the question).—Oh, I don't know—I don't believe in no 'arfmeasures (1) myself, nor 'arf-sisters (2) either. Give me a 'ole (3) sister—one as is my own flesh and blood.

MARY.—Come now, Sarah, I am going to talk seriously to you. First of all, Miss Emily is not my 'arf-sister, but my step-sister—the daughter of my father's second wife before he married her, and if her ways are not quite what you're accustomed to, she's a dear, sweet girl, who is very kind and good to me, so you really mustn't say any more unkind things about her—to please me.

SARAH.—Well, of course, miss, if you wishes (4) a thing, being your servant and a good servant too, though I says it, why in course, I must do as you wish; but I must say, all the same, miss, as I don't like your stepsister, and 'ave (5) very good reasons for my hantipaty (knock without). 'Arkt! (6) Here's Mr. John coming, and I'm agoing. (Exit, &c.)

MARY.—It's strange that everyone seems to have taken a dislike to poor Emily except me. Even dear father says he «don't quite cotton to her», which means, I suppose, that he's not so fond of her as he could wish. And John! my own gentle John, who never says an unkind word of anyone, he'll never talk about Emily at all if he can help it. I wonder why it is! Something in her looks, perhaps. Well, I'm glad I can't see her if that's the case, but they say she's pretty, very pretty! (enter John; Mary rises and moves to meet him). Darling John! I heard you coming!

JOHN (absently taking her hand; he is evidently distrait).—Well, Mary, how are you this morning?

MARY (pouting).—Haven't you a kiss for me, John dear?

JOHN.—Forgive me! I forgot (is about to kiss her).

MARY (keeping him away).—Nay, I will wait till you remember without prompting (apunte, en el teatro).

(Is about to return to her seat; John places chair and guides her to it.)

JOHN.—Don't be vexed, Mary.

MARY.—I'm not vexed, John; but I can't think what's the matter with you—a short time ago you were so cheerful, so affectionate, so—so different.

JOHN.—Mary, believe me, I an still cheerful and still affectionate.

MARY.—Then why did you forget to kiss me? And why do you sigh so much, and look so sorrowful? Oh yes! I know I can't see you—but your voice tell me you look miserable.

JOHN.—I assure you I don't, Mary.

MARY.—Now, why should you? When we saw no prospect of your starting in business, no prospect of our being married for years, John dear, you were as merry as father almost, and now, when I've got a legacy, and we can get the capital for your bussiness, and we are going to be married on Monday week, why you're so wretched that I almost begin to think—

JOHN.—What dear?

MARY.—Why, that you regret you are going to marry me.

JOHN.—Oh, don't say that! (aside). It will break her heart!

MARY.—Well, I won't if you wish me not to, dear; but I must say I should like to hear you say how glad you are—and how you love me—like you used to (takes his hand).

(1) Por *half-measures*.

(2) Por *half-sisters*.

(3) Por *whole*.

(4) En lugar de *if you wish*.

(5) En vez de *have*: la gente ineducada omite las *hachas* aspiradas donde las hay, y suele ponerlas donde es incorrecto pronunciar una aspiración.

(6) Por *hark*.

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SARA.—Eso sí; pero mucho dudo que esta medio hermana la haga á V. feliz.

MARÍA.—¿Y por qué no?

SARA (haciéndose la desentendida).—¿Qué sé yo! A mí no me gustan las cosas á medias, ni las medias hermanas tampoco. Deme V. á mí una verdadera hermana, una que sea mi propia carne y mi propia sangre.

MARÍA.—Ven acá, mujer, que ahora voy á explicártelo y á hablarte con toda formalidad. Ante todo, Emilia no es mi media-hermana, sino mi hermanastra, es la hija de la segunda mujer de mi padre, antes que mi padre se casase de nuevo; y si sus modos no son completamente parecidos á los que tú estás acostumbrada á ver en esta casa, sin embargo, es una muchacha cariñosa, muy simpática, y, sobre todo, muy amable y muy buena para mí; así es que debes por mí no quererte más de ella, en lo cual me darás mucho gusto.

SARA.—Bueno, señorita, pues V. lo quiere; porque siendo yo su criada, y muy rebuena criada, aunque me esté mal el decirlo, naturalmente tengo que obedecer; pero con eso y con todo, digo que no me gusta su hermanastra, y yo tengo muy buena nariz para mi antipatía. (Llaman.) ¿No oye V.? Ahí está ya el señorito Juan y me largo. (Vase por la derecha.)

MARÍA.—Qué raro es que todos tengan esta manía con la pobrecilla de Emilia, menos yo. Hasta papá dice que no le agrada del todo, que será, supongo, que no la quiere tanto como quisiera. ¡Y Juan! mi cariñoso Juan, que nunca habla mal de nadie, nunca habla de ella por nada del mundo, como pueda evitarlo. ¿Por qué será eso? Quizá algo en su semblante. En fin, me alegro de no poder ver si esa es la razón...; pero ¡sí dicen que es bonita, muy bonita! (Sale Juan; María se levanta y se dirige hacia él.) ¡Juanito! ¡Te oí llegar!

JUAN (tomándola la mano distraído).—Y bien, María, ¿qué tal? ¿cómo estás hoy?

MARÍA (seria).—Y ¿no hay ni siquiera un beso para mí (1)?

JUAN.—¡Perdona, se me olvidaba! (va á besarla.)

MARÍA (desviándole).—Nó, nó, esperaré hasta que te acuerdes sin apuntador. (Va á volverse á su asiento; Juan le coloca una silla y la guía.)

JUAN.—No te enfades, María.

MARÍA.—No me enfado, Juan; pero, hombre, no sé que es lo que te pasa: hace muy poco estabas siempre tan alegre, tan cariñoso, tan... tan diferente.

JUAN.—Créeme, niña, aún soy alegre y cariñoso.

MARÍA.—Entonces ¿por qué se te olvida besarme? Y ¿por qué suspiras tanto, y tienes ese aire tan melancólico? ¡Ya lo sé! No me es posible verte; pero tu voz me dice muy claramente que estás triste.

JUAN.—Te aseguro que nó.

MARÍA.—Y ¿por qué habías de estarlo? Cuando no veíamos probabilidad ninguna de que pudieras dedicarte á algún negocio, ni aun siquiera teníamos esperanza de casarnos en muchos años, entonces, Juan, tú estabas tan alegre casi como papá; y ahora, cuando me cae una herencia, y podemos contar con capital para tus empresas, cuando vamos á casarnos el lunes, dentro de ocho días, estás tan triste que casi empiezo á pensar...

JUAN.—¿Qué, María?

MARÍA.—Que sientes casarte conmigo.

JUAN.—¡No digas eso! (Aparta.) ¡Le partiría el corazón!

MARÍA.—Bueno, no lo diré si no quieres; pero sí que quisiera oírte decir que estás muy contento, y que me quieres mucho, como antes. (Le toma la mano.)

(1) En Inglaterra es lícito á los novios próximos á contraer matrimonio el besarse delante de la familia.

- JOHN.—You know I love you, Mary very much.
- MARY.—Ah, but that's not how you used to say it! (Leading him to sofa, L.) Now, then, sir, if you've forgotten, I'll teach you. Come, repeat after me: «Mary darling»—go on, sir!
- JOHN.—«Mary darling»——
- MARY.—«I love you more than all the world.»
- JOHN (aside).—I can't mock her like this (aloud). Mary dear, you know how fond I am of you?
- MARY.—I didn't say that; repeat it properly, sir! «I love you more than all the world.»
- JOHN (aside).—Heaven forgive me for deceiving her! (Aloud.) «I love you more than all the world!»
- MARY.—How coldly you say it! I shan't ask you to repeat any more (rises). You used to give me a kiss when you said that, John (John again tries to kiss her; she prevents him). John, you are cross with me. Is it—now tell me the truth—it is because my sister Emily has come home?
- JOHN (aside).—Good heavens! Can she suspect? (Aloud.) What do you mean, Mary?
- MARY.—Well, no one seems to like the poor girl, and I thought, perhaps, you were jealous of my being so fond of her.
- JOHN.—Mary, I assure you——
- MARY (interrupting him).—Oh, John, consider she has no other home, and, though she is not my father's very own, he loved her mother; she was his wife. And, John, you do not grudge me the luxury of a sister's love, do you? There are many things common to her and me, as women, which even you and father cannot share.
- N (interrupting).—Where is your father, Mary?
- MARY.—Gone about the money, dear; the arrangements are almost complete. I am to have an advance of five hundred pounds on account of Aunt Tabitha's legacy, and then you and father can settle about the business at once. Oh, John, shan't we be happy?
- JOHN.—I trust you will ever be happy, Mary.
- MARY.—And think, dear, about poor Emily—you are going to take me away from dear father; how lonely he would be if there were no one to take my place. So you'll forgive Emily's coming, won't you? And, John!
- JOHN.—Yes dear?
- MARY.—You'll try and love her too, a little, for my sake.
- JOHN (vaguely passing his hand over his brow).—Love her a little?
- MARY.—Yes, to begin with and then a little more, and a little were still, so that when we are married, and she and father come to stay with us, you will be very, very pleased to see her, and not unkind and jealous of her as you are now.
- JOHN.—No, I'm not, dear, really——
- MARY.—But you must never love her quite as much as you do me—not *quite*, John darling.
- JOHN.—No, no, dear (aside). I cannot stand this much longer. She must be told, but I dare not, I dare not!
- MARY (starting up).—Hark, there's father! He's come back from the lawyer's perhaps he's got the money! Go and meet him, dear.
- John goes up to door, R.; Mary remains, L.C. Enter Ben.
- BEN (excitedly; shakes John's hands heartily).—How are ye, John, my boy? I've good news for you! Where's my little Mary? (Embraces her.) Well, it's all right! (Produces pocket-book.) I've seen the lawyers, and look here, Mary, take it in your hands (holds out cheque). Five hundred pounds! A cheque on the Bank of England! Look, John, Here's capital for you! Eh! My eye! What a business 'twill be!
- JOHN (takes the cheque and reads it vacantly).—Five hundred pounds.
- BEN.—Yes! Think of that, my boy! There's a wife for you, eh? Brings you a fortune. Why, people 'll say you married for money, John (puts cheque back in pocket-book).
- MARY.—Oh, no, father dear, they'll never say that, because John and I were engaged long before aunt's legacy came.

- JUAN.**—Tú sabes, María, que te quiero mucho.
- MARÍA.**—¡Pero no me lo decías antes así! (Conduciéndolo al sofá, á la izquierda.) Ahora, caballero, si á V. se le ha olvidado, yo voy á recordárselo á V. Vaya V. diciéndolo conmigo. María queridísima, ¡repítelo!
- JUAN.**—María queridísima.
- MARÍA.**—Te quiero más que á nadie en todo el mundo.
- JUAN** (aparte).—Yo no puedo burlarme de ella así. (Alto.) María, ¿pero no sabes tú lo mucho que te quiero?
- MARÍA.**—Yo no he dicho eso; ¡repita V. como se le dice, caballero! Te quiero más que á nadie en el mundo.
- JUAN** (aparte).—¡Que Dios me perdone si la engaño! (Alto.) ¡Te quiero más que á nadie en el mundo!
- MARÍA.**—¡Pero qué friamente lo dice V.! No quiero que repitas más (se levanta). Antes acostumbrabas á besarme al decir eso, Juan. (Juan trata otra vez de besarla, pero ella se lo impide.) Juan, ¿tienes tú algo conmigo? ¿Es, dime ahora la verdad, es porque mi hermana Emilia ha venido?
- JUAN** (aparte).—¡Válgame Dios! ¿Sospechará algo? (Alto.) ¡Qué quieres decirme con eso, María!
- MARÍA.**—Que nadie parece encontrar simpática á la pobrecita, y he llegado á pensar que quizás tienes celos de que yo la quiera tanto.
- JUAN.**—María, te aseguro...
- MARÍA** (interrumpiéndole).—Considera, Juan, que no tiene otro hogar, y, aunque no es hija de mi padre, él amaba á su madre, que era su mujer. Y, además, tú no debes escatimarme el cariño de una hermana, ¿verdad? Hay una infinidad de cosas comunes entre nosotras, como mujeres que somos, que ni aun tú ni papá podéis comprender.
- JUAN** (interrumpiendo).—¿Dónde está tu padre?
- MARÍA.**—Ha ido á arreglar lo del dinero; las diligencias casi están terminadas. Van á adelantarme 500 libras á cuenta de la herencia de tía Tabitha, y, entonces, tú y papá podéis de una vez arreglar el negocio. Juan, ¡qué felices vamos á ser!
- JUAN.**—Deseo, María, que tú seas siempre feliz.
- MARÍA.**—Y piensa en la pobre Emilia. Papá por tí se queda sin mí; y ¡qué solo no se encontraría si no hubiese quien ocupara mi lugar! Conque perdona la venida de Emilia; ¿no es verdad?
- JUAN.**—Sí, sí.
- MARÍA.**—Y tratarás de quererla un poco, por amor mío.
- JUAN** (distruido pasándose la mano por la frente).—¿Quererla un poco?
- MARÍA.**—Sí, para empezar, y luego un poquito más, y después más todavía; de modo que, cuando nos casemos y ella y papá vengan á vernos, tú estarás muy contento, muy contento de verla, y no desagradable y celoso como ahora.
- JUAN.**—Nó, nó lo estoy, de veras...
- MARÍA.**—Pero nunca has de quererla tanto como á mí, tanto no.
- JUAN.**—Nó, nó María (aparte). Ya no puedo soportar esto más. ¡Hay que decírselo; pero no me atrevo, no me atrevo!
- MARÍA** (levantándose de repente).—Pero, ¡ahí está ya papá! ¡Vuelve de casa del abogado, y quizás trae el dinero! ¡Sal á recibirlo! (Juan va hacia la puerta de la derecha; María permanece en el centro á la izquierda. Entra Benjamín.)
- BEN.** (excitado; le da á Juan la mano cordialmente).—¿Cómo estás, muchacho, cómo estás? Traigo buenas noticias. ¿Dónde está la niña? (Abraza á María.) Bueno, bueno, bueno, todo queda ya arreglado (saca la cartera). He visto á los abogados, y, toca aquí, María; tómalas en la mano (le alarga la letra); ¡500 libras, sobre el Banco de Inglaterra! ¡Mira, Juan, mira aquí si hay ya capital para tí! ¿Verdad? ¡Santo Dios! ¡Qué buenos negocios vas á hacer!
- JUAN** (toma la letra y la lee sin darse cuenta de ello).—¡500 libras!
- BEN.**—¡Sí! ¡Piensa bien en ello, muchacho! ¡Esto sí que es una mujer! Te trae una fortuna. ¡A que van á decir que te casas por el dinero, Juan! (Vuelve la letra á la cartera.)
- MARÍA.**—Nó, nó papá; ¿quién ha de decir eso, cuando ya estábamos en relaciones mucho antes de recibir yo la herencia de mi tía?

BEN.—Well; let's sit down, I'm a'most dead beat with running about, and Mary you and I've got to be off again directly. You've got to sign a dockymnt (1) at the lawyer's, my dear, before you get the balance of your fortune. There's a hundred and fifty more to follow, John, but that we're going to bank for Mary against a rainy day. I say, my lass, I think we ought to have a glass of wine on it, eh? (Mary rises and goes to cheffonier for glasses, &c. John is about to help). Sit ye (2) down, John, sit ye down! Mary knows how to get 'em! She's more use than a many who have their eye sight, bless her! (Looks at her admiringly, as she puts glasses on table). There's a wife for you, my boy, one that'll wait on you, and look after you, and make you comfortable—and a fortune of six hundred and fifty pounds chucked (3) in as well! I ain't quite certain she oughtn't to throw you over, now she's an heiress.

MARY.—Do you know, father dear, I think John's frightened I shall, for he's been very miserable this morning.

BEN.—Miserable! On such a day as this! (Looking at him.) Why, so he is! Why, whatever's the matter, man? Cheer up! Here, this'll do you good! (Gives him glass of wine). It ain't '47, but it's the same colour! Why you surely don't really suppose Mary could harbour (4) such a thought as that.

JOHN.—Oh no, Mr. Potter. Dear Mary could not be untrue, but—

BEN.—But what, John? Speak up, man! What's in the wind, eh? Why, blow me, if you oughtn't to be standing on your head for joy! Going to get married on Monday week, and to be set up in a snug business as soon as you come back from your honeymooning! I only wish I'd had such luck, that's all!

MARY (going to Ben).—Father, dear, perhaps John doesn't like *my* finding the money. Surely, you're not too proud to let me help you, John?

JOHN.—Proud, Mary? No, I'm not proud.

MARY.—Remember, dearest, if I *have* brought you this money, it will be your cleverness and your strenght that will employ it for our happiness. I cannot help you as I would; I cannot share your burdens as another might have done. Surely you do not grudge me the happiness of strengthening you at the outset to bear them? (Embraces him.)

JOHN.—Mary, you are too good for me.

BEN.—So she is, John, though I say it! But, come along, my lass! Get your jacket on! (Mary goes L.) You and I must be going to the lawyers again to get this matter off hand. I hope you've been a practisin' your signature (goes after her). I say, Mary, we won't take John with us; it's my belief some o'them lawyers will be proposing to you when they see you're good-looking, as well as rich, and there's a young fellow there that's a much better catch than John, and handsomer, too.

MARY.—That he's not, father! My John is the handsomest man in all England—arn't you, dear? (Exit, L.)

BEN (turning to John).—Well, all I can say is, at the present moment, he don't look it! Why, whatever's the matter, my boy? You look about as cheerful as a mule (*mulo, tullido*) with the toothache. Arn't you happy? Got anything on your mind?

JOHN.—Mr. Potter, I don't know how to tell you—Mary's goodness and generosity—I'm not good enough for her.

BEN.—No, you're not, John, but I don't know the man that is; that I don't. And you're a steady, honest, and true lad, and an old friend, and I'd as soon lose her to you as anyone.

JOHN.—I wish I was more worthy of your good opinion, but I feel that—that—

BEN.—Come, my boy, that's all false pride, that is! It ain't right of you to have any scruples about lettin' your wife set you up. You'd 'a done the same for her, only the wind fall's come her way, that's all. Don't be haughty, John, don't be haughty! I shouldn't have thought it of you!

(1) Por document.

(2) Por sit you down, en vez de sit down.

(3) To chuck es cloquear, echar con habilidad, agregar.

(4) Harbour es bahía.

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- BEN.—Bueno, hombre; vamos á sentarnos, porque estoy reventado de tanto correr. María, tú y yo tenemos que salir los tres en seguida, porque tiene que firmar un documento en casa del abogado, para poder cobrar el saldo de la herencia. Habrá, además, 150 libras, Juan; pero, eso se lo vamos á poner á María en el Banco al abrigo de un día de tormenta. Vaya, hija mía, ¿estaría de más el remojar todo esto? ¡Unas copitas de vino! (María se levanta, y va á la rinconera por vasos, etc. Juan quiere ayudarla.) ¡Siéntate, muchacho, siéntate! ¡María sabe bien hacer todo esto! Pues ¡si sabe más que muchas que tienen sus dos ojos con vista! ¡Dios la bendiga! (La mira embelesado, mientras ella coloca los vasos en la mesa.) ¡Vaya una mujercita que te llevas! ¡Cuánto que te servirá! ¡cuánto que te cuidará! ¡y cuán cómoda te hará la vida! ¡y además una fortuna de 650 libras sonantes y contantes! Casi, casi estoy por creer que lo que ella debía hacer ahora era mandarte á paseo; ahora que tiene esa herencia.
- MARÍA.—Sabes, papá, que me parece que Juan tiene sus miedos de que yo lo haga; pues ha estado muy tristón esta mañana.
- BEN.—¡Tristón, y en día como este! (Mirándolo.) Pues tienes razón, María. Pero, hombre, ¿qué es lo que te pasa? ¡Ánimate! ¡Toma; que esto te dará ánimo! (Presentándole una copa de vino.) ¡No es del año 47; pero tiene el mismo color! Pero ¿es posible que fueses á creer capaz á María de abrigar semejante pensamiento?
- JUAN.—Nó, nó señor. María no podría serme infiel, pero...
- BEN.—Pero ¿qué, Juan? ¡Dímelo, hombre, de una vez! ¿Qué es lo que tienes? ¡Que me emplumen, si del contento no debieras de estar bailando de coronilla! Vas á casarte del lunes en ocho días, y á emprender un bonito negocio en cuanto vuelvas de tu luna de miel! ¡Ya quisiera yo haber tenido tanta suerte; nada más!
- MARÍA (acercándose á Benjamín).—Papá, quizás no le guste á Juan que sea yo quien trae el dinero. Juan, ¿serás tan orgulloso que te desagrade el que yo te ayude?
- JUAN.—¿Orgulloso, María? Nó, nó soy orgulloso.
- MARÍA.—Ten presente que si yo te traigo este dinero, tu talento y tu habilidad serán los que lo harán producir para felicidad nuestra. Yo no puedo ayudarte como quisiera; ni puedo tampoco aliviar tu trabajo como pudiera hacerlo otra cualquiera. Pero ¡no es posible que me escatimes el gusto de tenderte una mano al principio! (Lo abraza.)
- JUAN.—María, tú eres demasiado buena para mí.
- BEN.—¡Y vaya si lo es, Juan, aunque me esté mal el decirlo! ¡Pero vámonos, chical! ¡Ponte el abrigo! (María se dirige á la izquierda) que tenemos que volver á casa de los abogados para dejar terminado este asunto. Supongo que habrás estado ejercitándote en echar tu firma (la sigue). María, me parece mejor que no llevemos á Juan; ¡porque á mi entender, alguno de aquellos abogaditos te pedirá la mano cuando vean lo guapa que eres! ¡Y también rica! ¡Y allí hay un jovencillo con más gancho que Juan, y más guapo también!
- MARÍA.—¡Eso no puede ser papá! Mi Juan es el hombre más guapo de toda Inglaterra ¿verdad Juan? (Vase por la izquierda.)
- BEN. (volviéndose á Juan) —¡Sea!; pero lo que yo puedo asegurar ahora, es que en este momento no lo parece. Hombre, ¿qué te pasa? Pareces casi tan alegre como un enterrador con dolor de muelas. ¿No eres feliz? ¿Tienes algo? ¿Qué te pasa?
- JUAN.—Señor, no sé cómo decirle á V. que María es la bondad misma y la generosidad en persona, y... yo no soy bastante bueno para ella.
- BEN.—Nó, no lo eres; pero yo no conozco á ningún hombre que lo sea; nó, no lo conozco. Pero tú eres juicioso, honrado y fiel, y, además, un antiguo amigo, y, como hay que perderla, te la daré á ti mejor que á cualquier otro.
- JUAN.—Quisiera ser más digno de esa buena opinión, pero yo siento que... que...
- BEN.—¡Vamos, hombre, todo eso es falso amor propio, y nada más! No está bien que tengas esos escrúpulos en consentir á tu mujer que te ayude. Tú harías lo mismo por ella; pero es el caso que la breva ha caído ahora de su lado. ¡No seas orgulloso, Juan, no seas orgulloso! ¡Nunca lo hubiera creído de ti!

JOHN.—God knows I'm not haughty.

BEN.—Then cheer up, man, and be joyful. Why, hang it! I'm the one to be miserable, not you! I ain't a going to be set up in business and marry the best little girl in all England! No, I'm going to lose my daughter—my daughter that has been the light of my house for all these years—the light of the house that has been all darkness to her own dear self. And I'm going to be left with a new nurse, John, in my old age; one that I'm fond enough of for her mother's sake, but not my own flesh and blood. Oh, if we were going to change, and you was (1) going to take Emily now!

JOHN (aside).—If I dare but tell him! (Aloud). Ah, sir, I do indeed feel it is cruel to take Mary from you—

BEN.—It's hard to give her up, John, even to you. It's like takin' the sunshine out of the house for ever. If it is out of compassion for me as you're mopin' (2), thank ye, my boy, thank ye! But don't you mind me! I shall still see her; it ain't as if you was takin' her right away; you ain't got any need to emigrate, thanks to sister Tabitha. And meanwhile, Emily and I'll soon fall into one another's ways, and we shall get on famously no doubt. Here they come!

(Enter, L., Mary and Emily; the latter crosses to John and shakes hands.)

MARY (who has caught the last words).—That you will, father, dear. I've been telling Emily all the secrets for making you comfortable, haven't I?

EMILY.—Yes, yes, dear (arranges Mary's jacket, &c.).

MARY.—Now, father, I'm quite ready when you are. Don't forget your neck wrapper.

BEN.—Right, my love! (Takes it out of his pocket and lays it on the table.) Come, John, where's your hat? I suppose you ain't agoing to trust Mary unprotected in that den of lawyers?

MARY.—No, father dear, John's not coming with us. John dearest, let me speak to you. (He comes and takes her hand; Emily and Ben go up stage.)

MARY.—John, I want you to stay with Emily.

JOHN.—But, Mary—

MARY.—Don't be disobedient, sir. I want you to stop with Emily, and remember what I said to you this morning. Try to be friends with her, for my sake; I am sure you will soon find how nice she is, if you try. We shall not be long, and when we come back I shall be very angry if she is not already half a sister to you.

JOHN.—But, Mary, I *ought* to go with you.

MARY.—Remember, it is for *my* sake (Kisses him and goes, R.). I am ready father. Goodbye Emily, you must entertain John till we return—we shan't be long.

BEN.—Goodbye, John! Goodbye, Emily!

(Exeunt Ben and Mary; after watching them out John goes to Emily.)

JOHN.—Emily, this can't go on any longer! It drives me mad!

EMILY.—It breaks my heart to see her, and think of the wrong I've done her. And how I looked forward to making her happy! To being a companion to her, to sharing my sight with her poor blind eyes. To making cheerful the kindly home that had welcomed me! John, I will give you up to her even now—I'll go away and earn my own living, and try to forget we ever met.

JOHN.—Emily, it is too late. Even if I could consent to such a sacrifice, which I cannot, it would not be right. Mary deserves a husband's love as well as his respect, and that I cannot give her.

EMILY.—But if I went away, you might in time love her again and forget me.

JOHN (embracing her). Forget you, Emily! Never! Come, I have been coward long

(1) Por *were*.

(2) To *mope*, dormirar, estar triste, pensativo.—*Mope*, hombre abatido, atontado.—*Mope-eyed*, tuerto, cegato.

- JUAN.—¡Bien sabe Dios que no soy orgulloso!
- BEN.—Entonces ámate, hombre, y ponte alegre. ¡Caramba, me parece que soy yo quien debía estar triste y no tú! ¡No soy yo quien va á hacer un gran negocio, ni á casarse con la mejor niña de toda Inglaterra! Nó; yo soy quien voy á quedarme sin mi hija, sin mi hija que ha sido la luz de mi hogar durante tantos años, la luz de la casa viviendo ella en la obscuridad. Y yo voy á quedarme con una nueva enfermera, Juan, en mi vejez, una á quien quiero por su madre; pero que no es ni mi carne ni mi propia sangre! ¡Ay, si cambiáramos y tú te llevaras á Emilia!
- JUAN (aparte).—¡Ay, si me atreviese á decirselo! (Alto.) Verdaderamente es hasta cruel que yo prive á V. de María.
- BEN.—Mucho me cuesta, Juan, dejártela, aun á ti. Es como si me llevaras el sol de mi casa para siempre. ¡Si es por compasión á mí por lo que estás pesaroso, mucho te lo agradezco, chico, te lo agradezco mucho! ¡Pero no hagas caso de mí! Aun la veré; no es como si te la llevaras fuera, al otro mundo; pues no tienes precisión de emigrar, gracias á la herencia de mi hermana Tabitha. Y, entre tanto, Emilia y yo nos haremos uno á otro; y es muy posible que nos llevemos divinamente. ¡Ahí vienen! (Entran por la izquierda María y Emilia; ésta se dirige á Juan y le da la mano.)
- MARÍA (que ha cogido las últimas palabras).—Ya lo creo que lo harás, papá. Ahora mismo he estado enterando á Emilia de todos mis secretos para hacerte la vida agradable, ¿no es verdad Emilia?
- EMILIA.—Mucho que sí, querida mía. (Arreglándole el abrigo á María, etc.)
- MARÍA.—Anda, papá; ya estoy lista: cuando quieras. Que no se te olvide la bufanda.
- BEN.—¡Tienes razón, mujer! (La saca del bolsillo y la pone sobre la mesa.) Ven, Juanito; ¿dónde está tu sombrero? ¿Supongo que no dejarás ir solita á María á aquella caverna de abogados?
- MARÍA.—Nó, papá; Juan no viene con nosotros. Oye, tú, Juan, que quiero decirte dos palabras. (Juan se acerca y le toma la mano; Emilia y Benjamin se dirigen al fondo.)
- MARÍA.—Juan, quiero que te quedes aquí con Emilia.
- JUAN.—Pero, María...
- MARÍA.—Caballero, no sea V. desobediente: quiero que se quede V. aquí con Emilia, y que recuerde todo lo que le dije esta mañana. Trata de hacerte amigo de ella, por amor hacia mí, y estoy segura de que pronto verás lo buena que es!... No tardaremos mucho, y cuando volvamos, me enfadaré si ella no es ya tu media hermana.
- JUAN.—Pero María, yo debía acompañarte.
- MARÍA.—Acuérdate de que lo haces por mí. (Le da un beso y se va por la derecha.) Estoy lista, papá. Hasta luego Emilia; tú tienes que entretenerme á Juan hasta la vuelta, que no tardaremos.
- BEN.—¡Adiós, Juan! ¡Adiós, Emilia! (Vanse Benjamin y María; Juan los mira fijamente hasta que salen, y entonces se dirige á Emilia.)
- JUAN.—¡Emilia, esto no puede continuar más así! ¡Esto me vuelve loco!
- EMILIA.—Y á mí me parte el corazón el verla, y el pensar en todo el mal que le he hecho. Y ¡cuando esperaba hacerla feliz! ¡Ser su compañera, compartir con ella la vista que tengo y que á sus pobres ojos ciegos tanta falta les hace! ¡Alegrar el cariñoso hogar que me ha recibido! Juan, te dejo por causa de ella, me irá y me ganará la vida como pueda, y trataré de olvidar que nos hemos conocido.
- JUAN.—Es ya tarde, Emilia. Aun si pudiese yo consentir en tal sacrificio (que no puedo); no sería justo. María merece no solamente el respeto, sino el amor de su marido, y eso yo no puedo dárselo.
- EMILIA.—Pero, yéndome yo, podrás con el tiempo quererla y olvidarme.
- JUAN (abrazándola).—¡Olvidarte, Emilia! ¡Nunca! ¡Vaya, he sido un cobarde durante

enough in this! The blow *must* fall, and the sooner it is over the better. God forgive *me*, and give her strength to bear it!

EMILY.—John, John, I cannot!

JOHN.—My darling, you must. There is but one thing to do, to leave at once together. They must never see us again (*goes to table and takes pen*). It will be a terrible awakening for them, but when it is over they will see that we have acted for the best.

EMILY.—What are you going to do?

JOHN.—To write a note explaining all. Then we will go (*writes. Emily stand in tears*). It is better than telling them face to face and witnessing their grief. I dare not do that. Listen, Emily (*reads*). «Emily and I are going away for good (1). It is better than continuing a life of treachery. Break it as gently as you can to Mary. We pray heaven to lighten her sorrow, and hope in time even to obtain her and your forgiveness for what must now seem a grievous wrong.» And now, my darling, get ready to leave at once. We must be gone before they return. Come, cheer up, dearest.

EMILY.—John, John, it will break my heart! (*They embrace. Enter Ben.*)

BEN.—Left my wrapper behind, after all! (*Sees them*). Good God! John! Emily! What does this mean? Speak man, speak, or I'll choke you!

JOHN.—Mr. Potter, you have returned too soon. I am sorry for this, but I cannot ask you to forgive me. I was leaving that letter for you, sir. (*Points to it; Ben takes it and reads*).

BEN (*reading*).—Going away for good—life of treachery—grievous wrong (*passes hand over his brow*). What does it all mean? I don't understand. Oh, Mary, Mary, my poor child, it will kill her! (*Sinks into chair*.)

MARY (*heard without*).—Father, dear, can't you find it?

JOHN.—Good heavens! 'Tis Mary!

BEN.—So, Mr. John Carter! You and Emily's going away rather than lead a life of treachery! It's no life of treachery. I suppose, you've been leading these weeks past, kissing my poor lass with your Judas lips all the while you were schemin' and plottin' to break her heart. You pray heaven to lighten her sorrow, you do. You pray heaven! Do you think the prayers of cowardly devils like you—yes, devils!—can be heard in heaven? John Carter, you are a liar, and a coward, and a villain, and I despise you! I despise you!

Mary has entered unperceived; she remains up stage; dazed; listening.

EMILY.—Oh, father!

BEN.—Silence, girl! Never call me father again! I would have been a father to you, but you have crept like a reptile and stung the hand that gave you food; you have blighted the home that made you welcome.

JOHN.—Mr. Potter, the blame is mine alone! Emily came to your house to be a joy and comfort to you, and to be a blessing to Mary. I have turned that blessing into a curse—for I loved her! (*Mary represses a cry here*.) Believe me, I have not been untrue to Mary without a struggle. God knows how hard I strove against my own heart, but it was of no use; and now, while Mary has my affection, my respect, and my deepest gratitude, I love Emily, sir, and I cannot help it.

Mary shrieks and leans against the wall for support.

MARY.—Oh, God! I have been blind indeed!

BEN. } Mary! (*Emily and Ben rush towards her.*)

JOHN. }

BEN (*to Emily*).—Out of my way, Jezebel! Your touch shall not defile her! Mary, Mary, my child! my child!

For a moment Mary sobs on his bosom; then taking his hand, she leads him down L.

MARY.—Father, I have heard all. You must forgive them, dearest, for my sake.

BEN.—Forgive them? Nay, nay, I deserve forgiveness myself first! Mary, I'll hound that traitor John off the face of the earth. I'll hold him up to the contempt of all honest men. I'll—

Mary places her hand on his mouth to stop him.

(1) *For good*, para siempre.

mucho tiempo! ¡Al fin ha de darse el golpe, y cuanto antes mejor! ¡Que Dios me perdone, y le de fuerzas para soportarlo!

EMILIA.—¡Juan, Juan, no puedo!

JUAN.—Queridísima mía, tienes que hacerlo. Aquí no hay más que una sola cosa que hacer: marcharnos juntos en seguida. No deben volver á vernos nunca más. (Se dirige á la mesa y toma una pluma.) ¡Qué terrible despertar para ellos! Pero cuando ya haya pasado todo, verán que hemos obrado con la mejor intención.

EMILIA.—Pero ¿qué vas á hacer?

JUAN.—A escribir una carta explicándolo todo; entonces nos iremos. (Escribe; Emilia de pie, llorando.) Más vale así que decirselo cara á cara y presenciarse su pesar. No me atrevo á hacerlo. ¡Escucha, Emilia! (Leyendo.) «Emilia y yo nos vamos para siempre. Esto es mejor que continuar una vida de traiciones. Dígaselo V. á María tan cariñosamente como pueda. Rogamos á Dios que mitigue su dolor, y esperamos obtener con el tiempo su perdón, así como el de V., de lo que ahora debe de parecerles un delito grave.» Y ahora, vida mía, marchémonos en el acto. Tenemos que irnos antes de que vuelvan. ¡Anímate, amor mío!

EMILIA.—¡Juan, Juan, se me parte el corazón! (Se abrazan.) (Sale Benjamín.)

BEN.—¡Haberseme olvidado la bufanda! (Los ve.) ¡Santo, Dios! ¡Juan! ¡Emilia! ¿Qué es esto? ¡Habla, hombre, habla, ó te ahogo!

JUAN.—V. ha vuelto demasiado pronto. Mucho lo siento, pero no lo puedo remediar. No pido á V. que me perdone. Iba á dejarle á V. esta carta. (Señalándola; Benjamín la toma y lee.)

BEN. (leyendo).—«Nos vamos para siempre» «vida de traiciones» «delito grave» (Se pasa la mano por la frente.) ¿Qué quiere decir todo esto? porque yo no lo comprendo. ¡Ay, María, María; pobre hija mía, esto la va á matar! (Se tira en un sillón.)

MARÍA (dentro).—¿No la encuentras, papá?

JUAN.—¡Dios mío, María!

BEN.—¡De modo Sr. D. Juan Cáster, que V. y Emilia se van por no continuar una vida de traiciones! ¿No es vida de traiciones, supongo yo, la que ha estado V. haciendo estas semanas pasadas, besando á mi pobre hija con esos labios de Judas, mientras que estaba V. tramando y conspirando para desgarrarle el corazón? ¡Y pide á Dios que mitigue su dolor! ¿verdad? ¡Usted pedir á Dios! ¡Y ¿cree usted que Dios oye las oraciones de los demonios, cobardes como V.? ¡Sí, demonios! ¡Juan Cáster, V. es un embustero y un cobarde y un infame, y, yo lo desprecio con todo mi corazón; sí, lo desprecio! (María entra sin ser vista; permanece al fondo escuchando estupefacta.)

EMILIA.—¡Padre mío!

BEN.—¡Calla, calla! ¡Jamás me lames padre; jamás! Yo hubiera sido un padre para tí, pero tú te has introducido aquí como una víbora, has mordido la mano que te alimentaba y has abrasado el hogar que te dió la bien venida.

JUAN.—¡Señor de Potter, mía la culpa es toda! Emilia vino á su casa de V. á ser la alegría y el consuelo de V. y una bendición para María. Yo, yo soy quien ha convertido esa bendición en una maldición, porque yo amaba á María. (María sofoca un grito de desesperación.) Créame V., no he sido infiel á María sin una inmensa lucha. Sólo Dios sabe cuánto he luchado contra mi propio corazón, pero era inútil; y, ahora mientras que María posee todo mi cariño, mi respeto y mi más profunda gratitud, amo á Emilia, y no puedo remediarlo. (María da un grito y se apoya contra la pared; de pronto se repone.)

MARÍA.—¡Cuán ciega he estado! ¡Dios mío!

BEN.

JUAN. { ¡María! (Emilia y Benjamín se precipitan hacia ella.)

BEN. & Emilia).—¡Fuera de mi vista Jezabel! ¡Tus manos no han de contaminarla! ¡María, María! ¡Hija mía! ¡hija mía! (Por un momento María vacila; se repone, y tómandole la mano, lo lleva hacia la izquierda.)

MARÍA.—Papá, lo he oído todo. ¡Perdónalos, hazlo por mí!

BEN.—¿Perdónarlos? ¡Nunca, nunca; jamás: yo sí que merezco compasión! María, yo barreré á ese traidor de la faz de la tierra. Yo le haré el desprecio de todos los hombres honrados, yo... (María le pone la mano en la boca para hacerle callar.)

MARY.—Father dearest, listen to me. It may be they could not help it, and—I would not have it different. The John I loved and thought loved me was good and noble and above all, *honourable*, not the creature he has proved himself to be! That John I love *still* and will be faithful to as long as life lasts, but this man— (here her voice falters and she is unable to continue). And Emily Father! Well I do not blame her, and somehow she consoles me for my blindness of heart. The beautiful qualities I believed *my* John possessed of are evidently enshrined in a brilliant casket to dazzle the eyes of a young and beautiful girl. Come, father, let us go; thank God I cannot *see* their happiness. Dear father, I am all yours now and for ever.

JOHN.—Mary, Mary, I beseech you to forgive me!

MARY.—Forgive you!—Ask heaven to do that! Listen. If you had told me from the first of your affection for Emily, God is my witness that I would have absolved you from your promise; but to continue deceiving me from day to day, to have your hand in mine whilst looking at her; kiss me with your false lips whilst your heart was hers!... Time *may* deaden the blow, but now, away! away, sir! Touch me not! let me not *feel* your presence nor hear the traitor voice that stole my love.

JOHN.—On my honour, Mary!

MARY.—*Your* honour, sir! the less said about that the better! Perhaps if you are as faithful to my sister as you have been faithless to me, you may regain your right to be called a man and a gentleman and not what you are now, a coward! (John covers his face with his hands; Emily tries to take Mary's hand and kiss her.)

EMILY.—Mary I tried not to love him, indeed, indeed I did!..

