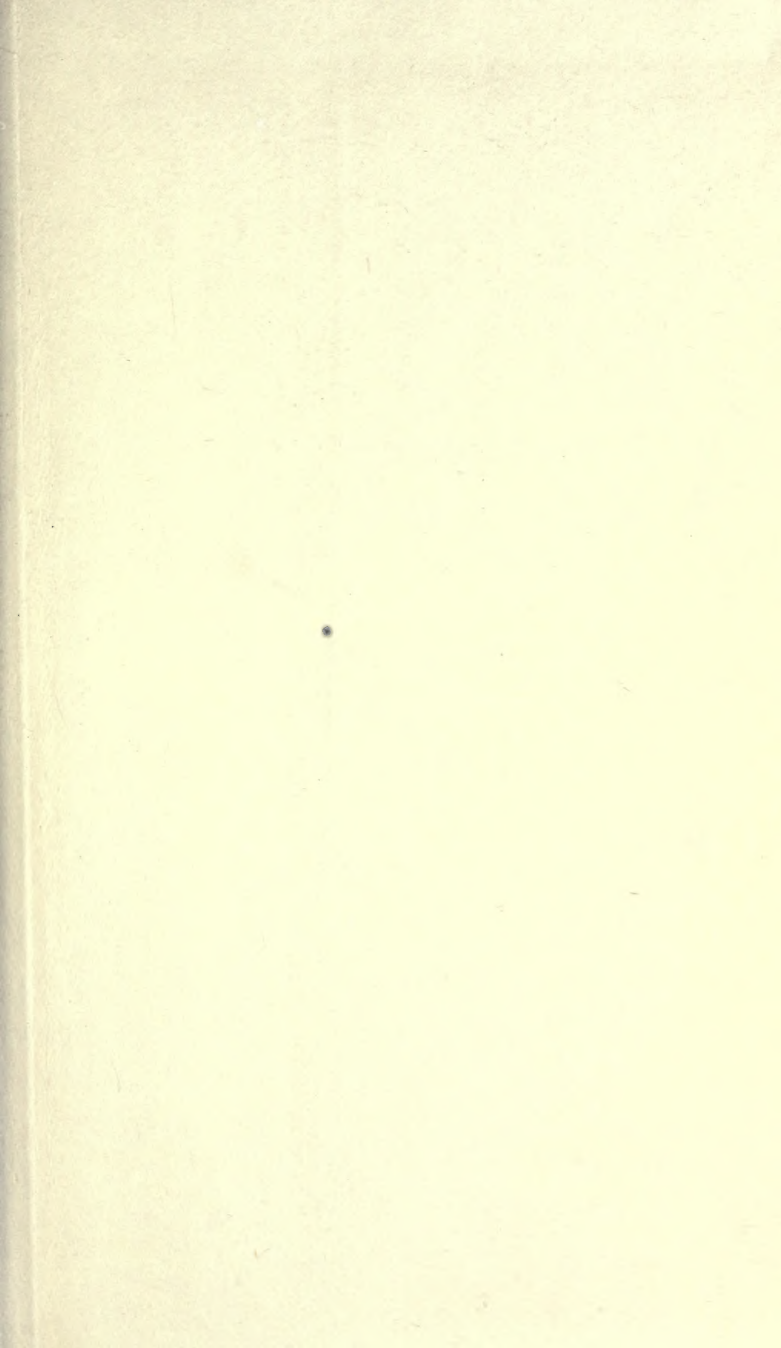




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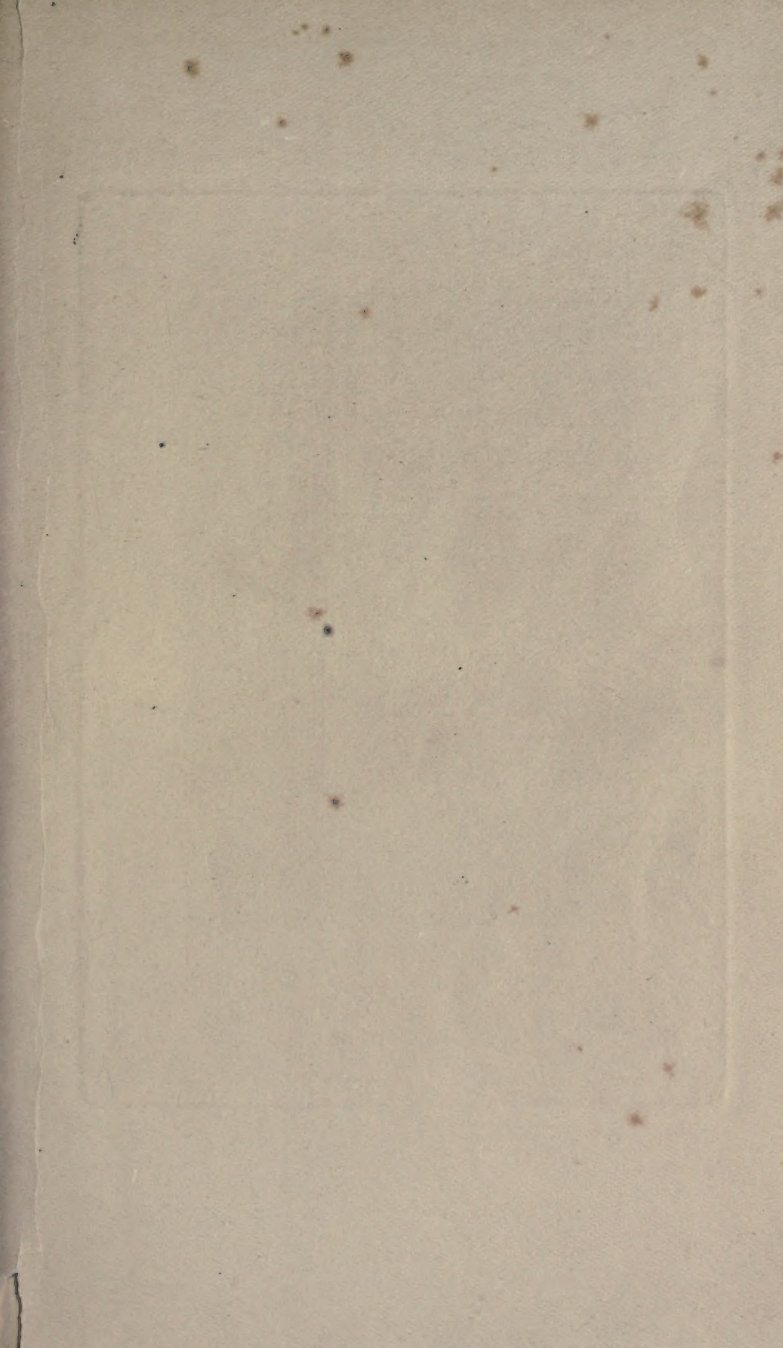


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THE NUN ENSIGN

THE NEW ENGLISH





Parthey del. et sculp.

Doña Catalina de Crauso.

EG526

EDUCO, CALABAR

THE NUN ENSIGN

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH WITH
AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY

ALSO

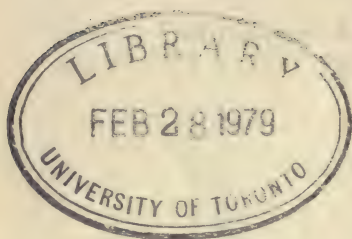
LA MONJA ALFÉREZ

A PLAY IN THE ORIGINAL SPANISH
BY JUAN PÉREZ DE MONTALBÁN

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL VIERGE

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29.7.40

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN
ADELPHI TERRACE MCMVIII



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TO
ARCHER MILTON HUNTINGTON
I DEDICATE
THIS STORY OF PICARESQUE ADVENTURES
IN THE NEW WORLD

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INTRODUCTION

THOUGH many fabulous details have been interpolated in the current history of her exploits, they do not justify any doubt as to the existence of Catalina de Erauso, the runaway Basque novice, whose real name has been completely overshadowed by the somewhat loose designation of *La Monja Alférez*—the Nun Ensign—which her Spanish contemporaries conferred on her. The evidence is strong. A baptismal certificate proves that she was the daughter of Captain Miguel de Erauso and his wife María Pérez de Galarraga, and that she was born at San Sebastián on, or shortly before, February 10, 1592.¹ If the Spanish Basques have contributed comparatively little to art and letters, they have always been noted for their devotional fervour and practical enterprise. As a national proverb puts it : *Iglesia, ó mar, ó casa real, quien quiere medrar*. The roll of Basque heroes, from Ignacio Loyola to Tomás Zumalacárregui, shows that they have laid this advice to heart, and have steadfastly sought distinction in the Church, at sea, or in the king's service. "Church or

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sea" can need no explanation, and "the king's household" is rightly interpreted by Cervantes in *Don Quixote*,² where the Captive's father bids one of his three sons to "serve the king in the wars, for it is a hard matter to win admission to his service in his household." The phrase was understood in this sense by the Erauso family. The men served the king; the women entered religion. Catalina's father held the rank of captain; of her three brothers, Miguel was an officer in the army,³ while Francisco and Domingo served in the navy.⁴ Two of her sisters, Mari-Juan and Isabel, were professed in the convent of San Sebastián el Antiguo, at San Sebastián, on April 23, 1605, and on December 17, 1606, respectively.⁵

It is certain that Catalina de Erauso had entered the same convent in 1603, or earlier.⁶ No doubt her parents intended her to follow the example of Mari-Juan and Isabel, and to become a nun. The religious vocation was shared by a younger sister, Jacinta, who made her vows on November 15, 1615,⁷ but it was not given to Catalina. Though

she is sometimes described as a professed nun, the balance of evidence tends to show that she escaped from her cell into the world before the irrevocable step was taken. Her name figures in the convent books for the last time in March, 1607,⁸ and then she vanishes for some eighteen years. Her reasons for breaking cloister, and her mode of life afterwards, may be gathered from her formal petition to Philip IV. and from the sworn testimony of four officers under whom she had served in South America. These independent witnesses, who happened to be in Madrid at the time of Catalina de Erauso's residence there in 1625, were Luis de Céspedes, Captain-General of the province of Paraguay; Juan Cortés de Monroy, Captain-General of the province of Veracruz; Juan Recio de León, acting Captain-General of the Peruvian provinces of Tipoán and Los Chunchos; and Francisco Pérez de Navarrete, an infantry captain who had met Catalina de Erauso in Chile as far back as 1608.⁹

Apart from certain chronological difficulties, it is possible to piece together from these
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statements a fairly coherent story. It would appear that a love of adventure—or, as she prefers to word it in her pious and loyal way, “a special inclination to take up arms in defence of the Catholic faith, and to be employed in your Majesty’s service”—had led Catalina de Erauso to disguise herself in man’s clothes, to sail for South America, to enlist in the Spanish army under the name of Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán,¹⁰ and to serve from 1608 onwards in the campaigns against the Indians of Chile and Peru. Her disguise was never penetrated—not even by her brother, Ensign Miguel de Erauso, whose company she frequented in Chile without awakening in him any suspicion of her sex or identity. According to the depositions, she served under Diego Brabo de Sarabía for over two years; she was then attached to the company of Captain Gonzalo Rodríguez, on whose recommendation she was promoted to the rank of ensign for distinguished service in the field; she was next transferred to the company of Captain Guillén de Casanova, commander of the garrison at the fortress of

Arauco; and she was subsequently one of the picked soldiers sent to occupy Paicabí under Álvaro Núñez de Pineda. In Chile and Peru her bravery was conspicuous. She was wounded at the battle of Purén, and in minor engagements; and in 1620, when serving in Juan Recio de León's company, she was entrusted with a special mission to Guancavélica and Cuzco. Later she would seem to have been concerned in a street-brawl at Guamanga, and, being so dangerously wounded that her life was despaired of, she avowed her sex to the Bishop of Guamanga. This incident may be conjecturally assigned to 1622:¹¹ at any rate Captain de Navarrete swore to having seen Catalina de Erauso dressed as a woman at Lima in 1623, and added that she was then notorious as "the Chile Nun."¹²

Her disclosures to the Bishop of Guamanga necessarily ended her career as a soldier, and, under the name of Antonio de Erauso,¹³ she returned to Europe towards the end of 1624.¹⁴ Still wearing her uniform, she roused great curiosity in Spain and abroad; the grave

historian, Gil González Dávila, thought her exploits worth recording in his official biography of Philip III.,¹⁵ and they were discussed in the remote East Indies.¹⁶ Her story, as related by herself, was printed at Madrid and Seville ;¹⁷ an enlarged version was speedily forthcoming,¹⁸ a supplementary account of her deeds was produced by a rival publisher,¹⁹ and before long these narratives were dramatised (with unhistorical adornments) under the title of *La Monja Alférez*, by Juan Pérez de Montalbán,²⁰ the favourite disciple of Lope de Vega. Having solicited and obtained a modest pension, in January, 1625, Catalina de Erauso set out on a pilgrimage to Rome. Her experiences were of an unpleasant character. She was arrested (apparently in the neighbourhood of La Tour du Pin),²¹ was accused of being a Spanish spy, was repeatedly struck and cursed as "a hypocritical Jewish dog," or "Lutheran," was robbed of her clothes, money, and papers, and was imprisoned in irons for about a fortnight. Before June 28th she was evidently back in Spain, for on that day she lodged

before the authorities at Pamplona an affidavit recording her ill-treatment, and filed corroborative statements from four fellow-pilgrims.²²

She succeeded in reaching Rome next year, and, on June 5, 1626, was introduced by Fray Rodrigo de San Miguel, a Spanish Augustinian monk, to Pietro della Valle (*Il Pellegrino*) the celebrated traveller, who wrote an account of his visitor for the benefit of Mario Schapone.²³ He describes her as tall and burly for a woman, artificially flat-chested, not plain in feature and yet not beautiful, showing signs of hardship rather than of age; with black hair, cut like a man's, and hanging in a mane, as was customary at the time. She was dressed like a man, in the Spanish fashion, and wore a sword, tightly belted; her head inclined forwards, and her shoulders were slightly stooped, more like a fiery soldier than like a courtier given to gallantries; epicene rather than feminine in general appearance, she nevertheless gesticulated with her plump and fleshy, but massive and powerful, hands in a manner vaguely suggestive of

her sex. Pietro della Valle notes with quaint astonishment that, when introduced by him to Roman nobles and ladies, Catalina de Erauso showed a distinct preference for men's conversation. But this and every other eccentricity was forgiven to the lioness of the season. Roman society made much of her; Urban VIII. granted her special permission to continue wearing man's clothes; and she sat for her portrait to the fashionable artist Francesco Crescentio.²⁴

However, the exacting monotony of life in Europe seems to have wearied her soon, for on July 21, 1630, she sailed for America once more.²⁵ If local tradition is to be trusted, she was still untamed. The parents of a girl at Veracruz, aware that the so-called Antonio de Erauso was a woman, requested her to escort their daughter to Mexico. She became jealously attached to her charge, resented her young friend's subsequent marriage, and, in a letter of incomparable arrogance, challenged the girl's husband to a duel.²⁶ After observing that a person of her noble lineage is insulted by being forbidden the

house, she refers to a current rumour that the husband has threatened to assassinate her if she ventures into the street where the newly married pair live, and ends with this defiance: "Now, although I am a woman, as this seems a thing insufferable to my valour, in order that you may behold my prowess and achieve your boast, I shall await you at the back of St. James's Church from one to six o'clock."²⁷ Friends intervened to prevent the meeting, Catalina sheathed her rapier, and set about earning a lucrative but unromantic living as a carrier. A prosperous owner of negroes and of mules, she was still engaged in the carrying business when the Capuchin monk, Nicolas de Rentería, saw her at Veracruz in 1645.²⁸ Time had dealt gently with her, all things considered. According to Rentería, she was regarded as a person of great courage, and skilled in the use of arms; she was dressed as a man, wore a rapier and dagger with silver mountings, looked about fifty years of age, was of good stature, stoutish build, and dark complexion, with a few hairs representing a moustache.²⁹ She died at Cuitlaxtla

in 1650 while on the way to Veracruz.³⁰ She was buried with considerable pomp, a laudatory epitaph was inscribed on her gravestone, and three years later a "Prodigious Narrative" of her eventful career was published at Mexico.³¹