MARY (speaking with great effort).—Child! my little sister! How can I blame you for what I myself have done!—And you shall not go to him penniless; the amount lodged in my name at the bankers shall be passed to you, and God grant you may be happier than I have been.

BEN.—But, my child, consider!..

MARY.—Nay, you must father. What is the money to me now?

JOHN.—But, Mary, it is impossible.

MARY.—Settle that with Emily, sir. You shall not even have the satisfaction of thinking I find my consolation in my fortune. You leave me poorer than when you first saw me, for you have robbed me of my heart and happiness! Here you have your wife! Young and rich and beautiful! Take her and leave me for ever. (Turning to her father and falling on his neck in an agony of tears.) Father, take me away, I love him, I love him still! You must help me to forget.

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MARÍA.—Escúchame, querido padre. Es posible que no hayan podido remediarlo, y, yo no quisiera que fuese de otra manera. El Juan á quien yo quería y que yo pensaba que me quería á mí, era bueno y noble, y... honrado sobre todo; ¡no lo que ahora ha resultado ser! A aquel Juan yo lo amo todavía y le seré fiel mientras viva; pero ¡este hombre... (Le tiembla la voz y no puede continuar), y Emilia, papá! Bien, no la culpo, y algo me consuelo por mi ciego amor. Las hermosas cualidades que pensaba poseía mi Juan, están evidentemente guardadas en una brillante apariencia para seducir los ojos de una joven y encantadora mujer. Ven, papá, vámonos. Gracias á Dios yo no puedo ver la felicidad de ellos. Querido papá, soy tuya completamente, ahora y para siempre.

JUAN.—¡María, María, te ruego que me perdones!

MARÍA.—¡Perdonar á V.! ¡Pídale á Dios que lo haga! ¡Escuche V.! ¡Si V. me hubiese hablado desde el principio de su cariño á Emilia, sabe Dios que yo le hubiera absuelto de su compromiso; pero, continuar engañándome día tras día, cogermé á mí la mano mientras que la miraba á ella, besarme con esos falsos labios mientras que le entregaba á ella el corazón!... Puede ser que el tiempo mitigue este golpe horrible; ¡pero ahora! ¡Fuera, fuera, caballero; y sin tocarme! ¡Fuera, fuera! Que yo no sienta su presencia, ni oiga siquiera la voz traidora que me robó mi amor.

JUAN.—¡Bajo mi palabra de honor, María!

MARÍA.—¡Honor! ¡Mientras menos palabras, mejor! ¡Tal vez si V. es tan fiel á mi hermana como ha sido falso para mí... puede ser que gane V. de nuevo el derecho á llamarse hombre y caballero, y no lo que V. es ahora, un cobarde! (Juan se cubre la cara con las manos; Emilia trata de tomarle á María la mano para besarla.)

EMILIA.—María, he tratado de no quererlo de veras, de veras.

MARÍA (haciendo grandes esfuerzos).—¡Niña! ¡hermana! ¡Cómo puedo culparte por lo que yo misma he hecho!... Y tú no te irás con él sin fortuna; la cantidad puesta en el Banco á mi nombre pasará al tuyo, y Dios quiera que seas más feliz que yo.

BEN.—Pero, hija mía, considera...

MARÍA.—Es preciso que lo hagas, papá. ¿A mí qué me importa ya el dinero?

JUAN.—Pero, María, esto es imposible.

MARÍA.—Arregle V. eso con Emilia. Llévesela V. y déjeme á mí. Aún no tendré V. la satisfacción de pensar que he encontrado consuelo en mi fortuna. ¡Me deja V. más pobre que cuando me vió por primera vez, pues me ha robado el corazón y la felicidad! ¡Aquí tiene V. su mujer; joven, rica y hermosa! Tómela y déjeme para siempre. (Volviéndose á su padre, se deja caer en sus brazos llorando amargamente.) ¡Papá, sácame de aquí! (En voz muy baja.) ¡Ay, que le quiero aún! le quiero, y tienes que ayudarme á olvidar.

ENRIQUETA RUSSELL.

LIII

WILLIAM AND THOMAS

INDUSTRY AND INDOLENCE CONTRASTED

(A Tale by Dr. Percival.)

In a village, at a small distance from the metropolis (m5tr8'p7l5s) lived a wealthy husbandman, who had two sons, William and Thomas; the former of whom was exactly a year older than the other.

On the day when the second son was born, the husbandman planted in his orchard (*huerto* [8'rch9rd]) two young apple trees (*manzanos*) of an equal (5k01l) size, (s1'5s) on which he bestowed the same care in cultivating: they thrived so much alike (*medraban con tanta igualdad*), that it was a difficult matter to say which claimed (*merecía*) the preference. (pr3'f3r3ns.)

As soon as the children were capable (k2'p1b4) of using garden implements (*herramientas* [5'mpl5m3nts]) their father took (*llevó*) them on a fine day, early in the spring, to see the two plants he had reared (*criado*) for them, and called after their names. William and Thomas having much admired the beauty of these trees, now filled with blossoms, their father told them, that he made them a present of the trees in good condition, which would continue to thrive (*medrar*) or decay (*decaer*), in proportion to the labour or neglect they received.

Thomas, though the youngest son, turned (*dirigió*) all his attention to the improvement of his tree, by clearing it of (*limpiándole de, ó quitándole*) insects as soon as he discovered them, and propping up the stem (*apoyando el tronco*) that it might grow perfectly upright. He dug about (*cavó en derredor*) it to loosen (*soltar*) the earth, that the root might receive nourishment from the warmth of the sun, and the moisture (*humedad*) of the dews (*rocío*). No mother could nurse (n9rs) her child more tenderly in its infancy, than Thomas did his tree.

His brother William, however (h1'0 5'v9r), pursued (p9rs50'3d) a very different conduct; for he loitered away (*disipaba*) all his time in the most idle and mischievous (*pernicioso*) manner, one of his principal amusements being to throw stones at people as they passed. He kept company with all the idle boys in the neighbourhood, with whom he was continually fighting, and was (*se veía*) seldom without either a black eye (*ojo hinchado ó contuso ó acardenalado*) or a broken skin (*el pellejo desollado*). His poor tree was neglected, and never thought of, till one day in autumn, when by chance, seeing his brother's tree loaded with the finest apples, and almost ready to break down (*ceder*) with the weight, he ran to his own tree not doubting that he should find it in the same pleasing (*florecente*) condition.

Great, indeed, were his disappointment (*chasco ó desengaño*) and surprise, (9rpr1'5s) when instead of finding the tree loaded with excellent fruit, he beheld nothing but a few withered (*secas*) leaves, and branches covered with moss (*musgo*). He instantly went to his father, and complained of his partiality in giving him a tree that was worthless and barren (*estéril*); while his brother's produced the most luxuriant (l9gs50'r51nt) fruit; and he thought that his brother should, at least, give him half of his apples.

His father told him it was by no means reasonable that the industrious should give up part of their labour to feed the idle. «If your tree», said he, «has produced you nothing, it is but a just reward of your indolence, since you see what the industry of your brother has gained him. Your tree was equally full of blossoms (*cubierto de flores*), and grew in the same soil; but you paid no attention to the culture of it. Your brother suffered no (*no ha permitido*) visible insects to remain on his tree; but you neglected that caution, and suffered them (*los dejaste*) to eat up the very buds (*comer hasta los mismos botones*). As I cannot bear to see even plants perish through neglect, I must now take this tree from you, and give it to your brother, whose care and attention may possibly restore it to its former vigour. The fruit it produces shall be his property, and you must no longer consider your-

self as having any right to it. However, you may go to my nursery (*plantel ó criadero*) and there chose any other you may like better, and try what you can do with it; but if you neglect to take proper care of it, I shall take that also from you and give it to your brother as a reward for his superior industry and attention.

This had the desired effect on William; who clearly perceived the justice and propriety of his father's reasoning, and instantly went into the nursery to choose the most thriving (*más próspero ó que más prometía*) apple-tree he could meet with. His brother Thomas, assisting him in the culture of his tree, advised him in what manner to proceed; and William made the best use of his time, and the instructions he received from his brother. He left off (*abandonó*) all his mischievous tricks (*perniciosos juegos*), forsook (*abandonó ó se separó de*) the company of idle boys, applied himself cheerfully (*gustoso y alegre*) to work, and in autumn received the reward (*premio*) of his labour, his tree being (*al ver su árbol*) loaded with fruit.

LIV

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON

(FROM THE TALES OF THE ALAMBRA)

There was once upon a time a poor mason (*albañil*), or bricklayer (*enladrillador*), in Granada, who kept all Saints-days and holidays, and Saint Monday into the bargain (*y el Santo Lunes además*), and yet, with all his devotion he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

«Harkye (*oiga*) honest friend!» said the stranger, «I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job (*faena*) this very night?»

«With all my heart, Señor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly.»

«That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded (*vendar los ojos*).»

«To this the mason made no objection; so, being hoodwinked (*vendado*), he was led by the priest through various roughlanes (*ásperas callejuelas*) and winding passages (*tortuosos pasajes*), until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock (*cerradura que rechinaba*), and opened what sounded like a powerful door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted (*cerrada con llave y cerrojo*), and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor (*corredor que retumba*) and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage (*venda*) was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly (*débilmente*) lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault (*bóveda*), bricks and mortar (*ladrillos y mezcla*) being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job (*faena*). Just before day-break, the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

«Are you willing», said he, «to return and complete your work?»

«Gladly (*con mucho gusto*), Señor Padre, provided I am so well paid.»

«Well, then, to-morrow at midnight (I will call again), (*volveré por V.*)» He did so, and the vault (*bóveda*) was completed.

«Now», said the priest (priest), «you must help me to bring forth (*sacar*) the bodies that are to be buried in this vault (*vó'ot*).»

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words: he followed the priest, with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly (*horrendo*) spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars (*jarrones de buen porte*) standing in one corner (*rincón*). They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labour that he and the priest

carried them forth and consigned them to (*los depositaron en*) their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, all traces of the work obliterated (*quitados*). The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed (*confuso*) maze of lanes and alleys (*laberinto de callejuelas y pasajes*) they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand: «Wait here», said he, «until you hear the cathedral bell toll for (*tocar á*) matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you». So saying, he departed. The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking (*haciéndolas sonar*) them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang (*tocó*) its matin peal (*toque matutino*), he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Xenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled (*se festejó*) with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two night's work; after which he was as poor ever.

He continued to work a little, and pray a good deal, and keep Saints'-days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged (*macilenta y andrajosa*) as a crew of gipsies (*cuadrilla de gitanos*). As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel (*cabaña*), he was accosted (*saludado*) by a rich old curmudgeon (*tacaña*), who was noted for owning (*poseer*) many houses, and being a griping (*grl'5p5ng*) landlord (*amo agarrado*). The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious shagged (*desgreñado*) eyebrows.

«I am told, friend, that you are very poor.»

«There is no denying the fact, Señor—it speaks for itself.»

«I presume then, that you will be glad of a job (*chapuz*) and will work cheap.»

«As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada.»

«That's what I want; I have an old house fallen into decay, that costs me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together (*vea de componerla para que no se caiga*) at as small expense as possible.»

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going (*cayéndose*) to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by (*divisó*) an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreaming recollection of the place came over him (*le vino á la memoria*).

«Pray», said he, «who occupied this house formerly?»

«A pest upon him.» (*La peste se lo haya llevado*), cried the landlord, «it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the Church. He died suddenly, and the priest and friars (*frailes*), thronged (*acudieron*) to take possession of his wealth; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for, since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of (*no hay medio de poner pleito á*) a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about (*lamentos y gemidos en*) the court. Whether true or false, the stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it.»

«Enough», said the mason sturdily; «let me live in your house rent free until some better tenant presents himself, and I will engage to put it in repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted (*no me deajo amedrentar*) by the Devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag (*gran talego*) of money.»

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved (*se mudó*) with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard (*á oírse*) by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbours, and became one of the richest men in Granada: he gave large sums to the Church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his death-bed, to his son and heir.

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LV

THE BLIND BOY

(By Colley Cibber.)

O say what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings (*beneficios*) of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright (*luce con brillantez*);
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I (*si yo pudiera*) ever keep awake,
With me 'twere (*seria*) always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn (*que deploráis*) my hapless woe (*amarga pena*);
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy; (*no destruya, pues, lo que no puedo gozar*)
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king [*la alegría (paz) de mi alma*]
Although a poor blind boy.

LVI

RURAL LIFE

(By Pope.)

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire! (*vestimenta, atavio*)
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away (*pasen dulcemente*),
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd: sweet recreation,

And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from (*me separe del*) the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

LVII

PROVIDENCE

(By Addison.)

The Lord my pasture (*pasto ó alimento*) shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon day walks he shall attend (*acompañar*)
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe (*caloroso césped*) I faint (*caigo cansado*),
Or on the thirsty mountain pant (*suspiro*);
To fertile vales and dewy meads (*rociadas praderas*)
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy (*tenebrosos*) horrors overspread (*esparcidas*),
My steadfast (*firme*) heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook (*cayado*) shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare (*desnudo*) and rugged (*escabroso*) way,
Through devious lonely wilds (*extraviados y solitarios desiertos*) I stray
[(*vago descarriado*)].

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile (*disipará*);
The barren wilderness (*estéril desierto*) shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd.
And streams shall murmur all around.

LVIII

TO A SLEEPING CHILD

(By profesor Wilson.)

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue

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Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

LIX

THE DYING EXILE

(By Edmund Reade.)

Farewell (*Á Dios*)—a long farewell to thee,
My own, my native land!
Now would to God that I were free
Upon thy rugged strand! (*escabrosa playa*)
If but for one last look to bless
Thy hills and deep blue sky,
And all my love for thee confess:
Then lay me down and die.

But now I am alone, and none
Will hear when I am dead:
Perchance ere sets that glorious Sun,
My spirit shall be fled!
I watch him yet—and faintly smile
In death, to think that he
Will rise so bright upon that isle,
Where I may never be!

My Country! while I bless thee, how
My feelings in me swell (*crecen*):
Alas, I never knew till now
I loved thee half so well!
But when alone among strange men,
When friends forget, and false ones flee;
Something the heart *must* love, and then
It can but turn to thee!

Farewell, farewell! the sun's last gleams (*rayos*)
Are sinking in the sea:
Along the shore the sea-bird screams (*chilla*),
Unheard, unreck'd (*descuidada, indiferente*) by me;
I feel my ebbing (*menguante, como la marea*) breath decay,
And fail my darkening sight.
Yet ere I pass away, away.
My native land—good night!

LX

TRUTH

(By Miss Landon.)

Oh! would that love had power to raise
A little isle for us alone.
With fairy flowers, and sunny (*de sol*) rays
The blue sea waves its guardian zone.

No other step should ever press
This hidden Eden of the heart,
And we would share its loveliness
From every other thing apart.

The rose and violet should weep,
Whene'er our leafy couch (*hojoso lecho*) was laid,
The lark (*alondra*) should wake our morning sleep,
The bulbul sing our serenade.

And we would watch the starry hours,
And call the moon to hear our vows,
And we would cull (*echar mano de lo mejor, entresacar*) the sweetest flow'rs.
And twine (*trenzar*) fresh chaplets (*guirnalda*) for our brows.

LXI

WEEP NOT FOR HER!

(By D. M. Moir.)

Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues (*colores*),
When human bosoms seem the homes of truth,
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews,
Her summer prime (*alborada, flor, nata, lo más escogido*) waned not (*no vino deca-*
Her *wine* of life was not run to the lees (*heces*): [*yendo*] to days that freeze.
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
And treads (*pisa*) the supphire floors (*praderas*) of Paradise,
All darkness wiped (*0l'5pd, limpiada*) from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes,
Victorius over death to her appears,
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine (*urna*)
Of pleasant thoughts soft as the seent (*fragancia*) of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve (*tarde*) the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers (*enramada*),

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Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night.
Weep not for her!

LXII

TRASLATION FROM VITTORELLI

(By lord Byron.)

ON A NUN

Sonnet composed in the name of a father whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage, and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest though admired,
Heaven made us happy, and now wretched sires (*infelices padres*),
Heaven for a nobler doom (*destino*) their worth (*mérito*) desires,
And gazing (*mirando*) upon either, both required.

Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
Becomes extinguish'd, soon—too soon—expires:
But thine, within the closing grate (*enrejado*) retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.

But thou at least from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:

I to the marble, where my daughter lies,
Rush (*me abalanzo*),—the swoln (*part. pas. de swell, hinchar*) flood (*torrente*) of
bitterness (*amargura*) I pour (*vierto*),
And knock (*llamo*) and knock, and knock—but none replies.

LXIII

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING

(By T. H. Bailly.)

You think I have a merry (*alegre*) heart
Because my songs are gay (*alegres*),
But, oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away:
The bird will breathe her silver (*argentina*) note
Though bondage (*esclavitud*) binds (*ata*) her wing (*alas*)—
But is her song a happy one?
I'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A mournful turn for me:

Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock (*escarnecer*) the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some wither'd (*mustia*) leaf—
I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love
My harp (*arpa*) remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo to my own:
My tears when I bend over it (*me inclino sobre ella*)
Will fall upon its string (*cuerdas*),
Yet those who hear me, little think
I'm saddest when I sing!

LXIV

THE FISHER

(From the German of Goethe.)

The water roll'd (*se agitó*)—the water swell'd (*se embravecció*),
A fisher sat beside (*á la orilla*, b5s1'5d);
Calmly (*k1'ml5*) his patient watch (*atención, guardia, vigilia*) he held
Beside the freshening tide (*marea*);
And while his patient watch he keeps,
The parted (*separadas*) waters (*se elevaron*) rose,
And from the oozy ocean (*cenagoso*) deeps
A water maiden rose.

She spake to him, she sang to him—
<Why lurest (*seduce*) thou so my brood (*cria*),
With cunning (*astuto, sutil*) art and cruel heart,
From out their native flood?
Ah! couldst thou know, how here below
Our peaceful lives glide o'er,
Thou'dst leave thine earth, and plunge (*sumergirias*) beneath,
To seek our happier shore.

>Bathes not the golden sun his face—
The moon too in the sea:
And rise they not from their resting place
More beautiful to see?
And lures (*no te seduce*) thee not the clear deep heaven
Within the waters blue—
>And thy form so fair, so mirror'd (*reflejada*) there
In that eternal dew! (*rocío*)>

The water roll'd—the water swell'd,
It reached (*r5chd*) his naked (*n2'k5d*) feet;
He felt, as at his love's approach,
His bounding (*estallando*) bosom beat;
She spake to him, she sang to him,
His short suspense (*s9sp3'ns, irresolución*) is o'er (*termina*);
Half drew she him, half dropp'd he in,
And sank to rise no more.

LXV

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY (*exculpación*.)

(By Shakespeare.)

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have passed:
 I ran it though, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade (*mandara*) me tell it.
 Wherein (*en la cual*) I spoke of most disast'rous chances.
 Of moving accidents by flood and field (*de mar y tierra*);
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach (*brecha*);
 Of being taken by the insolent foe.
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence.
 And portance (*porte*) in my travels history:
 Wherein (*en la cual*) of antres (*antros, cuevas*) vast, and deserts wild,
 Rough quarries (*ásperas minas*), rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven
 It was my hint (*mi ocasión*) to speak. Such was the process;
 And of the cannibals that each other eat,
 The anthropagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders.

These things to hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy (*ávido*) ear
 Devour up my discourse; which I observing,
 Took (*me vali*) once a pliant (*propicia*) hour; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage relate (*contaría*),
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of (*la hice olvidar*) her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke (*golpe desastroso*)
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, in faith, twas strange 'twas passing (*en sumo grado*) strange;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
 She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,
 And bade me (*me decía*), if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her (*eso le ganaría su afecto*). On this hint (*insinuación*)
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd; [I spake;
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft (*traza*) I have us'd—
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

LXVI

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE WERE NEW

(By Alaric A. Watts.)

We met when life and hope were new,
When all we look'd on smiled;—
And Fancy's wand (*varilla*) around us threw
Enchantments—sweet as wild!—

Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world hath yet to wring (*probar*);—
The bloom (*flor*)—that when it once departs,
Can know no second spring.

What though (*y aunque*) our love was never told,—
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controll'd (*restringir*),
Its growing strength was shown:—

We parted, chilling (*glaciales*) looks among;
My inmost soul was bow'd;
And blessings died upon my tongue,
I dared not breathe aloud.—

A pensive smile serene and bland,
One thrilling (*temblorosa*) glance—how vain!
A pressure of thy yielding hand;
We never met again!

Yet still a spell (*encanto*) was in thy name,
Of magic power to me;
That bade (*impulsaba*) me strive (*combatir*) for wealth and fame,
To make me worthy thee!

And long, through many an after year,
When boyhood's dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence, on! (*continuaba amando*).

More sacred ties, (*lazos, compromisos*) at length, are ours,
As dear as those of yore;
And later joys, like autumn flowers,
Have bloom'd for us once more!

But never canst thou be again,
What once thou wert to me!—
I glory in another's chain.—
And thou'rt no longer free.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on
(A prosperous lot is thine)
The brighter (*tanto más brillante*), that it did not join
The turbid waves of mine!

Yet oh! could fondest love relume (*volver á encender*)
Joy's sunshine on my brow,
Thine scarce can be a happier doom
Than I might boast of now!

LXVII

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL

It was a lonely hamlet (*aldea*), where the trees
 Waved (*ondulaban*) in green beauty, o'er the white wash'd cot (*casita*),
 Deepening the shade, as the lighter summer breeze [*choza*];
 Cluster'd (*apiñaba*) the boughs (*b8'os, ramos*) so beams of sun came not;
 Beneath smiled cottage flowers (*floras campestres*)—'midst all a brook (*arroyo*)
 Ran hurrying off to a sequester'd nook (*rincón, ángulo*);
 Then bursting forth beside a rose-wreath'd (*oriada de rosas*) grot,
 Mirror'd (*reflejaba*) its beauties—for to it were given,
 To mix the flowers of earth, and clouds of heaven.

All seem'd enchantment in the flowery dell (*valle hondo*)
 Yet all was solemn silence—no glad thrill (*vociferación*)
 Of children's voices, breathing forth (*esparciendo*) the spell
 Of hope and early life—all, all was still;—
 And yet 'twas summers bright unclouded noon,
 When May's pale flowers gave place to those of June;
 'Mids which the roving (*errante*) bee (*abeja*) ranged forth at will;
 At intervals was heard the cuckoo's tone,
 By mimic schoolboy gaily made his own.

No voice! on the ear peal'd forth (*en el oído resonó*) another sound;
 And slow, and time paced (*pausada*) came the funeral tread (*procesión*)
 And one the bier with fresh-blown (*frescas*) roses crown'd,
 As though (*como si*) pale silk waved o'er the youthful dead;
 Yet ill did the dark pall (*manto negro, paño de tumba*) accord with flowers
 And the bright sun of June's unclouded hours;
 Whilst heavy sighs proclaim'd all joy was fled
 From him, the childless father,—who gazed on
 Scenes (*sóns*) which, brought memories (*m3m'r5a*) of the loved, and gone.

There the green oak to civil triumph bore
 The torn remains of the once favourite kite (*barrilete, cometa*)
 And the rose-tree display'd a beauteous store
 Of rosy flowers, which, budding (*llenos de pimpollos*), joy'd the sight;
 And sideways spread a mound (*terraplén, batuarte, mundo*) of unmown (*no se-*
 O'er which such bonding feet where used to pass; [*gado*] grass,
 All these seem'd shrouded (*envueltos*) in eternal night,
 Since from their view the father could but borrow.
 Thoughts of past joy, to deepen present sorrow,

The bell ceased tolling—and the solemn tread
 Of slow receding footsteps died away,
 Till all was gloom, for thinking on the dead,
 The village children had forgot their play:
 They miss'd their loved companion—he who'd chase
 Their fleetest footsteps oft and win the race;
 Sadness, and silence, mark'd the weary day:
 E'en mothers fearfully look'd on the bloom
 Of their loved boys—and thought upon the tomb.

LXVIII

A SKETCH

And what's her history?
A blank, my Lord.

(Twelfth Night.)

Yes—I remember well how beautiful
I used to think her, as she lay in slumber (*dormitando*),
In the cool evening hour, upon her couch (*lecho*),
Before the open lattice (*celosía*) which the vines (*parvas*),
Half veil'd with drooping wreaths (*pendientes guirnaldas*).—How like an angel (*¡cuán
parecida á un ángel!*)
She look'd—with those soft gloomy ringlets (*melancólicos bucles, rizos*),
And slight arch'd brow, and cheek of ivory (*marfil*),
Tinged with a blush of rose, bright, delicate
As that which paints the unfolded (*no abierta*) apple-blossom.

And yet at times what heavy sighs she breathed.
In that so beautiful sleep, and from her eyelids (*parpados*)
Have wander'd tears, like morning dew (*rocío*) on roses.
'Twas sadness she was dying of—deep—deep—(*De profunda, profundísima tristeza se*
For which, on this earth, grew no healing balm (*bálsamo de salud*) [moria.]
And they had brought her from her ruder clime,
To that sweet spot (*lugar, clima*), where ever cloudles skies,
Pure gales, and smiling scenes, their influence shed;
But not for her this influence—she was then
Past hope—past care.

They said her heart was broken—but, a child,
I knew not *then* the meaning of that speech—
Yet never word, or murmur of regret
Linger'd (*se tardaba*) upon that gentle lip. The spirit
Was wean'd from (*separado dolorosamente, como niño del pecho de su madre*) this world
and it look'd on high.
In humble faith, The grave no terrors had
For one to whom existence had no charms.

Music alone still held its witching (*hechizo*) o'er her;
And she would dwell for hours on the rich tones
She knew so well to draw forth from her lute,
As in the stillness of the night she lov'd
To mingle with them her soft voice, when all
But ceaseless, life-consuming, sorrow slept,
And at those hours how often used I wake (*velando*) steal in (*ir sin ser visto*):
Then, as the moonbeam glitter'd on the Rhone,
The music of that voice and lute arose
In sighs of fragrance, and across the wave
Rung in strange sounds of harmony, as though (*como si*)
Some Spirit of heaven his midnight hymn breathed there.
All on his angel watch as lone he linger'd.
I do remember it well—though long, long past.
And whether it was young imagination,
Or the enchantment of the scene and time,
Such strains as those I never after heard.

VERSIONES --LXIX.

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She died—and died unknown to all around:
 Though many a look of fondness rested on her.
 It was but a short moment fled—her eyes
 Had in expressive silence (sɪ'bləns) gazed (*contemplado, mirado*) upon
 The glorious sun, that from a sky of gold
 Went down in majesty—Her earnest glance (*ansiosa mirada*)
 Still linger'd on its last light (she then knew
 The setting sun would rise for her—no more).
 That last light faded—vanish'd—and she closed
 Her heavy (*melancólicos*) eyes, and back reclined her head,
 As in soft sleep—'twas an eternal sleep,
 For she had died—unconscious all—had died.
 And there she lay, like some fair sculptured form,
 Lovely, and pure, and pale, and motionless.

LXIX

FRAGMENTS FROM A POEM

(By Christopher Smart.)

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes
 And drops upon the leafy limes (*frondoso*);
 Sweet Hermon's fragrant air;
 Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
 And sweet the wakeful (*vigilante*) taper's smell,
 That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with smile intense,
 Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
 Sweet when the lost arrive:
 Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
 While his vague mind's in quest of sweets
 The choicest flowers to give.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
 The language of thy turtle-dove,
 Paired to thy swelling chord;
 Sweeter with every grace endued,
 The glory of thy gratitude,
 Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
 Strong in pursuit (pə'sʊt) the rapid glede (*milano* [glɛd])
 Which makes at once his game; (*que de una vez coge su presa*)
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
 Strong through the turbulent (tə'rbʊlənt) profound
 Shoots xiphias (*pez espada*) to his aim (*el pez espada se lanza sobre*
 [su presa]).

Strong is the lion—like a coal (*carbunco*)
 His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole (*saliente de un bastión*)
 His chest against his foes:
 Strong the gire eagle on his sail (*en su vuelo con las alas abiertas como*
 Strong against tide the enormous whale [buque á la vela],
 Emerges, as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
 And far beneath the tide (*y más profundo que los abismos del mar*),
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, and seek is find,
 Where knock is open wide (*y llamar tener la puerta abierta*).

Glorious the sun in mid career (*en el cenit*);
Glorious the assembled fires (*las estrellas*) appear;
 Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched out arm (*el tendido brazo del Omnipotente*);
 Glorious the enraptured main (*el Océano agitado*);

Glorious the northern lights astream (*las auroras boreales*):
Glorious the song when God's the theme;
 Glorious the thunder's roar;
Glorious the hosannah from the den (*caverna*);
Glorious the catholic amen;
 Glorious the martyr's gore (*sangre*)

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him, that brought salvation down
 By meekness, called thy son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
 DETERMINED, DARED, and DONE. (*Tú la estupenda verdad creíste, y determinaste, osaste y llevaste á cabo el hecho sin igual ahora cumplido.*)

LXX

THE ORPHAN BOY

(By Opie.)

Stay, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake (*por clemencia, piedad*)
 And hear a helpless Orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
 Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale!
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an Orphan Boy!

Poor foolish child—how pleas'd was I,
 When news of Nelson's victory came;
Along the crowded (*llenas de gentes*) streets to fly (*correr*),
 And see the lighted windows' flame (*iluminación*)
To force me home my mother sought,
 She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor Orphan Boy!

The people's shouts (*vivas*) were long and loud,
 My mother, shudd'ring (*estremecida*), clos'd (*tapó, cerró*) her ears;
Rejoice! rejoice! still cried the crowd,

VERSIONES.—LXXI.

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My mother answer'd with her tears!
 Why are you crying thus, said I,
 While others laugh and shout with joy?
 She kiss'd me, and with such a sigh,
 She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy!

What is an Orphan Boy? I said, [timas boqueadas, expiró].
 When suddenly (*de repente*) she gasp'd for breath (*dió las úl-*
 And her eyes clos'd—I shriek'd for aid (*pedí á gritos auxilio*)
 But, ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!
 My hardships (*penas*) since I will not tell;
 But now no more a parent's joy;
 Ah! Lady, I have learn'd too well
 What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed (*alimentado*),
 Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide (*no me reprendáis*);
 Trust me—I mean to earn my bread (*trato de ganar mi pan*).
 The Sailor's Orphan Boy has pride.
 Lady! you weep—ah! this to me!
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ;
 Look down, dear parents, look and see
 Your happy—happy Orphan boy!

LXXI

THE ORPHAN BOY

(By John Thelwall.)

Alas! I am an Orphan Boy,
 With nought (*nada*) on earth to cheer (*alegre*) my heart:
 No father's love, no mother's joy,
 Nor kin (*parentesco*), nor kind (*parentela*), to take my part,
 My lodging is the cold—cold ground;
 I eat the bread of charity;
 And, when the kiss of love goes round (*y cuando llega la hora de los besos*),
 There is no kiss, alas! for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
 A mother, too, I wont to prize,
 With ready hand to wipe the tear—
 If chanced (*acertaba por casualidad*) a childish tear to rise:
 But cause of tears was rarely found;
 For all my heart was youthful glee (*gozo*);
 And, when the kiss of love went round,
 How sweet a kiss there was for me!

But ah! there came a war, they say—
 What is a war I cannot tell;
 But drums (*tambores*) and fifes (*pifanos*) did sweetly play,
 And loudly rang (*tocó*) our village bell (*campana*).
 In truth (*verdad* [tröz]), it was a pretty sound,
 I thought! nor could I thence foresee
 That when the kiss of love went round,
 There soon should be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took (*se puso*),
 And sword, as bright (br'ót) as bright could bet

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And feathers (*plumas* [fɜːthərs]) that so gaily look,
All in a shining cap had he.
Then how my little heart did bound (*latir*)!
Alas! I thought it fine to see;
Nor dreamt that, when the kiss went round,
There soon should be no kiss for me.

My mother sigh'd, my mother wept:
My father talk'd of wealth and fame:
But still she wept, and sigh'd, and wept:
I could not choose but do (*no pude menos de hacer*) the same.
But soon the horsemen throng'd around (*se apiñaron*),
My father mounts with shout (*grito*) and glee (*alegría*),
Then gives a kiss to all around;
And, ah! how sweet a kiss to me!

But when I found he rode so far,
And came not home as heretofore (*antes*),
I said it was a naughty war,
And loved the fife and drum no more.
My mother oft in tears was drown'd (*anegada*)—
No merry (*alegre*) tale, nor song had she;
And, when the hour of night came round,
Sad was the kiss she gave to me.

At length the bell again did ring:
There was a victory (*v5'kt0r5*), they said;
'Twas what my father said he'd bring:
But, ah! it brought my father dead.
My mother shriek'd (*grit0 de espanto*); her heart was woe (*desolaci0n*):
She clasp'd (*abraz0*) me to her trembling knee.
Oh, God, that you may never know
How wild ([01'5ld] *desatentado*) a kiss she gave to me.

But once again—but once again
These lips a mother's kisses felt (*pret0rito de to feel*);
That once again—that once again—
The tale (*narraci0n*) a heart of stone would melt;
'Twas when upon her deathbed laid,—
(Oh God! oh, God! that sight to see!)
'My child!—my child!' she feebly said,
And gave a parting kiss to me.

So, now, I am an orphan boy,
With nought (*nada*) below my heart to cheer (*consolar, alentar*):
No mother's love, no father's joy,
Nor kin, nor kind, to wipe (*enjuagar*) the tear.
My lodging is the cold—cold ground;
I eat the bread of charity;
And when the kiss of love goes round;
There is no kiss of love for me.

But I will to the grave and weep,
Where late they laid my mother low,
And buried her with earth so deep,
All in her shroud (*sudario, mortaja*) as white as snow.
And there I'll call on her so loud,
All underneath the churchyard (*cementerio*) tree,
To wrap (*envolverme*) me in her snow-white shroud—
For those cold lips are dear to me.

LXXII

THE FIRST

(By Frances Brown.)

The first, the first!—oh! nought (*nada*) like it
 Our after years can bring,
 For Summer hath no flowers so sweet
 As those of early Spring.
 The earliest storm that strips (*despoja*) the tree
 Still wildest seems and worst,
 Whate'er hath been again may be,
 But never as at first:—

For many a bitter blast may blow
 O'er life's uncertain wave,
 And many a thorny thicket grow
 Between us and the grave;
 But darker still the spot appears
 Where thunder-clouds have burst
 Upon our green unblighted years—
 No grief is like the first!

Our first-born joy,—perchance 'was vain,
 Yet that brief lightning o'er,
 The heart, indeed, may hope again,
 But can rejoice no more.
 Life hath no glory to bestow
 Like it—unfallen, uncursed
 There may be many after glow (*refulgencia*),
 But nothing like the first!

The rays of hope may light us on
 Through Manhood's toil and strife,
 But never can they shine as shone
 The morning stars of life;
 Though bright as Summer's rosy wreath,
 Though long and fondly nursed,
 Yet still they want the fearless faith
 Of those that blest us first.

Its first love, deep in memory
 The heart for ever bears;
 For that was early given and free—
 Life's wheat (*trigo*) without the tares (*zizaña*).
 It may be Death hath buried deep,
 It may be Fate hath cursed;
 But yet no later love can keep
 The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,
 The lights or shadows cast
 Upon the dawning (*alborada*) of our day
 Are with us to the last.
 But ah! the morning breaks no more

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VERSIONES.—LXXIII.

On us, as once it burst,
For future spring can ne'er restore
The freshness of the first (1).

LXXIII

MACBETH

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I.—THE OPEN COUNTRY

Thunder and Lightning.

Three WITCHES discovered (*aparecen tres brujas.*)

- 1 WITCH. When shall we three meet again
In (*en día de*) thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 WITCH. When the hurly-burly's done (*cuando haya acabado este tumulto*),
When (*y*) the battle's lost and won.
3 WITCH. That will be ere (*antes de la puesta del*) set of sun.
1 WITCH. Where the place?
2 WITCH. Upon the heath (*brezal, matorral*),
3 WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth. (*Noise of a Cat. Se oye maullar.*)
1 WITCH. I come, Gray-malkin. (*Noise of a Toad. Se oye á un sapo.*)
2 WITCH. Paddock calls.
1 WITCH. Anon (*andando, ó vamos ahora mismo*).
ALL. Fair is foul (*lo hermoso es feo*), and foul is fair:
Hover (*suspendámonos, alcemos el vuelo*) through the fog (*niebla*) and filthy
(*inmundo*) air.
Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt severally (salen).

SCENE II.—THE PALACE AT FORES

Flourish (preludio, sonido de) of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, ROSSE and two CHAMBERLAINS, meeting (*y sale al encuentro*) a bleeding OFFICER.

- KING. What bloody man is that? He can report (*referir*),
As seemeth by his plight (*estado*) of the revolt
The newest state.
MAL. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
Gainst my captivity.—Hail (*salud*), brave friend!

(1) It is impossible for the Editor to permit these beautiful verses to pass from under her hand, without adding a word or two, which must give them yet additional interest. The authoress resides in a small town in a remote part of Ireland; one of a numerous family of humble fortune; and further, suffering under the heavy affliction of total loss of sight. Under circumstances like these, the genius which creates, and the energy which provides self-cultivation, surely acquires a double value, especially when accompanied, as in the case of the writer, by a modest and unrepining spirit.

VERSIONES.—LXXIII.

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- Say to the king the knowledge of the broil (*riña, sedición*),
As thou didst leave it.
OFF. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together (*como dos cansados nadadores que se agarran y entorpecen su arte*),
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonald
From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd (*había recibido refuerzos*);
And fortune, on his damned quarrel (*causa, contienda*) smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore (*meretriz*): But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd (*blandido*) steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valours minion (*favorito*),
Carved out (*se abrió*) his passage, till he faced (*se encontró cara á cara*) the
slave (*esclavo, traidor*),
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him (*y sin darle la mano ni le dijo adiós*),
Till he unseam'd (*le abrió*) him from the nave (*ombigo*), to the chaps
(*mandíbula*),
And fix'd his head upon our battlements (*reales*).
O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
OFF. Mark (*escucha*), king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping (*saltadores, veloces*) Kernes to trust their heels
(*confiar en los talones, huir*),
But the Norweyan lord, surveying' vantage,
With furbish'd (*acicaladas, limpias*) arms, and new supplies of men (*refuerzos*),
Began a fresh assault.
KING. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
OFF. Yes;
As sparrow (*gorriones de las*), eagles; or the hare (*liebre ad*), the lion.—
But I am faint; my gashes (*heridas*) cry for help.
KING. So well thy words become thee (*tus palabras le sientan tan bien*) as thy
wounds (*como tus heridas*),
Thy smack of (*saben á*) honour both:—Go get him surgeons.
(*Exit OFFICER, and two CHAMBERLAINS.*)
Who comes here?
MAL. The worthy thane (*Than, jefe*) of Fife.
LEN. What a haste looks through (*qué prisa se pinta en*) his eyes!
ROSEE. So should the look (*tal mirar conviene aquel*),
That seems to speak (*parece que va á anunciar*) things strange.
(*Enter MACDUFF.*)
MACD. God save the king!
KING. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?
MACD. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners fount (*escarnecen*) the sky,
And fan our people cold (*huelan*),
Norway himself, with terrible numbers;
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom (*favorito*) lapp'd in proof (*envuelto en armadura*),
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm against arm,
Curbing (to curb, *refrenar domar*), his lavish (*indómito*), spirit: and to conclude:
The victory fell on us:—
KING. Great happiness!

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VERSIONES.—LXXIII.

- MACB. That now.
Sweuo, the Norway's king, craves (*rogar, importunar*) composition:
Nor would (*y no quisimos*) we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed (*desembolsó*), at St Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollards to our general use.
- KING. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom (*de nuestro corazón*) interest;—Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former titles greet (*saluda*) Macbeth.
- MACD. I'll see it done.
(*Exeunt MACDUFF and LENOX.*)
- KING. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
(*Flourish of trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. — A HEATH

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter the Three WITCHES.