La Monja Alférez is not one of Pérez de Montalbán's best plays, and it did little towards keeping the heroine's memory alive. But she was not forgotten by the people. Her legend thrived in oral and other forms, and a manuscript narrative of her adventures in the shape of an autobiography was apparently in the possession of the poet and dramatist Cándido María Trigueros at some date previous to May 24, 1784. On that day a copy of the manuscript was collated with the original at Seville, by copyists in the employment of Juan Bautista Muñoz, the future author of a fragmentary but valuable *Historia del Nuevo Mundo*; ³² and later on this transcript came into the hands of Francisco Bauzá, director of the Hydrographical Museum at Madrid, who lent it to his friend Joaquín María de Ferrer. Ferrer, who was a Basque,

might have been expected to know something of Catalina de Erauso's history; but clearly he had never heard of her, for he states that, on first reading the manuscript, he took it to be a piece of wholesale invention, "a novel written under the name of an imaginary person who had never existed in the world." On learning that González Dávila had seen Catalina de Erauso, and had had a long conversation with her in his house at Madrid in or about December, 1624, Ferrer saw his mistake, and, during his exile at Paris, he once more borrowed the copy³³ from Bauzá, then a political refugee in London. He caused investigations to be made at San Sebastián and in the Archives of the Indies at Seville, unearthed important documents concerning Catalina de Erauso, and after vainly seeking for Crescentio's portrait of her, came upon another likeness by Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velázquez, in the house of his friend Colonel Andreas Daniel Berthold von Schepeler at Aachen.³⁴ The discovery was most opportune, for Ferrer had already made up his mind to print the text of Bauzá's manuscript, and an

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engraving of the portrait by Pacheco duly appeared at the beginning of the *Historia de la Monja Alférez, Doña Catalina de Erauso, escrita por ella misma*, edited by Ferrer, and published³⁵ at Paris in 1829.

Habent sua fata libelli.—Ferrer, though he did other useful literary work, is now chiefly remembered as the editor of the text contained in Bauzá's manuscript. Yet the immediate circumstances of publication were against him. It is possible that the number of people in Paris who knew Spanish was relatively larger seventy-eight years ago than it is now; but the soldiers who had served in the Peninsular War were not greatly addicted to literature, the Spanish refugees could not afford such luxuries as books, and the interest in Spanish matters professed by the *Romantiques* was mostly an affectation. At the best, a Spanish work printed in Paris could not be expected to circulate widely, and there may be some truth in the assertion that the revolution of 1830 ruined Ferrer's chances of success. However, this argument will not be pressed too far by any one who remembers

that the *Orientales* appeared in the same year as the *Historia de la Monja Alférez*. Still, the Spanish book attracted some attention and slowly made its way. During the autumn of 1829 it was favourably criticised in the *Revue encyclopédique* by Andrés Muriel;³⁶ in 1830 it was issued in French by the elder Bossange,³⁷ and in German by Colonel von Schepeler,³⁸ the owner of the Pacheco portrait; and eight years later Ferrer's edition was reprinted in Spain. Thenceforward curiosity concerning Catalina de Erauso has been sustained. She was reintroduced to the general public in France by the Duchesse d'Abrantès in the *Musée des Familles* for 1839,³⁹ and to a more fastidious circle of readers by Count Alexis de Valon in the *Revue des deux mondes* for 1847.⁴⁰ Three months later De Quincey followed in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* with an article clumsily entitled *The Nautico-Military Nun of Spain*.⁴¹ Years afterwards Ferrer's text served as the basis of *La Monja Alférez*, a *zarzuela* by Carlos Coello, which was produced at the Teatro de Jovellanos in Madrid on November 24, 1875; and in 1892

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the story of Catalina de Erauso was the subject of a brief but shrewd criticism published by Sr. D. Antonio Sánchez Moguel in the columns of a popular newspaper.⁴² Lastly, in 1894, the original Spanish had the distinction of being once more translated into French prose, this version being the work of the poet of *Les Trophées*, José Maria de Heredia.⁴³

It is plain that the book has more than ordinary interest for readers of different countries and times, and we would willingly know more concerning the history of the manuscript which Muñoz had copied. No one can read Ferrer's text without noticing that it contains its full share of the inaccuracies, discrepancies, and inconsistencies which disfigure most works, and it is scarcely possible to explain all of these as the results of carelessness or literary inexperience. No doubt it was common enough for people in the

seventeenth century not to know their own ages, and it was as common in Spain as elsewhere. Cervantes and—still more—the members of his family were weak in the matter of dates, and Lope de Vega treats these distressing minutiae with the contempt of a handsome poet who has discovered the secret of eternal youth. But there are degrees of imaginative chronology, and greater exactitude is expected in a prose record than in a copy of verses. The autobiography of the Nun Ensign gives the date of her birth as 1585 instead of 1592, and, starting from this point, the chronology is necessarily wrong throughout the first chapter. Clearly Catalina de Erauso cannot have been sent to the convent at San Sebastián in 1589, three years before she was born; clearly, too, she cannot have quarrelled with the professed nun Catalina de Aliri in 1600 (or earlier), for the simple reason that Catalina de Aliri was not professed till 1605. And these difficulties are not isolated specimens. According to the autobiography Catalina de Erauso, after leaving her convent, roamed about Spain in various employments

for more than three years before sailing for America ;⁴⁴ and, as she was still at San Sebastián in March, 1607, this would mean that she did not start for the Indies till 1610. This, however, is incompatible with the statement that, before taking part in the battle of Purén (1608), she had served for three years under her brother Miguel de Erauso at Concepción, and (apparently) for another three years at Paicabí. It is beyond ordinary ingenuity to reconcile these assertions with the established fact that Catalina de Erauso was still at San Sebastián, a novice of fifteen, in the spring of 1607.

These and other evident discrepancies induced Ferrer to put forward the theory that the adventures recorded in the present volume befell a woman who, while serving in Chile, had made acquaintance with Miguel de Erauso, had learned from him some details of his family, and had assumed the name of his runaway sister. It is not recorded that Catalina de Erauso, on her return to Spain in 1624, visited Guipúzcoa, and Ferrer, making the most of the fact (as he very fairly might),

explains the omission by attributing it to fear of detection.⁴⁵ This is far from being convincing, but it is at least an attempt to account for inconsistencies which have been ignored by critics more famous than Ferrer—as, for example, De Quincey. “The reader,” writes De Quincey, “is to remember that this is no romance, or at least no fiction, that he is reading.” The essayist here assumes the point which it is his duty to prove, and his method has the merit of being convenient, but it is not illuminating; and in this particular matter De Quincey, from whom most English readers derive their information concerning Catalina de Erauso and her adventures, is not a trustworthy guide.

It is just conceivable that some subscribers to *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* sixty years ago enjoyed the facetiousness of De Quincey's references to Catalina de Erauso's father as a “proud and lazy Spanish gentleman” (a poor figure by the side of the typical “British reader, who makes it his glory to work hard”); or as an “old toad,” transformed a little later into “an old crocodile” with an

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“abominable mouth.” It is true that we know absolutely nothing about the habits or appearance of Captain Miguel de Erauso, but such prosaic considerations seldom detain a humorist. So, also, the allusions to “Spanish constitutions and charters, Spanish financial reforms, Spanish bonds, and other little varieties of Spanish ostentatious mendacity,” may possibly have been to the taste of our blameless grandfathers. But, apart from these graceful international compliments, there is little substance in De Quincey’s study. This is not surprising, for it is certain that he had never read, nor even handled, the book on which his essay purports to be based.⁴⁶ Had he once glanced at Pacheco’s portrait of Catalina, he could not have spoken of her as “eminently handsome,” or “blooming as a rose-bush in June,” and so forth; had he read the unflattering description in chapter vii. of the half-caste’s daughter—“very black, and as ugly as the devil”—he could not have rhapsodised over this lovely antelope (as he calls her), uniting “the stately tread of Andalusian women with

the innocent voluptuousness of Peruvian eyes." This is irrelevant fantasy, and there is much more of the same kind. De Quincey's essay is partly a tissue of extravagant fables and partly a travesty of events recorded in Ferrer's text. Two examples out of a score will suffice as illustrations. De Quincey describes the street-ruffians at Valladolid as pelting Catalina de Erauso with stones, and adds that Don Francisco de Cárdenas, "a gallant young cavalier who had witnessed from his window the whole affair," rescued her from the alguazils who had unjustly arrested her, "and instantly offered to Catalina a situation amongst his retinue." This is burlesque. De Quincey confuses Valladolid with Bilbao, ascribes to street-ruffians Catalina's stone-throwing, and substitutes Cárdenas for Arellano, thus mistaking the name of a knight of Santiago at Estella in Navarre for that of a cloth-merchant's mistress at Trujillo in the Indies. Again, De Quincey described Catalina in a wreck, refusing to leave her captain, constructing a raft, and breaking open with her axe "a box laden with gold coins,

reputed to be the King of Spain's." This is pure invention; in chapter iii. of the text Catalina is stated to have swum ashore, and there is not a syllable about captains, rafts, axes, or boxes laden with gold coins.

And the curious feature of this gratuitous invention is that it is not De Quincey's own. He simply plagiarises these fabrications from Valon—"a Frenchman, who sadly misjudges Kate, looking at her through a Parisian opera-glass"—and, while he patronises Valon, he follows the article in the *Revue des deux mondes* so closely that he reproduces some obvious misprints. Professor Masson, the editor of De Quincey's works, frankly admits that the article in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* is "a De Quinceyified translation from the French," though the writer's "craft in language enabled him to make good his assertion that his narrative contained 'no one sentence derived from any foreign one.'" This is the least that can be said. It is clear that De Quincey had never read the original Spanish, that he knew nothing of Catalina de Erauso beyond what he could gather from Valon's

imaginative report, that he copies without acknowledgment all Valon's romantic arabesques, and that he adds insult to injury by jocularly expressing a wish that Catalina "were but here, to give a punch on the head to that fellow who traduces her." The wish to punch Valon's head was a healthy, instinctive prompting of nature: for the article in the *Revue des deux mondes* was little better than a hoax, and De Quincey was a victim. In these circumstances no great weight need be given to his confident views on the authenticity of the text.

This question of authenticity does not appear to have been considered seriously by José Maria de Heredia, whose opinion on such a point would be much more valuable than De Quincey's. Without any suspicion of a fraud, Heredia accepted the *Historia de la Monja Alférez* for what it professes to be—a genuine autobiography—and he believed the book to have been written by Catalina de Erauso to ease her conscience of the load that weighed on it during her voyage back to Spain.⁴⁷ This, however, is an assumption

which takes no account of the strange discrepancies between the narrative and the historical facts. These discrepancies are so numerous that Sr. D. Manuel Serrano y Sanz, in a work of great learning,⁴⁸ puts forward the radical theory that the *Historia* is a forgery, not written by the Nun Ensign, but concocted about the beginning of the nineteenth century by Trigueros, the owner of the original manuscript.

If any forgery took place it must have occurred earlier than the beginning of the nineteenth century, for, as we learn from Muñoz, his copy was collated with the original in May, 1784, and, as for the ascription to Trigueros, it is merely conjectural. Trigueros was a poet and playwright of some repute in his own day;⁴⁹ but no one who can avoid it now reads the twelve cantos of *El poeta filósofo*; such original plays as *El Precipitado* and *Egilona* are practically inaccessible, and the same may be said of *La Muerte de Abel*, an oratorio adapted from Metastasio. Trigueros shows to most advantage in his recasts of Lope de

Vega's plays, and these workmanlike arrangements no doubt helped to keep alive the memory of the great dramatist;⁵⁰ yet, at its best, Trigueros's style is curiously unlike what Heredia calls the *langue nette, concise et mâle* of the *Historia*. If the book were proved to be by Trigueros we should have to say that it deserved to outlive his other works (as it has outlived them), and that it was much more interesting than anything published by him under his own name; but the theory of his intervention has no solid foundation.

The truth is that we have no evidence as to when, or by whom, the *Historia* was written. My own conjecture would be (and so far I agree with Sr. Serrano y Sanz) that the work was mainly pieced together by some deft hand from the genuine *Relaciones* for which Catalina was responsible, and that the episode of the New Cid was elaborated from Pérez de Montalbán's play, *La Monja Alférez*; but this is a purely personal impression, and nothing more. Meanwhile, we must guard against the temptation to exag-

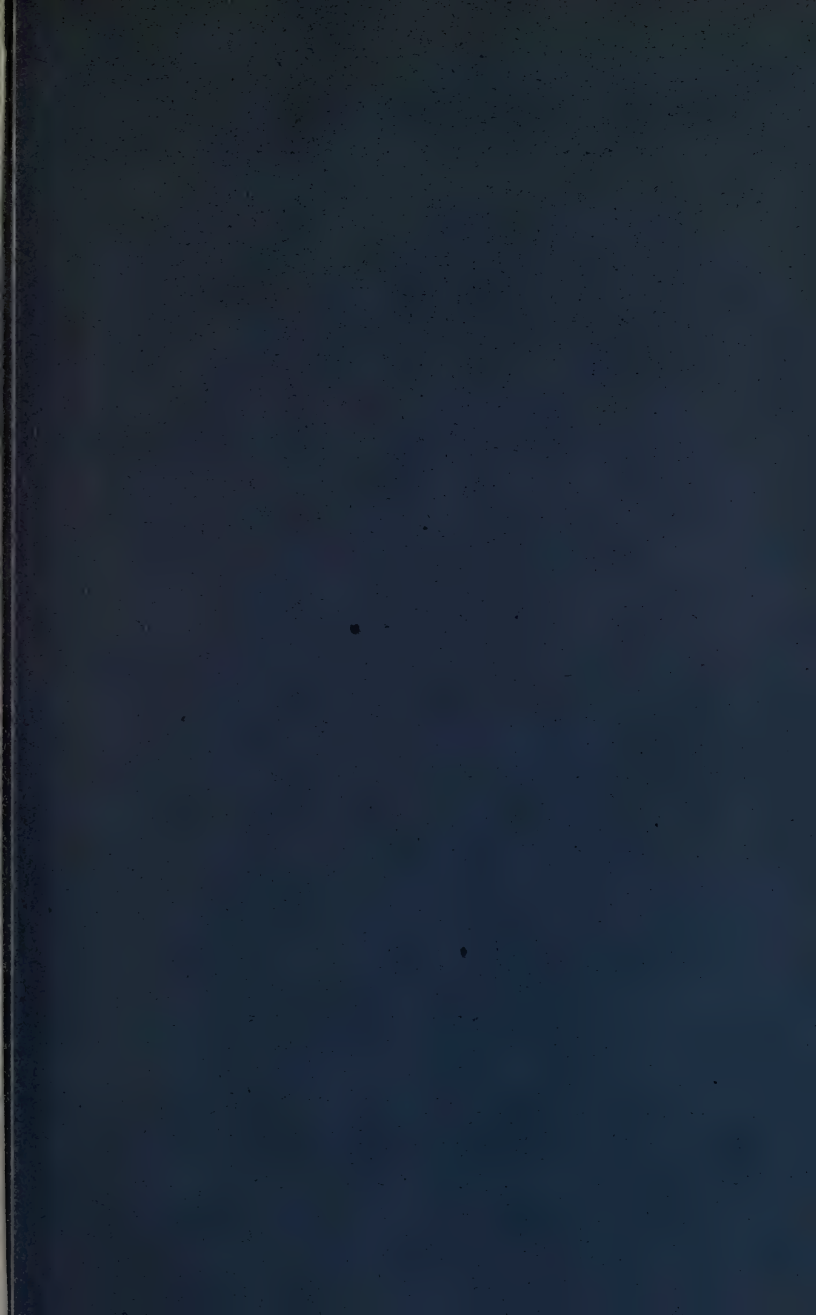
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gerate the significance of the discrepancies in the text. Though undoubtedly damaging, they are not necessarily fatal to the theory that the book is—at least in substance—an autobiography. In Spanish literature the dividing line between trustworthy personal narrative and certain specimens of picaresque romance is faint and shifting. Though the *Comentarios* of Diego Duque de Estrada,⁵¹ the *Vida* of Miguel de Castro,⁵² and the *Vida* of Captain Alonso de Contreras⁵³ are presented as real autobiographies, no critic supposes that the confessions of these ingenuous soldiers are absolutely exact in detail; but, notwithstanding the presence of an imaginative element, they are accepted as being essentially true, and the *Comentarios* of Duque de Estrada is issued as an historical document.⁵⁴ The *Historia de la Monja Alférez* may, perhaps, be allowed a place near these works. Whoever wrote it, and whatever its inaccuracies, it appears to be mainly based upon authentic accounts derived from the Nun Ensign herself; it gives a vivid idea of the vicissitudes undergone by a strange,

truculent adventuress ; and the narrative compensates for its lack of literary artifice by its sober, laconic simplicity.