- 1 WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?
2 WITCH. Killing swine (*cochino*).
3 WITCH. Sister, where thou?
1 WITCH. A sailor's wife had chesnuts (*castaño*) in her lap (*faldas*),
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
«Give me», quoth I (*le dije*),
«Aroint thee (*vete al diablo*), witch!» the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master (*patron*) o'the *Tiger*;
But in a sieve (*ceñazo*) I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail;
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
- 2 WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.
3 WITCH. And I another.
2 WITCH. Thou art kind.
1 WITCH. I myself have all the other (*yo dispongo de todos los demás*);
And the very ports they blow (*así de los puertos hacia los cuales soplan*),
All the quarters that they know (*como de todos los lugares que ellos conocen*)
I' the shipman's card (*en la carta del marino*).
I will drain (*enjugar*) him dry (*seco*) as lay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid (*el sueño no se entregará de sus párpados*),
He shall live a man forbid (*proscrito*)
Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle (*mermár*), peak (*tener un aspecto innoble ó de enfermo*),
and pine (*desfallecer*)
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost (*agitada ó sacudida por la tempestad*).—
Look what I have.
- 2 WITCH. Show me, show me.
1 WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb (*dedo grueso*).
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. (*A March at a Distance.*)
- 3 WITCH. A drum (*tambor*), a drum;
Macbeth doth come.
- ALL. The weird (*hechiceras ó encantadoras*) sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about.
- 2 WITCH. Thrice to thine.—
3 WITCH. And thrice to mine.—
1 WITCH. And thrice again.—
ALL. To make up nine.

VERSIONES.—LXXIII.

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- 1 WITCH. Peace;—the charm's wound up (*el encanto se cumplió*).
(Enter MACBETH, BANQUO and the Army.)
- MACB. Command they make a halt upon the heath.
- (WITHIN.) Halt,—halt,—halt,
- MACB. So foul (*feo, sucio, impuro*), and fair a day I have not seen.
- BAN. How far is't called to Fores? (*¿cuánto se dice que hay de aquí á Fores?*)—
What are these
So wither'd (*marchitas, ajadas, deslucidas*) and so wild (*salvaje, desordenado, extravagante*) in their attire (*atavio*),
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught (*algo*)
That man may question. You seem to understand me,
By (*al poner*) each at once her choppy (*agrietado*) finger laying
Upon her skinny (*flaco*) lips. You should be women;
And yet your beards (*barbas, vellos*) forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
- MACB. Speak, if ye (*vosotras*) can:—What are you?
- 1 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
- 2 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
- 3 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.
- BAN. Good sir, why do you start (*sobresaltar*) and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed,
Which outwardly ye show? (*ó de cierto lo que parecís exteriormente*) My
noble partner (*á mi noble compañero*)
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt (*transportado en éxtasis*): withal (*además*) to me you
speak not.
If you can look into the seeds (*semilla, germen*) of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.
- 1 WITCH. Hail!
- 2 WITCH. Hail!
- 3 WITCH. Hail!
- 1 WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater,
- 2 WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.
- 3 WITCH. Thou shalt get (*engendrarás*) kings, though thou be none.
- ALL. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! (*Going, alejándose.*)
- MACB. Stay,—you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Synel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted (*seca, arruinada*; to blast, *castigar con una calamidad*
repentina) heath you stop our way (*camino, paso*)
With such prophetic greeting?
Thunder and Lightning.—WITCHES vanish, *desaparecen*.
Speak, I charge you.
- BAN. The earth hath bubbles (*burbuja*), as the water has (*como el agua*),
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?
- MACB. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted (*desapareció*)
As breath (*aliento*) into the wind.—'Would they had staid! (*¡ojalá se hubie-*
ran detenido!)
- BAN. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

- MACB. Your children shall be kings.
 BAN. You shall be king.
 MACB. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so? (*¿no pasó así?*)
 BAN. To the self-same tune and words.—Who's here?
 (Enter MACDUFF AND LENOX.)
 MACD. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
 The news of thy succes: and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend,
 Which should be (*pensando que debería ser tuyo ó suyo, esto es, que le co-*
rrespondería á ti, á él) thine or his. Silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
 Nothing afeard (*espantado, admirado*) of what thyself didst make,
 Strange imago of death. As thick as hail (*tan rápidos como granizos*),
 Came post (*mensajero, correo*) with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.
- LEN. We are sent
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight (*conducirte á su presencia*),
 Not pay thee (*recompensarte*).
- MACD. And, for an earnest (*señal, prenda*) of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine.
- BAN. What! can the devil speak true? (*Asida.*)
 MACB. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
 In borrow'd robes? (*¿con ropas prestadas?*)
- MACD. Who was the thane, lives yet;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life,
 Which he deserves to lose;
 For treasons capital, confess'd, and proved,
 Have overthrown him.
- MACB. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind (*queda por cumplir lo más importante*).—Thanks
 for your pains.—
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those, that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promised no less to them?
- BAN. That; trusted home (*creído de buena fe*),
 Might yet enkindle (*inflamar, incitar*) you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But, 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word, I pray you.
- MACB. Two thruths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling (*prominente, notable; to swell, hinchar, abultar*) act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill (*criminal*) cannot be good (*inocente*).—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest (*una prenda*) of success,
 Commencing in a thruth? I am thane of Cawdor.
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion (*por qué cedo á una sugestión tal*),
 Whose horrid image (*que su hórrida imagen*) doth unfit (*eriza*) my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs (*y hace que mi fiño corazón*
golpee mis costillas),
 Against the use of nature? Present fears (*remordimientos actuales*)
 Are less than horrible imaginings:

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- My thought, whose murder (*mi pensamiento en que el asesinato*) yet is but
fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise (*están aniquiladas*); and nothing is,
But what is not.
- BAN. Look, how our partner's rapt (*extasiado*).
MACB. If chance will have me king, why (*sea*), chance may crown me
Without my stir (*esfuerzo*).
- BAN. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments; cleave (*se adhieren*) not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
- MACB. Come what come may.
Time and the hour runs through the roughest (*el más rudo*) day.
- BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure. *
MACB. Give me your favour:—my dull (*pesado, triste, perezoso, torpe*) brain was
wrought (*ocupado*)
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.—
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it (*después de pesar todas las circunstancias en
el intervalo*), let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
- BAN. Very gladly.
MACB. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
(March.—Exeunt.)

SCENE IV. — THE PALACE AT FORES

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING, DUNCAN, DONALBAIN, MALCOLM, ROSSE and two CHAMBERLAINS

- KING. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commision yet return'd?
ROSS. My liege (*soberano, señor de vasallos*),
They are not yet come back.
MAL. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth (*manifestó*)
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him (*le honró tanto*) like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed (*poseía*),
As t'were a careless trifle.
- KING. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built (*deposité*)
An absolute trust.—
Enter MACDUFF, MACBETH, BANQUO and LENOX.
O, worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before (*te has adelantado tanto en poco
tiempo*),
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved (*yo quisiera que hu-
bieses contraído menos méritos*);
That (*para que*) the proportion, both of (*tanto de*) thanks and payment,

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- Might have been mine! (*hubiera estado más en mi posibilidad*) only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.
 MACB. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties: and our duties
 Are to your throne and State (*síplase los cuales deberes son como niños y criados*), children, and servants,
 Which do but what they should (*que no hacen más que lo que deben*), by doing every thing
 Safe toward your love and honour.
 KING. Welcome hither:
 I have begun to plant thee (*plantarte como un tierno árbol*) and will labour
 To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo.
 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
 No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
 And hold thee to my heart.
 BAN. There if I grow (*si en él crezco*),
 The harvest is your own.
 KING. My plenteous (*copiosas*) joys,
 Wanton (*retozan*) in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow,—Sons, kinsmen (*parientes*), thanes,
 And you, whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our state upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
 The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
 Not unaccompanied, invest him only,
 But signs of noblenes, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you (*y contraeremos nuevas obligaciones para con vosotros*).
 MACB. The rest is labour, which is not used for you (*el descanso es trabajo si no se os consagra*):
 I'll be myself the harbinger (*precursor*), and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;
 So humbly take my leave (*servios concederme permiso*).
 KING. My worthy Cawdor!
 MACB. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step (*obstáculo*),
 On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap (*si no saltar por encima*),
 For in my way it lies. (*Aside.*) Stars, hide your fires!
 Let not light see (*no vea la luz*) my black and deep desires:
 The eye wink (*guiñar, cerrar los ojos, pasar por alto: que los ojos no vean lo que las manos ejecuten*) at the hand! yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
 Exit MACBETH.
 KING. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
 And in his commendations I am fed:
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
 It is a peerless kinsman.
 Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—MACBETH'S CASTLE, AT INVERNESS

Enter LADY MACBETH reading a letter.

- LADY M. «They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made themselves—air—into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt (*extasiado*) in the wonder

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of it, come missives from the king, who all hail'd me *Thane of Cawdor*;
by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred
me to the coming on of time, with *Hail, king that salt be!* 'This have I
thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou
mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what great-
ness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shall be
What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy nature (*mucho temo tu carácter*)
It (*el carácter*) is too full o' the milk of human kindness (*humanidad*),
To catch (*coger*) the nearest way: Thou would'st be great:
Art not without ambition; but without
The illnes that should attend it (*la maldad que debe acompañarla*). What
thou would'st highly,
That would's thou holily (*eso lo quisieras tú de un modo santo*); wouldst
not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly (*injustamente*) win: thou'dst have, great Glamis
(*tú quisieras tener gran Glamis*),
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it' (*eso que grita: así
has de obrar si quieres poseerme*);
And that, which rather thou dost fear to do (*y eso que más bien temes ha-
cer que deseas no sea hecho*),
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither (*llega pronto*),
That I may pour (*infunda*) my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round (*círculo*),
Which (*en que*) fate (*el destino*) and metaphysical (*sobrenatural*) aid doth
seem
To have thee crown'd withal.
Enter SEYTON.

What is your tidings?

SEY. The king comes here to-night.

LADY. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so (*el cual si eso fuera*),
Would have inform'd for preparation.

SEY. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him (*lo ha adelantado*);

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more.

Than would make up his message (*cumplir su mensaje*).

LADY. Give him tending (*dale auxilios*);

He brings great news.—

Exit SEYTON.

The raven himself is hoarse (*el cuervo está ronco*),

That croaks (*crascitar, graznar: aquí significa anunciar*) the fatal entrance
of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here (*despojadme de las flaquezas
de mi sexo*);

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top—full

Of direst (*espantosa, inhumana*) cruelty! make thick (*espesad*) my blood,

Stop up the access and passage to remorse:

That no compunctious visitings of nature (*ninguna conmiseración natural*)

Shake (*conmover*) my fell (*sanguinario*) purpose; nor keep pace between

The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take (*cambiad*) my milk for gall (*en hiel*), you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances,

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,

And pall thee (*envuélvete*) in the dunest (*negro*) smoke of hell

That my keen (*agudo*) knife see not the wound it makes;

Nor Heaven peep through (*atisbar, penetrar*) the blanket (*capa propiamente,
manta*) of the dark,

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- To cry, «Hold (*detente*), hold!»—
Enter MACBETH.
Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter (*por el saludo que los ha seguido*)
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant (*y siento ahora la existencia del futuro*).
- MACB. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to night.
- LADY. And when goes hence? (*¿y cuándo partirá?*)
- MACB. To-morrow, as he purposes.
- LADY. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time (*engañar, entretener el tiempo con falsas esperanzas*),
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming (*el huésped*),
Must be provided for (*se ha de disponer de él*): and you shall put (*encomen-*
This night's great business into my dispatch; [*ladme*]
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom (*imperioso señorío*).
- MACB. We will spak further.
- LADY. Only look up clear (*mostrad facciones más serenas*);
To alter favour ever is to fear (*el temor, el dar que sospechar, siempre destruye la suerte*);
Leave all the rest to me. (Exeunt.)

SCENE VI.—THE GATES OF INVERNESS CASTLE

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING DUNCAN, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONALDIN, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSS
and two CHAMBERLAINS

- KING. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly (*ligero, listo*), and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
- BAN. This guest of summer
The temple-haunting martlet (*golondrina, rondadora de templos*) does
approve (*comprueba*),
By his loved mansionry (*por su apasionada residencia*), that the heaven's
breath
Smells wooingly (*agradablemente*) here; no jutting frieze (*ningún saliente friso*),
Buttress (*estribo*), nor coigne of vantage (*esquina*), but this bird (*dónde este pájaro no haya*)
Hath made his pendent bed (*nido*), and procreant cradle (*cuna de procreación, cuna de sus hijos*):
Where they most breed (*hacer su nido*) and haunt (*frecuentan*) I have observed,
The air is delicate.
- Enter LADY MACBETH, SETTON and two LADIES.
- KING. See, see! our honour'd hostess!—
The love, that follows us (*que se nos tiene*), sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid Heaven yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
- LADY. All our service

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- In every point twice done (*aunque fuese doble*), and then done double,
Were poor and simple business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits (*rezaremos*).
- KING. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp (*ayudado*) him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to—night.—
- LADY. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit (*finiquito, remate de una cuenta*) at your highness,
pleasure,
Still to return your own.
- KING. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly:
By your leave (*estamos á vuestras órdenes*), hostess.
Flouris of trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—MACBETH'S CASTLE OF INVERNSS

Enter MACBETH.

- MACB. If it were done, when 'tis done (*si nada más quedase que hacer cuando una acción se termina*), then't were well
It were done quickly (*se hiciera cuanto antes mejor*); if the assassination
Could trammel up (*interceptase*) the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease (*cesación*), success.—That but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time (*y que tal golpe fuese el todo y el fin de todo, aquí por lo menos, aquí en el mundo, en esta ribera y escollo de tiempo*)—
We'd jump the life to come (*nos lanzaríamos á la vida que ha de venir*).—
But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody iustructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor (*pero aun aquí sabemos que las lecciones de sangre, una vez enseñadas, se aplican al inventor para atormentarlo*): This
even-hand'd justice
Commends the ingredients for our poison'd chalice
To our own lips (*esta justicia de mano igual lleva á nuestros labios el cálix emponzoñado preparado para nosotros*).—He's here in double trust (*él está aquí bajo una doble salvaguardia*);
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both (*ambos fuertes motivos*) against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.—Besides, this Duncan
Hath born his faculties so meek (*dulce*), hath been
So clear (*tan irreprochable*) in his office, that his virtues
Will plead (*pleitearán*) like angels, trumpet-tongued (*con lenguas poderosas como trompetas*), against
The deep damnation of his taking-off (*quitarlo de en medio de su asesinato*),
I have no spur (*espuela, estímulo*)
To prick (*picar, punzar*) the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting (*ilimitada*) ambition, which o'leaps itself,
And falls on the other side—How now! what news?
Enter LADY MACBETH.

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- LADY. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?
 MACB. Hath he ask'd for me?
 LADY. Know you not, he has? (*¿no sabes qué ha preguntado?*)
 MACB. We will proceed no further in this business:
 He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn (*llevadas como vestidos*) now in their newest gloss
 (*en su primer brillo*),
 Not cast aside so soon (*en vez de despojarme de ellas tan pronto*).
 LADY. Was the hope drunk (*está borracha, embriagada la esperanza*),
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since (*se ha adormecido después*)
 And wakes it (*despertándose*) now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? (*¿tan en completa libertad?*) From this time,
 Such I account thy love.—Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? (*¿temes ser igual en celos y valor á tu deseo?*)
 Would'st thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,—
 Letting, I dare not wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat i' th' adage?
 MACB. 'Prythee, peace (*por favor, déjame*):
 I dare do all that may become a man (*yo me atrevo á cuanto puede atre-
 verse un hombre*);
 Who dare's do more, is none (*quien osa más ya no lo es*)
 LADY. What beast (*bestia; esto es, ser degradado*) was it then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me? (*¿te impulsó á comunicarme
 tu proyecto?*)
 When you durst do it (*cuando te atreviste á formarlo*), then you were a
 man (*eras un hombre*);
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more than man (*y para ser más de lo que erais, es preciso ser
 más que hombre*). Nor time, nor place,
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: (*ni el tiempo ni el lugar
 os favorecerían entonces, y, sin embargo, vos queriais proporcionar tiempo
 y lugar*);
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you (*y sin misma facilidad os desarma*). I have given
 suck (*yo he dado de mamar*); and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me (*al niño que toma mi leche*);
 I would, while it was smiling in my face
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
 As you have done to this.
 MACB. If we should fail (*si el golpe falla*).—
 LADY. We fail! (*¡fallar!*)—
 But screw (*atornillad, asegurad*) your courage to the sticking-place (*al lu-
 gar donde pueda asegurarse*; to stick, *adherir, pegar, clavar*).
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
 (Where to [*á lo que*] the rather [*cuanto antes*] shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel (*brindis*) so convince (*convenceré, dominaré*),
 That memory, the warder (*guarda, alcaide*) of the brain (*del cerebro*).
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt (*el asiento*) of reason
 A limbeck (*alambique, un receptáculo de vino*) only: when in swinish (*pro-
 fundo como el de un mar ronco; marrano, swine*) sleep
 Their drenched (*empapada*) natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon (*imputar*)
 His spongy (*esponjosos, empapados en vino como esponja*) officers; who shall
 bear the guilt

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- Of our great quell?
 MACB. Bring forth men-children only! (*¡da hijos, no hijas, sólo á luz!*)
 For thy undaunted (*arrojado*) mettle (*brío*) should compose
 Nothing but males (*machos*). Will it not be received (*no será bien recibí-*
do, no se creará),
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers (*mismas dagas*),
 That they have done't?
 LADY. Who dares receive it other (*quién se atrevería á crear otra cosa*),
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death?
 MACB. I am settled (*estoy decidido*), and bend up (*contraigo*)
 Each corporal agent (*cada músculo*) to this terrible feat.—
 Away (*salgamos*), and mock (*burlamos*) the time with fairest show (*las más*
bellas apariencias);
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
 (Exeunt.)

LXXIV

Selections from Shakespeare.

Trazos escogidos de Shakespeare.

King Lear.

El Rey Lear.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

ACTO I.—ESCENA II

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Entra EDMUNDO con una carta en la mano.

*Edmund.**Edmundo.*

Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-

[shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
[base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they

[us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
[base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take

More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops.
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,

Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund

As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—

Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

ACT III.—SCENE II.

ACTO III.—ESCENA II

Enter LEAR and FOOL.

Entran LEAR y el BUFÓN

*Lear.**Lear.*

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
[blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
[the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Mi diosa tú, naturaleza, eres
Y he de acatar tu ley. ¿Cómo tolero
Que enojosas costumbres, ó caprichos
De mundanales leyes, me despojen
Porque á la zaga de mi hermano vine
Doce ó catorce lunas? ¿Yo bastardo?

¿Indigno yo? ¿Por qué, cuando mi aspecto
Es tan gentil, tan liberal mi alma
Y perfectas mis formas cual progeñe
De dama virtuosa? ¿Como indignos
Nos sellan! y ¿por qué? ¿Con la ignomi-

[nia!
¿Cuál bastardos!—¿Indignos? ¿Como in-
[dignos!

Nosotros que en los raptos más secretos
De la naturaleza recabamos
Más calidad y más vigor que alcanza
El lánguido y cansado lecho insulso,
Donde el tropel de pisaverdes nacen
Que entre el velar y entre el dormir se
[engendran.

Pues, legítimo Edgardo, necesito
Tus tierras. El amor de nuestro padre
No es menos, no, para el bastardo Ed-
[mundo

Que lo es para el legítimo. ¡Palabra
Magnífica! «¡legítimo!» ¡Corriente!
Pues, legítimo mío, si prospera
Mi carta y mis propósitos se logran,
Ha de sobrepujar el vil Edmundo
Al legítimo. ¡Privo! ¡Prevalezco!
¡Oh Dioses, amparad á los bastardos!

¡Vientos, rugid: forzad vuestras mejillas!
¡Soplad, rugid! ¡Vosotros, torbellinos,
Cataratas del cielo, desgarraos:
Las torres anegad, á las veletas
Subid! ¡Vosotros, lampos sulfurosos,
Raudos cual el pensar, nuncios de rayos

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Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shak-
[ing thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
That make ungrateful man! [once,

Fool.

O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o' door.
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's
blessing; here's a night pities neither wise
men nor fools.

Lear.

Rumble thy belly-full! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daugh-
[ters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkind-
[ness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
[slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters
[join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Que robes hieden, chamuscad mis ca-
¡Y vosotras, centellas atronantes, [uas!
Acribillad la redondez del mundo,
Romped de la creación los moldes todos
Y desparcid los gérmenes que forman
Ingratitud humana!

Bufón.

¡Oh, tío! vale más agua bendita de de-
dos cortesanos en casa enjuta, que agua
semejante en campo raso. Noche es ésta
que no se compadece ni de sabios ni de
locos. Buen tío, entrad, y que vuestras
hijas os den su bendición.

Lear.

¡Brama hasta hartarte, tú; vomita, fue-
[go.
Ven, lluvia, ven. Ni el fuego ni la lluvia,
Ni el huracán, ni el trueno son mis hijas!
De crueldad, elementos, no os acuso:
Reinos jamás os di, ni sois mi sangre,
Ni debéisme obediencia; por lo tanto,
Saciad en mí vuestro feroz deleite.
Aquí me veis esclavo vuestro, pobre,
Caduco, débil, despreciado, viejo...
Mas no: verdugos míseros os llamo,
Que concertáis con hijas criminales,
Y dirigís la cólera celeste
Contra tanta vejez y tantas canas.
¡Oh, no es justo, no es justo!

LXXV

A midsummer night's dream.

Sueño en noche de verbena.

ACT II.—SCENE III

ACTO II.—ESCENA III

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Entra TITANIA y su séquito.

*Titania.**Titania.*

Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence!
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with vere-mice for their leathern
[wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some,
[keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
[wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Un corro y una copla hechiceresca,
Y después, por un tercio de minuto,
Largo de aquí. Quitad los gusanillos
De los capullos de las rosas unas;
Otras á los murciélagos dad guerra,
Y robadles el cuero de las alas
Para hacer á mis duendes capisayos;
Otras á contener á las lechuzas
Que por las noches espantadas gritan
Cuando ven nuestro porte caprichoso.
Ahora á cantar y á conciliarme el sueño,
Y luego, á trabajar mientras descanso.

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VERSIONES.—LXXV.

SONG

1 Fairy.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong:
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II

2 Fairy.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

ACT III.—SCENE II

Enter PUCK

Puck.

My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,

Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nose I fixed on his head;

CANCIÓN

Hada 1.^a

Culebras manchadas de lenguas parti-
Erizos punzantes, ocultos quedad; [das:
Lagartos y sapos, á vuestras guaridas,
Que aquí nuestra reina descansen dejad.

CORO

Ruiseñor, tu voz galana
Une á nuestro dulce nana,
Nana, nana, nana, nana,
Ni desdicha, ni perjuicio,
Sortilegio ó maleficio
Te persiga, regia hermana.
Buenas noches, nana, nana.

Hada 2.^a

No aquí tus tejidos, araña, introduzcas.
Ni el sitio con patas tan grandes violes;
Dejad libre el campo, cigarras negruzcas:
Id lejos, gusanos; pasad, caracoles.

CORO

Ruiseñor, tu voz galana, etc.

Hada 1.^a

Vamos á otro sitio; todo aquí bien va.
Una centinela solo quedará.

ACTO III.—ESCENA II

Entra PUCK

Puck.

De un monstruo está la Reina enamo-
Cerca de la floresta [rada.

Que le está consagrada,
Mientras que el dulce sueño la rendía,
Una tropa de toscos menestrales,
(Que en Atenas el pan de cada día
Gana con espectáculos teatrales,
La comedia ensayaba
Que á la próxima boda
Del insigne Teseo dedicaba.
El más zopenco de la turba toda,
A quien hacer de Piramo compete,
Deja un rato la fiesta
Y en un cercano matorral se mete.
Yo me aprovecho entonces, y discurro
Poner sobre su testa

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made
And that so lamely and unfashionable, [up,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd
About a prophecy, which says—that G [up;
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:—here Cla-
[rence comes.

Yo, mal fraguado, que de amor no luzco
La majestad ante donosa ninfa,
Yo, de tales ventajas excluido,
Privado por falaz naturaleza
De distinción, deforme, de repente
A medio hacer encaminado al mundo,
Y eso tan mal y de tan torpe modo
Que el can me ladra al divisar mi garbo;
En este tiempo yo de paz y fiesta,
Para matar el tiempo no hallo goce,
A no ser que, mirando al sol mi sombra,
Sobre mi propia imperfección discurra.
Y así, pues ser amado no es posible,
Ni entretener tan agradables días,
Determinado tengo ser infame
Y odiar los vanos goces de estos días.
Asechanzas tendí, planes arteros,
Por torpes profecías secundados,
Por libelos y sueños, porque lleguen
Clarens, mi hermano, y el Monarca á
[odiarse:
Y, aun siendo Eduardo tan leal y justo
Cual falso yo, sutil y traicionero,
Hoy debe ser encarcelado Clarens;
Porque jota será, según ruin sino,
De los hijos de Eduardo el asesino.
¡Del alma á lo profundo, pensamientos!
Clarens llega.

ACT I.—SCENE II

Gloster.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her;—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his
[father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars
[against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to noth-
Ha! [ing!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three
[months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and lovelier gentleman,—
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right
[royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet
[prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?

ACTO I.—ESCENA II

Glóster.

¿Qué dama en temple tal fué cortejada?
¿Qué dama en temple tal jamás vencida?
La obtendré, mas por tiempo limitado.
¡Cómo! ¿Asesino de su esposo y suegro,
Salirle al paso al culminar su furia,
Al maldecir su voz, ahogada en llanto,
De su dolor ante el sangriento emblema,
Contra Dios, su conciencia y tanta traba,

Y sin amigos que mi causa amparen,
A no ser Satanás y el disimulo,

Y así vencerla contra el mundo entero?
¿Ya se olvidó del príncipe bizarro,
De Eduardo, su señor, que hará tres me-
[ses
En Tuxburia maté ciego de saña?
Más afable y gallardo caballero
(Fué pródiga con él naturaleza:
Joven, bravo, discreto, de alta alcurnia)
No volverá á ostentar el ancho mundo.
¡Y á mí me mira ya, cuando he tronchado
A príncipe tan noble en sus primicias,
Y en triste lecho la arrojé viuda!

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On me, whose all not equals Edward's
[moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, though I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a
[glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

¡A mí, que á Eduardo en nada me apro-
[ximo!
¡A mí, cojo y deforme!—Mi ducado
Contra ochavo rñin apostaría
A que ignoro el valor de mi persona.
¡Por mi vida! Verá lo que no veo:
¡Que soy maravillosamente hermoso!
Un espejo busquemos, y las modas,
Para realzar á mi persona, estudien
Veinte ó cuarenta sastres por mi cuenta.
Ya que pude alcanzar favor conmigo,
Rumboso debo ser para afianzarlo.—
Pero primero á sepultar á ése,
Y después á llorarle á mi adorada.
Para observar mi sombra en tu reflejo,
Alumbra, sol, hasta tener espejo.

LXXVII

Macbeth.

ACT I.—SCENE VII

Enter MACBETH

Macbeth.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
[well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and
[catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these
[cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but
[teach,
Bloody instructions, which, being taught
[return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed
[justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
[chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his
[host,
Who should against his murderer shut the
[door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
[Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumped-tongued,
[against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:

Macbeth.

ACTO I.—ESCENA VII

Entra MACBETH

Macbeth.

¡Si hecho quedara con hacerse!... ¡pase!
¡Se hiciera pronto! ¡Si al clavar el hierro
El paso se cerrase á las resultas,
Y el éxito, cesando, se lograra!
¡Fuera este golpe el todo, el fin de todo!

De aquí, de estos escollos, de cabeza
Me arrojara en el mar de nueva vida.
Mas la razón nos queda en casos tales.
Intransigentes máximas se enseñan

Que, aprendidas, retornan y al maestro
Tormento dan. La impávida justicia
Hace que apuren nuestros propios labios
De nuestro propio cáliz el veneno.

Le debo doble fe. Primeramente
Soy su dendo y vasallo, dos motivos
Poderosos: después, cual huésped, debo
De su asesino defender las puertas,
Y no empuñar yo mismo la cuchilla.
Además, este Duncan tan humilde

Fué en el poder, tan justo en el gobierno,
Que sus virtudes, ángeles alados,
Publicarán con penetrantes voces
La maldición del bárbaro asesino.

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LXXVIII

Julius Cæsar.

Julio César.

ACT II.—SCENE I

ACTO II.—ESCENA I

Enter BRUTUS

Entra BRUTO

*Brutus.**Bruto.*

No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's
[abuse;—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lotery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, coun-
[trymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the
[word
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cau-
[telous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes
[swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not
[stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our perfor-
[mance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

No; no juréis. Si el sonrojado rostro,
Si la angustia del alma, si el reproche
Del mundo no son móviles bastantes,
Pongamos aquí fin, y cada uno
Vuélvase en busca del ocioso lecho.
Pábulo dad al fiero despotismo,
Y caigamos después uno tras otro.
Mas si estímulos son, como los juzgo,
Si su fuego enardece aun al cobarde,
Si con la cota del valor reanima
Aun de la hembra el desmayado aliento,
¿Qué estímulo mayor, paisanos míos,
Que nuestra propia causa, que nos lleva
Correctivo á buscar? ¿ni qué más lazo
Que la palabra que empeñada tienen
Nobles Romanos que cejar no saben?
¿Qué juramento más que el compromiso
De nuestra honra con la honra ajena,
De cumplir ó morir en la demanda?
Que juren sacerdotes y cobardes,
Hombres astutos, viejos corrompidos,
Y almas enfermas que en el mal se gozan.
Que en viles causas juren esos seres
De quienes cabe duda: no turbemos
La serena virtud de nuestra empresa
Ni el temple de este espíritu indomable,
Pensando que requieren nuestra causa
Ni nuestros actos juramento alguno;
Pues cada gota que de sangre lleva
Cada Romano, con orgullo tanto,
Es culpable de sendas bastardías
Si en la parte más mínima faltase,
Tan siquiera una vez, á su promesa.

ACT III.—SCENE II

ACTO III.—ESCENA II

ANTONY and a throng of Citizens.

ANTONIO y una turba de CIUDADANOS

*Antony.**Antonio.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
[ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

Amigos y Romanos,
Compatriotas, atención prestadme:
A enterrar, no á ensalzar á César vengo.
Al hombre sobrevive el mal que hizo;
El bien se entierra con el cuerpo á veces.
Se hará con César. El honrado Bruto
Os ha dicho que César fué ambicioso;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men.)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to
[Rome,
Whose ransomes did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
[wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambi-
[tion?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn
[for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with
[me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

1 Citizen.

Methinks, there is much reason in his say-
[ings.

2 Citizen.

If thou considerer rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Citizen.

Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 Citizen.

Mark'd ye he his words? he would not take
[the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 Citizen.

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 Citizen.

Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
[weeping.

Si lo fué, falta inmensa fué la suya,
É inmensamente César la ha purgado.
De Bruto y de los otros, con la venia—
Porque varón pundonoroso es Bruto—
Todos lo son—pundonorosos todos—
Al funeral de César vengo á hablaros.
Mi amigo fué, constante y fiel conmigo;
Mas Bruto afirma que ambicioso era,
Y Bruto es un varón pundonoroso.
Infinitos cautivos prisioneros
Él á Roma nos trajo, y sus rescates
El público tesoro repletaron.
¿Esto ambición en César parecia?
Viendo al pobre llorar, César lloraba;
Es la ambición de material más rudo;
Mas Bruto afirma que ambicioso era,
Y Bruto es un varón pudonoroso.
Cuando en las Lupercales— bien lo vis-
[teis—
Tres veces le ofreci regia corona,
Rehusó tres veces. ¿Ambición es esto?
Mas Bruto afirma que ambicioso era,
Y es, sin duda, varón pundonoroso.
Contradecir á Bruto no pretendo,
Á hablar de lo que sé tan sólo vine.
Le amasteis una vez, y no sin causa...
¿Qué causa, pues, detiene vuestro llanto?
Razón, asilo entre las fieras busca,
Que los hombres prescinden de su jui-
[cio.—
Vuestro perdón reclamo, que con César
En su ataúd mi corazón se halla,
Y hablar no puedo hasta que al pecho
[torne.

Ciudadano 1.º

Hay mucho de verdad en lo que dice.

Ciudadano 2.º

Si con calma juzgáis, gran injusticia
Se cometió con César.

Ciudadano 3.º

¿Piensas eso?
Su puesto ocuparán otros peores.

Ciudadano 4.º

¿Oísteis? Que no quiso la corona.
Que ambicioso no era es evidente.

Ciudadano 1.º

Pues si es así, le ha de pesar á algunos.

Ciudadano 2.º

¡Qué buen alma! Cual fuego están sus ojos
Que enrojecen sus lágrimas.

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3 Citizen.

There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
[Antony.

4 Citizen.

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he
[there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius
[wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of
[Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read.)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
[wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it; as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 Citizen.

We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens.

The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
[read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved
[you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but
[men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his
[heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Citizen.

Read the will; we will hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ciudadano 3.º

En Roma,
En nobleza no iguala á Antonio nadie.

Ciudadano 4.º

Atención. Que principia á hablar de nuevo.

Antonio.

Ayer pudo de César la palabra
Contrarrestar al mundo. Muerto ahí yace,
Y ya ni el más humilde lo respeta.
¡Oh, señores! si acaso pretendiese
Los corazones excitar, las almas
Á rebelarse, á enfurecerse, en daño
De Bruto y Casio fuera; y bien os consta
Que ambos varones son pundonorosos.
No es mi ánimo ofenderlos, no; prefiero
Ofender á los muertos, á mí mismo,
Y á vosotros también, que hacer ofensa
Á tan pundonorosos ciudadanos.
Mas tengo en mi poder un pergamino
De César, con el sello. En su bufete
Lo hallé. Su voluntad postrera es esa.
Que oiga el pueblo tan sólo el testamen-

[to—
Que leer no es mi ánimo: escusadme—
Y del difunto César las heridas
Querréis besar, y en su sagrada sangre
Paños empaparéis De él un cabello
Reclamaréis como eternal memoria;
Y al morir y al testar, á vuestros hijos
Lo legaréis cual valiosa herencia.

Ciudadano 4.º

Á ver el testamento, Marco Antonio.

Todos.

El testamento, el testamento. Oigamos
La voluntad de César.

Antonio.

Sed pacientes,
Caros amigos. Leéroslo no debo,
No está bien que sepáis cuánto os amaba.
Ni toscos leños sois, ni sois de piedra;
Sois hombres, y cual hombres, de seguro
Que de César oyendo el testamento,
Se encenderá furiosa vuestra sangre,
Y perderéis el juicio: no es prudente
Que sepáis que herederos os declara.
Si lo supiérais, ¡qué no aconteciera!

Ciudadano 4.º

Á ver el testamento, que lo oigamos.
Antonio, el testamento, el testamento.

<i>Antony.</i>	<i>Antonio.</i>
Will you be patient? Will you stay a while? I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it. I fear, I wrong the honourable men. Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do [fear it.	¿Calma tendréis? ¿Os mantendréis tran- quilos? Más de lo justo, al mencionarlo, dije: Y me temo, tal vez, causar ofensa A esos pundonorosos ciudadanos Que á César traspasaron con sus dagas. En verdad que lo temo.
<i>4 Citizen.</i>	<i>Ciudadano 1.º</i>
They were traitors, Honourable men!	Son traidores. Pundonorosos ciudadanos, ¡nunca!
<i>Citizens.</i>	<i>Todos.</i>
The will! The testamen!	Su postrer voluntad. El testamento.
<i>2 Citizen.</i>	<i>Ciudadano 2.º</i>
They were villians, murderers: the will! [read the will!	Villanos fueron; fueron asesinos. Á ver el testamento. El testamento.
<i>Antony.</i>	<i>Antonio.</i>
You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me shew you him that made the will. Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?	¿Á leerlo, pues, queréis forzarme? Pues el cadáver circundad de César, Y mirad al autor del testamento. ¿Descenderé? ¿Me concedéis permiso?
<i>Citizens.</i>	<i>Varios Ciudadanos.</i>
Come down,	Baja.
<i>2 Citizen.</i>	<i>Ciudadano 2.º</i>
Descend.	Desciende, pues,
<i>3 Citizen.</i>	<i>Ciudadano 3.º</i>
You shall have leave.	Permiso tienes.
<i>4 Citizen.</i>	<i>Ciudadano 4.º</i>
A ring; stand round.	Un círculo formad en torno suyo.
<i>1 Citizen.</i>	<i>Ciudadano 1.º</i>
Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.	No os acerquéis al féretro, al cadáver.
<i>2 Citizen.</i>	<i>Ciudadano 2.º</i>
Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.	Á Antonio, plaza dad. ¡Inelito Antonio!
<i>Antony.</i>	<i>Antonio.</i>
Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.	No os agolpéis; quedaos á distancia.
<i>Citizens.</i>	<i>Varios Ciudadanos.</i>
Stand back! room! bear back!	Atrás, y plaza haced; atrás echaos.

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Antony.

If you have tears prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—
 Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger
 [through:
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus
 [stab'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar fellow'd it;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved
 [him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his migh-
 [ty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
 [fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but
 [behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
 [here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
 [traitors.

1 Citizen.

O piteous spectacle!

2 Citizen.

O noble Cæsar!

3 Citizen.

O woful day!

4 Citizen.

O traitors, villains!

1 Citizen.

O, most bloody sight!

2 Citizen.

We will be revenged.

Antonio.

Si acaso tenéis lágrimas, ahora
 Preparados estad para verterlas.
 Todos recordaréis el manto este,
 Yo cuando César lo estrenó recuerdo:
 En una tarde de verano era,
 Y en su tienda se hallaba. En ese día
 Fué de los Nervios vencedor: miradlo.
 Aquí el puñal de Casio deslizóse,
 La brecha ved del envidioso Casca,
 Aquí la herida de su amado Bruto;
 Y al retirar el hierro maldecido,
 Ved cuál de César se agolpó la sangre,
 Cual si fuera de casa le signiese
 Á averiguar resuelta si era Bruto
 Quien de manera tan cruel llamaba.
 De César, cual sabéis, Bruto fué el numen.
 Juzgad, ¡oh Dioses! si le amaba César.
 Fué el golpe más cruento de entre todos.
 El gran César, al ver su acometida,
 La ingratitud, vencéndolo, lo postra,
 Más fuerte que puñales de traidores,
 Y estalla al fin su corazón potente,
 Y su faz encubriendo con el manto,
 Á los pies de la estatua de Pompeyo,
 Que su sangre tifió, cayó el gran César!
 ¡Cuánto con él cayó, compatriotas!
 Yo entonces, y vosotros, todos juntos
 Caímos también; y la traición sangrienta
 En tanto floreció sobre nosotros.
 Ahora lloráis. Os punza, ya lo veo,
 La compasión. ¡Oh lágrimas benditas!
 ¡Almas nobles! ¡Lloráis al ver tan sólo
 De nuestro César las heridas vestes?
 Mirad, aquí. ¡Mirad aquí su cuerpo;
 Ahí lo veis por traidores lacerado!

Ciudadano 1.º

¡Oh lamentable escena!

Ciudadano 2.º

¡Noble César!

Ciudadano 3.º

¡Día de horror!

Ciudadano 4.º

¡Oh infames! ¡Oh traidores!

Ciudadano 1.º

¡Oh sangriento espectáculo!

Ciudadano 2.º

¡Á vengarnos!

Citizens.

Revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—
Kill,—slay!— let not a traitor live.

Antony.

Stay, countrymen.

1 Citizen.

Peace there:—Hear the nobly Antony.

2 Citizen.

We'll hear him, we'll follow him we'll die
[with him.

Antony.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
[you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honou-
[rable,

What private griefs they have, alas, I know
[not

That made them do it; they are wise and
[honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your
[hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man;
That love my friend: and that they know
[full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor, the power of
[speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do
[know;

Shew you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor
[dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I
[Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a
[tongue

In every wound of Caesar's, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens.

We'll mutiny.

1 Citizen.

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Todos.

¡Venganza! ¡Presto! ¡Búsquense! ¡Incen-
(diemos!
¡Fuego! ¡Á matar! ¡Á degollar! ¡Que muera
Todo traidor!