Pérez de Montalbán's play, which seems to have been utilised in the text, exists only in the form of a *suelta* which was already a rarity eighty years ago when Ferrer reprinted it. As this *comedia famosa* is now rarer than ever, I have thought it advisable to reproduce it at the end of the present translation.

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.



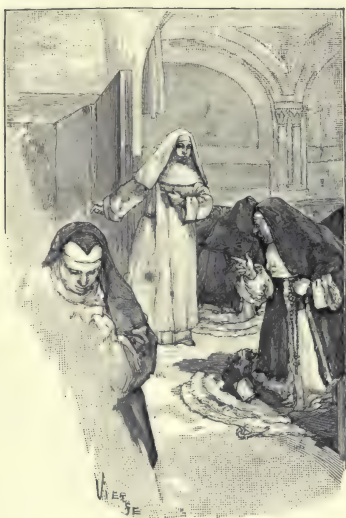


"My parents brought me up at home."

CHAPTER I. HER NATIVE PLACE, PARENTS,
BIRTH, EDUCATION, ESCAPE, AND WANDER-
INGS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF SPAIN.

I DONA CATALINA DE ERAUSO, was born in the town of San Sebastián, in Guipúzcoa, in the year 1585,¹ daughter of Captain Don Miguel de Erauso and of Doña María Pérez de Galarraga y Arce, natives and residents of the same town. My parents brought me up at home with my brothers² and sisters³ till I was four years old. In 1589⁴ they placed me in the convent of San Sebastián el Antiguo in the said city, belonging to the Dominican nuns, under my aunt, Doña Ursula de Unza y Sarasti, first cousin of my mother, and prioress of that convent; there I was brought up till I was fifteen, and then the question of my profession arose.

When almost at the end of my year's novitiate I had a quarrel with a professed nun called Doña Catalina de Aliri, who entered the convent as a widow, and made her profession.⁵ She was a brawny woman, and I a slip of a girl. She laid violent hands on me, and I resented it. On the night of March 18, 1600, the vigil of St. Joseph, while the community was rising for



"The nuns being in choir."



"I sallied forth into the street."

midnight Matins, I entered the choir and found my aunt kneeling there. She called me, and, handing me the key of her cell, told me to fetch her breviary. I went to get it, opened the door, and saw the convent keys hanging on a nail. I left the cell open, and took my aunt her key and breviary. The nuns being in choir and Matins solemnly begun, I went up to my aunt and asked leave to retire as I was not well. Placing her hand on my head my aunt said, "Go and lie down!" I left the choir, lit a lamp, went to my aunt's cell, and took from it scissors, some thread, and a needle; I took some *reales de á ocho*⁶ which were there. I took the convent keys, came out, and set to work opening and shutting the doors, and at the last one—which was the street-door—I left my scapular, and sallied forth into the street, without ever having seen it before, and not knowing which way to turn nor where to go. I cannot say which road I took, but I came upon a grove of chestnuts outside the town, close behind the convent, and took shelter

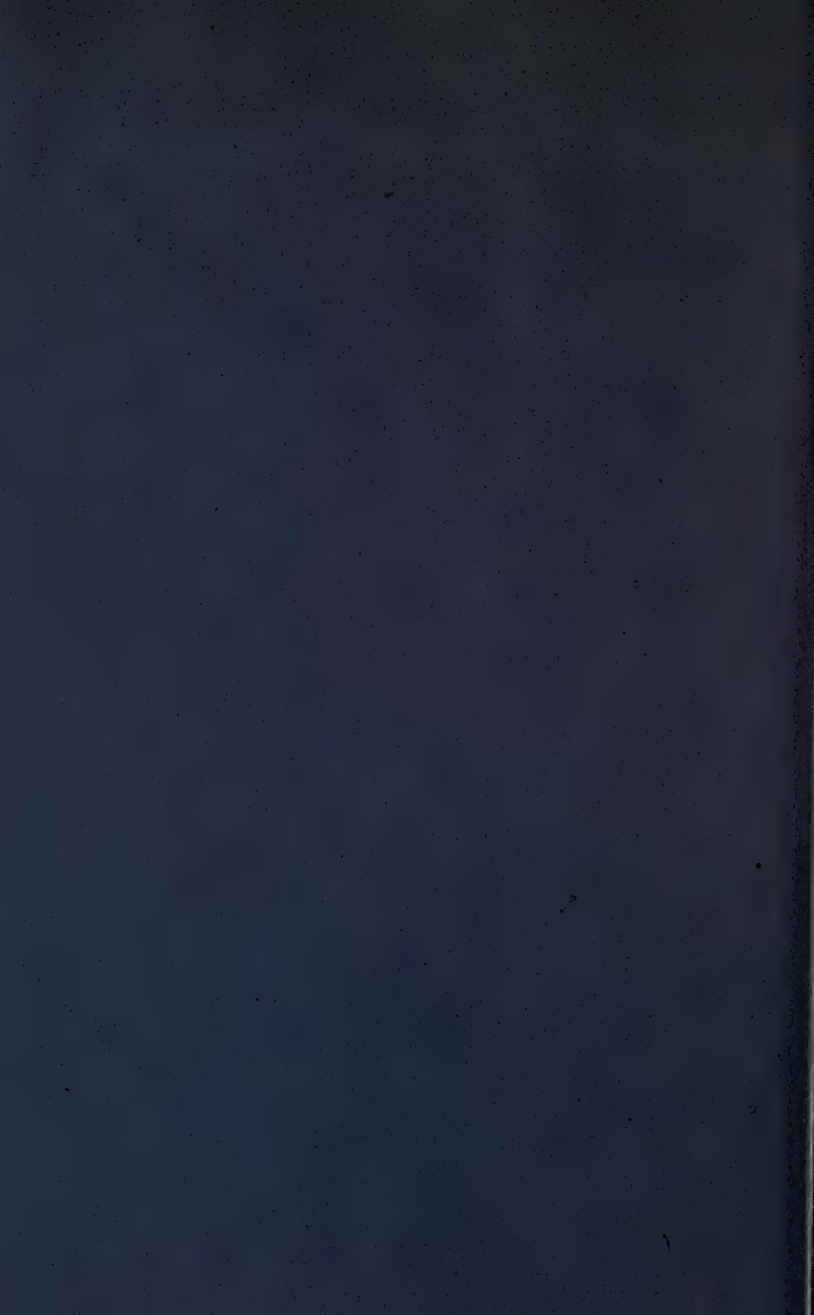
there, and spent three days planning, fitting, and cutting out clothes. I cut and made myself a pair of breeches out of a blue cloth skirt that I had on, and out of a green linsey petticoat that I was wearing I made a doublet and gaiters. As I could not see my way to making anything out of my habit I left it there. I cut off my hair and threw it away, and the third night I started off I knew not where, scurrying over roads and skirting villages so as to get far away, and at last reached Vitoria, which is nearly twenty leagues distant from San Sebastián, on foot and weary, and having eaten nothing but the herbs that I found by the roadside.

I entered Vitoria not knowing where to find refuge. Within a few days I was engaged by Doctor Don Francisco de Cerralta, a professor there. Though he did not know me, he made no difficulty about taking me in, and he clothed me. He was married to a first cousin of my mother's, as I gathered later, but I did not reveal myself. I stayed with him some three months, during which, seeing that I read Latin fluently, he took a



VIERSE

"I cut off my hair."