Antonio.

Compatriotas, calma.

Ciudadano 1.º

¡Callad, callad! Oid al noble Antonio.

Ciudadano 2.º

Lo oiremos, y sus huellas seguiremos
Hasta morir.

Antonio.

Amigos excelentes,
Caros amigos míos, no os conmueva
Mi voz á rebelión tan repentina:
Pundonorosos son los que esto hicieron.
Por desgracia, quizás, privada queja,
Ignorada de mí, movió sus brazos.

Discretos son y son pundonorosos,

Y razones darán que os satisfagan.
No vengo á concitar vuestras pasiones,
Amigos. Orador no soy, cual Bruto,

Sino, cual todos me conocen, franco,
Hombre seucillo que á su amigo amaba,
Y esto lo saben bien los que me dieron
Para hablar de él aquí pública venia.

Ni inteligencia tengo, ni palabra,
Ni mérito, ni estilo, ni ademanes,
Ni el don de la oratoria que enardece
La sangre de los hombres,—hablo al caso;

Y os digo lo que todos ya conocen,
Del noble César nuestro las heridas—
¡Ay pobres mudas bocas!—y les pido
Que ellas hablen por mí. Si fuera Bruto,
Y Bruto fuera Antonio, hubiera Antonio
Que exasperara vuestras almas; lengua
Cada herida de César mostraría
Que las piedras de Roma conmoviendo
En rebelión á alzarse las forzara.

Todos.

Á rebelarnos!

Ciudadano 1.º

¡Á incendiar de Bruto
La mansión!

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<p><i>2 Citizen.</i></p> <p>Away then, come, seek the conspirators.</p> <p><i>Antony.</i></p> <p>Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me [speak.</p> <p><i>Citizens.</i></p> <p>Peace, oh! hear Antony, most noble Antony.</p> <p><i>Antony.</i></p> <p>Why, friends, you go to do you know not [what! Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your [loves? Alas! you know not:—I must tell you then:— You have forgot the will I told you of.</p> <p><i>Citizens.</i></p> <p>Most true;— the will;— let's stay, and hear [the will.</p> <p><i>Antony.</i></p> <p>Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal. To every Roman citizen he gives. To every several man, seventy-five drach- [mas.</p> <p><i>2 Citizen.</i></p> <p>Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.</p> <p><i>3 Citizen.</i></p> <p>O royal Cæsar!</p> <p><i>Antony.</i></p> <p>Hear me with patience.</p> <p><i>Citizens.</i></p> <p>Peace, ho!</p> <p><i>Antony.</i></p> <p>Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbours, and new-planted or- [chards, On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever; common pleasu- [res, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Cæsar. When comes such ano- [ther?</p>	<p><i>Ciudadano 3.º</i></p> <p>Vamos, pues, y buscaremos Á los conspiradores.</p> <p><i>Antonio.</i></p> <p>Escuchadme, Compatriotas, permitid que siga.</p> <p><i>Todos.</i></p> <p>Silencio, oid á Antonio. Al noble Antonio.</p> <p><i>Antonio.</i></p> <p>Ni aun sabéis á qué vais, amigos míos. ¿Merece César el cariño vuestro? No lo sabéis; pues bien, debo aclararlo. El testamento de que hablé olvidasteis.</p> <p><i>Todos.</i></p> <p>Verdad. El testamento. ¡Que lo oigamos!</p> <p><i>Antonio.</i></p> <p>¡Aquí lo veis! De César con el sello. ¡De Roma á cada ciudadano deja— Á cada cual—setenta y cinco dracmas!</p> <p><i>Ciudadano 2.º</i></p> <p>¡Noble César! ¡Su muerte vengaremos!</p> <p><i>Ciudadano 3.º</i></p> <p>Oh, regio César!</p> <p><i>Antonio.</i></p> <p>Con paciencia oidme.</p> <p><i>Todos.</i></p> <p>Silencio.</p> <p><i>Antonio.</i></p> <p>Y, además, os ha legado Todas las quintas suyas, sus verjeles Particulares, sus modernos huertos Á este lado del Tiber. Os los deja Á vosotros, y á vuestros sucesores, Por siempre, como público recreo, Para allí pasear y divertirós. ¡Este era un César! ¿Cuándo tendréis otro?</p>
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1 Citizen.

Never, never:—Come away, away.
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Citizen.

Go, fetch fire.

3 Citizen.

Pluck down benches.

4 Citizen.

Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

Antony.

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Ciudadano 1.º

¡Jamás! ¡jamás! Marchemos de aquí. ¡Va-
[most
Quememos en sagrado su cadáver,
Y con las teas á incendiar las casas
De los traidores.—Recoged el cuerpo.

Ciudadano 2.º

Que traigan fuego.

Ciudadano 3.º

Destrozad los bancos.

Ciudadano 4.º

Asientos ó ventanas. Cualquiera cosa.

Antonio.

¡Que cunda, pues! Malignidad humana,
En pie ya estás. Camina á tu capricho.

LXXIX

*Othello, the Moor of Venice.**Otelo, el Moro de Venecia.*

ACT I.—SCENE III

ACTO I.—ESCENA III

*Othello.**Otelo.*

Her father loved me; oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, for-
[tunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent
[deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption
[thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
[touch heaven,
It was my hint-to speak,—such was the
[process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to
[hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:

Me quiso bien su padre. Con frecuen-
[cia
Me invitaba, y la historia de mi vida
Me hacía relatar, año por año:
Las batallas, los sitios, los encuentros
Que presencié, desde mi tierna infancia
Hasta el momento aquel en que me oía.
Al recorrerla, de apurados lances,
De azares en la mar y en tierra firme,
De inminentes peligros en la brecha,
De caer en poder del enemigo
Y esclavo ser después, de mi rescate,
De viajes remotos y aventuras,
De oscuros antros y áridos desiertos,
Precipicios y rocas y montañas
Que sus cabezas en el cielo esconden,
Tuve que hablar: mis artes fueron esas.
Del feroz antropófago, de horrendos
Caníbales, de seres cuyos hombros
Ocultan sus cabezas: tales cosas
Con atención Desdémona escuchaba;

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But still the house affairs would draw her
[thence:
Which ever as she could with haste des-
[patch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observ-
[ing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good
[means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something
[heard,
But not intently. I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke.
That my youth suffer'd. My story being
[done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas
[passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she
[wis'h
That Heaven had made her such a man: she
[thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved
[her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I
[spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

ACT III.—SCENE III

OTHELLO and IAGO

Othello.

What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not
[me:
I slept the next night well, was free and
[merry:
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is
[stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at
[ail.

Iago.

I am sorry to hear this.

Othello.

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,

Y cuando los domésticos quehaceres
La llamaban, cumplíalos al punto,
Volviendo con famélicos oídos
Á devorar ansiosa mi relato.
Advirtiéndolo yo, propicia hora
Busqué; y trazas me di para que ardiente
Ruego me dirigiera suplicando
Le narrara mi gran peregrinaje,
Del que partes acaso conocía,
Mas todo no; y, en ello consintiendo,
Correr miré sus lágrimas á veces,
Al referir un lance desgraciado
De mi niñez. Un mundo de suspiros

Al terminar recompensó mi historia:
Que era extraña, me dijo, asaz extraña;
Que era triste, muy triste; que querría
Jamás haberla oído, mas quisiera
De hombre cual yo la hubiera Dios for-
[mado.
Me dió las gracias; y, si algún amigo,
Me agregó, yo tenía que la amara,
Que le enseñase á relatar mi historia,
Para lograr su amor. Hablé yo entonces.

Me amó por los peligros que he pasado,
Y yo la amé por condolerse de ellos.
Esta ha sido mi sola hechicería.
La dama ved; atestiguarlo puede.

ACTO III.—ESCENA III

OTELLO y YAGO

Otelo.

De sus ocultas horas de impureza
¿Qué supe yo? Ni vistas ni pensadas,
No me hirieron jamás: tranquilamente
Feliz y satisfecho me dormía,
Y en sus labios no vi besos de Casio.
Al que tiene un tesoro y se lo roban,
No le roban si el hurto no descubre.

Yago.

Me apesadumbra oiros.

Otelo.

Fuera feliz si al campamento en masa
Brindara su beldad, aun á las turbas,

So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind: farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell:
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
[trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
[war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude
[throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours coun-
[terfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago.

Is it possible, my lord?—

Othello.

Vilain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a
[dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago.

Is it come to this?

Othello.

Make me to see it; or, at the least, so prove
[it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago.

My noble lord,—

Othello.

It thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse:
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
[amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Ignorándolo yo. Mas ¡ah! por siempre
Adiós, tranquilidad; adiós, contento;
Adiós, brillo marcial y vastas guerras
Que trocáis ambiciones en virtudes;
¡Adiós! Adiós, relinchador caballo,
Clarín sonoro, excitador redoble
Del bélico tambor, pifano agudo,
Estandarte real, noble cortejo
De pompas, vanidades y esplendores,
Inseparables de la lid gloriosa.
Y vosotras, ¡oh máquinas de muerte,
Cuyas rudas gargantas reproducen
La voz terrible del potente Jove,
¡Adiós! Cesó la ocupación de Otelo.

Yago.

¿Es posible, señor?

Otelo.

Infame, pruebas.
Prueba tú que es adúltera mi esposa;
Dame prueba ocular; ó, te lo juro
Por la eterna salud del alma humana,
Más te valiera can haber nacido
Que responder á mi iniciada furia.

Yago.

¿Á esto vino á parar?

Otelo.

Haz que lo vea,
O pruébalo, á lo menos, de tal modo,
Que no quede salida ni resquicio
Por donde pueda deslizarse la duda,
Ó pagas con tu vida.

Yago.

Noble amo...

Otelo.

Si la infamaste, dándome tormento,
No reces más: renuncia á tu conciencia;
Horrores sobre horrores acumula;
Haz porque el cielo lágrimas derrame,
Y espanta al universo: no es posible
Que tu eternal condenación acrezcas.

LXXX

Romeo and Juliet.

ACT I.—SCENE IV

ROMEO and MERCUTIO, &c.

Mercutio.

O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
[you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long-spinners'
[legs:

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars, of the moonshine's watery
[beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream

O'er courtier's knees, that dream on courtships
[of love;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
[straight;

O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters pla-

[gues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats
[tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's

[tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign

[throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and
[wakes;

Romeo y Julieta.

ACTO I.—ESCENA IV

MERCUCIO y ROMEO

Mercutio.

La reina Mab te visitó sin duda;

Es de las hadas comadróna. Llega
Como el ágata exigua que en el dedo
Luce de un Regidor; y las narices

Del que duerme recorre en su carroza,
Que arrastran atomísticos corceles.
Son patas de tarántula los rayos;
De alas de cigarrón es la cubierta;
Da el gusano de seda los tirantes;
Húmedos rayos de la luna, arneses;

Concede el grillo un hueso para fusta,
Que termina en el hilo de una araña;
Mosquito chiquitín de gris librea
Es el auriga, la mitad más chico
Que tenue insecto que la dama extrae
Del dedo ocioso con sutil aguja.
Hueca avellana es caja de su coche,
Obra de carpintero, de la ardilla,
De *ab-inicio* ebanista de las hadas.
Noche tras noche en ese tren galopa
Por cerebros amantes, y ansias sueñan.
Por las rodillas va de cortesanos,
Y sueñan cortesías. Por los dedos
De abogados, y sueñan con minutas.
Por los labios de damas, y al instante
Sueñan con dulces besos; mas los quema

En ciertas ocasiones si percibe
Que á infecto almíbar sus alientos huelen.
Del pretendiente la nariz recorre,
Quien sueña con que al fin olió su em-
[pleo.

Con ápice de rabo de cochino
Cosquillas hace al cura cuando ronca,
Brindándole cercana canonjía.
El pescuezo recorre del soldado,
Que sueña con matar al enemigo,
Con asaltos y espadas toledanas,
Con tragos como albercas, ó de pronto

Oye el tambor, despierta, se reanima
Sobresaltado, jura un *Padre nuestro*,

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And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night:
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune
This is the hag, when maids lie on their
That presses them, and learns them first to
Making them women of good carriage.
This, is she—

Romeo.

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace:
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mercutio.

True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

ACT II.—SCENE III

Friar Lawrence.

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frown-
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to
I must up-fill this osier-cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qua-

Y se vuelve á dormir. Ella entreteje
La crin de los caballos por las noches,
Y el cabello á los duendes desalifa

Y enuncia y enmaraña en crespos rizos
Que, peinados, auguran grandes males.
Ella es la bruja que visita el lecho
De la casta doncella, y la fascina,
Y por primera vez al mal la induce,
Y en mujer de buen porte la convierte.
Ella...

Romeo.

Calla, Mercucio, calla, calla;
Hablas sin ton ni son.

Mercucio.

De sueños hablo,
Hijos de los cerebros que reposan,
Y engendros de la loca fantasía,
Más sutil en esencia que los aires,
Y varia más que el viento que ahora
El seno besa del helado Norte,
Y, repulsado, repentino gira,
Y hacia el húmedo Sur rápido torna.

ACTO II.—ESCENA III

Fray Lorenzo.

Ya esmalta con sus rayos el Oriente
Alegre el alba, y de la noche ríe,
Que ante el carro de Apolo refulgente
Es fuerza que humillada se desvíe.

Antes que el sol se eleve esplendoroso
Secando el suelo y esparciendo albores,
Repletar este cesto me es forzoso
De infestas plantas y preciadas flores.

¡Oh tierra! madre al par que tumba eres.
Sepultura en entrañas convertida,
Brotan de ti los infinitos seres;
Tu pecho maternal les presta vida.
Cuanto de ti, naturaleza, nace,
Con propiedades misteriosas medra;
Inmenso es el poder que oculto yace
En cada flor, en cada planta y piedra.

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For nought so vile, that on the earth doth [live, But to the earth some special good doth give; Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that [fair use, Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied; And vice sometime's by action dignified. Within the infant rind of this small flower Poison hath residence, and medicine power: For this, being smelt, with that part cheers [each part; Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. Two such opposed foes encamp them still In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude [will; And, where the worser is predominant, Full soon the canker death eats up that [plant.	Nada tan vil que su concurso niegue Eternamente á lo que el bien indica, Ni nada tan perfecto que no llegue Á producir el mal si al mal se aplica. Es la virtud á veces vano orgullo, Y el vicio á veces cual virtud campea; En este tierno y virginal capullo Un veneno y un bálsamo se crea. Su aroma la mortal angustia acalla, Su cáliz mata á quien lo prueba insano; Así como en la flor, se dan batalla Dos enemigos en el pecho humano: La santidad que al bien nos encamina, La pasión que en el mal gozando peca. Si ésta cual rey potente predomina, Gusano corruptor la planta seca.
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LXXXI

Hamlet, prince of Denmark.

Hámlet, príncipe de Dinamarca.

ACT I.—SCENE II

ACTO I.—ESCENA II

*Hamlet.**Hámlet.*

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
[God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross
[in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to
[this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much,
[not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of
[heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on
[him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month.—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is
[woman;
A little month: or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's
[body,

¡Oh, que esta carne densa en demasía
Pudiera derretirse, disolverse,
Convertirse en vapor! ¡Ó que el Eterno
Su ley contra el suicidio no fijara!
¡Oh Dios! ¡Oh Dios! ¡Cuán vanas y mar-
[chitas,
Insípidas é inútiles se ostentan
Á mi vista las prácticas del mundo!
¡Cuánta miseria! ¡Es huerto sin cultivo
Y agostado! ¡Lo fétido y grosero
Impera en él!—¡Quién tal creyera nunca!
Muerto dos meses ha—ni aun dos si-
[quiera—
Tan buen Rey, que con este Rey contrasta
Cual á un sátiro Apolo; tan amante
De mi madre, que al viento de los cielos
Ni acariciar su rostro consentía.
¡Oh cielos! ¿Y es forzoso que recuerde?
Ella misma á su cuello se abrazaba,
Su ansia de amor creciendo con el pasto
Que lo nutría... y, sin embargo, apenas
Pasado un mes...—¡Ahogaos pensamien-
[tos!
¡Fragilidad, mujer te llamaría!—
¡Un mes escasamente transcurrido,
Antes quizá que desechó el calzado
Con el cual caminó tras el cadáver
Del pobre padre mío, cual Niobe,

Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of
[reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with
[my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my
[father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married;—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my
[tongue.

En lágrimas desecha... ella, sí, ella,—
¡Oh cielos! ¡una fiera, que carece
Del don de la razón más largo tiempo
Se condoliera!—unióse con mi tío:
Hermano de mi padre, de mi padre
Cual de Hércules yo propio diferente.
¡Dentro de un mes! Con párpados aun ro-
[jos
Por la aspereza de su llanto inicuo,
De nuevo desposada se veía.
¡Oh, infame ligereza, así lanzarse
Con prisa tal á lecho incestuoso!
Ni esto es bueno, ni al bien va encami-
[nado.
Pero entre tanto, corazón, estalla,
Que me es forzoso refrenar la lengua.

ACT II.—SCENE II

Hamlet.

Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function stuf-
[ing
With forms to his conceit? And all for noth-
[ing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he
[do
Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with
[tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid
[speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I.
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'
[the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Swounds! I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall

ACTO II.—ESCENA II

Hamlet.

Me encuentro solo.
¡Oh, cuán infame soy, cuán vil esclavo!
¿No es monstruoso que ese actor, fingien-
[do,
Soñando sólo una pasión, amolde
El alma de tal modo á su capricho,
Que en completo su rostro palidece,
Vierten sus ojos lágrimas, su aspecto
Espanto causa, sus palabras tiemblan,
Y se acomoda su organismo entero
Á una vana ficción? ¡Todo por nada!
¡Por Hécuba!
¿Y qué le importa á él Hécuba, ni á ella
Qué importa él, para que así la llore?
¿Que hiciera si el motivo le impulsase
Y el aguijón que mi dolor provoca?
Inundara la escena con su llanto,
Traspasara á las gentes su terrible
Lenguaje, al delincuente enloqueciera,
Causara horror al hombre virtuoso,
Al necio confundiera, y asombrara
Del ver y oír las facultades todas.
Mas yo...
Vil miserable, espíritu de cieno,
Amilanado de intención vacío,
Y nada, cual sonámbulo, me ocurre,
Nada; ni aun por un rey que despojado
De sus riquezas y preciosa vida
Inicuamente fué.—¿Que soy cobarde?
¿Quién me llama ruin, mi frente hiera,
Mi barba arranca y á mí faz la arroja,
Osó asir mi nariz, y en mi garganta
«Mentís» me arroja, que en lo más pro-
[fundo
De mi pulmón penetra? ¿Quién tal hace?
¡Ah!...
Pardiez, que lo aguantara; pues preciso

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To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy vil-
[lain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous kind-
[less villain!
O vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
[words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About my brains! I have
[heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder though it have no tongue, will
[speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
[players
Play something like the murder of my
[father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have
[seen,
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, per-
[haps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits.)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the
[king.

ACT III.—SCENE I

Hamlet.

To be or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to
[sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
[shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's
[the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
[come,

Es que yo tenga entrañas de paloma,
Y que de hiel carezca que acibare
Las ofensas, ó ya cebado habría
Todos los gavilanes de la esfera
Con los inmundos restos de ese esclavo:
¡Ah, sanguinario, sanguinario, infame,
Crüel, traidor, lascivo, vil infame!
¡Oh! ¡Venganza!...
Pero ¡cuán necio soy! ¡Gran valentía!
Hijo de amante padre asesinado,
¡Yo á quien el cielo y el infierno impulsan
Á tremenda venganza, desahogo
Mi corazón cual hembra, con palabras,
Y á maldecir me doy como ramera
Ó grumete!
¡Qué oprobio! ¡á trabajar, cerebro mío!—
He oído asegurar que en ocasiones,
Herido en su conciencia el delincuente
Al asistir á una comedia, puesta
En escena con arte, su delito
En aquel mismo instante ha confesado;
Que si la lengua no proclama el crimen,
Órganos milagrosos lo delatan.
Yo haré que ante mi tío representen
Un paso semejante los actores
Al vil asesinato de mi padre:
Lo observaré; lo sondaré á lo vivo;
Si palidece, mi camino es llano.—
Tal vez la sombra el diablo mismo sea,
Pues su poder alcanza á revestirse
Con agradables formas: quizá intente,
Melancólico al verme y abatido
(Pues grande es su poder si así nos halla),
Engañarme y perderme. Quiero datos
Más fijos. La comedia: con su ayuda
La conciencia del Rey verá desnuda.

ACTO III.—ESCENA I

Hámlet.

¡Ser ó no ser! ¡La alternativa es ésta!
Si es á la luz de la razón más digno
Sufrir los golpes y punzantes dardos
De suerte horrenda, ó terminar la lucha
En guerra contra un piélagos de males.
Morir; dormir. No más. Y con un sueño
Pensar que concluyeron las congojas,
Los mil tormentos de la carne herencia,
Debe término ser apetecido.
Morir; dormir. ¿Dormir? ¡Soñar acaso!
¡Ah! la rémora es esa; pues qué sueños
Podrán ser los que acaso sobrevengan
En el dormir profundo de la muerte,
Ya de mortal envuelta despojados,
Suspende la razón: ahí el motivo

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns
[of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
[contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make,
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels
[bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after
[death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will:
And makes us rather bear those ills we
[have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us
[all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
[thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment;
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you,
[now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Que á la desgracia da tan larga vida.
¿Quién las contrariedades y el azote
De la fortuna soportar pudiera,
La sinrazón del déspota, del vano
El ceño, de la ley las dilaciones,
De un amor despreciado las angustias,
Del poder los insultos y el escarnio
Que del menguado el mérito tolera,
Cuando él mismo su paz conseguiría

Con un mero punzón? ¿Quién soportara
Cargas, que con gemidos y sudores
Ha de llevar en vida fatigosa,
Si el recelo de un algo tras la muerte,
Incógnita región de donde nunca
Torna el viajero, no turbara el juicio,
Haciéndonos sufrir el mal presente
Más bien que en busca ir de lo ignorado?

Nuestra conciencia, así, nos acobarda;
Y el natural matiz de nuestro brío,
Del pensar con los pálidos reflejos
Se marchita, y así grandes empresas
Y de inmenso valer su curso tuercen
Y el distintivo pierden de su impulso.—
Pero... silencio. ¡La gentil Ofelia!
¡Ah ninfal en tus plegarias
Que todos mis pecados se recuerdan.

LXXXII

Coriolanus.

Coriolano.

ACT III.—SCENE III

ACTO III.—ESCENA III

*Coriolanus.**Coriolano.*

You common cry of curs! whose breath I
[hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I
[prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length,
Your ignorance, which finds not, till it
[feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,

Jauría de plebeyos miserable,
Cuyo aliento detesto cual detesto
El hálito del fétido pantano,
Cuya amistad estimo cual estimo
Insepultos cadáveres que el aire
Que respiro corrompen, yo os destierro.
Quedad aquí con la inconstancia vuestra;
El más leve rumor temblar os haga,
Y el vaivén de penachos enemigos
El desaliento á vuestras almas lleve.
Conservad el poder que á protectores
Os deja desterrar, hasta el momento
Que esa fatal torpeza (que admitida
Será sólo al doleros) condiciones

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Still your own foes, deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
• That won you without blows! Despising,
[then,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere:

Para vosotros nada más pactando
(Hasta en eso enemiga de vosotros),
Misérrimos cautivos os entregue
Á una nación que sin lidiar os rinda.
Menospreciando, pues, por causa vuestra
Esta ciudad, mi espalda así le vuelvo.
Hay mundo en otras partes.

ACT V.—SCENE III

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Coriolanus.

We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this ac-
[tion,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how
[plain
I have borne this business.

Aufidius.

Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Coriolanus.

This last old man,
Whom with a crack heart I have sent to
[Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him), once more
[offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too. Fresh embassies, and
[suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends,
[hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
(Shout within.)
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUM-
NIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and
Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd
[mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her
[hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out,
[affection!

ACTO V.—ESCENA III

Entran CORIOLANO, AUFIDIO y otros.

Coriolano.

Mañana acamparemos ante Roma.
Tú, en estas guerras compañero mío,
De mi lealtad en los negocios debes
Noticias dar á los magnates Volscos.

Aufidio.

Tan sólo su interés has consultado,
Y á súplicas unánimes de Roma
Cerraste tus oídos; ni escuchaste
Secreta petición, ni aun del amigo
Que de ti más seguro se creía.

Coriolano.

Ese anciano infeliz á quien á Roma
Pedazos hecho el corazón envió,
Me amaba aun más que con amor de pa-
[dre.
Sí. Me divinizaba. Su postrero
Recurso fué mandarlo. Por su causa,
Aunque aspereza le mostré, de nuevo
Ofrezco las primeras condiciones
Que ya rehusaron y aceptar no pueden.
Por él, que imaginó que más podría,
Ese poco cedí. Ni del Estado,
Ni de amigos á nuevas embajadas
Ó súplicas prestar oídos quiero.

(Grito dentro.)

¿Pero qué grito es ese? ¿Por ventura
Será posible que mi voto infrinja
Apenas formulado? No he de hacerlo.

Entran enlutadas VIRGILIA y VOLUMNIA
conduciendo al niño MARCIO, VALERIA
y acompañamiento.

Precede mi mujer. Viene tras ella
El noble molde donde el tronco mío

Fraguado fué, llevando de la mano
Al nieto de su sangre. ¡Atrás afectos!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that court'sy worth? or those do-
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt,
[ves' eyes,
[and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother
[bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, «Deny not».—Let the
[Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virgilia.

My lord and husband!

Coriolanus.

These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Virgilia.*The sorrow, that delivers us thus changed,
Makes you think so.*Coriolanus.*

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, «Forgive our Romans».—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I
[kiss
[prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth:
(Kneels.)

Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.*Volumnia.*

O, stand up, bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee: and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.
(Kneels.)

Privilegios y lazos naturales,
Estallad, y virtud ser terco sea.
¿Qué vale ese saludo reverente?
¿Ni esos ojos de tórtola que harían
Renegar de los dioses? ¡Me enternezco!
Soy cual los otros barro deleznable.
Mi madre me saluda, cual si fuese
Preciso que el Olimpo se inclinara
Al montículo vil que forma el topo.
Madre naturaleza «no rehuses»
Por medio de mi niño suplicante
Me grita á voces.—¡Sobre Roma el Volco-
Arados lleve y rastros sobre Italia!
Cual ansarino estúpido no quiero
Á instinto ciego obedecer. Firmeza
Yo mostraré como si el hombre fuese
Autor de sí sin prójimo ninguno.

Virgilia.

¡Señor y esposo mío!

*Coriolano.*Diferentes
De los que en Roma usaba son mis ojos!*Virgilia.*El dolor que tan otras nos conduce
Te lo hace así creer.*Coriolano.*

Cómico torpe,
Mi papel he olvidado, y me he perdido
Para mi oprobio. Tierna carne mía,
Perdona mi rigor, mas no por eso
Me contestes: «Perdona á los Romanos.»
¡Oh! toma un beso, largo cual mi ausencia,
Cual mi venganza dulce. Yo te juro
Por la celosa Reina de los cielos
Que fué, querida, el que al partir mediste;
Virgen entre mis labios desde entonces.
¡Dioses, cuál charlot y mientras, á la ma-
[dre
Más noble de este mundo ni saludo.
Húndete en tierra ya, rodilla mía;
(Se arrodilla.)
Aquí estampar, cual hijo alguno, debes
De tu profunda sumisión el sello.

Volumnia.

(Levantándolo.)
Alza y bendito seas, mientras tanto
Que yo ante ti de hinojos permanezca
Sin almohadón más blando que estos
[guijos
Trastrocando mi anómalo homenaje
De padres y de hijos los deberes.

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Coriolanus.

What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach?
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Volumnia.

Thou art my warrior;
I holpt to frame thee. Do you know this
[lady?

Coriolanus.

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Volumnia.

This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Coriolanus.

The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou
[may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Volumnia.

Your knee, sirrah.

Coriolanus.

That's my brave boy.

Volumnia.

Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Coriolanus.

I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may
[never

Coriolano.

Pero ¿qué es esto? ¿Tú ante mí de hino-
[jos?
¿Ante el hijo que un tiempo reprendiste?
Lance sus piedras, pues, á las estrellas
La famélica playa, y desatados
Á los cedros altísimos arrojen
Contra el ardiente sol los huracanes,
Logrando así matar á lo imposible,
Y haciendo fácil lo que hacer no es dado.

Volumnia.

Mi soldado eres tú. Para formarte
Yo te ayudé. ¿Conoces á esta dama?
(Mostrando á Valeria.)

Coriolano.

La hermana de Publicola intachable,
Luna de Roma. Casta cual cuajado
Purísimo carámbano de nieve
Que pendía del templo de Diana
Y la escarcha esculpió: ¡Cara Valeria!

Volumnia.

Este breve compendio de ti mismo,
Al descifrarlo el porvenir, acaso
Valga lo que tú vales.

Coriolano.

Con la venia
De Jove excelso, el dios de los guerreros
En tus ideas la nobleza infiltre
Para ser al oprobio invulnerable,
Y cual glorioso faro en las batallas
Cualquier embate soportar, á todos
Los que te pnedan distinguir salvando.

Volumnia.

De rodillas. (Al niño Marcio.)

Coriolano.

¡Valiente niño mío!

Volumnia.

El, tu esposa, esta dama y yo venimos
Á pretender de ti.

Coriolano.

Callad os ruego.
Ó si habéis de pedir, tened presente
Que lo que ya juré que no daría,
No debéis entender que ahora os rehuso.

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics.—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural. Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Volumnia.

O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any
[thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already. Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request; the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore
[hear us.

Coriolanus.

Aufidius, and you Volces, mark, for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your
[request?

Volumnia.

Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-
[ment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with
[thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight
[which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance
[with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear
[and sorrow,
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tear-
[ing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods; which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy
[victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must
[lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy
[person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either
[thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm for having bravely shed

No pidáis que licencie á mis soldados,
No exijáis otra vez que capitule
Con el Romano menestral, ni os oiga
Desnaturalizado apellidarme.
No pretendáis apaciguar mi furia
Ni mis venganzas con razones frías.

Volumnia.

¡Oh, basta, basta! Dices que no quieres
Nada otorgarnos, pues tenemos sólo
Que pedir lo que ya nos has negado.
Pero lo pediremos. Si fracasa
Mi petición, acháquese la culpa
Á tu rigor no más. Por tanto, oye.

Coriolano.

Aufidio, Volscos, escuchad. De Roma
Nada en privado oiré.—¿Vuestra deman-
[da?

Volumnia.

Silenciosas y mudas, nuestros trajes
Y nuestra delgadez declararían
Cuál nuestra vida fué desde tu ausencia.
Párate, y reflexiona que nos trae
Infortunio mayor que el que han sufrido
Cuántas mujeres en el mundo existen;
Pues tu presencia, que en los ojos nues-
[tros
Hacer manar debiera la alegría
Y estremecer al corazón de gozo,
De terror nos obliga y honda pena
Á temblar, á llorar, madre y esposa
Y niño viendo al hijo, esposo y padre
Destrozar las entrañas de su patria.
Para nosotros es, pobres mujeres,
Más fiero tu rigor, porque nos veda
Aun rezar á los dioses, el consuelo
Que todos gozarán menos nosotras.
¿Cómo es posible? Sí, ¿cómo es posible
Rezar por nuestra patria cual debemos,
Si debemos rezar por tu victoria?
¡Ay tristes! es forzoso que perdamos
Á esta patria, nodriza cariñosa,
Ó á ti, dulce consuelo en nuestra patria.
Es la desdicha nuestra inevitable,
Aunque elegir nos fuera concedido
Quien debiera vencer, porque es forzoso
Que tú, cual extranjero y renegado,
Recorras con esposas nuestras calles,
Ó en triunfo hollar ruinas de tu patria,
Palmas ganando, porque sangre fiero

VERSIONES.—LXXXII.

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Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
[son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade
[thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's
[womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virgilia.

Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep
[your name
Living to time.

Boy Martius.

He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
[flight.

Coriolanus.

Not of a woman's tenderness to be
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.
(Rising.)

Volumnia.

Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might con-
[demn us
As poisonous of your honour: No, our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, «This mercy we have shew'd,» the
[Romans,
«This we received»; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry «Be bless'd
For making up this peace!» Thou know'st,
[great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a
[name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ.—«The man was
[noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.» Speak to me,
[son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of ho-
[nour,

De tu esposa y tus hijos derramaste.
En cuanto á mí, de la fortuna esclava
He de ser, hijo, hasta acabar tal lucha.
Si no te puedo persuadir que vale
Más usar de clemencia con entrambos
Que la ruina procurar de uno,
Cuando al asalto de tu patria marches:
En ese instante mismo, no lo dudes,
Hollarás de tu madre las entrañas
Que te dieron á luz.

Virgilia.

También las mías,
Que este niño engendraron, porque fuera
Tu nombre eterno.

Niño Marcio.

Á mí no habrá de ha-
[llarme;
Me escaparé para luchar de mozo.

Coriolano.

Mostrar es fuerza femenil ternura,
Viendo faz de mujer ó de criatura.
Me he detenido asaz.

Volumnia.

No, no te vayas.
Si la súplica nuestra te obligase
Á salvar al Romano, destruyendo
Al Volco á quien tú sirves, condenarnos
Pudieras por querer herir tu honra.
No. Pedimos que tú los reconcilies,
Y de este modo exclamarán los Volcos:
«Clementes hemos sido», y los Romanos:
«Clementes fueron»; y los dos partidos
Te aclamarán unánimes diciendo:
«Tú que hiciste esta paz, bendito seas.»
Ya sabes, hijo excelso, cuán dudosa
La guerra es. Mas lo seguro es esto:
Si conquistas á Roma, el beneficio
Que coseches será llevar un nombre
De maldiciones acosado siempre.
La historia escribirá: «Nobleza tuvo,
Mas la borró su hazaña postrimera;
Él destrozó á su patria, y las edades
Oyeron luego con horror su nombre.» —
Hábláme tú.—Tuviste á gala siempre
Exagerar toda cuestión de honra

To imitate the graces of the gods:
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the
[air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
[speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak
[you.
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou,
[boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him
[more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in
[the world
More bound to his mother: yet here he lets
[me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in
[thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second
[brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely
[home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's un-
[just,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will pla-
[gue thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty,
[which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our
[knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end;
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, he-
[hold us
This boy, that cannot tell what he would
[have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fel-
[lowship.
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our des-
[patch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Coriolanus.

O mother, mother!
(Holding Volunnia by the hands silent.)
What have you done? Behold, the heavens
[do ope.
The gods look down, and this unnatural
[scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! Or

Y querer imitar aun á los dioses:
Romper con el relámpago, del cielo
Las hinchadas mejillas y su azufre
Con un rayo cargar que solamente
Hienda una encina.—Mas ¿por qué no
[hablas?
¿Consideras que es justo que no olvide
Un noble sus ofensas?—Habla, hija.
No le importa que lores.—Habla, niño.
Quizás tus niñerías más le muevan
Que mis razones.—Nadie en este mundo
Debe más á una madre que él le debe,
Y sin embargo, aquí deja que charle
Cual si en el cepo me encontrara. Nunca:
En tu vida tuviste cortesía
Con tu amorosa madre, mientras ella,
Pobre gallina, amándote á ti solo,
Cacareando te llevó á tus luchas,
Y salvo á casa, y de laureles lleno.—
Despídeme si injusta es mi plegaria;
Pero si no lo es, no eres honrado,
Y los dioses habrán de castigarte
Porque así me rehusas la obediencia
Que prestar á una madre corresponde.
La espalda vuelve.—Damas, prosternaos.
Avergüéncese al vernos de rodillas.
Su nombre Coriolano en él despierta
Más orgullo que lástima estos ruegos.
Prosternaos.—No más.—Ha concluido.
Volvámonos á Roma, y perezcamos
Con nuestros convecinos.—Mas contem-
[pla
Á esta criatura que expresar no puede
Lo que quisiera, y que de hinojos alza
Sus manos, por razón de simpatía.
Mi petición confirma con más fuerza
De la que tienes tú para negarla.
Vamos. Venid. Su madre fué una Volscia;
Su esposa está en Corioli, y fué su hijo,
El hijo del azar cual él.—No obstante,
Una respuesta exijo. Silenciosa,
Hasta arder la ciudad, tendré mi lengua.
Algo diré después.

Coriolano.

(Después de coger la mano de Volunnia y de permanecer un rato silencioso.)
¡Oh madre, madre!
¿Qué hiciste? Mira desgarrarse al cielo;
Los dioses me contemplan, y se rien
De esta escena cruel. ¡Oh madre mía!
¡Oh madre! Gran victoria has conseguido

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You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him pre-
[vail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufi-
[dius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have
[heard
A mother less? or granted less Aufidius?

Aufidius.

I was moved withal.

Coriolanus.

I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good
[sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my
[part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and
[pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother, wife!

Aufidius.

(Aside.) I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy
[and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.
(The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.)

Coriolanus.

Ay, by and by;

(To Volamnia, Virgilia, &c.)
But we will drink together; and you shall
[bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you; all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. (Exeunt.)

Para Roma.—Tocante al hijo tuyo,
Tenlo, tenlo por cierto, tu influencia
Le habrá de acarrear peligros grandes,
Si no la muerte.—Pero nada importa.
Si dura guerra, Aufidio, hacer no puedo,
Haré paz favorable.—Noble Aufidio,
¿Si en mi puesto estuvieras, escucharas
Menos que yo á tu madre, ó dieras menos?

Aufidio.

Conmovido me vi.

Coriolano.

Lo juraría.

Y no es pequeña cosa el que se logre
Hacer sudar de lástima á mis ojos.
Mas, noble amigo, tú las condiciones
De esta paz aconséjame. No quiero
Entrar en Roma. Volveré contigo,
Y te ruego que tomes mi defensa
En este asunto.—¡Oh madre! ¡esposa mía!

Aufidio.

(Aparte.) Celebro que tu lástima y tu honra
Ahora en conflicto estén, pues de ese
[modo
Recuperar me es dado mi fortuna.
(Las damas hacen señas á Coriolano.)

Coriolano.

Si tal. Después. Mas beberemos juntos.
Retornaréis, llevando un testimonio
En lugar de palabras, resellado,
Fijando las posibles condiciones.
Damas, un templo merecéis vosotras.
Ni todas las espadas de la Italia,
Ni todos sus ejércitos reunidos,
Lograran estas paces. (Vanse.)

LXXXIII

The Tempest.

La Tempestad.

ACT V.—SCENE I

ACTO V.—ESCENA I

Prospero. *Próspero.*

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
[groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets,
[that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets
[make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose
[pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-
[dim'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
[winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure
[vault
Set roaring war; to the dread-rattling thun-
[der
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout
[oak
With his own bolt; the strong based pro-
[montory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd
[up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let
[them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Geniecillos de cerros y arroyuelos,
De florestas y plácidas lagunas,
Los que en las playas sin dejar ni aun
[huellas
Á Neptuno cazáis cuando refluye
Y os vais corriendo ante él cuando retor-
[na;
Vosotros, duendecillos, que en los prados
Cercos formáis al relumbrar la luna
De áspera hierba que la oveja evita;
Vosotros, cuyo solo pasatiempo
Es hacer vegetar nocturnos hongos;
Que gozáis con el toque de la queda,
Con cuyo auxilio yo—por más que pobres
Familiares seáis—he obscurecido
Al sol del Mediodía, del rebelde
Huracán me he valido, y la contienda
Feroz he provocado entre el salobre
Verde mar y la bóveda azulada;
Llamas al trueno retumbante he dado,
Y á la encina de Júpiter robusta
De arriba abajo hendí con su centella;
Promontorios moví sobre su base;
Pinos y cedros arranqué de cuajo,
Y los sepulcros al mandato mío
Despertando de pronto á sus durmientes.
Se abrieron y de sí los arrojaron
Á impulsos de mi arte poderoso,
Abjuro aquí la austera magia mía,
Y al reclamar, como reclamo ahora,
Armonía celeste porque obre
Este conjuro aéreo en sus sentidos,
Según deseo, romperé mi vara
Y en el seno profundo de la tierra
La enterraré, y allí donde la sonda
Nunca alcanzó, sumergiré mi libro.

LXXXIV

Merchant of Venice.

El Mercader de Venecia.

ACT I.—SCENE III

ACTO I.—ESCENA III

*Shylock.**Shylock.*

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me

Señor Antonio, á veces, á menudo,
En el mismo Rialto me increpasteis

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About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my

[help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys;'
You say

[so:
You, that did void your rheum upon my
[beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? is it possible,
'A cur can lend' three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering hum-
[bleness,

Say this,—

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys.'

ACT IV.—SCENE I

Shylock.

I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-
[pose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that
But say it is my humour: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd

[yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the
[nose,

Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your
[answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

Por mi manera de prestar dinero.
Soportélo encogiéndome de hombros,
Que el sufrir de mi raza es distintivo.
Me habéis llamado infiel y perro infame,
Y en mi albornoz judío me escupisteis
Tan sólo por usar de lo que es mío.
Pues bien; necesitáis mi ayuda ahora,
Según parece. Vamos; y á buscarme
Venís y me decís: «Dinero, Shylock,
Necesitamos»—lo decís al menos.—
Vos, que escupisteis en las barbas mías,
Que de vuestros umbrales á patadas
Me arrojáis como á can desconocido,
Dinero me pedís, ¿y qué os respondo?
¿No debería contestar: «Y tiene
Dinero un perro, acaso? ¿Por ventura
Os puede un can prestar tres mil duca-

[dos?»
¿Ó de rodillas, con servil acento,
En tono humilde y alentando apenas.
Esto decir:

«Me escupisteis el miércoles pasado,
Noble señor; de puntapiés me disteis
Tal y tal día, y me llamasteis perro
Otra vez, y por tales agasajos
Dinero os prestaré?»

ACTO IV.—ESCENA I

Shylock.

Ya os he dicho, señor, lo que pretendo.
Por nuestro santo sábado he jurado
Que la multa pactada en mi escritura
He de exigir. Si me negáis justicia,
Tanto peor para las leyes vuestras,
Para las libertades de este pueblo.
¿Por qué á tres mil ducados, trozo inútil
De su carne prefiero, preguntarme
Querráis tal vez? Pues bien; diré tan sólo
Que es mi capricho. ¿Vale la respuesta?
En mi hogar una rata hay que me estorba;
¿Pues me place gastar diez mil ducados
Por tan sólo el placer de envenenarla!
¿Qué? ¿No estáis contestado todavía?
A unos no agrada que les gruñan un cerdo,
A otros el ver un gato los trastorna,
Y al sonido nasal de alguna gaita
Otros á corporal flaqueza ceden,
Porque el instinto, rey de las pasiones,
A su antojo los rige y los gobierna,
Según que les agrada ó desagrada.
Pues ésta es mi respuesta. Cual no puede
Nadie asignar razón que nos explique
Por qué á un cerdo gruñón detesta el uno,
Y el otro á un pobre necesario gato;
Por qué una inflada gaita á aquél obliga
A acto que lo avergüenza, y ofendido
A sí mismo se ofende, yo tampoco
Puedo dar la razón, ni doy ya otra,

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VERSIONES.—LXXXIV.

More than a lodged hate, and a certain loat-
[hing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Mas que odio inveterado, antipatía
Que le profeso á Antonio, y que me in-
[duce
Á sostener con él pleito ruinoso.
¿No os he dado respuesta?

ACT V.—SCENE I

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA

Lorenzo.

The moon shines bright.—In such a night
[as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the
[trees,
And taey did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica.

In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo.

In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her
[love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica.

In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo.

In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Ve-
[nice
As far as Belmont.

Jessica.

And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

ACTO V.—ESCENA I

Entran LORENZO y JESSICA

Lorenzo.

La luna esplendorosa resplandece.
En semejante noche, cuando besa
Dulcemente á los árboles el aire,
Y ni el rumor más leve se produce;
En semejante noche, Troilo, acaso
Desde el troyano muro, en un suspiro
Lanzaba el alma al campamento griego,
Donde se hallaba Crésida esa noche.

Jessica.

En semejante noche, temerosa,
Tisbe afrontó el rocío; pero viendo
Antes la sombra que al león, temblando
Huye veloz.

Lorenzo.

En semejante noche,
Desde la playa de la mar bravía,
Con la rama de un sauce desgajada,
Dido á su amor de que á Cartago vuelva
Hace señal.

Jessica.

En semejante noche,
Cogió Medea la hechizada hierba,
Cuyas virtudes remozar debían
Al viejo Esón.

Lorenzo.

En semejante noche,
Jessica, el domicilio abandonando
Del judío opulento, de Venecia
Hasta Belmonte, con su pobre amante
Echó á correr.

Jessica.

En semejante noche,
Lorenzo le juró que la quería,
Y el alma le robó con numerosas
Protestas de su fe; pero ninguna
Era veraz.

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Lorenzo.

And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica.

I would out-night you did nobody come.
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Lorenzo.

En semejante noche,
Calumnió la lindísima Jesica
Como una bribonzuela á su adorado;
Pero él la perdonó.

Jesica.

Más que tú, ejemplos
De semejantes noches adujera
Si estuviésemos solos; pero escucha:
Oigo sonar de un hombre las pisadas.

LXXXV

Antony and Cleopatra.

Antonio y Cleopatra.

ACT II.—SCENE II

ENOBARBUS and AGRIPPA

Enobarbus.

I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
[gold.
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the
[oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
[made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
[person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavillon, (cloth of gold, of tissue,
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature; on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cu-
[pids,
With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did
[seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
[cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agrippa.

O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle

ACTO II.—ESCENA II

ENOBARBO y AGRIPA

Enobarbo.

Te lo contaré:
Era el bajel donde asentada vino
Trono resplandeciente, y parecía
Flamear sobre el agua. De oro puro
La toldilla, de púrpura las velas,
Perfumadas de modo que embriagado
De amor por ellas se quedaba el aire.
De plata eran los remos; y sus golpes,
Dados al ritmo de armoniosas flautas,
Á las aguas tras ellos impelían,
Á sus caricias respondiendo amantes.
Describir su persona no es posible:
En pabellón estaba recostada
De brocado riquísimo, más bella
Que la Venus que halló la fantasía
A la naturaleza aventajando.
Niños á su alrededor como Cupidos,
De hoyuelos en semblantes sonrientes,
Con abanicos de colores varios,
Su rostro delicado enardecían,
En vez de refrescarlo, deshaciendo
Lo que hacer procuraban.

Agripa.

¡Qué espectáculo ése para Antonio!

Enobarbo.

Cual náyades sus damas ó nereidas,
Obedecían á una seña suya,
Inclinadas en bellas actitudes.
La timonel sirena parecía.

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Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
[hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

De seda el aparejo, palpítaba
Al percibir el mágico contacto
De aquellas manos, suaves como flores,
Que su cargo tan hábiles cumplían.
Desde el bajel extraño, incomprensible,
Perfume invade los cercanos muelles.
La ciudad se despuebla por mirarla,
Y entretanto en su trono Marco Antonio
En la pública plaza solitario
Clamando al aire está, que al ser posible
El vacío, también hubiera ido
En busca de Cleopatra, en la natura
De ese modo formándose una brecha.

*Agrippa.**Agripa.*

Rare Egyptian!

¡Hija maravillosa del Egipto!

ACT II.—SCENE V

ACTO II.—ESCENA V

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN and MESSENGER

CLEOPATRA, CARMIA y MENSAJERO

*Cleopatra.**Cleopatra.*

O, from Italy!—
Hast thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

¡De Italia! Tus fructíferas noticias
Apresúrate á hundir en mis oídos,
Por tanto tiempo estériles.

*Messenger.**Mensajero.*

Madam, madam,—

Señora...

Señora...

*Cleopatra.**Cleopatra.*

Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress; But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

¿Ha muerto Antonio? Si eso di-
[ces,
Miserable, asesinas á tu ama.
Mas que está con salud y libre afirma,
Y oro ahí tienes, y aquí para que beses
Mis venas más azules. Mano es ésta
Dónde reyes sus labios imprimieron
Temblorosos besándola.

*Messenger.**Mensajero.*

First, madam, he's well.

Ante todo, está bien, señora.

*Cleopatra.**Cleopatra.*

Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah mark. We use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat

¡Vaya!
Toma más oro. Pero escucha. Suele
Decirse que se encuentran bien los muer-
[tos.
Dame á entender que es eso, y este oro,
Que ahora te he dado, verteré fundido
Por tu morlaz garganta.

*Messenger.**Mensajero.*

Good, madam, hear me.

Escúchame, señora.

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Cleopatra.

Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if An-
[tony
Be free and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd
[with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Messenger.

Will't please you hear me?

Cleopatra.

I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
[speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Messenger.

Madam, he's well

Cleopatra.

Well said.

Messenger.

And friend's with Cæsar.

Cleopatra.

Thou'rt an honest man.

Messenger.

Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleopatra.

Make thee a fortune from me.

Messenger.

But yet, madam,—

Cleopatra.

I do not like «but yet», it does allay
The good procedence; fie upon, «but yet»:
«But yet» is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee,
[friend,

Cleopatra.

Bueno. Sigue.
Mas no es de buen agüero tu semblante.
¿Si libre y con salud se encuentra Antonio,
Por qué razón no proclamar tal nueva?
Si no está bien, de sierpes coronado,
Cual fiera, presentarte deberías,
Y no con forma racional.

Mensajero.

Señora...
Si quisieras oirme...

Cleopatra.

Ganas tengo
Antes de oírte de pegarte. Dime,
Sin embargo, que vivo y bueno Antonio
Se encuentra; que de César es amigo,
Que no es cautivo suyo; y una lluvia
Haré que caiga sobre ti de oro,
Y por granizos perlas.

Mensajero.

Bien se halla,
Señora.

Cleopatra.

¡Hablaste bien!

Mensajero.

Y en paz con César.

Cleopatra.

Eres un hombre honrado.

Mensajero.

Más amigos
Que nunca César y él están.

Cleopatra.

Tu suerte
Conmigo vas á hacer.

Mensajero.

Pero, señora...

Cleopatra.

No me gusta ese «pero». Disminuye
Lo agradable anterior. ¡Maldito «pero»!
«Pero» es alcaide que en custodia tiene
Á horrendo malhechor. Te ruego, amigo,
Que descargues tu fardo de noticias,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends
[with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and, thou
[say'st free.

Messenger.

Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleopatra.

For what good turn?

Messenger.

For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleopatra.

I am pale Charmian.

Messenger.

Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleopatra.

The most infectious petulence upon thee!

Messenger.

Good madam, patience.

Cleopatra.

What say you? Hence.
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd
[in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Messenger.

Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the
[match.

Cleopatra.

Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou
[hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Messenger.

He's married, madam,

Buenas y malas, en mi oído juntas.
En paz con César, con salud me dices,
Y me dices que libre.

Mensajero.

No, señora.
No dije tal. Ligado se halla á Octavia.

Cleopatra.

¿Cómo?

Mensajero.

Á su lecho.

Cleopatra.

¡Carmia, estoy sin sangre!

Mensajero.

Señora, con Octavia está casado.

Cleopatra.

¡Mil rayos te confundan!

Mensajero.

Calma tenga,
Buena Señora.

Cleopatra.

¿Qué me dices? Vete,
Infame vil, te he de sacar los ojos,
Y haré que ante mí rueden. Sin cabellos
Dejaré tu cabeza. Con alambres
Te haré azotar, y al fuego lentamente
Morirás en salmuera escabechado.

Mensajero.

Señora, aunque yo traigo la noticia,
No hice la boda yo.

Cleopatra.

Dime que es falsa,
Y un reino te daré. Con tu fortuna
Asombrarás. El golpe que te he dado
Cancela el que mi furia provocarás,
Y agregaré, además, cualquier presente
Que me quieras pedir.

Mensajero.

Está casado.

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<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Cleopatra.</i>
Rogue, thou hast lived too long.	Infame, harto viviste.
<i>Messenger.</i>	<i>Mensajero.</i>
Nay, then I'll run:— What mean you, madam? I have made no [fault.	Pues entonces Huiré. ¿Qué haces, señora? No es mi culpa.
<i>Charmian.</i>	<i>Carmia.</i>
Good madam, keep yourself withim your- [self; The man is innocent.	Contente, queridísima señora; Es inocente el hombre.
<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Cleopatra.</i>
Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt— Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again; Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.	Suele alcanzar al inocente el rayo. ¡Oh tú, Egipto! derrítete en el Nilo. ¡Tornaos, seres todos, en serpientes! A ese esclavo que vuelva. Que, aunque [loca, No le voy á morder. Que vuelva al punto.
<i>Charmian.</i>	<i>Carmia.</i>
He is afeard to come.	Teme volver á entrar.
<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Cleopatra.</i>
I will not hurt him:— These hands do lack nobility, that they strike A meaner than myself; since I myself Have given myself the cause.—Come hither; [sir. Though it be honest, it is never good To bring bad news. Give to a gracious mes- [sage An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell Themselves, when they be felt.	No he de dañarle. Estas manos carecen de nobleza Al golpear á seres más humildes, Siendo yo misma quien me da el motivo. Aproximate. Noble acaso sea, Mas no conviene dar malas noticias. Da con mil lenguas el feliz mensaje, Pero las malas nuevas, que ellas solas Cuando las percibamos se publiquen.
<i>Messenger.</i>	<i>Mensajero.</i>
I have done my duty.	Cumplí con mi deber.
<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Cleopatra.</i>
Is he married? I cannon hate thee worsen than I do. If thou again say. Yes.	¿Está casado? No aumentarás el odio que te tengo, Si otra vez dices sí.
<i>Messenger.</i>	<i>Mensajero.</i>
He is married, madam.	Pues sí, señora.
<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Cleopatra.</i>
The gods confound thee! dost thou hold [there still?	Confúndante los Dioses. ¿Lo confirmas?
<i>Messenger.</i>	<i>Mensajero.</i>
Should I lie, madam?	¿He de mentir, señora?

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Cleopatra.

O, I would thou didst;
So half my Egyp were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee
[hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou-wouldst appear mostugly. He is marri-
[ed?

Messenger.

I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleopatra.

He his married?

Messenger.

Take no offence, that I would not offend
[you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he is married to Octa-
[via.

Cleopatra.

O, that his fault should make a knave of
[thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee
[hence:
The merchandise, which thou hast brought
[from Rome,
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy
[hand,
And be undone by 'em.

Cleopatra.

[Así lo hicieras,
Y medio Egipto mío, al sumergirse,
Cisterna fuera de escamosas sierpes!
¡Anda! ¡vete de aquí! Si tu semblante
Al de un Narciso se igualara, horrible
Lo juzgara también. ¿Está casado?

Mensajero.

Con tu perdón, alteza.

Cleopatra.

¿Está casado?

Mensajero.

No quererte ofender que no te ofenda.
Por lo que haces que diga, castigarme
No es justo. Está casado con Octavia.

Cleopatra.

¡Oh, que infame su falta á ti te torne,
No siendo vil cual lo que dices! Vete.

Las mercancías que de Roma traes
Son harto caras para mí. Retenlas,
Y que á tu propia perdición te lleven.

LXXXVI

Timon of Athens.

ACT IV.—SCENE I

Timon.

Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the
[earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn inco[n]-
[tinent,
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the
[bench,
And minister in their steads! to general
[filths
Convert o' the instant green virginity!
Do't in your parent's eyes! bankrupts, hold
[fast;

Timón de Atenas.

ACTO IV.—ESCENA I

Timón.

Dejadme veros otra vez, ¡oh muros!
Aprisco de esos lobos, aplanaos,
Y quede Atenas sin cercar. Matronas,
Impuras sed. Á vuestros padres, niños,
Obediencia negad. Siervos, bufones,
Á Senadores graves y arrugados
De sus puestos lanzad; tomad las riendas
Del estado vosotros. Inmundicia
Tórnate tú, virginidad impúber,
Ante los ojos de tus mismos padres.
Deudores, no paguéis; vuestros cuchillos

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Rather than render back, out with your kni-
[ves,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound ser-
[vants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping
[sire
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbour-
[hood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!—Plagues incident to
[men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scia-
[tica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may
[halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our
[youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may
[strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy; breath infect breath;
That their society as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from
[thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than man-
[kind.
The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods
[all,
The Athenians both within and out that
[wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may
[grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!

Desénavinad, y degollad con ellos,
Antes de hacerlo, al que os prestó fianza.
Sirvientes, á robar, que son ladrones
Al por mayor vuestros severos amos,
Y al pillaje la ley los autoriza.
Doncella, de tu amo el lecho ocupa,
Que al lupanar marchóse tu señora.
Arrebata á tu cojo y viejo padre
La rehenchida muleta, mozalbete,
Y sáltale los sesos. Paz, justicia,
Piedad, respetos, religión, temores,
Misterios, amistad, verdad, descanso,
Cortesía, instrucción, comercio, clases,
Ritos, costumbres, leyes, disolveos,
Con lo que os es contrario confundíos;

¡Y viva el caos! Inficientes plagas,
Amontonad vuestras violentas fiebres
Sobre Atenas, madura para el golpe.
Tú, ciática helada, incapacita
Á nuestros Senadores, y claudiquen
Como claudican al cumplir sus cargos.

Apetito carnal, incontinenia,
Las almas y los tuétanos invade
De nuestra juventud; y, á la corriente
De la virtud opuesta, reluchando
Ahóguense en la crápula. Erupciones,
Tumores, invadid del Ateniense
El cuerpo, y lepra universal germine.
Con el aliento inféctese el aliento,
Á fin de que en ponzoña solamente
La sociedad, cual la amistad, se torne.
De ti la desnudez me llevo sólo,
Detestada ciudad, Quédate eso,
Con mis nunca agotadas maldiciones.
Huye al bosque Timón, y no habrá fiera
Que más humanidad que los humanos
No le demuestre. ¡Dioses soberanos!
Cuanto Ateniense exista dentro y fuera
De estas murallas que le confundido:
¡Oh dioses! concededme lo que os pido,
Y se agrande mi odio de manera
Que odie Timón la humanidad entera.

ACT IV.—SCENE III

Timon.

O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one
[womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several
[fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great
[fortune,

ACTO IV.—ESCENA III

Timón.

Bendito sol prolífico, sorbiendo
La humedad corrompida de la tierra,
La sublunar atmósfera inficiona.
Á dos gemelos de la misma entraña,
Que engendros, embriones, ó nacidos,
Tienen apenas diferencia alguna,
Haz que distinta suerte los separe:
Despreciará el que es más á aquel que es
[menos.
Nuestra naturaleza, á quien asedian

LXXXVII

Winter's Tale.

El Cuento de invierno.

ACT IV.—CHORUS

ACTO IV.—CORO

*Time.**El Tiempo.*

I,—that please some, try all; both joy and
Of good and bad; that make and unfold
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I
To the freshest things now reigning, and
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allow-
I turn my glass; and give my scene such
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies so griev-
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Flo-
I now name to you; and which speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a she-
And what to her adheres, which follows
Is the argument of time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly, you never may.

Yo, que, al brindar á muchos mis favo-
Pruebo á todos: de buenas y de malas
Yo, que disipo y que cometo errores,
Hoy, como tiempo, batiré mis alas.
Y no llevéis á mal que, en mi carrera,
Diez y seis años salte de un voleo
Sin explorar esa región siquiera;
Que tengo más poder que ley cualquiera,
Y las costumbres desarraigo y creo.
Tomadme como fui cuando no había
Ni antiguas reglas, ni presente gusto,
Que vi nacer, cual veo su agonía;
Como mi cuento juzgaréis vetusto.
Dándole, pues, á mi reloj de arena
Un vuelco, si me dais vuestro permiso,
Haré que corra rápida la escena,
Del sueño que estos años os cercena
Despertando vosotros de improviso.
Leontes los efectos, angustiado,
De aquellos celos tan injustos llora,
En soledad viviendo y retirado.
En cuanto á mí, juzgadme trasladado
Á la hermosa Bohemia, por ahora.
Allí un hijo del Rey sabéis que habita,
Que Floricel en este instante nombro.
Sólo debo deciros de Perdita
Que es tan graciosa ya, que es tan bonita,
Que su hermosura es verdadero asombro.
Su porvenir no indico. Lo que fuere
Ya lo sabréis si á divulgarlo llego.
Á la hija dé un pastor hoy se refiere
Este argumento. Lo demás que hubiere
Lo tendrá que aclarar el tiempo luego.
Pídoos perdón, si acaso en vuestra vida
El malgastar el tiempo os es extraño;
Mas si no, permitid que me despida
Yo mismo de vosotros, y que pida
Que nunca me gastéis con menos daño.

ACT IV.—SCENE III

Perdita.

Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring,
[that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and
[yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou
[let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and
[take
The winds of March with beauty; violets
[dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Pæbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet
[friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

ACTO IV.—ESCENA III

Perdita.

Ahora, mi dulce amigo, yo querría
Tener aquí primaverales flores,
A tu edad adecuadas. Y á la tuya
Y á la vuestra también, pues la pureza
En vuestros tallos virginales luce.
¡Oh Proserpina, quién tuviera ahora
Las flores que, asustada, caer dejaste
Del carro de Plutón! Esos narcisos,
Que aun á las golondrinas aventajan,
Y en flor afrontan al ventoso Marzo;
Ó esas violetas recatadas, pero
Más dulces que los párpados de Juno,
Ó la respiración de Citea;
Ó esas pálidas primulas, que mueren
Infecundas, no habiendo nunca visto
En todo su esplendor al áureo Febo,
Achaque tan común á las doncellas;
La corona-real, la vellorita,
Toda clase de lirios, inclusive
La flor de lis. Me faltan todas éstas
Para poder tejerte á ti guirnaldas.
¡Oh dulce amigo! y en total cubrirte.

LXXXVIII

Cymbeline.

ACT I.—SCENE III

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

Imogen.

I would thou grew'st unto shores o' the
[haven.
And question'dst every sail. If he should
[write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisano.

'Twas, «His queen, his queen!»

Imogen.

Then waved his handkerchief?

Cimbelino.

ACTO I.—ESCENA III

Entran IMÓGENES y PISANIO

Imógenes.

Ojalá te instalaras en el puerto
Y á todo buque hablases. Si escribiera
Y se perdiese ese papel, sería
Cual si obtenido indulto se perdiese.
¿De qué, dime, te hablaba al despedirte?

Pisano.

De su reina y su reina.

Imógenes.

Luego agitó? ¿Y el pañuelo

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Pisanio.

And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imogen.*Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?*Pisanio.*

No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat or handker-
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his [chief,
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd [mind
How swif this ship. [on,

Imogen.

Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisanio.

Madam, so I did.

Imogen.

I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd
To look upon him: till the diminution [them but
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my [needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a knat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good [Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pisanio.

Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imogen.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell [him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make [him swear,
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have [charged him

Pisanio.

Y aun lo besó, Señora.

Imógenes.

¡Lienzo insensible, en eso me ganaste!
¿Y nada más?

Pisanio.

No tal. Mientras juzgaba
Que yo con los oídos ó la vista
Podía distinguirlo, de la borda
Ya el sombrero, ya un guante, ya el pa- [ñuelo
Agitaba, mostrando los transperes
De su pecho al latir, cuán lentamente
Viajaba el alma y cuán aprisa el buque.

Imógenes.

Antes que de tu vista se perdiera,
Del tamaño de un cuervo ó algo menos,
De fijo lo verías.

Pisanio.

Sí, señora.

Imógenes.

De mis ojos las fibras, solamente
Para verlo, forzara y desgarrara
Hasta que la distancia, cual mi aguja
Me lo mostrase. Vaya. Lo siguiera
Hasta que ya, pequeño cual mosquito,
Se convirtiera en aire; pero entonces,
Apartando mis ojos, lloraría.
Mas dime, buen Pisanio, ¿cuándo juzgas
Que noticias tendremos?

Pisanio.

De seguro
Por la ocasión primera.

Imógenes.

Al despedirme de él, aun me restaban
Preciosísimas cosas que decirle.
Avisarle no pude que tendría
Sobre él tales y tales pensamientos
Á horas determinadas. Ni tampoco
Me juró que de Italia las mujeres
No hollarían mi honor ni mis derechos.
Ni hablé de que á las seis de la mañana,
Y al medio día, y á la media noche

At the sixth hour **mor**n, at noon, at mid-
[night,
To encounter me with orizons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
[father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the
[north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.

Lady.

The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imogen.

These things I bid you do, get them des-
[patch'd
I will attend the queen.

Pisanio.

Madam, I shall. (Exeunt.)

ACT III.—SCENE III

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS*Belarius.*

A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys:
[this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and
[bows you
To morning's holy office. The gates of mon-
[archs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet
[through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair
[heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so
[hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guiderius.

Hail, heaven!

Arviragus.

Hail, heaven!

Belarius.

Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yond hill,

Conmigo unir sus preces debería:
Que entonces para él me hallo en el Cielo.
Ni mi beso le di de despedida
Entre dos lindas frases engarzado,
Pues mi padre, cual cierzo furibundo,
Llegó segando en germen nuestras flores.

Entra una DAMA

Dama.

La Reina quiere ver á vuestra alteza.

Imógenes.

Los asuntos que dije, ve y despacha.
Á la Reina iré á ver.

Pisanio.

Lo haré, señora. (Vanse.)

ACTO III.—ESCENA III

Entran, saliendo de la cueva, BELARIO
y después GUIDERIO y ARVIRAGO*Belario.*

Con techos deprimidos cual los nuestros,
Bello es el día para huir de casa.
Agachaos, muchachos; esta puerta
Á adorar á los cielos nos obliga,
Y para el rezo matinal os postra.
Los arqueados pórticos de reyes
Tan altos son, que altivos los gigantes
Por ellos pasan con turbante impío,
Sin dar siquiera al sol los buenos días.
Salve, tú, cielo hermoso. Nuestra casa
Labramos en la roca, y, sin embargo,
Te tratamos con menos aspereza
Que más altivos seres.

Guiderio.

¡Cielo, Salve!

Arvirago.

¡Cielo, Salve!

Belario.

Á cazar á la montaña,

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Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.
 [Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off.
 And you may then revolve what tales I have
 [told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all thing we see:
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him that makes them
 [fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guidarius.

Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-
 [fledged,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest: nor
 [know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is
 [best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well correspon-
 [ding
 With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is,
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arviragus.

What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen
 [nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Belarius.

How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave as keep: whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that

Vamos, pues. A trepar por ese monte.
 Jóvenes pies tenéis. Yo, por el llano.
 Cuando estéis en la cumbre, y como cuer-
 [vo
 Me diviséis, pensad en que es el sitio
 Lo que achica y agranda; y las historias
 Entonces recordad que os he narrado
 De cortes, reyes y guerreros usos.
 Ahí servir no es servir porque se cumple,
 Sino en cuanto se estima. Si las cosas
 De esta manera contempláis, de todo
 Sacaréis enseñanza, y muchas veces
 Hay que admitir para consuelo nuestro
 Que en su escondrijo el vil escarabajo,
 Más que águila caudal seguro vive.
 Más noble es nuestra vida, que en espera
 Estar de humillaciones; más holgada
 Que recibiendo dádivas ocioso,
 Y más enaltecida, que vistiendo
 Crujiente seda que se debe acaso.
 Así el favor de aquel que los encumbra,
 Teniendo sin saldar sus cuentas, logran.
 No hay vida cual la nuestra.

Guiderio.

Tú discurre
 Con tu experiencia. Miseros polluelos
 Nosotros, al volar, nunca de vista
 Perdemos nuestro nido, é ignoramos
 Fuera de nuestro hogar qué viento sopla.
 Si la vida tranquila es conveniente,
 Acaso la mejor la nuestra sea.
 Muy grata para ti, que has conocido
 Otra más dura; y vida que se adapta
 A tu madura edad. Para nosotros,
 Esto es vivir en ignorada celda,
 Viajar dormidos, verse cual deudores,
 Sin poder dar un paso en una cárcel.

Arvirago.

Al ser viejos cual tú, ¿de qué hablaremos?
 ¿Al resonar la lluvia y la ventisca
 En el diciembre oscuro, de qué modo
 En nuestra cueva frígida podremos
 Pasar las largas horas conversando?
 Nada hemos visto. Somos casi fieras,
 Para entrapar astutos cual la zorra,
 Para apresar cual lobos luchadores.
 Animosos cazamos lo que vuela,
 Y convertimos nuestra jaula en coro,
 Cantando como el ave aprisionada.

Belario.

¡Cómo habláis! Conoceráis las usuras
 De la ciudad por experiencia propia,
 La intriga cortesana, tan difícil
 De evitar cual seguir, pues el que trepa
 Hacia la cumbre, de seguro cae,

The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of the [war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies [i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure. O boys, this [story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved [me:
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in [one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my [leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guiderius.

Uncertain favour!

Belarius.

My fault being nothing, (as I have told you [oft.)
But that two villains, whose false oaths pre- [vail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbe- [line,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty [years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been [my world:
Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the [mountains;
This is not hunters' language. He, that stri- [kes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in [the valleys.
(Exeunt Gui. and Arv.)
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the [king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though [train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts [do hit

Ó por camino va tan resbaloso,
Que su miedo equivale á su caída.
El afán de la guerra, que peligros
Buscando va constantemente en nombre
De honra y de gloria que perder se suelen
Al ir las á alcanzar, y su epitafio
Puede ser ya infamante, ya plausible.
Es más: á veces acto meritorio
Se censura. Peor. Es necesario
Doblar á la censura la rodilla.
¡Oh jóvenes! En mi tan triste historia
Puede el mundo leer. El cuerpo tengo
De romanas heridas señalado.
Como el que más gozaba de renombre.
Me estimó Cimbelino, y al hablarse
De un soldado, mi nombre resonaba.
Árbol era yo entonces que tenía
El ramaje rendido con su fruto;
Pero una noche una borrasca, un robo,
Llámesse como quiera, despojóme
De mis racimos. Sí, de mi follaje,
Dejándome desnudo á la intemperie.

Guiderio.

¡Privanza instable!

Belario.

No por culpa mía.
Á menudo os lo he dicho. Dos malvados
Á cuyos insidiosos juramentos
Más fe se dió que á mi perfecta honra,
Lograron convencer á Cimbelino
De que con los Romanos me entendía.
Siguióse mi destierro, y estas peñas
Y estos lugares hace veinte años

Que mi universo son. Aquí he vivido
Gozando honrada libertad, y al Cielo
Satisfaciendo las piadosas deudas
Que no pagaba en mi pasada vida.—
Mas, ¡sús! Á la montaña. No es lenguaje
De cazadores éste. Quien al ciervo

Primero hiera, del festín es amo.
Los otros dos serán sus servidores.
No habrá temor de que nos den ponzoña,
Lo que suele ocurrir en otros sitios
Más encumbrados. Os veré en el valle.
(Vanse Guiderio y Arvirago.)
De la naturaleza cuán difícil
Es ocultar las chispas. Que de reyes
Son hijos estos jóvenes no saben,
Ni Cimbelino sueña que están vivos.
Se juzgan míos, y aunque pobrementemente
Criados en la cueva en que se encorvan,
Los pensamientos suyos se levantan
Hasta los artesones de palacios,

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<p>The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts [them, In simple and low things, to prince it, much Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,— The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom The king his father called Guiderius,—Jove! When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly [out Into my story; say,—«Thus mine enemy fell, And thus I set my foot on's neck;»—even [then The princely blood flows in his cheek, he [sweats, Strains his young nerves, and puts himself [in posture That acts my words. The younger brother, [Cadwal, (Once, Arviragus), in as like a figure, Strikes life into my speech, and shews much [more His own conceiving. Hark! the game is [roused! O Cymbeline! Heaven, and my conscience, [knows, Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon, At three, and two, years old, I stole these [babes; Thinking to bar thee of succession, as Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile, Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for [their mother, And every day do honour to her grave; Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd, They take for natural father. The game is [up. (Exit.)</p>	<p>Y la Naturaleza les induce En pequeñeces y en humildes cosas, A mostrarse señores como nadie. Es este Polidoro el heredero De Cimbelino y de Bretaña, y era Guiderio por su padre apellidado. ¡Vive Jove! Sentado en mi banquillo Refiriendo mis bélicas empresas, El alma se le evade, y de mi historia Se apodera y exclama: «De este modo Mi enemigo cayó; mi pie le puse Así sobre su cuello», y se le agolpa La regia sangre á la mejilla, y suda, Y sus jóvenes fibras se contraen, En actos traduciendo mis palabras. Su hermano Cádwal, antes Arvirago, En actitud análoga da vida A mi discurso, y muestra claramente Sus pensamientos íntimos. La caza Ya han levantado. ¡Oh Cimbelino! el Cielo Y mi conciencia saben cuán injusto El desterrarme fué. Por tal motivo, A estos niños robé cuando tenían Uno tres años y otro dos, creyendo De sucesión privarte, cual de tierras Tú me desposeíste. Los criaste Tú, Euripila, y madre te juzgaron Y honran tu sepultura cada día; Y á mí, Belario, á quien hoy llaman Mór- [gan, Me juzgan padre. Ya la caza corre. (Vase.)</p>
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LXXXIX

Merry wives of Windsor.

Las alegres Comadres.

ACT V.—SCENA IV

ACTO V.—ESCENA IV

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; another person as Hobgoblin; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies; with waxen tapers on their heads.

Entran ÉVANS disfrazado de Sátiro, uno de Hujier de las Hadas, ANA PAJE de Reina de las Hadas con su hermano y otros vestidos de duendes y con cirios encendidos.

Anne.

Ana.

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white.
You moonshine revellers, and shades of
[night.
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—

Negras, grisáceas, verdes, blancas hadas,
¡Oh sombras, que de noche congregadas,
Á la luz de la luna os solazáis!
Huérfanas que heredáis
Por una eternidad destino amargo,

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o yes

Cumplid vuestra misión y vuestro cargo.
Llama á los duendes, Trasgo pregonero.*Hobgoblin.**Hujer.*

Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimeneys shalt thou
[leap;
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths
[unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Silencio, duendes, y pasemos lista,
Seres sùtiles. Grillo, tú, ligero
De Windsor, pasa á cada hogar revista;
Si alguno sin barrer y descuidado
Se presenta á tu vista,
Pellizca á la doncella de contado,
Y aun ponla verde. Nuestra reina her-
mosa
Detesta á la fregona perezosa.

*Falstaff.**Fálstaf.*

They are fairies; he that speaks to them
[shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works
[must eye.
(Lies down upon his face.)

¡Estos son duendes! Si les hablo muero.
Me haré el dormido. Ni aun mirarlos
[quiero.
(Se acuesta boca abajo.)

*Evans.**Évans.*

Where's Pead?—Go you, and where you find
[a maid,
That, ere she sleeps, has thrice her prayers
[said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their
[sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders,
[sides, and shins.

¿Y mostacilla? Tú, si ves doncella
Te sus nocturnas preces
Ha rezado tres veces,
Refrena al punto el pensamiento en ella,
Á fin de te se duerma destansada,
Tomo dnerme la infancia destuidada:
Mas, si durmiendo pillas
Á la te nunta piensa en sus petados,
Pellízcale las nalgas y espinillas,
Brazos, piernas, espaldas y tostados.

*Anne.**Ana.*

About, about:
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred
[room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious
[flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expresseure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers, purple, blue, and
[white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending
[knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charáctery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,

Id, id, y recorred por dentro y fuera
El castillo de Windsor. Buena suerte,
Trasgos, verted por la mansión entera.
Que hasta el Juicio final se encumbre
[fuerte,
Cual cuadra con la gloria del estado:
Del dueño digno como de él el dueño.
Restregad del estrado,
En amoroso empeño,
Con bálsamo y con flores aromadas
Las sillas del capítulo sagradas,
Para que en cada recepción que hubiere,
Todo escudo ó cimera,
Como blasón leal bendito fuere.
Hadas de la pradera,
Cantando alegres, vuestra danza siga
Sobre el césped, hollándolo de modo
Que un círculo formando como liga,
Más verde el alba esté que el campo todo:
Y el *Honi soit qui mal y pense* lo tracen
Mechones de esmeralda, que entrelacen
Purpúreas, blancas y azuladas flores,
Cual perlas y zafiros brilladores,
En la liga riquísima bordada

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Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Que el noble ostenta en la rodilla hincada.
Con flores á escribir el hada atina.
¡Idos, pues! ¡Dispersaos! Mas debemos
Antes bailar aquí, no lo olvidemos,
En torno de la encina
De Hernes el cazador, hasta la una.

*Evans.**Évans.*

Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay. I smell a man of middle earth.

Permitidme te en círculo os reuna.
Todos al árbol setular circunden.
Mientras veinte luciérnagas difunden
Su tibia luz, bailemos.
Mas tietos. Novedad atí tenemos.
Á un ser del mundo terrenal me ha olido.

*Hobgoblin.**Hujier.*

Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy
[birth.

¡Gusano vil, naciste maldecido!

*Anne.**Ana.*

With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Á la prueba del fuego
Es necesario someterlo luego.
De cada dedo á la sensible yema,
Fuego aplicada; si es casto,
Ser no podrá de nuestras llamas pasto;
Mas, si brinca y se quema
Y no las puede soportar sereno,
Prueba es que tiene corazón de cieno.

*Hobgoblin.**Hujier.*

A trial, come.

¡La prueba!

*Evans.**Évans.*

Come, will this wood take fire?
(They burn him with their tapers.)

¡Vamos! ¿Y este leño arde?
(Queman á Fálstaf con los cirios.)

*Falstaff.**Fálstaf.*

Oh, oh, oh!

¡Ay, ay, ay!

*Anne.**Ana.*

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

¡Es alma corrompida, corrompida,
Que de vicios inmundos hace alarde!
¡Trasgos, á él, bailando con medida
Y cantando á compás canción burlesca
Sigamos, pellizcándole, la gresca!
(Canción.)
Mal haya pasión que afrenta,
Mal haya la vil lujuria,
Llama indigna, que con furia
El corazón alimenta.
La impureza en él la enciende;
La imaginación la aventa
Y la hoguera se acrecienta
Y se agiganta y extiende.
¡Pellizcadle, trasgos! Á él, y á porfía

(Song.)
Fye on sinful fantasy!
Fye on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and
[higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;

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Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine (During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff.)	[about, [be out. Pellizcadle, y purgue su gran villanía. ¡Quemadle, quemadle sin lástima alguna! Mientras luz den cirios, estrellas ó luna! (Mientras dura la canción, los duendes pa- lilizcan á Fálstaf.)
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XC

Taming of the Shrew.

La Fiera domada.

ACT I.—SCENA II

ACTO I.—ESGENA II

*Petruchio.**Petruchio.*

I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Sé que es áspera, discola y gruñona;
Si es eso nada más, me importa poco.

*Gremio.**Gremio.*

No, say 'st me so, friend? What countryman?

¿Eso, amigo, decís? ¿Dónde nacisteis?

*Petruchio.**Petruchio.*

Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

En Verona, y Antonio fué mi padre.
Y, habiendo muerto, su fortuna es mía,
Y una vida feliz y larga espero.

*Gremio.**Gremio.*

O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
But, if you have a stomach to't, o' God's
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Sería vida tal, con tal esposa,
Extraño caso. Mas, teniendo agalias,
En el nombre de Dios, señor, á ello,
Y yo os ayudaré; pero de veras,
¿A esa gata montés haréis la corte?

*Petruchio.**Petruchio.*

Will I live?

¿Haré yo por vivir?

*Gremio.**Gremio.*

Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
(Aside.)

(Aparte.) ¡La corte! ¡Vaya!
Como no se la hiciere, yo la ahorco.

*Petruchio.**Petruchio.*

Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard

¿Aquí, cuál otro asunto me conduce?
¿Pensáis que mis oídos atolondran
Un poco de ruido? ¿Por ventura
No he escuchado el rugir de los leones?
¿No he escuchado á la mar, que agita el
Bramar cual jabalí cuando rebudia
Cubierto de sudor y furibundo?
¿No he escuchado al cañón en los comba-
tes,
Y del cielo tronar la artillería?
¿No he escuchado en el campo de batalla

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Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
[clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Tocar rebato, relinchar corceles,
Sonar clarines, y venís á hablarme
De lengua femenil, que en los oídos
La mitad del estrépito produce,
Que una castaña en un hogar modesto?
¡Bah, bah! Se asusta á chicos con fantas-
[mas.