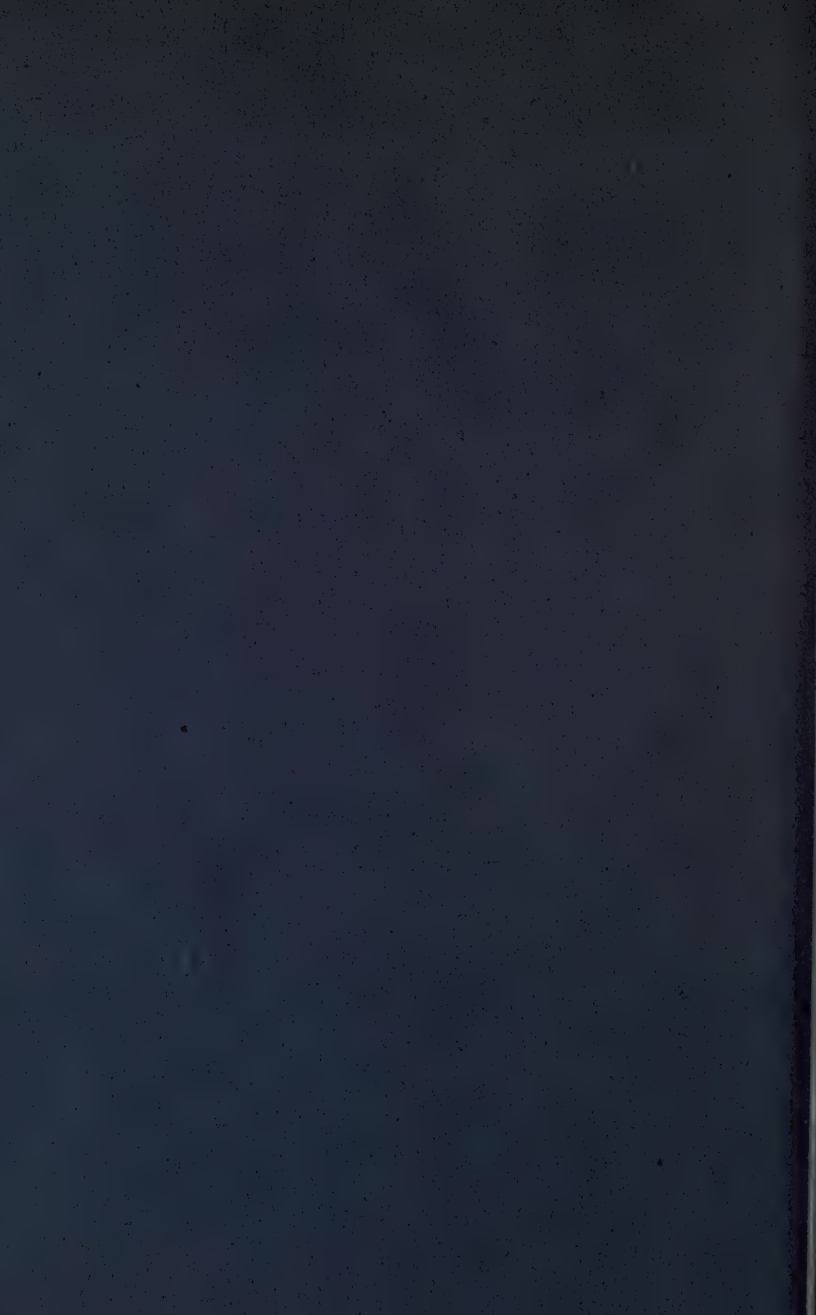
greater liking to me, and wanted to keep me at my studies ; and, finding that I refused, he persisted and went the length of thrashing me. On this I made up my mind to leave him, and did so. I took some money from him, and, agreeing to pay twelve *reales* to a carrier who was starting for Valladolid, which is forty-five leagues away, set out with him.

On reaching Valladolid, where the Court then was, I soon got a place as page to Don Juan de Idiáquez, the King's secretary, who clothed me well. I there took the name of Francisco Loyola, and was very comfortable for seven months. At the end of this time, while I was at the door one night with another page, my comrade, my father arrived and asked us if Señor Don Juan was at home. My comrade said that he was. My father told him to inform Don Juan that he was there. The page went upstairs and I remained there with my father, neither of us speaking a word and he not recognising me. The page returned, saying that he was to go upstairs ; and up he went, with me in his wake. Don

Juan came out on the staircase, and, embracing him, said, "Señor Captain, what a welcome visit this is!" My father replied in such a manner as to make it clear that he was in trouble. Don Juan went into a room, said goodbye to a visitor who had called on him, came back, and they sat down. He asked my father what the news was, and my father told him how that girl of his had left the convent, and that he had come into the neighbourhood to search for her. Don Juan showed that he was much concerned because of my father's distress, and also because he himself was very fond of me; likewise because of the convent, of which he was patron (inasmuch as his ancestors had founded it); and because of the town where he was born. After listening to the conversation and to my father's laments I retreated to my room, bundled up my clothes, and made off, taking with me eight doubloons⁷ which I chanced to have. I went to a tavern, where I slept that night, learned that a carrier was leaving next morning for Bilbao, and came to terms with him. We started at daybreak, I not knowing what to do



"Don Juan came out on the staircase."

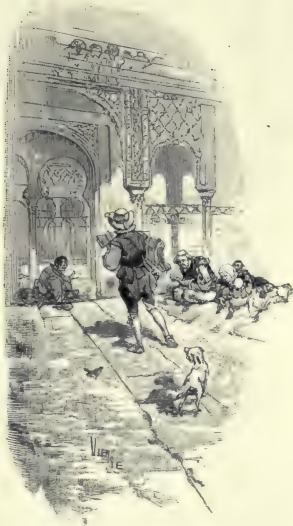


nor where to go, but letting myself be carried along like a feather by the wind.

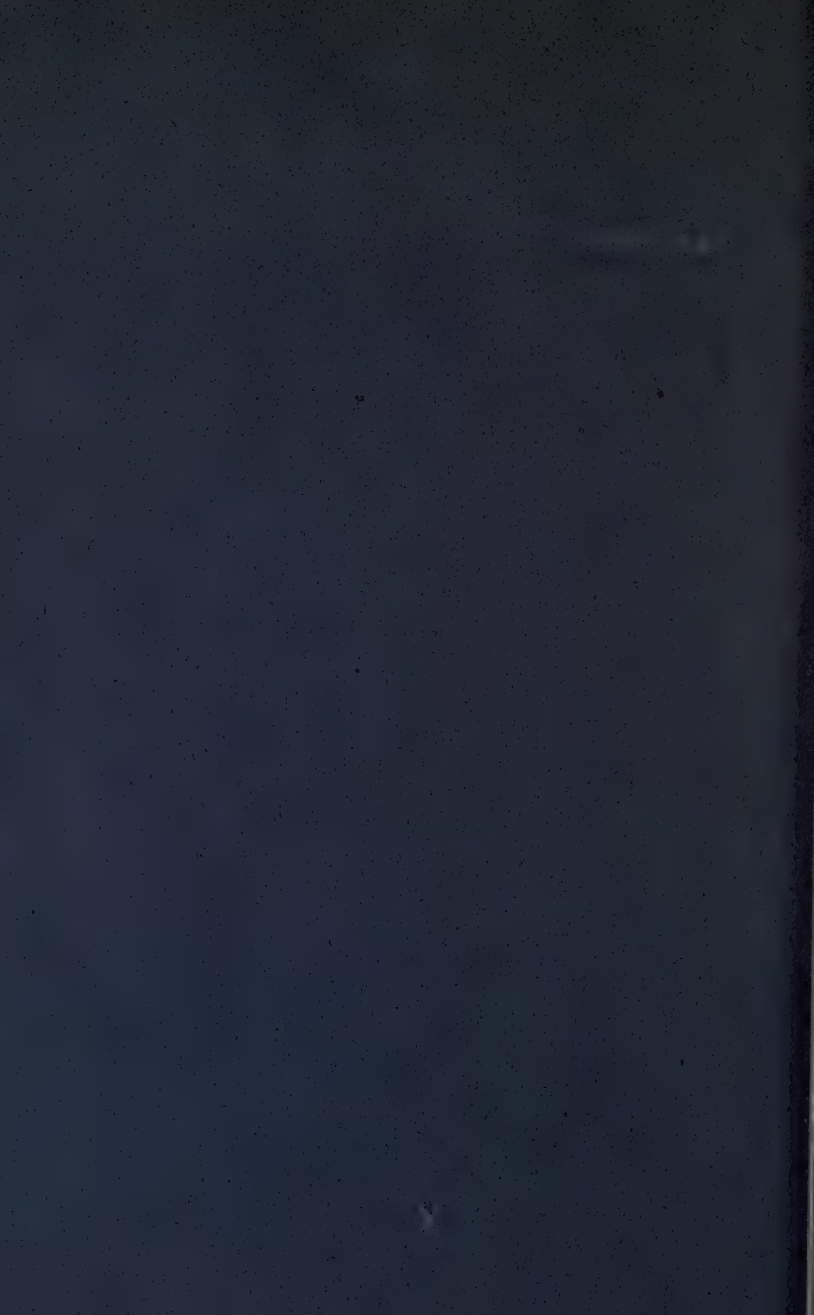
At the end of a long stretch—something like forty leagues, I fancy—I reached Bilbao, where I found neither lodging nor comfort, and did not know what was to become of me. Meanwhile, some lads took it into their heads to gape at me and crowd round me to such a degree that they irritated me, and I was obliged to pick up stones to fling at them. And I must have hurt one of them, though I don't know where, for I didn't notice; and I was arrested and kept in jail a longish month till he was cured, when they released me with a little money in hand after expenses were paid. I at once left and went to Estella in Navarre, which is, I should think, twenty leagues away. I reached Estella and got a place as page to Don Carlos de Arellano, of the Order of Santiago, in whose house and service I spent two years, well treated and clothed. And then, from sheer whim, I gave up this comfort and went to my native place, San Sebastián, ten leagues off; and there I stayed, a spruce fop, unrecognised by anybody.