ACT II.—SCENA I

Petruchio.

I pray you do, I will attend her here,—
(Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.)
And woo her with some spirit when she co-
[mes.
Say, that she rail,—why, then I'll tell her
[plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say, that she frown,—I'll say, she looks as
[clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word,—
Then, I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence;
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be
[married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio,
[speak.
(Enter Katharina.)
Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I
[hear.

Katharina.

Well have you heard, but something hard of
[hearing;
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Petruchio.

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the
[curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my supper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore,
[Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation.—
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty soun-
[ded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs.)
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Katharina.

Moved! in good time: let him that moved
[you hither,

ACTO II.—ESCENA I

Petruchio.

Enviádmela, pues. Aquí la espero.
(Vanse Batista, Gremio, Tranio y Hortensio.)
Con valor cortejarla me propongo
Al verla. Supongamos que regaña;
Pues bien, le digo entonces claramente
Que el ruiseñor no tiene voz más dulce.
Que me mira con ceño supongamos;
Pues le diré que su risueño aspecto
Es el de rosa matinal que cubre
Fresco rocío. Suponed que calla
Y que no dice ni esta boca es mía;
En ese caso, por locuaz la encomio,
Diciendo que avasalla su elocuencia.
Si liar el petate me ordenara,
Las gracias le daré cual si ordenare
Quedarme una semana al lado suyo.
Si á casarse se niega, ¿cuándo, digo,
Las amonestaciones se publican,
Y cuándo se celebra el casamiento?
Pero aquí está. Petruchio, vamos, habla.
(Entra Catalina.)
Buenos días, Catana; vuestro nombre,
Según oigo ése es.

Catalina.

Oís, sin duda;
Pero acaso seréis tardo de oído.
Al hablarme, me llaman Catalina.

Petruchio.

Mentís á fe. Catana á secas todos.
Gentil Catana, ó la Catana adusta
Alguna vez que otra, pero siempre
Catana. La Catana más bonita
Que hay en la Cristiandad. Vos, la Catana
Sois de villa Catana, y exquisito
Bocado que catara es mi Catana.
Catana, pues. Catana de mi vida,
Oíd. Oir encomios dondequiera
De vuestro buen carácter y virtudes,
Y pregonar vuestra beldad la fama,
Aun cuando no del modo merecido,
La mano vuestra á recabar me mueve.

Catalina.

«Os mueve.» Bien. Pues quien mover os
[hace

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first, You were a moveable.	Hasta llegar aquí, moviendo os siga. Que erais un mueble conocí al momento.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Why, what's a moveable?	Qué es un mueble decid.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
A joint-stool.	Cualquier zoquete.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.	Decis muy bien. Sentaos, pues, encima.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Asses are made to bear, and so are you.	Como vos llevan carga los jumentos.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Women are made to bear, and so are you.	Como vos carga llevan las mujeres.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.	No seré yo el rocín que ha de llevaros.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee: For, knowing the to be but young and light,—	No quiero yo que me llevéis, Catana, Pues harto joven sois y deleznable.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Too light for such a swain as you to catch; And yet as heavy as my weight should be.	Muy deleznable para ser cogida Por un rústico tal; y sin embargo, Yo no pretendo cercenar mi peso.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Should be? should buz.	Pero sin duda pretendéis cerniros.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.	Muy bien por el cernícalo.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take [thee?	Mas ¿cómo ¡Oh tórtola! un cernícalo os atrapa?
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.	Pues. Me toma por tórtola el cernícalo.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too [angry.	Vamos, vamos, avispa. Francamente, Harto enojada estáis.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
If I be waspish, best beware my sting.	Pues si avispada Juzgáis que estoy, de mi aguijón guar- [daos.

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<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
My remedy is then, to pluck it out.	Arrancarlo es entonces mi remedio.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.	Sí, si el menguado donde está supiera.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his [sting? In his tail.	¿Pero no saben todos dónde tienen Su aguijón las avispas? En la cola.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
In his tongue.	En la lengua.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Whose tongue?	¿De quién?
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.	Pues en la vuestra, Aunque suele apearse por la cola; Y por lo tanto, adiós.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, [come again, Good Kate; I am a gentleman	¿Cuando aun colea Tanto el asunto? De manera alguna. Permaneced aquí, gentil Catana. Un caballero soy. (Deteniéndola.)
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
That I'll try.	Ya lo veremos.
(Striking him.)	(Golpeándole.)
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.	Os juro que he de daros un cachete Si volvéis á pegarme.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
So may you lose your arms. If you strike me, you are no gentleman; And if no gentleman, why then no arms.	Vuestro escudo, Pues pretendéis pasar por caballero, Cachos haréis con esa cachetina.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.	¿Queréis que aprenda heráldica, Catana? Enseñadme.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
What is your crest? a coxcomb?	¿Cuál es vuestra cimera? ¿Un gallo con su cresta?
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.	Descrestado. Y así seréis, Catana, mi gallina.

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<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.	Gallo mfo jamás quien se amilana.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Nay, come, Kate, come you must not look [so sour.	Catana, vamoá, vamos. Es preciso Tan áspera no ser.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
It is my fashion, when I see a crab.	Es mi costumbre Con lo que es toско.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not [sour.	Tosque'ad ninguna Existe aquí; por tanto, la aspereza Deberais depouer.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
There is, there is.	Existe, existe.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Then shew it me.	Véala yo.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Had I a glass, I would.	Tuviera aquí un espejo.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
What, you mean my face?	¿A mi rostro aludís?
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Well aim'd of such a young one.	Es cierto, joven.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Now, by Saint George, I am too young for [you.	Harto joven ¡pardiez! se me figura Soy para vos.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
Yet you are wither'd.	No obstante, estáis marchito.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
'Tis with cares.	Con cuidados.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
I care not.	Me tiene sin cuidado.
<i>Petruchio.</i>	<i>Petruchio.</i>
Nay, hear you. Kate; in sooth, you scape not [so.	Escuchadme, Catana. De este modo No me vais á eludir.
<i>Katharina.</i>	<i>Catalina.</i>
I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.	Si aquí me quedo, Os enfureceré. Dejad que parta.

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Petruchio.

No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
 Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and
 [sullen
 And now I find report a very liar;
 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
 [courteous;
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
 [flowers;
 Thou cans't not frown, thou cans't not look
 [askance,
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy
 [woers,
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.
 Why does the world report that Kate doth
 [limp?
 O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-
 [twig,
 Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
 As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
 O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Katharina.

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Petruchio.

Did ever Dian so become a grove,
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sport-
 [ful!

Katharina.

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petruchio.

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Katharina.

A wity mother! witless else her son.

Petruchio.

Am I not wise?

Katharina.

Yes, keep your warm.

Petruchio.

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
 [bed:
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Petruchio.

Ni lo soñéis. Sois en extremo amable;
 Áspera, de mal genio, y desdefiosa
 Me aseguraron que erais; pero veo
 Que esos rumores mienten, pues os hallo
 Política, jovial y encantadora.
 Medís vuestras palabras, y adorable
 Sois cual la flor que da la primavera.
 Con ceño no miráis ni de reojo,
 Ni sabéis, cual la joven iracunda,
 Vuestro labio morderos, ni os complace
 Contradecir si os hablan; al contrario.
 Acogéis cordialmente al que os halaga,

Y conversáis con él tierna y afable.
 Pero ¿por qué las malas lenguas dicen
 Que cojea Catana? ¡Mundo indigno!
 No hay rama de avellano más derecha
 Ni más flexible: ese color moreno
 El de su fruta es, y sois más dulce
 Que el interior de la avellana misma.
 Vamos, andad. No cojeéis, de fijo.

Catalina.

Id á mandar á quien os sirva, necio.

Petruchio.

¿Lució jamás Diana allá en el bosque
 Como luce Catana en este cuarto
 Con ese porte regio? Vos Diana
 Debéis ser, y Catana que ella sea;
 Y la casta Catana, de ese modo
 Seréis, y ella la jovial Diana.

Catalina.

¿Dónde aprendisteis tan gentil arenga?

Petruchio.

Lo concibió mi ingenio de repente.

Catalina.

¡Vos para concebir tener ingenio!

Petruchio.

¿No soy discreto yo?

Catalina.

Pues arropaos.

Petruchio.

En vuestro lecho, hermosa Catalina.
 Por lo tanto, dejando ya esta charla,
 Hablemos formalmente. Vuestro padre.

Thus in plain terms.—Your father has con-
That you shall be my wife; your dowry
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Ha consentido en que seáis mi esposa.
Ha quedado arreglado vuestro dote
Y «Nolens volens» por mujer os tomo.
Soy, Catana, el marido que os conviene.
Porque por esa luz que iluminando
Está vuestra belleza, esa belleza
Que cautivo me tiene, con ninguno
Os tenéis que casar sino conmigo.
Catana, yo nací para domaros,
Y de fiera gata-na, en la más mansa
Cata-na convertiros me propongo.
Vuestro padre se acerca. Recusarme
No pretendáis. Yo quiero. Me es preciso
Obtener por esposa á Catalina.

ACT V.—SCENE II

Katharina.

Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow!
And dart not scornful glances from those
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled.
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in storms, the day in
While thou liest warm at home, secure and
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where they are bound to serve, love and
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and

ACTO V.—ESCENA II

Catalina.

¡Bah, bah! Desarrugad el ceño ése
Tan amenazador, tan iracundo,
Y no lancéis miradas desdefiosas,
Hiriendo á vuestros reyes y señores.
Aja vuestra belleza cual la escarcha
Seca el verdor del prado, y arruina
Vuestro buen nombre, como el cierzo aba-
Al rebramar, lindísimos capullos;
Y además, no está bien ni os corresponde.
Iracunda mujer es, como fuente
Que corre turbulenta y enfangada,
Sin beldad, repelente y sin encantos;
Y estando así, ni el hombre más sediento
De ella una gota beberá siquiera.
Es vuestro esposo el amo, es vuestra vida,
Es vuestro guardián, es vuestro jefe,
Es el rey vuestro. Tiene que cuidaros
Y manteneros. Él su cuerpo expone
Á los riesgos del mar y de la tierra,
Y soporta de noche la borrasca,
Y la nevada al despuntar el día,
Mientras estáis junto al hogar vosotras,
Abrigadas y á salvo, y no pretende
Recibir de vosotras más tributo
Que vuestro amor, un rostro placentero
Y sincera obediencia. Poca cosa
Para pagarles deuda tan crecida.
Lo que á su rey le debe su vasallo,
Eso debe una esposa á su marido.
Si es díscola, iracunda, dura y acre,
¿En qué se diferencia del rebelde
Y del traidor hacia su rey querido?
Averguénzome yo de que debiendo
La mujer suplicar la paz de hinojos,
Necia, la guerra á proclamar aspire,
Ó desee poder, supremacía,
Y gobernar cuando servir le toca,
Y amar y obedecer. ¿Por qué motivo
Es nuestro cuerpo frágil, delicado,

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Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for

frown:

But now, I see, our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past
[compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's

[foot:

In token of which duty if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Para la lucha de la vida impropio,
Sino porque es preciso que concuerden
Con organización tan deleznable
Carácter blando y corazón amable?
¡Venid, venid, gusanos impotentes!
Mi alma fué tan altiva cual la vuestra,
Tan audaz corazón también tenía,
Y aun más atrevimiento que vosotras
Para volver ofensa por ofensa,
Y á un ceño contestar con otro ceño.
Mas vi que són de caña nuestras lanzas;
Debilidad tan sólo nuestros bríos;
Y esa debilidad incomparable,
Pues mientras más aparecer ansiamos,
Más débiles entonces nos mostramos.
Deponed vuestro orgullo, que es forzoso
El deponerlo siempre ante el esposo.
Cumplid obligaciones sacrosantas;
Las manos colocad bajo sus plantas.
Cumpliendo este deber, mi mano yace
Ahora á sus pies, si mi humildad le place.

XCI

Troilus and Cressida.

Troilo y Crésida.

ACT III.—SCENE III

ACTO III.—ESCENA III

ACHILLES and ULYSSES

AQUILES y ULISES

*Achilles.**Aquiles.*

What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
[fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declin-
[ed is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butter-
[flies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the sum-
[mer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those ho-
[nours
That are without him, as place, riches, fa-
[vour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which when they fall, as being slippery
[standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together;
Die in the fall. But, 'tis not so with me;
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,

¡Tan poco valgo ya! Cuando la suerte
Abandona á los grandes, de seguro,
Los mortales también los abandonan.

Antes descubre en los ajenos ojos
Lo que es el que cayó que en su caída.
Porque los hombres son cual mariposas,
Que al verano no más sus alas batien.
No hay hombre á quien se honre por ser

[hombre,

Honores á él ajenos lo enaltecen,
Cual la cuna, el favor ó las riquezas;
Que del azar cual del valer son premios.
Si esos soportes tan inestables caen,
El inestable cariño que se apoya
En ellos también cae; y todo ello
Conjuntamente se desploma y muere.
¡Conmigo eso no reza! La fortuna
Y yo somos amigos. Gozo ahora
Con toda plenitud cuanto he tenido,
Si el favor de esos hombres se exceptúa;
Quienes en mí, quizás, han descubierto

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VERSIONES.—XCI.

Save these men's looks; who do methinks,
[find out
Something not worth in me such rich be-
[holding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulysses.

Now, great Thetis' son?

Achilles.

What are you reading?

Ulysses.

A strange fellow here
Writes me. That man—how dearly ever-
[parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he
[hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but my reflec-
[tion;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achilles.

This is not strang, Ulysses,
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself,
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself,
Nor going from itself; but eye to eye oppos-
[ed
Salutes each other with each other's form,
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there,
Where it may see itself. This is not strange
[at all.

Ulysses.

I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much con-
[sisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for
[aught,
Till he behold them form'd in the applause,
Where they are extended; which like an
[arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun; receives and renders back

Ulyses.

¡Hola, insigne

Hijo de Tetis!

Aquiles.

Dime, ¿qué lees?

Ulyses.

Esto me escribe un ente extravagante:—
Que «el hombre por dotado que se en-
[cuenta
En su exterior ó su interior, altivo
No debe pregonar sus cualidades;
Porque no puede percibir sus dotes
Si no por reflexión. Esas virtudes
Sobre otros brillan y calor les prestan;
Y, á su vez, estos el calor devuelven
Al primitivo bienhechor.»

Aquiles.

Ulyses,
Eso no es nuevo. La beldad del rostro,
Por el dueño ignorada, se evidencia
Á ojos ajenos. Ni aun el ojo mismo,
El órgano más fino de entre todos,
Á sí propio se ve, ni de sí sale.
Mas si un ojo se mira en otro ojo,
Salúdanse, su forma contemplando,
Porque á nosotros mismos no nos vemos
Hasta que de nosotros no salimos,
Y reflejada vemos nuestra imagen.
En eso yo veo nada extraño.

Ulyses.

No recalco la tesis—que es ya vieja,—
Pero sí la intención de quien escribe;
Pues ampliamente prueba que de nada
Puede ser dueño nadie en absoluto;
Aunque en sí mismo y fuera de sí mismo
Mucho tuviere, mientras no divida
Con los demás sus propias cualidades.
Nunca podrá saber lo que éstas valen
Hasta que, destacadas, no las vea
Cuando tomaren cuerpo en el aplauso.
Bóveda que el sonido repercute,
Puerta de acero por el sol herida
Que al sol devuelve su calor é imagen.
Esto me preocupaba grandemente,

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His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
[this;

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what

[things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-

[morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon
[him,

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men
[do,

While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's
[hall,

While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even al-

[ready
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achilles.

I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds
[forgot?

Ulysses.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
[devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to
[hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
[way

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the
[path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: then what they
[do in present,

Y vino al punto mismo á mi memoria

El ignorado Ayáx.

¡Y vaya un hombre, cielos!—Un caballo,
Que ni sabe siquiera lo que carga.

¡Naturaleza! ¡Cuántas cosas vemos
Que se tienen en poco y valen mucho!

¡Cuántas, por otra parte, que se estiman
Y de valor escaso!—Pues mañana

Hemos de ver (es cosa que la suerte
Pone en su senda) á Ayáx con nombradía.
¡Oh cielos! ¡Lo que algunos hombres ha-

[cen,
Y lo que dejan sin hacer algunos!

¡Cómo de la fortuna caprichosa

En el palacio algunos se introducen,
Mientras papel de tontos otros hacen!

La gloria de un mortal otro se come,
Porque la gloria envanecida ayuna.

¡Son de ver estos príncipes de Grecia!
Hoy ya pasan la mano y acarician

Á ese bruto de Ayáx, cual si tuviese
La planta sobre el pecho de Héctor puesta
Y Troya retemblara.

Aquiles.

Verdad es eso. Junto á mí pasaron
Como pasa el avaro ante el mendigo.
Ni palabra cortés me dirijieron;
Ni un saludo. ¿Se olvidan mis proezas?

Ulises.

Camina con alforjas á la espalda
El tiempo, y allí vierte las limosnas
Que recogiendo va para el olvido:
Para la ingratitud; para ese monstruo
Gigantesco, que estima cual mendrugos

Las heroicas proezas ya pasadas,
Que no bien se ejecutan se devoran,
Y que apenas se hicieron se olvidaron.

Perseverar es lo que brillo imprime
Á nuestra fama. Lo que queda hecho
Es la cota enmohecida que se cuelga
Cual recuerdo irrisorio. Los instantes

Aprovechemos, que la gloria marcha
Por vía tan angosta, que uno solo
Puede por ella caminar de frente.

Ni hay que perder la senda, que mil hijos
Tiene la envidia y en tropel os siguen.

Si os detenéis, ó del camino recto
Os desviáis, cual crece la marea,
Impetuosos, todos se abalanzan
Y á la zaga os veréis.

Corcel caído en la primera fila,
De retaguardia vil seréis alfombra;
Y atropellado allí, pisoteado;

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
 For time is like a fashionable host, [yours:
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by
 And with his arms outstretch'd as he would [the hand;
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles, [fly,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not vir- [tue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world [kin—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born [gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of [things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete [man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye.
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on [thee.
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in the tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of [late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods [themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achilles.

Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulysses.

But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical:
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Achilles.

Ha! known?

Ulysses.

Is that a wonder?
 The providence that 's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold:
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps

Y lo que luego, de presente, hagan,
 Aunque no iguale á lo que vos hicisteis,
 Lo eclipsará; que el mundo es como el [huésped,
 Que apenas da la mano al que se ausenta,
 Y, como si volara, abre los brazos
 Á aquel que llega recibiendo en ellos.
 Para las bienvenidas las sonrisas:
 Para las despedidas los suspiros.
 ¡Oh! pretender el mérito no debe
 Por lo que un tiempo fué, premio ninguno,
 Porque ingenio, belleza,
 Alta cuna, vigor, merecimientos,
 El amor, la amistad, la tolerancia,
 Cualidades son todas que dependen
 De la envidia y calumnia de este mundo.
 De la naturaleza un solo rasgo
 En prójimo convierte al mundo entero.
 Todos, con voz unánime, celebran
 Noveles fruslerías, aunque fueren
 Batidas en los moldes del pasado;
 Y ensalzan más al polvo que se dora
 Que al oro que se empolva levemente.
 Para los ojos de lo actual, encomios
 Merece lo actual. Por eso mismo,
 Hombre grande y perfecto, no te asombre
 Que á Ayáx los griegos' príncipes aplau- [dan;
 Pues se percibe más lo que se mueve
 Que lo que está en reposo. Te aclamaron
 En otro tiempo á ti. Te aclamarían
 Ahora también. Tornaran á aclamarte
 Si no quisieras sepultarte vivo,
 Y en esa tienda encajonar tu fama.
 Tú que hace poco en estas mismos cam- [pos
 Con tus gloriosos hechos provocaste
 Entre los altos Dioses la discordia,
 Y al gran Marte indujiste á rebeldía.

Aquiles.

De mi abstención son grandes los moti- [vos.

Ulyses.

Mas los motivos para no abstenerse
 Aun más heroicos son y poderosos.—
 De una hija de Priamo prendado
 Se sabe estás, Aquiles.

Aquiles.

¡Ah! se sabe.

Ulyses.

¿Acaso es maravilla?
 La activa previsión de todo estado
 Conoce cuantos granos atesora
 De oro Plutón. Abismos increíbles

VERSIONES.—XCII.

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Keeps place with thought, and almost like
[the gods
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with
[Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord:
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at
[home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her
[trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping
[sing,—
«Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.»
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
[break.

Sondea, y adivina pensamientos;
Y en su callada cuna los descubre
Como los Dioses casi. Fuerza oculta,
Que no se atreve á describir la historia,
Hay en el alma de un estado, y tiene
Más divinal poder del que es posible
Expresé la palabra ni la pluma.
Lo que tú hiciste con respecto á Troya
Tan es nuestro cual tuyo; y cuadraría
Mejor á Aquiles que venciera á un Héctor,
Que á Polixena. Y Pirro, que en sus lares
Ahora está, con dolor oirá, sin duda,
Resonar la trompeta de la fama
En nuestras islas, y á doncellas griegas
Estas palabras entonar bailando,
«Vence de Héctor Aquiles á la hermana,
Á Héctor, Ayáx con fuerza sobrehumana.»
Pásalo bien. Yo te hablo como amigo.
Á un necio deslizarse dejarías
Por hielo que romper tú deberías.

XCII

King John.

El Rey Juan.

ACT III. — SCENE IV

ACTO III.—ESCENA IV

CONSTANCE, KING PHILIP and PANDULPH

CONSTANZA, REY FELIPE
y el CARDENAL PANDOLFO*Constance.**Constanza.*

No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that, which ends all counsel, true re-
[dress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household
[worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome
[dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou
[smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love.
O, come to me.

No. Ni pido consejos, ni consuelo.
Lo que termina los consejos todos:
Eso no más: el único consuelo.
Morir, morir. ¡Oh, grata y dulce muerte,
Perfume infecto, sana podredumbre,
Deja tu lecho nocturnal y eterno,
Odio y terror de quien feliz se halla;
Ven, besaré tus huesos detestados,
Pondré en tus huecas órbitas mis ojos,
Y anillos tus gusanos familiares
Serán para mis dedos. De mi aliento
El paso atascaré tu polvo inmundo,
Y esqueleto seré cual tú medroso.
Ven. Gestéame, tú. Que te sonrías
Creeré, y te besaré cual tierna esposa.
¡Oh amor del desdichado, ven, te pido!

*King Philip.**Rey.*

O fair affliction, peace.

Bella afligida, calma.

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As they have given these hairs their liberty!>
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in
[heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male
[child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And close the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
And dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he 'll die. and, rising so again;
When I shall meet him in the court of hea-
[ven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pandulph.

You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Constance.

He talks to me that never had a son.

King Philip.

You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Constance,

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his
[form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief!
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
(Tearing off her head-dress).

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O, lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

Como dan libertad á estos cabellos!>
Mas de su libertad ya tengo envidia
Y me decido á atarlos nuevamente,
Porque está prisionero el hijo mío.—
Y, padre Cardenal, vos me dijisteis
Que reconoceremos en el cielo
Á los que amamos; y, si cierto fuere,
He de volver á verlo de seguro;
Y ni desde Caín, primer nacido,
Hasta él, que ayer mismo respiraba,
Ha existido criatura más hermosa;
Mas el gusano del sufrir hoy roe
Mi acapullada flor, de sus mejillas
Ahuyentando la ingénita belleza.
La delgadez ya ostenta de un espectro,
La lividez sombría de la fiebre;
Y así se va á morir, y cuando vaya
Resucitado á la celeste corte,
No lo he de conocer al encontrarlo;
Y así jamás, jamás podré yo nunca
Tornar á ver á mi precioso Arturo.

El Cardenal.

Respeto atroz vuestro dolor os causa.

Constanza.

Hijo no tuvo quien así predica.

El Cardenal.

Cual el hijo el dolor os enamora.

Constanza.

Es el dolor lo que el espacio llena
De mi hijo ausente; quien su lecho ocupa,
Quien va y viene conmigo á todas partes,
Quien su expresión preciosa reproduce,
Quien me está repitiendo sus palabras,
Quien llena con su cuerpo sus vestidos,
Y sus múltiples gracias me recuerda.
¡Para amar al dolor motivos tengo!
Pasadlo bien. Si pérdida tan grande
Tuvierais vos cual la que yo he tenido,
Mejor que vos á mí yo os consolara.—
(Desatándose el cabello.)
¡Adornos no soporta mi cabeza,
Cuando desorden tal reina en mi mente!
¡Ay Dios! ¡Arturo! ¡Hijo! ¡Niño hermoso!
¡Mi vida! ¡Mi delicia! ¡Mi alimento!
¡De mi viudez sostén! ¡Mi todo el mundo,
Y la cura de todos mis pesares!

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XCIII

ENGLISH LYRICS

THE LOVER PRAISETH THE BEAUTY OF HIS LADY'S HAND

O Goodly hand!
Wherein doth stand
My heart distract in pain;
Dear hand, alas!
In little space
My life thou dost restrain.

O fingers slight!
Desparted right,
So long, so small, so round;
Goodly begone,
And yet a bone
Most cruel in my wound.

With lilies white
And roses bright
Doth strain thy colour fair;
Nature did lend
Each finger's end
A pearl for to repair.

Consent at last,
Since that thou hast
My heart in thy demain,
For service true
On me to rue,
And reach me love again.

And if not so,
There with more woe
Enforce thyself to strain
This simple heart,
That suffered smart,
And rid it out of pain.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542).

AMANTUM IRÆ AMORIS REDINTEGRATIO EST

In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept:
She sighed sore and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,

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She rocked it and rated it, till that on her it smiled:
Then did she say now have I found this proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

Then took I paper pen and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain, of such a worthy wight:
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place whereas she sat.
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love, without discord and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

She said that neither king nor prince, nor lord could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove their manhood and their might.
When manhood shall be matched so, that fear can take no place,
Then weary works make warriors each other to embrace,
And left their force that failed them, which did consume the rout,
That might before have lived their time, and nature out:
Then did she sing as one that thought no man could her reprove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

She said she saw no fish nor fowl, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a taunt:
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they feed,
So noble nature can well end the work she hath begun,
And bridle well that will not cease, her tragedy in some:
Thus in song she oft rehearsed, as did her well behove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

I marvel much pardy quoth she, for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, beast, to toss the world about:
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some cheek, and some can smoothly smile.
And some embrace others in arm, and there think many awile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are they never friends in deed, until they once fall out:
Thus ended she her song, and said before she did remove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.

RICHARD EDWARDS (1523-1566).

XCIV.—THE LULLABY OF A LOVER

Sing lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child;
And, if I be not much beguiled,
Full many a wanton babe have I,
Which must be stilled with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed:
For crooked age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby then youth be still;
With lullaby content thy will;
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep and so beguile thy mind!

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VERSIONES.—XCV.

Next, lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace;
For every glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton will;
Let reason's rule now rein thy thought;
Since all too late I find by skill
How dear I have thy fancies bought;
With lullaby now take thine ease;
With lullaby thy doubts appease;
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Eke lullaby my loving boy,
My little robin take thy rest;
Since age is cold and nothing coy,
Keep close thy coin, for so is best.
With lullaby be thou content:
With lullaby thy lusts relent.
Let others pay which have more pence;
Thou art too poor for such expense.

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was:
I can no more delays devise;
But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE (1535?-1577).

XCV.—CORYDON'S SUPPLICATION TO PHILLIS

Sweet Phillis, if a silly swain,
May sue to thee for grace;
See not thy loving shepherd slain,
With looking on thy face.
But think what power thou hast got,
Upon my flock and me;
Thou seest they now regard me not,
But all do follow thee.
And if I have so far presum'd,
With prying in thine eyes;
Yet let not comfort be consum'd,
That in thy pity lies.
But as thou art that Phillis fair,
That Fortune favour gives;
So let not Love die in despair,
That in thy favour lives.
The deer do browse upon the brier,
The birds do pick the cherries;
And will not Beauty grant Desire
One handful of her berries?

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If it be so that thou hast sworn
That none shall look on thee;
Yet let me know thou dost not scorn
To cast a look on me.
But if thy beauty make thee proud,
Think then what is ordain'd;
The heavens have never yet allow'd
That Love should be disdain'd.
Then lest the fates that favour Love,
Should curse thee for unkind;
Let me report for thy behoof,
The honour of thy mind;
Let Corydon with full consent,
Set down what he hath seen;
That Phillida with Love's content,
Is sworn the Shepherd's Queen.

NICHOLAS BRETON (1542-1626?).

XCVI.—MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind doth serve for all.
I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.
Content I live, this is my stay,
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.
Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.
I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

VERSIONES.—XCVIII.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will;
 Their treasure is their only trust,
 A cloked craft their store of skill.
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.
 My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 My conscience clear my choice defence;
 I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offence:
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so well as I.

SIR EDWARD DYER (1550?-1607).

XCVII. DISPRAISE OF LOVE, AND LOVERS' FOLLIES

If love be life, I long to die,
 Live they that list for me:
 And he that gains the most thereby,
 A fool at least shall be.
 But he that feels the sorest fits,
 'Scapes with no less than loss of wits.
 Unhappy life they gain,
 Which love do entertain,
 In day by feigned looks they live,
 By lying dreams in night;
 Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
 Each smile a false delight.
 If't hap their lady pleasant seem,
 It is for others' love they deem:
 If void she seem of joy,
 Disdain doth make her coy.
 Such is the peace that lovers find,
 Such is the life they lead,
 Blown here and there with every wind,
 Like flowers in the mead.
 Now war, now peace, now war again,
 Desire, despair, delight, disdain,
 Though dead in midst of life,
 In peace and yet at strife.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618).

XCVIII.—MADRIGAL

The earth late chocked with showers
 Is now arrayed in green;
 Her bosom springs with flowers,
 The air dissolves her teen,
 The heavens laugh at her glory:
 Yet bide I sad and sorry.
 The woods are decked with leaves,
 And trees are clothed gay,
 And Flora crowned with sheaves
 With oaken boughs doth play:
 Where I am clad in black,
 The token of my wrack.

VERSIONES.—C.

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The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices:
When I whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.
The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have:
They free, I thrall: they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

THOMAS LODGE (1557?-1625?).

XCIX.—DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FAIR SHEPHERDESS SAMELA

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa fount they lie,
Is fair Samela.
As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love;
Is fair Samela.
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancies move;
Shines fair Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory,
Of fair Samela.
Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony,
Thus fair Samela.
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela.
Pallas in wit, all three you well may view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

ROBERT GREENE (1560?-1592).

C. — LIFE

The World's a bubble; and the life of man
Less than a span:
In his conception wretched; from the womb,
So to the tomb:
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years,
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail Mortality shall trust
But limmes the water, or but writes in dust.
Yet, since with sorrow here we live opprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools:
The rural parts are turned into a den

Of savage men:
 And where's a city from all vice so free
 But may be termed the worst of all the three?
 Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
 Or pains, his head:
 Those that live single, take it for a curse,
 Or do things worse:
 Some would have children; those that have them none;
 Or wish them gone.
 What is it then to have or have no wife
 But single thralldom or a double strife?
 Our own affections still at home to please,
 Is a disease:
 To cross the sea to any foreign soil,
 Perils and toil:
 Wars with their noise affright us: when they cease
 We are worse in peace.
 What then remains, but that we still should cry,
 Not to be born, or being born, to die.

SIR FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626).

C I. — S O N G .

Love is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing;
 A plant that with most cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using.
 Why so?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
 Hey, ho!
 Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting;
 And Jove hath made it of a kind
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
 Why so?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
 Hey, ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619).

C II. — S O N G

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That grove or valley, hill or field,
 Or wood and steepy mountain yield.
 Where we will sit on rising rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.
 Pleased will I make thee beds of roses,
 And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle,
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

VERSIONES.—CIV.

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A jaunty gown of finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
And shoes lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
If these, these pleasures can thee move,
To live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)?

CIII.—THE MESSAGE

Send home my long-strayed eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if there they have learnt such ill,
Such forced fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

JHON DONNE (1573-1631).

CIV.—HESPERUS' SONG

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:

VERSIONES.—CVI.

Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

CV.—CRISPINUS' AND HERMOGENES' SONG

If I freely can discover
What would please me in my lover:
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barred.
She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning,
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her.
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637).

CVI.—A MESSAGE TO PHILLIS

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys;
Go pretty birds about her bower,
Sing pretty birds, she may not lower,
Ah me! methinks I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons warble.
Go tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden:
Go pretty birds and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons warble.
Go tune your voices harmony,
And sing I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note,
With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice
Tell her I will not change my choice,
Yet still methinks I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons warble.
O fly, make haste, see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber,
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder,

VERSIONES.—CIX.

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Say to her, 'tis her lover true,
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you have heard her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

THOMAS HEYWOOD (1575?-1650).

CVII.—THE PASSIONATE LORD'S SONG

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
Oh! sweetest melancholy.

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

JOHN FLETCHER (1576-1625).—FRANCIS BEAUMOUT (1586-1615).

CVIII.—A HYMN

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease:
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER (1581-1630).

CIX.—ON THE LIFE OF MAN

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,

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VERSIONES.—CXII.

The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

HENRY KING (1592-1669).

CX.—SONG OF CALCHAS

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, now substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field;
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1594-1666).

CXI.—TO LUCASTA. GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.
True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

SIR RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658).

CXII.—PEACE

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry

VERSIONES.—CXIV.

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All skilful in the wars;
 There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious friend
 And, O my soul awake!
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake;
 If thou can'st get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thy ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695).

CXIII.—SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF TOWN
IN THE SPRING

Ask not the cause why sullen spring
 So long delays her flowers to bear;
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,
 And winter storms invert the year:
 Chloris is gone; and fate provides
 To make it spring, where she resides.
 Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
 She cast not back a pitying eye:
 But left her lover in despair,
 To sigh, to languish, and to die:
 Ah! how can those fair eyes endure
 To give the wounds they will not cure.
 Great god of love, why hast thou made
 A face that can all hearts command,
 That all religions can invade,
 And change the laws of every land?
 Where thou hadst placed such power before,
 Thou should'st have made her mercy more.
 When Chloris to the temple comes,
 Adoring crowds before her fall;
 She can restore the dead from tombs,
 And every life but mine recall.
 I only am by Love designed
 To be the victim for mankind.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700).

CXIV.—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying,
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 «Sister spirit, come away!»
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
 The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly
 O Grave! where is thy Victory?
 O Death! where is thy Sting?

CXV.—THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

Father of All: in every Age
 In every Clime ador'd
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove or Lord!
 Thon Great First Cause, least understood;
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art Good;
 And that myself am blind;
 Yet gave me in this dark Estate,
 To see the Good from Ill;
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the Human Will.
 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
 That, more than Heaven pursue.
 What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when Man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.
 Yet not to earth's contracted Span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round:
 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy Foe.
 If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.
 Save me alike from foolish Pride,
 Or impious Discontent,
 At aught thy Wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy Goodness lent.
 Teach me to feel another's Woe,
 To hide the Fault I see;
 That Mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

VERSIONES.—CXVIII.

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Mean though I am, not wholly so;
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Breath and peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whese Altar Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744).

CXVI.—OLIVIA'S SONG

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774).

CXVII.—TO MARY

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah! would that this might be the last;
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

WYLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

CXVIII.—SONG

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,

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VERSIONES.—CXX.

In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moored with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be,

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board.

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814).

CXIX.—THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful simmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827).

CXX.—TO THE CUCKOO

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear,

VERSIONES.—CXXI.

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From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place;
That is fit home for thee!

CXXI.—I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

CXXII.—FITZ EUSTACE'S SONG

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, oh never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, oh never!

CXXIII.—LUCY ASHTON'S SONG

Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

CXXIV.—YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? ah! woeful when;
Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then;
This breathing house not built with hands,

VERSIONES.—CXXV.

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This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
 How lightly then it flashed along:
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When youth and I lived in 't together.
 Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;
 O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old!
 Ere I was old? Ah woeful ere!
 Which tells me, youth's no longer here.
 O youth! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known, that thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone!
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe, that thou art gone?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
 Life is but thought; so think I will
 That youth and I are house-mates still.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834).

CXXV.—THE HOLLY TREE

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly tree?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
 As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
 Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointles leaves appear.
 I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize:
 And in this wisdom of the holly tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after time.
 Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
 Like the high leaves upou the holly tree.
 And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
 Some harshness show,

VERSIONES.—CXXVII.

All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

CXXVI.—THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834).

CXXVII.—SONG

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has rueing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

VERSIONES.—CXXIX.

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Love he comes, and love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last for ever!

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered love from dying,
In the knot there's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844).

CXXVIII.—BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.
Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be!
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

CXXIX.—WHEN WE TWO PARTED!

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years;
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame.

VERSIONES.—CXXXI.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

CXXX.—STANZAS FOR MUSIC

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of summer's ocean.

CXXXI.—STANZAS TO AUGUSTA

When all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray—
And hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way;

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart;

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose, and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—

VERSIONES.—CXXXII.

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Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.
Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—
There's more in one soft word of thine
Than in the world's defied rebuke.
Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.
The winds might rend—the skies might pour,
But there thou wert—and still wouldst be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.
But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall;
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.
Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move,
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.
And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found, and still are fix'd in thee;—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

CXXXII.—STANZAS. WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might:
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft like solitude's.
I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strow;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the moon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.
Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—

VERSIONES.—CXXXIII.

Smiling they live and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

SHELLEY (1792-1822).

CXXXIII.—ROBIN HOOD. TO A FRIEND

Not those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and grey,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen north, and chilling east,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

VERSIONES.—CXXXV.

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Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the «grené shawe»;
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821).

CXXXIV.—THE DEATH-BED

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845).

CXXXV.—WOLFRAM'S DIRGE

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;

VERSIONES.—CXXXVII.

And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
 The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then die, dear, die;
 'Tis deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye;
 And then alone, amid the beaming
 Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
 In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES (1803-1845).

CXXXVI.—PREFACE TO HIS WORKS

O could my mind, unfolded in my page,
 Enlighten climes and mould a future age;
 There as it glowed, with noblest frenzy fraught,
 Dispense the treasures of exalted thought;
 To Virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
 And bid the tear of emulation start!
 Oh could it still, thro' each succeeding year,
 My life, my manners, and my name endear;
 And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust;
 Still hold communion with the wise and just!—
 Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,
 When thro' the world it steals its secret course,
 Revive but once a generous wish suppress,
 Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest;
 In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
 Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy;
 Blest were my lines, tho' limited their sphere,
 Tho' short their date, as his who traced them here.

ROGERS.

CXXXVII.—ECHO

How sweet the answer Echo makes
 To music at night,
 When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
 And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
 Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
 And far more sweet,
 Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
 Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
 The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
 The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
 Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breathed back again!

MOORE.

VERSIONES.—CXXXIX.

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CXXXVIII.—EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed,
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device;
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

«Try not the Pass!» the old man said;
«Dark lowers» the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

«Oh stay», the maiden said, «and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!»
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

«Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!»
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heaven-ward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

CXXXIX.—THE SECRET OF THE SEA

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me,
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

VERSIONES.—CXL.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore.

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailors mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailling sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried with impulse strong,—
«Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!»

«Wouldst thou,»—so the helmsman answered,
«Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!»

In each sall that skims the horizon,
In each landward-browsing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing,
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse trough me.

CXL.—GASPAR BECERRA

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill!
But alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

VERSIONES.—CXLII.

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Then a voice cried, «Rise, O master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee!»
And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart;
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

LONGFELLOW.

CXXI.—MEETING AT NIGHT

I

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench it speed i' the slushy sand.

II

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through joy and fears,
Then the two hearts beating each to each!

BROWNING.

CXLII.—THREE SHADOWS

I looked and saw your eyes
In the shadow of your hair
As a traveller sees the stream
In the shadow of the wood;
And I said, «My faint heart sighs
Ah me! to linger there,
To drink deep and to dream
In that sweet solitude.»

I looked and saw you heart
In the shadow of your eyes,
As a seeker sees the gold
In the shadow of the stream;
And I said, «Ah me! what art
Should win the immortal prize,
Whose want must make life cold
And Heaven a hollow dream?»

I looked and saw your love
In the shadow of your heart,
As a diver sees the pearl
In the shadow of the sea;
And I murmured, not above
My breath, but all apart,—

VERSIONES.—CXLIII.

«Ah! you can love, true girl,
And is your love for me?»

CXLIII.—PANDORA

(For a picture.)

What of the end, Pandora? Was it thine,
The deed that set these fiery pinions free?
Ah! wherefore did the Olympian consistory
In its own likeness make thee half divine?
Was it that Juno's brow might stand a sign
For ever? and the mien of Pallas be
A deadly thing? and that all men might see
In Venus' eyes the gaze of Proserpine?

What of the end? These beat their wings at will,
The ill-born things, the good things turned to ill;—
Powers of the impassioned hours prohibited.
Aye, clench the casket now! Whither they go
Thou mayst not dare to think: nor canst thou know
If Hope still pent there be alive or dead.

ROSSETTI.

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ENGLISH ODES

CXLIV.—ON TIME

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false, and vain,
 And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain!
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss,
 With an individual kiss;
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When everything that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of Him to whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee, O time!

MILTON.

CXLV.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC

I

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sat
 On his imperial throne:
 His valient peers were placed around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

II

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed:
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereing of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around;
 A present deity, the vaulted roof rebound:
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus.

 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes,
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,

VERSIONES.—LXXXV.

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His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride,
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

v

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy,
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Chorus.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand chorus.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,

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Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

CXLVI.—BOADICEA

When the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods:

Sage beneath a spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

«Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

»Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt,—
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

»Rome for empire far renown'd
Tramples on a thousand States;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground:
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

»Other Romans shall arise,
Headless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize, —
Harmony the path to fame.

»Then the progeny that springs
From the forest of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

»Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.»

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died:
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

«Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.»

COWPER.

CXLVII.—TO DUTY

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
O, if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast.

Serene will be our days, and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security;
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart has heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought,
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;

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The confidence of reason give;
And, in the light of truth, thy bondman let me live!

WORDSWORTH.

CXLVIII.—TO THE WEST WIND

I

Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Oleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
 The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be
 The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven.
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
 A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
 My spirit: Be thou me, impetuous one!
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And; by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

SHREVE.

CXLIX.—TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains,
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
 O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade into the forest dim:

VERSIONES.—CXLIX.

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Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charrioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep

VERSIONES.—CLI.

In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

KEATS.

CL.—MELANCHOLY

I

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

II

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

III

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

KEATS.

CLI.—TO MEMORY

I

Thou who stealest fire
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

VERSIONES.—CLI.

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II

Come not as thou camest of late,
 Flinging the gloom of yesternight
 On the white day; but robed in soften'd light
 Of orient state.
 Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
 Even as a maid, whose stately brow
 The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,
 When she, as thou,
 Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
 Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
 Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
 Which in wintertide shall star
 The black earth with brilliance rare.

III

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
 And with the evening cloud,
 Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast
 (Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
 Never grow sere,
 When rooted in the garden of the mind,
 Because they are the earliest of the year).
 Nor was the night thy shroud.
 In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
 Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.
 The eddying of her garments caught from thee
 The light of thy great presence; and the cope
 Of the half-attain'd futurity,
 Tho' deep not fathomless,
 Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
 O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
 Small thought was there of life's distress;
 For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull
 Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful:
 Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
 Listening the lordly music flowing from
 The illimitable years.
 O strengthen me, enlighten me!
 I faint in this obscurity,
 Thou dewy dawn of memory.

IV

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
 Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
 Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
 Unto mine inner eye,
 Divinest Memory!
 Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
 Which ever sounds and shines
 A pillar of white light upon the wall
 Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:
 Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
 The seven elms, the poplars four
 That stand beside my father's door,
 And chiefly from the brook that loves
 To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
 Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
 Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,

In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.
Of hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick, fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

V

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
With royal frame-work of wrought gold;
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
Upon the storied walls;
For the discovery
And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labour of thine early days:
No matter what the sketch might be;
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky;
Or a garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grotts,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender:
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy re-inspired,
We may hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

VERSIONES.—CLII.

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My friend, with you to live alone,
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

TENNYSON.

CLII. — AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out.
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
Hes hall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

LONGFELLOW.

VARIOUS

CLIII.—SONNET 111.

O, for my sake do you with fortune
(chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means, which public man-
ners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name recei-
ves a brand
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd.
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will
(drink
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong in-
fection,
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure
[ye:
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CLIII.—SONETO 111. (1)

Achaca de mi suerte á los rigores,
 Y á la culpable Diosa que me guía,
 El tener que ganar la vida mía
 Del público apelando á los favores.

Hoy de la humillación los escozores
 Siento, manchada al ver mi nombradía:
 Ni como el tintorero evitaría
 Que tiñeran sus manos los colores!

Ten de mí compasión en mi amargurá,
 Regénrame, tú, mi dulce amigo,
 Y mejorar mi condición procura.

Yo vinagre á tomar de ti me obligo,
 Mas tenme compasión; que pronta cura
 Sólo con esa compasión consigo.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLIV.—AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ,
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure concert,
 Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To Him that sits thereon
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Though their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd

(1) Todas las traducciones de Shakespeare contenidas en estas VERSIONES son debidas á la pluma del Sr. D. Guillermo Macpherson, académico correspondiente extranjero de la Academia Española, y ex-cónsul general de Inglaterra en Cataluña.

VERSIONES.—CLV.

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In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

MILTON.

CLV.—ESSAY ON MAN

Epistle First.

VII

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between;
And hound sagacious to the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied:
What thin partition Sense from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide, how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd;
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.

VERSIONES.—CLVI.

Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX

What if the foot, ordain'd, the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all Life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns;
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X

Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

POPE.

CLVI.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

VERSIONES. —CLVII.

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For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unarm'd by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

CLVII.—THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage,
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd:
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray—
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp—

VERSIONES.—CLVII.

And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to those eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun to rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score
 When my last brother drooped and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet each alone:
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight;
 And thus together—yet apart,
 Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart:
 'Twas still some solace in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do—and did—my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him—with eyes as blue as Heaven,
 For him my soul was sorely moved.
 And truly might it be distrest
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but other's ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

VERSIONES.—CLVII.

803

V

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy;—but not in chains to pine;
 His spirit wither'd with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline—
 And so perchance in sooth did mine;
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ill.

VI

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthralls;
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple night and day;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high.
 And wanton in the happy sky.
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care:
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat.
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years.
 Since man first pent his fellow-men
 Like brutes within an iron den:
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side;
 But why delay the truth?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,

VERSIONES.—CLVII.

Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laughed—and laid him there
 The flat and turfless earth above.
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day,
 Was wither'd on the stalk away,
 On God! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood:—
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swollen convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with his dread:
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray—
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur—not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence—lost
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress,
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,

VERSIONES.—CLVII.

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More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listened, but I could not hear—
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall n'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew.—
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place:
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then by dull degrees came back

VERSIONES.—CLVII.

My senses to their wonted track
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me!
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For—Haven forgive that thought! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile—
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew.
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate,
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was:—my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

VERSIONES.—CLVII.

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XII

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all,
Who loved me in a humans shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me;
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze.
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as in a new-dug grave
Closing o'er one we sought to save,
And yet my glance, too much oppress,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary moat
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,

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VERSIONES.—CLVIII.

It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage ~and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

CLVIII.—THE DREAM

I

Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
Like Sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
Substances, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can out-live all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of a mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave

VERSIONES.—CLVIII.

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Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects;—he had ceased
To live within himself: she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique Oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands and shook, as 'twere
With a convulsion—then rose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet; as he paused,
The Lady of his love re-enter'd there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet

VERSIONES.—CLVIII.

She knew she was by him beloved; she knew—
For quickly comes such knowledge—that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He drop'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his Soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man,
Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his Love was wed with One
Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VERSIONES.—CLVIII.

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VI

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an Altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words.
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light;
What business had they there at such a time?

VII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love;—Oh! she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls phrenzy: but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains; with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues: and they did teach

VERSIONES.—CLIX.

To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret.—Be it so.

IX

My dream is past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

CLIX.—DON JUAN

Canto the First.

CXCH

They tell me 'tis decided; you depart:
'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain;
I have no further claim on your young heart.
Mine is the victim, and would be again.
To love too much has been the only art
I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears;
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

CXCHH

I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem;
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream;
Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,—
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

CXCV

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange:
Men have all these resources, we but one,—
To love again, and be again undone.

CXCV

You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core!
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,—
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No;
That word is idle now—but let it go.

VERSIONES.—CLX.

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CXCVI

My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still I think I can collect my mind;
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind;
My heart is femine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind;
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole.
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

CXCVII

I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete;
I had not liv'd till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet;
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life, to love and pray for you!

CLX.—A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA,

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

From the Spanish.

The Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drum of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one and two by two
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
«Wherefore call on us, oh King?
What may mean this gathering?»
Woe is me, Alhama!

«Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold.»
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
«Good King! thou art justly served,
Good King! this thou has deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

»By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the Chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

»And for this, oh King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

»He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be wou,
And thyself with her undone.»
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws,
Woe is me, Alhama!

«There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeas'd.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

«Cavalier, and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish Monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

VERSIONES.—CLXI.

316

But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys:
And if the King his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Sires have lost their children, wives
Their fords, and valiant men their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
Twas carried, as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep:
Granada's ladies, all she rears,
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

BYRON.

CLXI.—COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

From the Spanish.

O let the soul her slumbers break,
Let the thought be quickened, and awake
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
How death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs:
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past,—the past,—
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant currents sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again.
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free,
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise,—
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose the narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting place,
In life we run the onword race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansion of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This work would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth.
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

VERSIONES.—CLXI.

317

Time steals them from us,—chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms the lovers seek
In the clear eye, and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

Thy cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame
In high array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey;
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,—
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,

What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay,—but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,—

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power
What ardour show;
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death.
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to the oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King Don Juan? Where
Each prince and noble royal heir,
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,—
What were they but a pageant scene?

VERSIONES.—CLXI.

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What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Thir gay attire, and jewelled hair,
~~And odours sweet?~~
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame.
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride:
Oh, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various treasures laid
His throne beside!

But ah! how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before.
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls,
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught.
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array,—
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal, and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of Death
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable,—the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all.
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,—
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care
His hamlets green, and cities fair,
His mighty power.—
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Mighty rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings:

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O, Death, has thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death! thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements entrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench secure and deep,—
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death! from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrow falls so fast.
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears.

VERSIONES.—CLXI.

921

Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,—
Roderic Manrique,—he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous elogy,—
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung
The name, that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend;—how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise
What grace in youthful gaities;
In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star.
The rush of Caesar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the idomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness,—his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,

The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors,—and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honoured and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page:
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities, and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valour of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;—
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

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And done such deeds of valour strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocafia's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,—

Saying, «Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armour for the fray,—
The closing scene.

»Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

»Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man,—nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

»A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

»The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate:
The soul in dalliance laid,—the spirit
Corrupt with sin,—shall not inherit
A joy so great.

»But the good monk, the cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

»And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land;
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

»Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart,—thy hope is certainty,
The third—the better life on high
Shalt thou possess.»

«O Death! no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,

And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

•My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

•O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth.

•And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own.
Oh, pardon me!

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by Affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

LONGFELLOW.

CLXII.—CROMWELL'S STATUE

What needs our Cromwell stone or bronze to say
His was the light that lit on England's way,
The sundawn of her time-compelling power,
The noontide of her most imperial day?

His hand won back the sea for England's dower;
His footfall bade the Moor change heart and cower;
His word on Milton's tongue spake law to France
When Piedmont felt the she-wolf Rome devour.

From Cromwell's eyes the light of England's glance
Flashed, and bowed down the kings by grace of chance,
The priest-anointed princes; one alone
By grace of England held their hosts in trance.

The enthroned Republic from her kinglier throne
Spake, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth has known
No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell stand
By kinglets and by queenlings hewn in stone?

Incaruate England in his warrior hand
Smote, and as fire devours the blackening brand

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Made ashes of their strengths who wrought her wrong,
And turned the strongholds of her foes to sand.

His praise is in the sea's and Milton's song;
What praise could reach him from the weakling throng
That rules by leave of tongues whose praise is shame—
Him, who made England out of weakness strong?

There needs no clarion's blast of broad-blown fame
To bid the world bear witness whence he came
Who bade fierce Europe fawn at England's heel
And purged the plague of lineal rule with flame.

There needs no witness graven on stone or steel
For one whose work bids fame bow down and kneel;
Our man of men, whose time-commanding name
Speaks England, and proclaims her Commonweal.

SWINBURNE.

CLXIII.—INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

I

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II

Just as perhaps he mused «My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,»—
Out 'twixt the battery smoke there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV

«Well,» cried he, «Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I to heart's desire,
Perched him!» The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Scared up again like fire.

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V

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
«You're wounded!» «Nay,» the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
«I 'm killed, Sire!» And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

BROWNING.

CLXIV. — RIZPAH

I

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, «O mother come out to me.»
Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go?
For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow.

II

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.
The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain.

III

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden them all.
What am I saying? and what are *you*? do you come as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

IV

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what have you heard?
Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

V

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should *you* know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only made for the day.
I have gather'd my baby together—and now you may go your way.

VI

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying wife.
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.
«They dared me to do it,» he said, and he never has told me a lie.
I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but a child—
«The farmer dared me to do it,» he said; he was always so wild—
And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never could rest.
The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of his best.

VII

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be good;
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would;
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done
He flung it among his fellows—I'll none of it, said my son.

VERSIONES. — CLXIV.

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VIII

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for robbing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always borne a good name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't that enough shame?
Dust to dust—low down—let us hide! but they set him so high
That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by.
God 'ill pardon the hell black raven and horrible fowls of the air,
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and hang'd him there.

IX

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last goodbye;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. «O mother! I heard him cry.
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something further to say,
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me away.

X

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead,
They seized me and shut me up: they fasten'd me down on my bed.
«Mother, O mother!»—he call'd in the dark to me year after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that I couldn't but hear;
And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and still
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had worked their will.

XI

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call it a theft?—
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laughed and had cried—
Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side.

XII

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd em, I burried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the churchyard wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,
But I charge your never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

XIII

They would scratch him up—they would hang him again on the cursed tree.
Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—let all that be,
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward men—
«Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord,»—let me hear it again;
«Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering.» Yes, O yes!
For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour lives but to bless.
He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of the worst,
And the first may be last—I have heard it in church—and the last may be first.
Suffering—O long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow.

XIV

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented his sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you* of his kin?
Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,
The wind that 'll wail like a child and the sea that 'll moan like a man?

XV

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well.
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in Hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care,
And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

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VERSIONES.—CLXIV.

XVI

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all your desire:
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a stone.

XVII

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind—
The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good-night. I am going. He calls.

TENNYSON.

IRIARTE'S FABLES ⁽¹⁾

I

THE ELEPHANT AND THE OTHER ANIMALS

Long, long ago, and far, far away, at the time that the beasts spoke their own peculiar jargon, the wise elephant noticed that amongst them it was the fashion to be guilty of abuses that ought to be reformed.

He wishes to make these out hideous to them, and for this purpose, assembles them all.

He salutes them all with his trunk, and begins to persuade them by a learned harangue, which for that purpose he had studied by heart.

For more than a quarter of an hour he abused a thousand ridiculous faults, a thousand vicious habits; their noxious sloth, their affected boasting, their arrogant ignorance, their malicious envy.

Extremely delighted, and opening wide their mouths, many of that troop listened to his advice.

The innocent lamb, the ever faithful dove, the loyal setter, the industrious bee, the obedient horse, the pains-taking ant, the clever gold finch and the simple butterfly.

But of the audience, another, and no small portion, highly offended, could not bear such words.

The tiger and the rapacious wolf are roused against the censor.

What abuse the venomous serpent vomits!

The drone, the wasp, the hornet and the fly murmur under their breath, buzzing in hoarse voices.

The harmful cicada, the spider and the locust, quit the assembly in order not to hear their glories sung!

The martin slinks away, the fox dissimulates and the insolent monkey makes game of it all.

The elephant looking phlegmatically on, finished his discourse after this fashion: «To all and to none my remarks refer; let those who resent them, blame themselves; and those who do not, hear them.»

Let those who read my fables know that they speak to a thousand nations and not only to the Spanish.

Nor speak they of the present day, since they indicate defects that in this world have ever existed, even as now they exist.

And, so, let not the persons pointed out, vituperate; whomever the cap fits..., let him wear it.

II

THE SILK-WORM AND THE SPIDER

Whilst a silk-worm was labouring over his cocoon, the spider who was weaving with all speed, spoke to him of this dexterity with an unreal laugh that suited well his haughtiness:

What does Mr. Silkworm say of my web?

I began it early this morning and it will be quite finished by mid-day.

Look how fine! how beautiful it is!

(1) Estas fábulas pueden servir de clave á los discípulos que quieran poner en inglés las españolas de Iriarte.

The silkworm scornfully replied:
It is just only that.
(Meaning it was of as little worth as the time expended on it.)

III

THE BEAR, THE MONKEY AND THE PIG

A bear by which a Piedmontese gained his livelihood, was rehearsing on two feet, a by-no-means well-learned dance.

Wishing to figure as a personage, he said to the monkey:

«What do you think of this?»

The monkey being a critic, replied:

«It is very bad.»

«I think», replied the bear, «that you are not very complimentary.

But what is the matter? is not my bearing elegant? don't I do the step gracefully?»

A pig who was present then cried out:

«Bravo! Very well! A more excellent dancer has never been, nor ever will be seen!»

The bear on hearing this began to reflect, and with a modest mein was obliged to exclaim:

«When the monkey disapproved, I began to doubt; but now that the pig praises me—I must dance badly indeed!»

Let authors remember this maxim for their gratification:

«If the learned do not approve, bad!

If the foolish praise, worse!»

IV

THE BEES AND THE DRONES

To discuss a serious subject the drones assembled one day.

Each one planned diverse means for cloaking their useless idleness; and to rid themselves of so bad a name in the sight of the other animals, they wished whether well or ill, to make honey-combs.

But as the work was difficult for them, and the inexperienced swarm was not sure of successfully finishing the enterprise, they tried to get out of the fix by repairing to an old hive and dragging out the dead body of a bee, very clever and laborious in his time; holding over it in great pomp a grand funeral ceremony, and humming immortal eulogies of how ingenious he was in making sweet honey and white wax.

Upon this they were priding themselves so arrogantly, that a bee said to them in revenge:

«Don't you work more than that?

«Then my brethren all your buzzing will never be worth a single drop of the honey that I make.»

How many have wished to pass for wise men by quoting the dead who have been so!

And how pompously they quote them!

But I would ask now: «Do they imitate them?»

V

THE TWO PARROTS AND THE PARROQUET

A lady once brought two parrots from Santo Domingo.

Half the island is French and half Spanish, so that each little bird spoke a different language.

VERSIONES.

381

They were hung in a balcony and it was a veritable «Babel».

Of French and of Spanish they made such a jumble that at last they could speak neither the one nor the other.

The French bird took but few words from the Spanish; the Spanish bird took nearly all from the French.

The lady ordered them to be separated, and the French bird by and by reformed the words that it had learned of a language which is not fashionable.

The Spanish bird on the contrary did not forget the jargon and even now imagines that with it he embellishes his own language.

He began to ask for peas for the soup in French, when a learned parroquet from the opposite balcony burst out laughing, mocking at the parrot.

He only replied, as if he were darting a stigma:

«Thou art no more than a purist.»

And the parroquet replied:

«You do me much honour.»

After all parrots are the same as men!

VI

THE MONKEY AND THE PUPPET SHOW-MAN

The worthy Father Valdecebro who racked his brains to invent stories of animals, painting them with their individual characteristics; who in a lofty and wonderful style recounts wonders of the unicorn, and implicitly believes in the phoenix; narrates the story of a monkey (I am not quite sure whether in the eighth book or the ninth).

This monkey who was dexterous in a thousand ways and belonged to a great showman, wished one day, whilst his master was absent, to invite the different animals, of those who were his greatest friends, to be witness to all his principal feats.

He began by feigning to be dead; afterwards danced on the tight rope like a harlequin, gave the death jump and jumped through the hoop; slid down a precipice, capered and leaped and ended with the Prussian drill.

Of these and of other feats he made a show; but the best of all was wanting yet, so, wishing to imitate what his master did he thought of showing them the magic lantern, so that the evening might be a perfect success and the performance pleasing.

After he had gained the attention of the audience by a preparatory speech according to usage, he placed himself behind the lantern; and during the working of the painted slides, so easily moved from side to side, he continued explaining with loquacious ease, the different subjects.

The room was in darkness as is necessary in such cases; but although the audience observed attentively, not one was able to see the wonders, which with such volubility and in so grave a tone, the witty monkey announced.

They were all bewildered and began to suspect that it was all a joke.

The monkey was put to the blush when Pedro, his master, suddenly entered and understanding the situation, he said to him, half serious, half joking: «You fool! of what use is your everlasting chatter if your don't light the lantern?»

Pardon me, refined and exalted nuses, you, who boast of being obscure:

I can tell you in a much better way that without clearness you are wanting in every thing.

VII

THE LARGE AND THE SMALL BELL

In a certain cathedral there was a bell, that was only tolled on some solemn occasions.

With a very harsh sound and with long pauses it tolled three or four times, not more.

For this, and its being larger than the ordinary size, it had always been celebrated in all that part of the country.

The city had within its jurisdiction a miserable village, with a small population, having for its parish church a poor little chapel with a small belfry like a hermitage, and a little cracked bell hanging in the middle of it, was the one who played the principal role there.

In order that it might imitate the great cathedral bell, the inhabitants ordered that the unfortunate little bell should be tolled very seldom and very slowly and only on such and such an occasion, and this had such an effect on the minds of the villagers, that the little bell passed for a great one.

This is very similar to the case of many persons, with whom gravity takes the place of capacity; they rarely deign to open their lips, and thus they think to imitate the wise.

VIII

THE FLUTE-PLAYING ASS

This little fable may result either good or bad, as it has occurred to me just now, quite by chance.

Near some fields that are in my village, there was passing an ass, quite by chance.

He found a flute there which a shepherd had forgotten and left, quite by chance. The said animal went near it to smell it and drew a strong breath, quite by chance.

The air went through the flute and made it sound, quite by chance.

«Oh!» said the ass: «how well I know how to play! and yet they say that assinine music is bad!

There are dolts, who without knowing the rules of art, for once hit the mark, quite by chance.

IX

THE ANT AND THE FLEA

Some persons have an amusing way of pretending that they know everything, for whenever they hear or see any thing, however new and fine it may be, they assume it to be very trivial and easy, and do not allow themselves to praise it.

This class of people shall not escape me without taking a suitable fable although I may spend a whole day in composing it.

An ant was explaining to a flea how much it toiled and with what industry it gained its living, how it makes the ant-hill; which is its habitation, which the granary; how it carries the grain, dividing the task between all; with other very curious details that might be considered fabulous if daily experience did not give practical evidence of the facts.

To all his explanations, the flea only answered in some such expressions as the following:

«Indeed! Yes... I suppose so! Well! I know! It is clear! You see there is nothing wonderful in that!»

The ant enraged at hearing such ridiculous answers, said to the flea:

«My friend well I wish you would come with me to the ant-hill.

Since by this masterly tone all to you seems easy and so quickly done, if only for an example, help us in something useful.»

The flea, giving a lively jump replied with great insolence:

«Look what trifles! And you think it would cost me very much?

It is only necessary to dedicate myself to it... but... I have some thing to do... Till I see you again!»

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X

THE WALLFLOWER AND THE THYME

I have read, I don't know where that as the wallflower was saluting the thyme in herbal language he spoke to him maliciously, in the following manner:

«God preserve thee! master Thyme, it grieves me to see thee, who art more odorous than all these plants, hardly rise half a palm from the-ground.»

The thyme answered:

«My dear friend, I am small, but I grow without any one's help.

It is I who pity thee, because however much thou mayest boast thou canst not grow even half a palm, if thou dost not cling to one of these walls.»

When I see some of these writers who cling to the shadow of others and think that by writing about four lines or a short prologue they are authors, I am inclined to say to them what the thyme said.

XI

THE TWO RABBITS

Through some brushwood, a rabbit, followed by dogs, (I will not say ran) fled. From its burrow came out a companion and said to him:

«Stop, friend; what is this?»

«What can it be?» the other replies,

«I come out of breath...»

«Two blackguard greyhounds are after me.»

«Yes», replies the other; «I see them over there; but they are not greyhounds.»

«Then what are they?» «Hounds.»

«What? Hounds do you say? Yes; like my grandfather. Grey hounds and veritable greyhounds; I have seen them too well.»

«They are hounds; go along with you, you understand nothing about this.»

«They are greyhounds, I tell you.»

«I say that they are hounds.»

During this dispute the dogs arrived and seized my two unwary rabbits!

Those who for arguments of little moment leave that which is important, let them take to themselves this warning.

XII

EGGS

Farther than the Philippine Islands there is one the name of which I do not know, nor do I care to know it, where it is rumoured there had never been a breed of fowls, until a traveller took a brood there by chance, and they bred to such an extent, that at last the commonest and cheapest dish there, was fresh eggs; but every one boiled them, because the traveller had not taught them how to dress them in any other way.

By and by one of the inhabitants of that country introduced eating them fried, and what importunate praises were heard of his rare and fruitful invention!

Another discovered having them poached... What a happy thought!

Another filled them with forced meat...

Now indeed the eggs are delicious!

Some one, afterwards, invented the omelette, and all exclaimed again.

How wonderful!

A year had not quite passed when another said:

You are all only impostors; I will do them mixed with tomatoes.

And this strange manner of dressing eggs, on account of which all the island was in a state of uproar, would have been a long time in use, had it not been that by and by a famous stranger introduced cooking them à la Hugonotte.

Various cooks did the same; but what delicate condiments the confectioners added afterwards!

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They made up the yolks with pounded almonds and sugar.
They beat them up into the consistency of jelly and made them into fanciful forms, they mixed them with sweets, with milk, with ice-cream, with preserves and even with pickles..
Until at last all were inventors and the last eggs were the best.
But a thoughtful old man said to them one day:
«Your boasting of these strange foreign compositions is in vain.
»Give thanks to him who brought the fowls!»
How many new authors might go farther than the Philippine Islands to dress eggs?

XIII

THE DUCK AND THE SERPENT

On the banks of a pond a duck was saying:
«To what animal has God given the faculties that he has given to me? I am of the water, of the earth, and of the air; when I am tired of walking, if it pleases me, I swim; or if it pleases me, I fly.»
A cunning serpent that was listening to him; called to him with a hiss and said:
«Pretty Sir, there is no reason for you to boast so much; because you neither run like the deer, nor fly like the falcon, nor swim like the barbel; and by this you may know that the most important and extraordinary thing is not to know how to do every thing, but to be skilful in something.

XIV

THE MUFF, THE FAN, AND THE PARASOL

If wishing to be a judge of every thing is ridiculous presumption, to be useful for only one purpose is no less a fault.
One day, upon a table, an umbrella or parasol was having a conversation with a fan and a muff; and in the language that in former times the kettle spoke to the pot, said to his companions:
«Ah! what perfect jewels you are! you, muff, are useful in the winter; in summer you go into a corner; and you, fan, are a useless piece of furniture when the cold weather follows the hot.
»You are of no use except for one purpose.»
Learn of me you unfortunates, in winter I am an umbrella and in summer a parasol.

XV

THE FROG AND THE TADPOLE

On the banks of the Tagus the tadpole was speaking to the frog, praising the leaves, the thickness and the greenness of a large patch of reeds.
But as soon as the impetuous violence of the wind snapped in two one of the reeds, which fall into the river, in a preceptorial tone the frog said:
Come and look at it my son; on the outside very glossy very spruce; on the inside all froth, all hollow.
If the frog were a judge of poetry, of many poems he would say the same.

XVI

THE BUSTARD

The dull bustard knowing that her young ones flew clumsily wished to bring forth a more active brood, although they might be bastards.
To accomplish this she robbed eggs of the falcon, linnet, dove, partridge and turtle-dove and mixed and guarded them in her nest.

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She sat a long time upon them; and, although a good number turned out addled, the remainder produced various kinds of beautiful birds.

The bustard then invited a thousand birds to exhibit to them so novel a brood; and each bird took away the young of his breed and what a show the bustard then made!

Those who go about hatching the works of others, bring out your creations; and each author will say:

«This is mine» and then we shall see what is left of yours!

XVII

THE LINNET AND THE SWAN

«Hold your tongue, you prattling little bird», (said the swan to the linnet):

«You provoke me to sing when you know that the sweet melody of my voice has never been excelled amongst birds.»

The linnet repeated his trilling, and the swan continued:

«What insolence! look how this impertinent little musician insults me!

«If I don't burst out into singing to humiliate him, he may thank my great prudence!

«Would to God that you would sing!» (said the little bird at last):

«How much you would surprise us by the rare cadences that no one can assure us of having heard although they obtain greater fame than mine!»

The swan wished to sing, and gave a quack.

A wonderful thing! To gain credit (for something) without knowledge, and to lose it in putting it to the trial.

XVIII

THE TRAVELLER AND THE HIRED MULE

Stuffed full of straw and barley a hired mule started from the inn, and began to run so fast that the traveller could hardly hold her in.

He did not doubt that in an instant she would accomplish half the journey; but a little further on this deceptive riding-beast began slackening her pace.

«Does she do this for mischief? (thought the rider). Go on! You are going to stop...»

Perhaps touching her up with the spur...

No effect... I very much fear a mishap.

This stick which is flexible... (I'll try) still less... Well then, this goad...

But, is she already tired?

She begins to kick and bite! she turns against the rider! Oh what rearing! what shaking! Although he pressed his legs in hard... Not even for that...

You villainous beast... May the devil take you..

At last she fell to the ground... Well done!

And you are the one who ran so fast?

May a bad disease kill thee!

Never again will I have faith in a mule that begins in the same courageous manner!

After this when I see an author beginning with very great noise, I say at once:

«Take care! Stop; man!» or you will see yourself in the shameful situation of the hired mule.

XIX

THE GOAT AND THE HORSE

A goat who was listening for a long time to the soft sounds of a harmonious violin was so delighted that his feet kept time with the music, to a nag who was also listening and had almost forgotten feeding time spoke in this manner.

You hear the harmony of those strings? well, do you know that they are the entrails of a goat, that was at one time a companion of mine.

I hope some day to have the great luck that my sonorous entrails may give forth sounds no less sweet.»

The hack turned round and replied:

«In faith these strings would not sound but that they scrape them with hairs that I allowed to be pulled out of my tail.

It caused me pain, I was frightened, but at last I have the pleasure of seeing what perfection the musical instrument owes to my assistance.

You, that expect the same satisfaction when will you enjoy it? After your death.»

So it is, neither more nor less, that a bad writer because he has not succeeded in getting his works applauded during his life time, appeals to the justice of posterity and is consoled.

XX

THE BEE AND THE CUCKOO

As the bee was coming from his hive, he said to the cuckoo:

«Be silent, your harsh voice prevents me from working; there is no other bird so tedious in its singing as you:

Cuckoo! cuckoo! and cuckoo again... and always the same thing!»

The cuckoo replied:

«My monotonous song tires you? well, in faith I find no variety in your honey-comb.

Since you make a hundred in the same way as you make one; if I invent nothing new, with you every thing is very old.

To this the bee replied:

In works of utility, the want of variety is not the most prejudicial; but works intended only for amusement and diversion, unless varied by novelties are worth nothing.»

XXI

THE MOUSE AND THE CAT

Æsop had wonderful ideas.

What simple invention!

What maxims am I going to put! since I have it at hand, in a fable of his in Castilian.

«Certainly, said a mouse in his hole; there is no faculty more amiable and stupendous than fidelity: for that I love the pointer so truly.»

A cat answered:

«That endowment I also have...

Here the good mouse becomes frightened, he hides himself, and twisting his little snout says:

«What! Thou hast it? I don't like it any more.»

The praise that many think just, seems to them unjust if they see that their antagonist deserves it.

«What do you think my dear reader?

»The little fable may please and instruct you.»

«It is a marvel! Æsop did not write it; it came from my own head.

»What it is yours?» «Yes my learned Sir; since it pleased you so much before; criticise it now because it is mine.»

XXII AND XXIII

THE OWL, THE DOGS AND THE RAGPICKER

Critics who wait until the unfortunate authors are dead before attacking them, because whilst alive they would respond, are cowards and traitors.

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A laconic incident touching upon this subject, one of my grandmothers used to relate.

It is said that one day an owl entered a convent... I lie, because it could not have been one *day*; it was doubtless, when the sun was already very far from the west...

The owl, at any rate, encountered in passing, a lamp (or lantern, which for the occasion, is the same); and turning her back to it, said as follows:

«Oh! lamp with what pleasure would I suck your oil if your light did not irritate me! but although I am not able at present (to do so) because you are well trimmed, if at some other time I find you extinguished, losing my fear of you, I shall know how to give myself a good belly fall.»

Although the critics of whom I speak detest me, to give them a bad time, I shall have to draw their portraits in another fable.

A raggicker was turning over a dust heap whilst two relations of Cerberus were barking at him, as they are used to do when they scent such persons.

A greyhound said to them:

«Leave that huckster alone, who knows how to skin a dog when he finds it dead, and flies from it when it is alive.»

XXIV

THE PARROT, THE THRUSH AND THE MAGPIE

A thrush hearing a parrot speaking wished that he, and not a man, should teach him, and after only one trial, he thought he had so clear a pronunciation that on certain occasions he gave lessons to a magpie.

So that the magpie turned out as clever as he who devotes himself to study from copies and bad translations.

XXV

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD

A wolf speaking to a shepherd, said:

«Friend, I don't know why it is that you have always looked upon me with dislike and abhorrence.

You take me for a bad fellow when, on my word, I am not so.

What protection my fur gives in the winter! it cures a thousand human infirmities; and there is another thing, neither flies nor other mischievous insects eat it.

I would not exchange my claws for those of the badger, for against the evil eye they have great virtue; my teeth, you already know, how useful they are, and to how many my grease has given health.»

The shepherd replied:

«Perverse animal! May you be accursed of Heaven, may you be accursed I say! When you are sick of doing evil actions, what does it matter if you do some good? To the devil I give many wolfish books that are in circulation today.»

XXVI

THE LION AND THE EAGLE

The eagle and the lion held an important conference to arrange between themselves certain points of government.

The eagle complained very much of the bat, saying:

«How long is this good-for-nothing fellow to be the cause of disorders? he mixes with my birds, giving himself out to be one of them, and alleges various reasons, above all, that he can fly.

But if it pleases him, he says:

«A snout, and not a beak, I have.»

Do you wish to treat me as a bird? then, to a quadruped I return.»
 «To my subjects he grumbles about the heats of your empire, and when he is with the latter, he grumbles also of the former.»
 «Enough», said the lion.
 «I swear to you that in my kingdom, he shall never enter more.»
 «Then in mine», replied the eagle, «still less.»
 Since then we see him going out alone at night; because neither the winged creation nor the four-footed wish for such a companion.
 Literary bats, who hesitate between one school and the other, if you wish to concord with all, look at yourselves in this looking glass.

XXVII

THE MONKEY

A monkey although dressed in silk still remains a monkey; so says the proverb and so say I here; and in this way it will be seen in the fable and in the proverb.

A monkey dressed herself in a suit of bright and variegated colours like that of a barlequin; though, it is more probable, I think, that her master dressed her so, because it would be difficult for her to find the cloth and the tailor.

However the proverb says so, so let it be.

Seeing herself so fine, she jumped from the window to the roof of a neighbour's house, and from there, took the road to return to Tetuan.

This the proverb does not say, but a story of which there are hardly any records, because the author was very peculiar, (and to have explained the incident clearly would have cost him no little trouble.)

He never knew, nor have I been able to find out whether the monkey took ship or perhaps went round and about till (she came to) the Isthmus of Suez; that which is ascertained is that at last she arrived there.

There my lady found herself in the company of many naked monkeys, and each one saluted her as an exalted personage, surprised at her costume and assuming that the wisdom wit and judgement of this foppish animal must be very great:

They immediately agreed, and that without a dissentient voice, that the new companion should undertake the direction of a certain foraging expedition by means of which they were obliged to find, in so vast a country, provisions for the use of all the monkey troop.

(See what it is to have fine clothes!)

The directress marching with the hosts at her command, lost, not only her way, but what is worse, her judgement and her stupid companions traversed declivities, forests, valleys, hills, plains, rivers and swamps and at the end of the stage, not one had hit the mark; and this happened, although in all their lives they had never sallied forth with a captain more spruce and gallant.

They almost all lost their lives in this attempt; and saw by experience that dress does not give knowledge.

But without going to Tetuan, there are also to be found here monkeys, who though they dress like scholars remain the same as they were before.

XXVIII

THE ASS AND HIS MASTER

«The ignorant are accustomed always to appreciate the good and the bad equally; I take for the worst that which they praise.»

A writer of indecent farces thus excused his faults; and a canning poet who heard him, replied in the following terms:

«To the humble ass his master used to give straw, and said to him:

«Take, since with this you are satisfied.»

«He said it so often that one day the ass became angry and replied:

«I take what you are pleased to give me; but unjust man do you think that I only like straw? give me corn and you will see whether I eat it up or not.»

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Let him who works for the public know, that perhaps he blames them wrongly; because, if giving them straw, they eat straw, whenever they are given corn, they eat corn.

XXIX

THE CUR AND THE WATER-WHEEL MULE

The reader has very likely seen in a tavern or convent, an ingenious contrivance for turning the spit.

It is a wooden wheel with steps and a dog put in the enclosure, turns it with his feet.

It appears that a dog who moved one of these machines began saying one day: «How well I work! and what do they give me? How I sweat! Unfortunate that I am! And at last as a great favour they will throw me a bone that is left of that partridge.

«Life is passed here with much inconvenience; I shall go away, not only from this house but from this town.»

He had hardly been let loose when he fled secretly to where a mule turned a water-wheel; and he had but seen him imperfectly when he said:

«Who goes there? it appears that here also we roast meat.»

«I don't roast meat, but draw water,» (the mule replied)

«I will do that also (said the dog) although I am lank.

«As this wheel is larger, somewhat more I shall work. Does it weigh so much? well what of that? Did I not turn that of the spit? And above all, they will give me larger rations and I shall gain more glory.»

Then he of the water-wheel replied in this manner:

«I advise you to go back to turn your spit because this work is superior to the strength of a little cur.»

Look at the cunning mule and how well he replied!

I have read the same in the works of one Horatius Flaccus, that an author commits a great error burdening himself with what he cannot afterwards carry out; this means that do not let the dog (try to) turn the water-wheel.

XXX

THE SCHOLAR AND THE MOUSE

In the room of a famous scholar there lodged a mouse, who did not feed on anything but nibbling poetry and verse; and not even the zealous vigilance of a large cat was able to reach (even) his hair, nor the extraordinary inventions of many and ingenious rat-catchers, nor arsenic in sweet confectionary succeeded in curing his incessant longing to inspect the bundles of learned papers, and riddle with holes entire pages.

Fate decreed, by and by, that the persecuted author should imprint his works of eloquence and poetry; and that perverse vermin if he gnawed the manuscripts before, gnawed much more now the printed matter.

«What bad luck have I!» the scholar exclaimed: «I have had too much of writing for people who gnaw; and not to see myself in this condition, from now, white paper and no other shall there be in my room.

«I shall do what I can to correct this disorder...» but yes: this traitorous little animal, so given to evil habits, into the white paper equally thrust in his teeth.

The author, wearied, puts into the ink sufficient doses of powdered arsenic, and writes (I don't know whether prose or poetry):

The perverse animal devours, and at last bursts...

«Happy recipe!» (Then said the critical poet)

«He who so much gnaws, let him take care that he is not written to with a little corrosive ink.»

He does well who restrains his criticism, but it is necessary to use it very severely against unjust and offensive censure, when not speaking with sincere boldness argues either little reason or much fear.

XXXI

THE SQUIRREL AND THE HORSE

A squirrel was looking at a noble, thorough-bred, chestnut horse, who obedient to the spur and reins, was being trained to gallop.