And one day I was hearing Mass at my convent when my mother was present, and I noticed that she looked at me and did not know me; and, Mass being over, some nuns asked me into the choir, but I pretended not to understand, paid them many compliments, and slipped away. This was at the beginning of 1603. Thence I went to the port of Pasage, which is a league away. There I fell in with Captain Miguel de Berroiz, who was about to sail with his ship for Seville. I begged him to take me, and made a bargain with him for forty *reales*. And I embarked, and we sailed and very shortly reached San Lúcar.

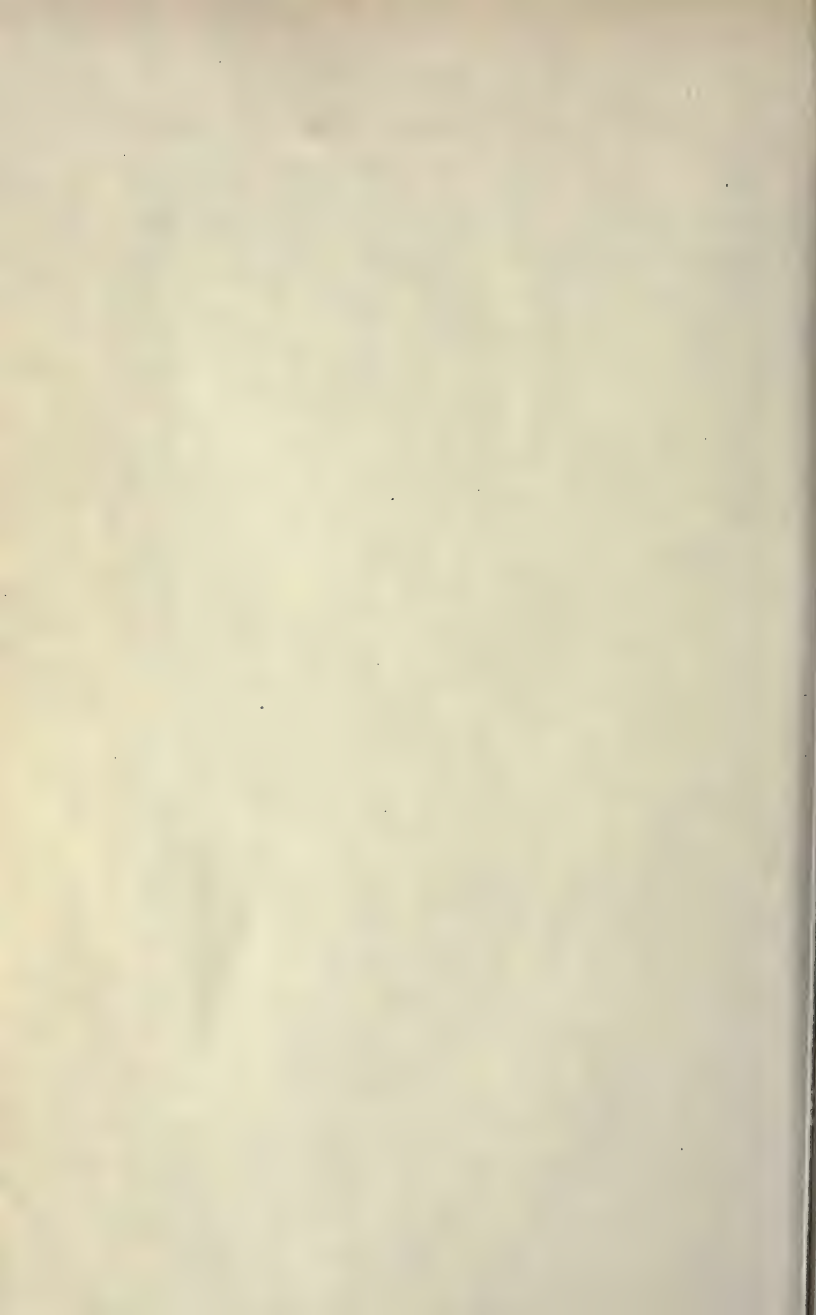
On landing at San Lúcar I went off to Seville, and, though it tempted me to stay, I remained there only two days, and then returned to San Lúcar. There I met Captain Miguel de Echazarreta, who was from my part of the country and commanded a tender to the galleons under General Don Luis Fernández de Córdoba, forming part of the armada with which Don Luis Fajardo sailed for Punta de Araya in 1603. I enlisted as



"Some nuns asked me into the choir."



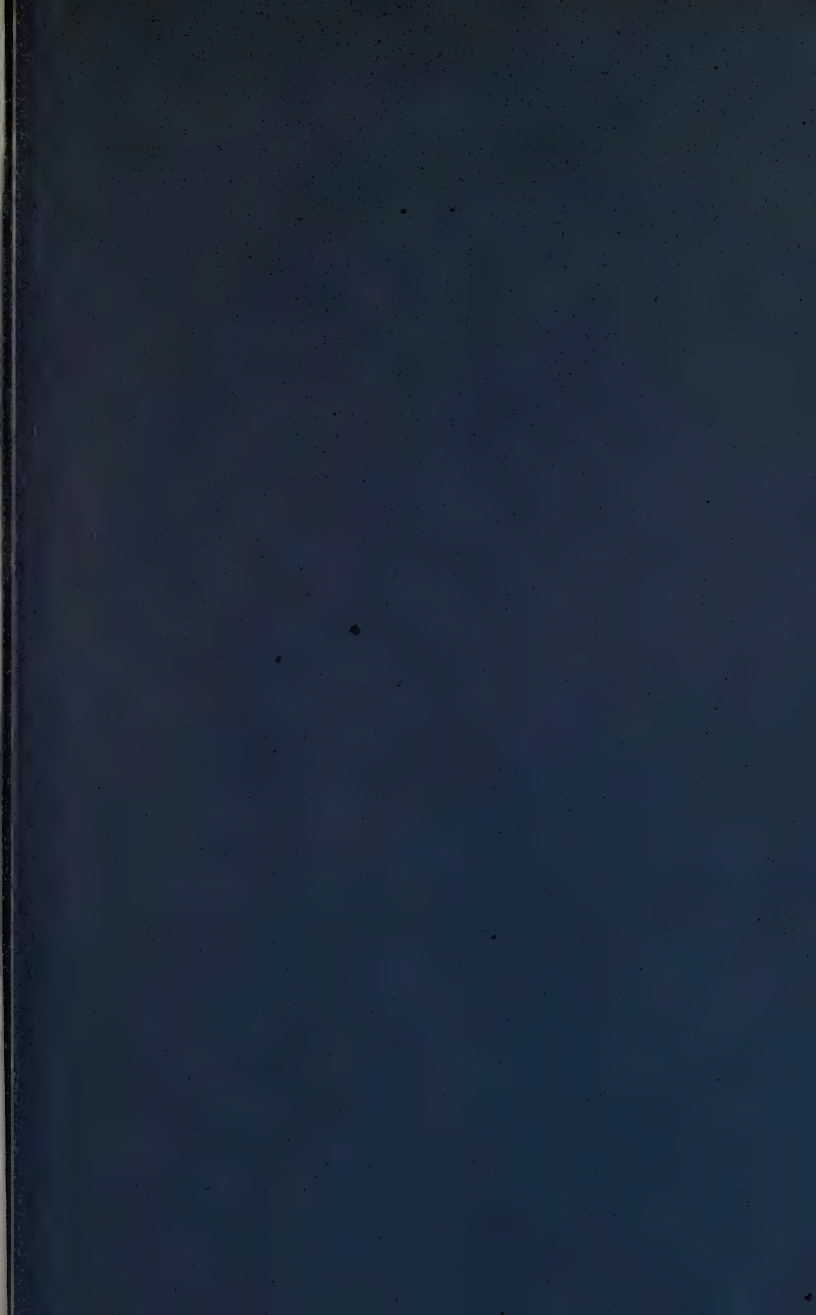
boy on a galleon commanded by my uncle, my mother's first cousin, Captain Esteban Eguiño, who is now living at San Sebastián ; and I went aboard, and we sailed from San Lúcar on Maundy Thursday, 1603.