Seeing him make such rapid and regular movements, with little shyness he spoke to him of that ability:

«My dear Sir, at this vigour, nimbleness and dexterity I am not surprised; I am accustomed to do the same, and perhaps more.

«I am lively, I am active, I move about, I walk, I work, I ascend and descend; I am never still.»

The good horse then stopped and very sedately replied to the squirrel in the following terms:

«So many goings and comings, so many bounds and rebounds, I wish you to tell me friend: Are they of any use?

«I toil, but not in vain.

«I know my profession, and in the service of my master I have great desire to exhibit my ability.»

So, some writers also must be squirrels, since in frivolous works they spend all their natural ardour.

XXXII

THE GALLANT AND THE LADY

A certain gallant whom Paris proclaimed a fop of most uncommon taste, who changed forty suits in the year and spent gold and silver without fear, to celebrate his lady's saint's day wore for the first time same tin buckles, only to prove by this deception how secure his fame was.

«Beautiful silver! What lovely brilliancy (said the lady) long live the taste and genius of the fop, so elegant in every thing.»

And now I say:

«Let a famous author fill a volume with nonsense, and if he be not praised; let me be feathered.»

XXXIII

THE OSTRITCH, THE DROMEDARY AND THE FOX

To pass the time there assembled a conversazione of various animals (there are conversaciones also amongst beasts,) and they touched upon a thousand subjects.

They spoke of the different faculties with which each animal is endowed:

One praised the ant, another the dog, one the bee, another the parrot.

«No (said the ostritch,) in my opinion there is no better animal than the dromedary.»

The dromedary said: «I confess that the ostritch is the only one to my taste.»

No one guessed for what reason they had both such strange taste.

Can it be because both are so bulky? or because they have both long necks? or because the ostritch is somewhat stupid, and the dromedary not very intelligent? or because both the one and the other are ugly? or because they have (both) a wen on the breast? or it may also be?...

«It is none of these (interrupted the fox) I have hit the mark.

«Do you know why they praise each other so much? Because they are fellow countrymen.»

In fact they were both Berbers; and the judgement of the fox was not so rash that it may not be applied to many literary men.

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XXXIV

THE RAVEN AND THE TURKEY

Well, as I was saying, the case is, (and I am going to relate it) that a turkey and a raven challenged each other to fly.

Which one arrived at the goal first let him who has seen them both fly, guess.

«Wait (said the turkey from afar to the raven) do you know what I am thinking? that you are black and ugly.

«Listen! I also notice (shouted he more vehemently,) that you are a low bird of very bad omen. Be off! you disgust me, you great pig, that look upon dead bodies as a prize.»

«All this is not to the point, (replied the raven) because now we are only regarding how I fly.»

When in the works of the wise the fool can find no defects, he is in the habit of making personal accusations.

XXXV

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE FOX

If the reader remembers the conversazione, where the fox in the presence of various animals guessed the reason why the ostrich and dromedary praised each other, let him know that at the same meetings, one day they spoke of the worm which is the ingenious maker of silk, and all thought much of his work.

As a specimen they showed a cocoon, and on examining it their applause increased; and even the mole although he is blind, confessed that it was a marvel.

From a corner a caterpillar murmured in offensive terms, calling the admirable work a trifle and its eulogists, fools.

Then they asked amongst themselves:

«Why is it that this miserable worm is the only one that condemns that which we all unanimously praise?»

Up jumped the fox and said:

«By my soul! the reason could not be clearer.

«Don't you know, companions, that the caterpillar also makes cocoons, though bad ones?»

You laborious and persecuted geniuses,

Do you wish for some good advice? Then take care.

When certain envious ones provoke you, do no more than relate this incident to them.

XXXVI

THE PURCHASE OF THE ASS

Yesterday there passed through my street the most adorned ass that I have ever seen in my life.

The saddle and halter were quite new, with red and yellow fringes.

The ass was adorned with tassels and feathers; bows, bells and other finery; and on the neck and croup there were made with minute skill, very pretty designs with the scizzors.

It appears that the owner, who is according to what I have been told a horse-dealer and one of the most cunning of gipsies sold this jewel to a simple fellow; and they add that it cost him a pretty penny.

On returning to his house, he exhibited to his friends the famous purchase and one of them said:

«Let us see friend, if this little animal has as fine a figure as he is well dressed.»

He began to strip it of all its adornments, and under the saddle, at the first inspection, they found his loins very badly wounded with six saddle galls and three wens, as well as sores and an old tumour concealed under the girth.

«An ass! said the man, more ass am I, since I pay for artificial adornments!»
In faith, this trick shall not be forgotten; it exactly suits a friend of mine, who has bought a book at a good price, which is well bound but not worth a whistle.

XXXVII

THE OX AND THE GRASSHOPPER

An ox was ploughing and at a little distance a grasshopper who was singing said to him:

«Alas! alas! what a crooked furrow thou hast made.»

«But he replied: «My lady, if the rest were not straight you would not be aware of the crooked one.»

Be silent then you lazy grumbler, because I serve my master well and he will pardon me one act of forgetfulness amongst so many good ones.

Look! who it is who made, and against whom, so futile a charge!

A grasshopper! against the most useful of animals!

But has he understood my meaning who boldly finds fault with a great work because of a trifling defect?

XXXVIII

THE MACAW AND THE MARMOT

A painted macaw saw from a balcony how a foreign clown, who may have been a Savoyard, showed for money, a very ugly, destructive animal, viz; the marmot, representing it as something very wonderful.

The ridiculous animal came out of its box; and the bird from the balcony said to it:

«What a strange caprice, that you being so ugly people give money to see you, whereas I being handsome, every one sees me here gratis!

«It may be, notwithstanding that you are a valuable animal, but I know sufficient when I see that you are mercenary.»

A bad author hearing this, went away ashamed. Why? Because he served a publisher for a fixed salary.

XXXIX

THE PORTRAIT WITH THE RUFFLE

Nowadays the contagious evil of introducing foreign phrases into our language, is a grave complaint, but, there are those who do not consider that they speak purely if they do not employ antiquated expressions instead of those in use at present.

I am going to entertain these persons with a fable, and so that they may be more pleased with it, I shall try to relate it in their own style, mixing the two ways of speaking, the new and the old.

Not without incontrollable jealousy a painter of the present day saw that now, ancient portraits obtain great praise and value; and the not improving them was a disgrace.

For this reason, wishing one day to paint the portrait of a certain rich man, a gentleman of great importance, he thought that an ancient costume would give the picture the value of an old one.

He thought that he would be a second Velazquez by this, and as soon as he had faithfully depicted the gentleman's features, he added a ruffle and other adornments which were formerly in use.

He took the picture without delay to its owner, who was transfixed with astonishment to see his person attired in such ancient apparel, although the face pleased him sufficiently.

Nevertheless a trick came into his mind by which to pay off the artist.

He had stored in an old chest some ancient coins, inherited from his ancestors

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Many of them were of the time of Ferdinand fifth, some of a period before Charles the first, and some of both Philip the first and Philip the second's time, and of these he gave him a purse well-filled.

«With these pieces of money, or rather medals (the painter said) if I go to the market, when the time comes for me to buy victuals I shall return home with a very good store.»

«Zounds! (said the other) have you not painted me in a costume that at one time was very gentlemanly, and is now only worn by a constable?»

«As you have painted me so I have paid you: take away the picture and at once paint me in my cravat instead of a ruffle, change that sword for my rapier and that toga for my coat; because no one in all the town will recognise my features in such guise.»

«Then I will quickly pay you in good current Castilian coin.»

Now if the idea which that modern painter had provokes laughter, ought we not always to laugh when a modern author dotes on antiquated expressions?

What is affected he thinks perfect; he speaks purely at the expense of clearness, and does not find an expression too vulgar for our age, if it was select in the time of the Cid Campeador.

XL

THE TWO GUESTS

Passing through a village in «La Montaña» two young gentlemen looked for lodgings.

The two friends received pressing offers from two neighbours.

As they did not wish to slight either, one went to lodge at one neighbour's the other at the other's; each guest choosing of the two houses that which pleased him.

That which the one preferred had a large court-yard, a splendid front like a palace, and over the doorway a coat of arms engraved in stone.

That of the other was not so large in appearance; but inside, there was no lack of accommodation; as there were rooms of very good temperature, light and clean.

But the other palace, with the large front, was dark and cold besides being narrow.

A large entrance, and within, garrets open to the roof.

He who passed a day there so badly lodged, related to his friend his complete disappointment, but he answered:

«Disappointments as great as that many books give us.»

XLI

THE TEA AND THE SAGE

Tea, coming from the Chinese Empire, met Sage on the way.

Sage asked: «Whither goest thou friend?»

«I am going to Europe friend, where I know that they buy me at a good price.»

«I, (replied the sage) am going to China because there they receive me with the highest esteem, as pleasing to the taste and for medicine.»

«In Europe they treat me as a wild plant and I have never succeeded in making a fortune.»

«God be with you! thou shalt not lose by the journey because there is no nation that does not give praise and money with pleasure to all foreign things.»

Let sage pardon me if with respect to commerce I oppose his maxim.

If literary commerce were spoken of I would not defend the contrary; because in it for some it is a vice that which is in general a benefit, and there are Spaniards that could perhaps recite five hundred verses of Boileau and Tasso, who do not know in what language Garcilasso wrote his.

XLII

THE CAT, THE LIZARD AND THE CRICKET

It is true that there are animals very scientific in curing themselves with various specifics, and in preserving their organic construction, so clever are they in botany; since they know the diuretic, cathartic, narcotic, emetic, febrifugic, styptic, prolific, cephalic and also sudorific herbs.

In this a very pedantic, rethorical cat was a great theorist and practitioner, who spoke in a style as emphatic as the most prolix professor.

As he was going in search of salubrious plants, he said to a lizard:

«I feel sick unto death! for my half dropsical swellings, I should like to suck the juice of heliotropic leaves.»

The lizard was astonished at the extravagance of all that eccentric preamble and no more understood that macarronic sentence than if it had been in the Babylonian language; but he noticed that the ridiculous charlatan filled his stomach with sunflower leaves and he said to him:

«At last dropsical Sir, I have understood what is heliotropic juice.»

And is it not amusing that a cricket hearing the dialogue; although he did not understand this catalogue of rare and magnificent terms, praised and eulogised the cat!

Yes; there are persons who take pedantry for excellence and plain clear speaking a demerit.

But since these lovers of hyperbolical periods and diabolical metaphors exhaust the store of resounding words, although they turn out an absurdity, let us bring down upon their problematic style this apologue of enigmatical words.

XLIII

THE MUSIC OF THE ANIMALS

Attention, noble auditory, for I my bandore have tuned and you will thank me when you hear the song which I sing to you.

At the court of the lion, on his birthday, some animals arranged to have a ball; and in order to give it with proper pomp, they thought a musical company was necessary for the occasion, but in this, as it often happens, they did not use the necessary discrimination in allotting the parts: they did not speak of the nightingale, nor did they remember the blackbird, nor did they mention the lark, the linnet or the canary: less skilful though bolder performers offered to take charge of the amusement.

Before the hour arrived for the proposed chorus each musician said:

«You shall see what a time we shall have!»

And at last the choir presented themselves in the saloon composed of the following very clever performers.

The sopranos were two crickets; a frog and a grasshopper the contraltos, two hornets the tenors; the pig and the ass basses.

With what pleasing modulation and with what a delicate accent the music must have sounded, it is not necessary to exaggerate; suffice it to say that most of the audience stopped their ears, and out of respect to the lion concealed their disappointment.

Notwithstanding, the frog understood perfectly by the faces that there would be very little clapping and «bravos».

He left the circle and said:

«How much out of tune the ass is!»

The latter replied:

«The trebles indeed are out of tune.»

«He who spoils all (added a cricket shrieking) is the pig.»

«Gently (then replied the pig): no one is more out of tune than the contralto grasshopper.»

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«Behave yourself and speak properly (shouted the grasshopper) it is false; these tenor hornets are the authors of the mischief.»

The lion cut short the dispute, saying:

«Knaves! before beginning the chorus were you not praising it? and each one claiming for himself the applause as if it would be due to his singing; but as the concert is a pandemonium, no one wishes to be a partner in it, and charges the others with it. Never dare to come into my presence again: get out! and if you sing to me again I shall have to make a slaughter.»

Oh! that heaven would allow the same, when three or four writers having jointly produced a work, each one wishes to have the credit of it if the book turns out good or even mediocre, but if it turns out bad the companions are to blame.

XLIV

THE SWORD AND THE SPIT

A fine, well tempered, polished, sharp sword of the best quality which a Toledo maker had turned out and which had been used in many combats, fell into the hands of one proprietor after another and brought them gracefully out of many scrapes.

It saw itself put up in many auctions, till at last, by strange accidents it came to a stop (who would have thought it!) in a dark corner of an inn, where, as a piece of useless furniture, against the wall, it was left to rust.

A maid servant, by order of her master, the Inn-keeper, who must have been a great fool, took it on one occasion to the kitchen, and with it, spitted a fowl and here we have a spit, ready made, of what had been a sword of honour and profit.

Whilst this was passing in the inn, a certain countryman recently arrived at the court (Madrid) and transformed from a labourer into a gentleman, wished to buy a sword.

The sword-cutter knowing that now a days, the sword is only an ornament and any blade whatever passes for a good one; it being necessary only to have the hilt fashionable, told him to return the next day,

He quickly ground to an edge, smoothed and polished a spit which he had in his kitchen, and as a sword of Thomas de Ayala's make, he sold it to the poor countryman who understood nothing about such purchases; the sword-cutter being as great a rogue as the inn-keeper was a fool.

Of like foolishness and roguishness could not our nation complain against the two classes of translators who infest it with their translations?

Some translate celebrated works, and convert swords into spits; others there are who sell spits for swords.

XLV

THE FOUR CRIPPLES

A man dumb from his birth and more deaf than a wall, came to talk over matters of little importance with a blind man.

The blind man spoke by signs that were quite clear to the dumb man, but the latter made signs in reply and the blind man remained in the dark.

In this difficulty they brought a mutual friend, to help them who was, unfortunately, one-handed.

He translated the signs of the dumb man into words and by this means the blind man understood the affair.

At last, the result of this strange conference was, that it became necessary to write a letter on the subject.

«Comrades! exclaimed the one-handed man, my help is not equal to so much, but the Dominic will come to write it if he is called.»

«How can he come (said the blind man) since he is lame and can hardly walk? Come along! it will be necessary to go and find him at home.»

This they did; and at last the lame man wrote the letter; the blind man and the one-handed man dictated it and the dumb man went to deliver it.

For the above-mentioned business, two persons were more than enough; but such as they were, four were necessary.

And if this had not occurred, a short time ago, in a small town in the Alcarria, and been witnessed by more than one hundred persons, we might well suspect that it had been purposely invented by some one who wished by it to depict what occurs when many join together in a literary cabal, all having to work to make up an idle story.

XLVI

THE CHICKEN AND THE TWO COCKS

A cock presuming to be a valiant combatant, and a somewhat over grown chicken, I don't know for what reason, had some words, so that they came at last to a fierce fight.

The young chicken was so skilful that, he gave the cock a pretty beating, remaining master of the field.

And the conquered sultan of that seraglio said, when his adversary was out of hearing:

«Well! In time he will not be a bad cock; the poor little fellow is young yet...» but he never put himself in the chicken's way again; but on another occasion, on account of some question, he had an encounter with an old cock, a veteran warrior, who left him with hardly any feathers or comb, and he said on retiring from the scene:

«If I did not take into account that he is a poor old... cock... but he his in is dotage, and out of pity I leave him.»

He who goes into contentions, for example on literary subjects, let him not regard the age, but the ability of his opponents.

XLVII

THE MAGPIE AND THE MONKEY

A certain magpie said one day to a very cunning monkey:

«If you would come to my roost, how many things I would show you!

»You know very well with what skill I rob and keep many jewels.

»Come if you like and you shall see them hidden behind a chest.»

The other said: «Go in peace,» and accompanied her to the place.

Madam magpie began taking out a red garter, a small crinoline, a buckle two medals, the brass end of a sword scabbard, half a comb, and a scissor case, a piece of gauze, a damaged razor handle, three guitar pegs and many other useless trifles.

«What do you think of it? said she: come, sister, don't you envy me? are you not astonished? in faith none other of my kind equals me in riches.»

Our monkey looked at her with a cunning leer and said at last.

«Nonsense! You have got together much rubbish!

»Here you have one who beats you, because what she takes care of is useful.

»If you don't believe it look at my jaws.

»Under them comrade, there are two pouches or double chins which shrink and expand.

»I eat what suffices me and the overplus I keep in both (receptacles) until I am in want of it.

»You, fool, heap up old rags and rubbish; but I, walnuts, hazel nuts, sweet meats and other necessary provisions.»

And did this cunning monkey speak only to the magpie?

It seems to me that she speaks rather to some who boast of miscellaneous mixtures and valueless medleys.

XLVIII

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE SPARROW

Imitating the sound of an organ, one day, a nightingale was taking a lesson in singing, and a talkative sparrow arriving meanwhile at the cage, spoke thus:

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«How surprised I am to see that in this manner, so clever a bird, has a pupil for a master! because after all what the organ knows, it owes entirely to you.»

«In spite of that, the nightingale replied, if he learns from me, I learn from him. To imitate my caprices he dedicates himself; I continue correcting them by conforming myself to the art which he teaches; and in that way you will see how much a nightingale improves who sing according to some system.»

Does any grave literary man disdain to learn? well, he who knows most ought to study the most.

XLIX

THE GARDENER AND HIS MASTER

In a flower garden there was a large fountain the basin of which served as a tank for carp, tench and other fish.

The gardener only attended to the watering, so that in the mean time the fish had no water to live in.

Seeing such mismanagement, his master reprimanded him, for although he wished to have flowers, he also wished to entertain himself with the fish.

And the stupid gardener so punctiliously obeyed him that he did not water the flowers, so that the water should not decrease in the basin of the fountain.

After some time the master of the garden came again; he found the flowers dried up, and exasperated, spoke thus.

«Man, do not water so much as to leave me without fishes; nor take so much care of them, you great barbarian, as to leave me without flowers.»

The maxim is hackneyed, but ought to be repeated:

Let him not write who does not know how to unite instruction and utility.

L

THE TWO THRUSHES

A grandfather thrush, full of years and prudence was persuading another thrush, his little grand son, a young fellow of but scant experience to quicken his speed in flying and to go for preference to a well-filled vineyard and there to collect his spoil.

«Where is this vineyard? (the young fellow asked him) and what fruit does it produce?»

To day there is a grand banquet awaiting you,» said the old thrush, «come along, learn to live, you poor little thing.»

And hardly had he said this when he began to show him the grapes.

On seeing them, said the rapacious bird:

«And this is the fruit so much praised by so wise a bird? How small how rotten! Go along! it is impossible that this can be of any value.»

«I have larger and better fruit in an orchard.»

«Let us see it,» said the old bird, although I know that a single pip of my grapes is worth more.

Having arrived at the orchard, the young bird began to exclaim enthusiastically:

«What fruit! How large it is! Has it not a splendid appearance?»

And what was it? A pumpkin!

That a thrush should make such a stupid mistake, is not difficult; but it is very strange indeed that a man who is considered learned should appreciate a book for its size.

It is a great work if it is a good work; if it is bad, it is altogether too great!

LI

THE GALLOON MANUFACTURER AND THE LACE MAKER

Near a lace-maker's there lived a manufacturer of gallons.

«Neighbour who would think (said he to her) that three yards of your lace should be worth more doubloons than ten yards of galloon, faced with gold on both sides!»

That my merchandise (this is what she replied to the neighbour) should be worth so much more than yours ought not to surprise you; although you work in gold and $\frac{1}{2}$ in linen; because art is of more value than material.

He who despises style and says that he only values the *thing*, let him take notice that if linen thread is sold dearer than the precious metal, elegance also gives its chief value to the substance.

LII

THE HUNTER AND THE FERRET

Loaded with rabbits and dead with the heat, a hunter was returning one afternoon from a distance to his house.

He met on the way, very near the village a neighbour and friend, and began to relate to him his luck.

«I have toiled all the day, he said to him; but what does that matter, since better sport I never have had nor ever shall have.

«It is true that since the morning I have suffered much from the sun; but look what young rabbits I have here!

«I say it and I repeat it, without being vain, that in all this district there is not a more skilful hunter.»

With attentive ear a ferret was listening to this discourse, from the cork box in which he had his mansion; and putting out his pointed snout through the netting, said to his master:

«I beg for two words with your permission.

«Let us see! which of us was the one who worked the most? these young rabbits and the others, who has hunted them if not I? Master, am I worth so little that I am treated so? it seems to me that I might well be mentioned as having done something.»

Any one would think that this moral counsel would have had great effect on the hunter; but no such thing; he remained as insensible as an ungrateful writer who takes advantage of another's help, and does not make mention of the benefactor.

LIII

THE COCK, THE PIG AND THE LAMB

There was in a yard a hen house; in this hen house there was a cock; and behind the yard, in a sty, an enormous hog was stretched out.

Another item; a lamb was being bred there, and all of them in perfect harmony: And who does not know that these animals are accustomed to live together in farm-yards?

Well! (begging your pardons) the pig said one day to the lamb; «what delight, what happiness, what a peaceful destiny is the being able to sleep!

«How healthy! I assure thee on my word as a pig, that there is in this miserable life no pleasure like that of stretching one's self out at one's ease, and letting things take their course.»

The cock for his part, said to the same lamb on another occasion:

«Look innocent one, to be in good health, to be able to walk briskly, it is necessary to sleep very lightly, to rise in July and February by starlight is a very prudent method, because sleep dulls the senses, leaves the body limp and spiritless.»

The simple lamb, quite confused, compares the two opinions and does not guess that what each one advises him is only that to which he himself is inclined.

Here, amongst authors it is an old practice to deceive by presenting as doctrine, and well-founded and to which we conform, that which we in our writings practice.

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LIV

THE FLINT AND THE STEEL

The flint called the steel cruel one day because he often wounded him in order to strike sparks.

The later quarrelling with the former, on separating, said: «Goodbye! are you worth anything without me?»

And the other replied:

«Yes; but without me you are worth little.»

Let every writer learn by this practical example that long study does not unite natural talent.

Nor does the flint give light without the help of the steel, nor do natural qualities shine when art is deficient.

If each one works apart, both are useless.

LV

THE JUDGE AND THE HIGHWAYMAN

They had the good fortune to take a highwayman, exactly at the moment that he was depriving an innocent man of his money and his life.

The judge charged him with his crime, and he replied:

«Sir, from my youth I was somewhat expert in picking pockets: by and by I robbed buckles, watches, cloaks, boxes, swords and other jewels: afterwards, when older I climbed into houses, and now, I am a famous highwayman, amongst murderers.

»So that, your excellency, do not be horrified if I rob and murder travellers; because this and other harm I have been doing these forty years.»

Do they punish the highwayman?

Well, by chance, do they answer better, who, when they are blamed in literature for their mistakes or their bad taste, allege antiquated usage against rational and just judgment.

LVI

THE MAID-SERVANT AND THE BROOM

A servant was sweeping the house with a very old and dirty broom.

«I disown the broom (she said;) with the rubbish and pieces that it leaves wherever it passes, it dirties more than it cleans the house.»

The revisers who think perhaps of correcting the errors in the works of others, are accustomed to leave them ten times more full...

But there is no fear that I should say anything of these gentlemen: let the servant speak for me.

LVII

THE NATURALIST AND THE LIZARDS

A certain curious naturalist saw in an orchard two small lizards.

He seized them in haste wishing to dissect them.

At once he takes the plumpest; limb by limb he divides it and then he applies the microscope to it.

The legs and the tail, the skin and the entrails, the eyes and the neck, the loin and the belly, he separates and examines all!

He takes the pen; he looks again, he writes a little; and goes over the same thing again.

He then examines his memorandum books; and then returns again to the same butchery.

Several (friends) of his kind and as curious, come to see him.

He gives them an account of what he has observed.

Some are surprised others ask questions and others dispute.

The anatomy ended, the learned man was tired of lizards; he let the other which was alive, go.

She returned to her chinks, where, speaking to her neighbours, she related to them the whole occurrence.

«There is no doubt about it, no, (she said to them) with these very eyes, I myself saw it.

»The man has been the whole of one day examining the body of our friend:

»And yet there are people who regard us as deformities?

»How can one bear such injustice when we possess things so worthy of being contemplated and written about?

»There is no occasion to be sad noble band; we are worth a great deal, whatever they may say.»

And people wish after this that certain authors should not be proud of iniquitous works?

He who criticises them, honours them (too) much.

Their nonsense ought not to be treated seriously but just lightly touched; because to give great importance to lizards, is to give them the opportunity of repeating:

«We are worth a great deal whatever they may say.»

LVIII

THE DISAGREEMENT OF THE WATCHES

Various friends were invited to a banquet and one of them failing to arrive at the hour appointed, arrived last of all and tried to excuse his unpunctuality.

«What excuse are you able to give us?» they asked him.

He drew out his watch, shewed it and said:

«Do you not see that I come in time?

»It is exactly two o'clock.»

«What nonsense! (they replied) your watch is more than three quarters of an hour slow.»

«But friends (exclaimed the late guest) what more can I do than give you my authority? here is my watch...»

The curious will observe that this gentleman was very much like some who commit an absurdity and excuse themselves by giving the first authority they find.

Well, as I was saying in my tale, all the persons present began to draw out their watches in support of the truth.

Then they noticed that one was a quarter, another half an hour, and another thirty six minutes past two, this one fourteen minutes past, the other ten minutes to; there were not two that were alike, and at last all was doubts and questionings.

But fortunately the master of the house was fond of astronomy and by and by, consulting his infallible (watch) set exactly by the meridian, he found that it was two minutes past three, with which he put an end to the contention and concluded it, saying:

«Gentlemen if you think it is worth while to quote authorities and opinions against the truth, they are to be found for every occasion; but fortunately opinions may be many; the truth, one.»

LIX

THE MOLE AND THE OTHER ANIMALS

Some animals, all four-footed ones, were playing once at blindman's buff, a little dog, a fox, a rat, which make three; a squirrel, a hare and a monkey, which make six.

The latter bandaged the eyes of all, as being the one who knows best how to make use of his hands.

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A mole heard the noise, and said:

«Why, by Jove! I will go there, and join the ring also.»

He asked to be admitted; and the monkey, very politely consented (without doubt to make fun of him.)

The mole, at each step stumbled twenty times, because he has his eyes covered over with a skin; and at the first round, as was to be expected, they very easily caught his excellency.

It was his turn to be the blind man: and who could better act this part?

But he, with dissimulation and for the sake of appearance, said to the monkey:

«What shall we do? come along! are you going to blind fold me?»

If he who is blind and knows it, pretends that he can see, he who knows that he is an idiot, will he confess that he is one?

LX

THE TIGHT-ROPE-DANCER AND HIS MASTER

Whilst a young beginner was taking lessons on the tight rope from a very clever tight-rope-dancer, he said to him:

«You see my master, how much this long pole, that we call «sausage» or balancing pole, worries and tires me!

«To load one's self with a long and heavy cudgel is what I find very bad in our business.

«For what reason do you wish me to restrain myself since I neither lack force nor agility?

«For example, this step, this posture, should I not do them better without this block of timber? Remember... that it is not difficult... not at all...»

As he was saying this he let the balancing pole drop; he lost his equilibrium... and... Good God! What is that?

What can it be? A good fall!

«That which is an aid you think an impediment heedless youth (the master said:) you flee from science and method?

«Then, my son, this will not be the last blow.»

LXI

THE TOAD AND THE OWL

An owl was hidden in the trunk of a tree, and a toad passing by saw half his body.

«Ah! there you are above, Mr. Solitary, said the toad, put out your head let us see if it is pretty or ugly.»

«I don't pretend to be a handsome youth, replied he from within: and even so I hardly dare to go out by day-light; but you who go about during the day exhibiting your elegance, would you not be better crouching in another hole?»

Oh! what few authors take this good advice!

We always give forth, however bad, as much as we compose; and perhaps it would be as well to inter it; but oh! comrades! we prefer to be notorious toads rather than hidden owls.

LXII

THE OIL-MAN'S DONKEY

On a certain occasion a donkey who helped an oil-man in his business was carrying a skin full of oil.

He was entering his stable at night at rather a quick pace and gave himself a most tremendous blow against the knocker of a door.

«Ah! he exclaimed: is it not a hard case that I should carry so much oil and have the stable dark!»

I fear that he who tries to collect books that he does not read may become angry.

He does become angry? It is quite right; but this said person, will he read my fables by chance?

LXIII

THE DISPUTE OF THE MOSQUITOES

A diabolical affray took place in a wine vault between innumerable tipling mosquitoes. (But I am surprised at one thing: that the good Villavictosa did not mention this dispute in his *«Mosquea»*.)

The question was that many expert and young mosquitoes contended with tenacity that now they no longer imbibed those wines, pure, generous, old, tasty and fragrant that they imbibed formerly.

In the judgement of others there was the contrary opinion, the excellent wines were the more recent ones; and they laughed at the former faction, finding fault with the declamations of the angry judges, addicted to old customs.

At the sharp buzzing of both parties, the cellar was sinking; when behold! an old mosquito, a very experienced taster, arrives and says, taking a draught: «By the life of the god Bacchus... (it is known that between them this is a solemn oath) where I am present, no one else will give a more opportune and reliable opinion: let all this disturbance cease.

Do you not see that I am a Navarrese, that whether in the tun, butt or jug, barrel, jar or cask, the juice of the grape with difficulty avoids a visit of ceremony from me? «And by tasting it I can distinguish and judge between Malaga and Peralta, between Port and Valdepeñas?

«Know by these tokens that it is a great mistake to suppose that all wine, because it is long since its vintage, is always good.

«By years it has gained, no doubt, in goodness, I do not deny it; but if it had been bad wine from the first, it would have become sour by this time: and after all there were in past ages, as there are now, wines like vinegar.

«On the other hand I taste at times new wine that I would bet was better than the other: and when many years have passed over certain brands that are at present disapproved, it may be that the future mosquitoes may imbibe them as exquisite wines.

«Enough now of disputes and for final judgement I condemn bad wine; I imbibe it when it is good, and never find out if it is new or old.»

Many vexatious learned men continue an everlasting discussion, some for the ancient and some for the modern.

My favourite text will always be the mosquito.

LXIV

THE FROG AND THE HEN

From his puddle a talkative frog heard a hen cackle.

«Go along with you! (he said to her) I could not have believed sister that you were such a troublesome neighbour.

«And with all this clatter, what is the news?»

«Nothing, except to announce that I lay an egg.»

«Only one egg, and you make such a disturbance!»

«Only one egg; yes, my lady.

«You are surprised at that when I am not surprised at hearing you croak night and day?

«I, because I am worth something announce it; you who are good for nothing, hold your tongue.»

LXV

THE BEETLE

I have a subject for a fable, that might very well... but some days the muse is accustomed not to be responsive.

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This is what happens to mine to day and I make a present of the subject to any one who may have the imagination more lively than I, because composing fables necessitates that the labour should be disguised in verse; which do not gush forth always when one wishes.

Well then, the hero of this (un) happy fable shall be a beetle, because a common, base hero is appropriate.

A certain fact is related of this insect: that though it eats any rubbish whatever, it never nibbles rose leaves.

Here, the author with all his energy will go on explaining as God my help him to, this extraordinary antipathy.

Afterwards the (very) crown of his head must perspire to make up a sentence by which we may understand to what this alludes; and according to his prudence he will expend circumlocution and elegance, on condition that he says in the last sentence, that just as the queen of flowers is displeasing to the dirty beetle, so is also every elegant and delicate invention to the learned Goths.

LXVI

THE LEARNED PARVENU

There was a rich man in Madrid (and they even say that he was a greater fool than rich man) whose house was furnished with the most exquisite furniture.

«What a pity that in such a perfect abode (a friend said to him) a library should be wanting! such a handsome adjunct, so useful and necessary.»

«So it is! (replied the other) And this idea never occurred to me...»

»It is just in time.

»The north saloon shall be destined to this purpose.

»Let the cabinet-maker come, and make capacious, polished shelves at any cost.

»Afterwards we will think of buying books.

»Now we have the shelves. And now... (the good man said:) to sally forth to hunt for twelve thousand volumes!

»It is not bad exercise! I shall lose my senses, they will cost me dear. and it will be the work of a century.

»But-would it not be better to buy them all of card-board dummies? One sees it! Why not?

»For such occasions I have a little painter who shall write good titles and imitate binding and parchment.»

(All) hands to work.

He ordered curious books, modern and ancient to be painted, and besides the printed ones several manuscripts.

And the good man so often re-passed his feigned volumes that he learned the titles of many and believed himself learned.

Well, what more do those wish who only study the titles of books, because if they imitated them with painted boards, they would be of the same use to them.

POSTHUMOUS FABLES

I

THE VULGAR RICH MAN TURNED ARCHITECT

A certain vulgar rich man, to improve a house of mean and modern architecture, dug out from an ancient ruin, now the capital (of a column) now a fragment of the base, here an adornment and there a cornice half a pilastre and a pedestal.

He heard it said that they were precious remains of the Roman greatness and taste, and that architects of very sound judgement by imitating them made themselves famous.

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To adorn his unhappy edifice he went on distributing them, bit by bit.
A charming addition! a graceful amendment!
Every one laughed at the said frontispiece; with the exception of a certain person who has some remote claims of being learned, and such is his mania that he unearths old words to mix them with others in use at present.

II

THE DOCTOR, THE PATIENT AND THE MALADY

The sick man, and the malady struggle together, he not to die and she (the malady) to kill him.

They put forth their strength to see which is the stronger without there being a certainty as to who will conquer.

A short-sighted man, and so extremely so that he could hardly distinguish bundles, tries to pacify them with a stick: a blow here, a blow there; if at times he hits the malady, the blind man is credited with being like the quick-sighted lynx but if, unbappily, he hits the patient, the blind man is no less than a brutal mole.

Who knows which is the greatest temerity, let them kill each other or try to make peace?

Before allowing yourself to be bled or purged,... this is a very medicinal, little fable.

III

THE CANARY AND THE JACKDAW

There was a canary, that, having endeavoured to attain eminence in improving in his singing, succeeded in amusing several amateurs by it, and began to be applauded.

A foreign nightingale; generally accredited (the celebrated Metastasio made particular mention of him) animating him with his approbation.

What the canary gained, as much by this favourable vote, as by what he tried to study to make himself worthy of it, excited the envy of some birds.

Amongst these there were some who also sang—well or ill—and justly persecuted him.

At last a jackdaw, who could not shine himself, wished to make himself famous by beginning to scream publicly amongst the birds against the canary.

He did not succeed in saying in what respect his singing was defective; but it seemed to him that to discredit it, it was sufficient to ridicule the colour of his feathers, the country where he was born, accusing him, without proofs, of things which have nothing to do with his good or bad singing.

There were some evil-minded birds who approved and followed what the jackdaw said.

The latter insisted on demonstrating to every one that he whom they had taken till now for a clever canary by its song, was no other than a donkey, and that what he had passed off as real music was in reality a continual bray.

What a strange thing! said some, the canary brays; and the canary is a donkey.

The fame of such a new wonder spread amongst the animals, and they came to see how a canary had become a donkey.

The canary disgusted, no longer wished to sing; till the eagle, the queen of birds, ordered him to sing, to see if indeed he brayed, he would exclude him from the number of his vassals, the birds.

The canary opened his beak and sung so as to please the greater part of the bystanders.

Then the eagle, indignant at the calumny that the jackdaw had raised against the canary, besought of his lord, the god Jupiter, to punish him.

The god condescended and told the eagle to order the jackdaw to sing.

But when the latter wished to break forth, he began, by divine command to bray horribly.

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All the animals laughed and said:

«He who wished to make out the canary an ass, has very justly become an ass.»

IV

THE MACAW AND THE MOLE

An arrogant macaw looking sideways at his wings and tail, exclaimed:

«Upon my soul even the mole, although he is blind could not deny that I am beautiful!..»

The mole heard him and said:

«I do not deny it; but perhaps other macaws would not concede you this beauty.»

A favourable judgement is rather to be expected of a non-professional than of a capable man who is in the profession.

V

THE CANARY AND OTHER ANIMALS

A canary who was famed for the variety of his notes escaped from his cage one day.

«With what delight I shall go travelling alone and boast (said he) of my sweet accents!»

He flies lightly over woods and fields and exhausts his stock of sweet trills.

But, oh! although he invents the sweetest of notes he does not find a living soul who takes notice of him.

A butterfly says mockingly to him:

«I go flying around from rose to rose; you may be certainly a Thracian musician, but look for a hearer that may be more tranquil.»

«I am going, said the ant, in search of my grain... but you may continue, superb singer.»

She fox adds:

«I am glad that the song pleases every body, but for me in the mean time, the first thing is this hen house towards which I am going (and) which is waiting for me.»

«I, said a dove, am in love and so take wing to that roof; it is now necessary to pay my visit to my little dove; may the canary pardon me!»

The graceful musician continued warbling but there was hardly any one to listen to him even for a moment.

To how many authors the same thing happens!

VI

THE MONKEY AND THE ELEPHANT

At a congress of various animals the monkey expressed with great seriousness that it was a shame, according to the usage established amongst rational men, not to have a history, which relating their origin and their deeds might instruct and glorify them.

(All) being pleased with the idea proposed, the monkey undertook the task; king lion in full court, commanded that he should be assisted with a suitable grant as well as the expenses of correspondence.

The new author asks the goose for a pen; he begins his work, and it is useless to say that he commences by writing a prodigious history that only contained the annals of himself and his monkey companions; but whole years passed and he said nothing of the other animals, who waited in vain to see his hand-writing again.

The elephant, as the savant, was one day charging him of so grave an omission and the monkey replied:

«Do not be surprised; because even in this I copy many men,

«I promise the public important works and after all only write of myself.»

VII

THE RIVER TAGUS, A FOUNTAIN AND A BROOK

- «In thy presence, oh! venerable river (thus a fountain spoke to the Tagus).
 »I complain bitterly of a poet, because he has said (and it is not true) that I laugh» (mock at).
 A brook added:
 «Yes, my father; it is fearful the way this man lies.
 »I go on my way, I do not censure, and in spite of all, he has pretended that I murmur.»
 It is said that the Tagus then with calmness replied thus:
 «Have I not also gold in my sands?
 »What then; are you surprised at the false testimony of the poets?..
 »Do not let it distress you; still false ones they bear against each other.
 »Laugh and murmur! I congratulate you.»

VIII

THE SNAIL AND THE TORTOISE

- The whole is not good if the parts are not so, and the corporation is worth little of which each individual is worth little, still many who do not esteem the works of private persons, regard them at once with respect if they are done by them together.
 A land snail at the close of day, came out to take the air, and saw a tortoise, who was going on a journey.
 «Don't hurry yourself, brother,» he said to mock at the pace at which he was going; adding many other sharp remarks.
 A little further on he ran against ten tortoises together, who were going from a small puddle in search of a larger one.
 And the snail left the way clear for so grave a band, only saying:
 «Pray pass.»
 He considered the solitary tortoise as despicable but the ten united as notable persons.

IX

THE WART, THE WEN AND THE HUNCHBACK

- A certain poet, who was by profession of those whose caprices are applauded already in the theatres before they can be fairly copied, composed tragical dramas, comedies, several farces in the same stile; although paid for his works, he begged of a learned friend to tell him without deception which was in his opinion the most worthy.
 And he answered:
 «I am more favourably disposed to the farces.»
 «For what reason?»
 «Have patience! I am going to tell you:
 »Listen to a not very prolix tale.
 »A wart, a wen and a crooked back...
 »Look what a trio! had a discussion, it is said, as to which of them was the prettiest.
 »Mrs. Hunchback as being the biggest wished to carry off the prize.
 »Mr. Wen wished for it because he was considered to be more polished; but the Wart made an equal claim because his grace consisted in his small size.
 »A critic heard this discussion; it made him laugh much, and he said at once:
 »Well done Wart you speak with sense!
 »You are all three, in truth, so beautiful, that it might well be said:
 »Of many evils, choose the least.»

HARRIET RUSSELL.

THE END

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