CHAPTER II. SHE LEAVES SAN LÚCAR .
FOR PUNTA DE ARAYA, CARTAGENA,
NOMBRE DE DIOS, AND PANAMÁ.

BEING new to the work, I underwent some hardships on the voyage. Though he did not know me, my uncle took a fancy to me and made much of me on learning where I was from and the fictitious names of my parents that I gave him. He did not know who I was, and I found in him a protector. On reaching Punta de Araya we found a hostile force entrenched on shore there, and our armada drove it away. At last we came to Cartagena, in the Indies, and there we remained a week. There I had my name taken off the muster as ship's boy and entered the service of the said Captain Eguiño, my uncle. Thence we went on to Nombre de Dios, and were there nine days. There were many deaths during that time, wherefore we departed very hastily.

When the silver was stowed on board, and everything was shipshape to return to Spain, I played a rare trick on my uncle by pouching five hundred *pesos*¹ belonging to him. At ten at night, whilst he was asleep, I went up and told the sentries that the captain was sending me ashore on business, and, as they knew me,





"I jumped on shore."

they readily let me pass. I jumped on shore, and they never set eyes on me again. An hour later the parting gun boomed, and, weighing anchor, they were ready to sail.

After the armada had gone, I took service with Captain Juan de Ibarra, Controller of the Treasury at Panamá, who is still alive. Within four or six days we left for Panamá, where he resided. There I stayed with him for about three months. He did not treat me well, for he was a hunk, and I had to spend all the money that I had taken from my uncle, till at last I had not a stiver left; so I was obliged to leave and try to better myself elsewhere. While looking round me I there came across Juan de Urquiza, a merchant of Trujillo, to whom I engaged myself; and with him I got on very well, and we remained there at Panamá for three months.

CHAPTER III. WITH HER MASTER
URQUIZA, A MERCHANT OF TRUJILLO,
SHE GOES FROM PANAMÁ TO THE PORT
OF PAITA, AND THENCE TO THE CITY OF
SAÑA.

I LEFT Panamá with my master, Juan de Urquiza, on a frigate bound for the port of Paíta, where he had a large cargo. On reaching the port of Manta we were caught in such a hurricane that we heeled over : those of us who could swim — myself, my master, and some others—got to shore, and the rest perished. At the said port of Manta we embarked again on one of the King's galleons which we met there, and this cost a heap of money. We sailed thence and came to the said port of Paíta, and there, as he expected, my master found all his goods on a vessel belonging to Captain Alonso Cerrato ; and, after instructing me to unload them in the order of their numbers and to forward them to him in the same order, he went away. I immediately set to work as directed ; I unshipped the goods in numerical order, forwarding them in this order to my master at Saña, a city some sixty leagues distant from Paíta ; and, at the end of it, I set out from Paíta with the last packages, and arrived at Saña. When I reached there my master received me with great kindness, showing himself pleased with the way I had done

my work. He at once ordered two handsome suits for me—one black, and the other of a brighter colour—and treated me well in every way. He placed me in charge of one of his shops, and—what with goods and cash—trusted me with property amounting to over a hundred and thirty thousand *pesos*; and he wrote out in a ledger the price I was to charge for each article. He left me two slaves as attendants, a negress as cook, and allowed me three *pesos* for daily expenses. And when this was settled, he packed up the rest of his property and set off with it for Trujillo, which is at a distance of thirty-two leagues.

He also wrote out for me in the said ledger a list of persons whom he thought solvent and trustworthy, and to whom I could give credit for such goods as they might order and wish to take away with them, but with a detailed account and each item posted in the ledger. And in reference to this, he gave me special instructions concerning the Señora Doña Beatriz de Cárdenas, a person for whom he had the highest regard and respect. Then he went off to Trujillo. I

stayed on at Saña in my shop, selling according to the rule laid down for me; I took ready money, entering it in the ledger, noting day, month, and year, quality, ells, names of purchasers and price; and I did the same when giving credit. The Señora Doña Beatriz de Cárdenas began buying stuffs. She went on, and bought so lavishly that I began to have doubts about her; and, without giving her a hint of it, I wrote a full account of the matter to my master at Trujillo. He answered that everything was as it should be, and that in the special case of this lady I might let her have the whole shop if she asked for it. Whereupon, keeping the letter to myself, I went on as before.

Who could have imagined that I should enjoy this calm for so short a while, and that soon afterwards I should have to undergo sore trials? One Sunday¹ I was at the theatre in the seat that I had paid for, when a fellow called Reyes came in, placing another seat so directly in front of mine, and so close to it, that he cut off my view. I begged him to move a little; he answered insolently, and I

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retorted in the same vein. Then he told me to clear out, or he would slash my face for me.² Having nothing on me in the way of arms but a dagger, I left the place in dudgeon. Some friends, hearing of what had happened, followed me and quieted me. On Monday morning, while I was in my shop selling goods, Reyes passed up and down in front of the door. I noticed it, closed my shop, seized a knife, and going to the barber's, got him to grind it and give it a toothed edge like a saw. I girt on my rapier³—the first I ever wore—and saw Reyes sauntering in front of the church with another man. I went up to him from behind and said, "Ah, Señor Reyes!" He turned round and said, "What do you want with me?" I replied, "I'll show you whose face is going to be slashed!" And with my knife I gave him a slash which it took ten stitches to sew up again. He raised both hands to his wound, his friend drew his rapier and made at me, and I made at him with mine. We cut and thrust; I ran my point deep into his left side, and he fell. I at once fled into the church close by. The Corregidor, Don

Mendo de Quiñones, of the Order of Alcántara, came in immediately, dragged me out, took me to jail (the first jail I was in),⁴ clapped me in irons and set me in the stocks.

I duly informed my master, Juan de Urquiza, who was at Trujillo, thirty-two leagues from Saña. He came at once, spoke to the Corregidor, and by other effective means secured better treatment for me in jail. The case ran its course. After three months of pleas and demurrers on the part of the Lord Bishop, I was taken back to the church from which I had been dragged out. When things had reached this point, my master told me that—while reflecting how to end this quarrel, avoid my being banished, and free me from the dread of assassination—he had thought of a suitable plan, which was that I should marry Doña Beatriz de Cárdenas, whose niece was wedded to the fellow Reyes whom I had slashed in the face, and that in this way everything would calm down. It should be said that this Doña Beatriz de Cárdenas was my master's leman, and his aim was to keep both of us—me for business

and her for pleasure. And it looked as though the pair of them had agreed on this dodge, for after I was sent back to the church I used to venture out by night to this lady's house, and she caressed me freely, and, shamming fear of the police, begged me not to return to the church at night, but to stay where I was; and one night she locked me in, vowing that I should pleasure her whether Old Nick liked it or not, and she clasped me so tightly that I had to use force and slip off. After this I told my master that such a marriage was not to be thought of, and that nothing on earth would make me consent to it; but he stuck to his plan, promising me mountains of gold, pointing out the beauty and charms of the lady, what an escape this would be from my serious difficulties, and other considerations: nevertheless, I stood by what I had said. Seeing this, my master suggested that I should go to Trujillo to carry on the same business on the same terms, and I agreed to that.

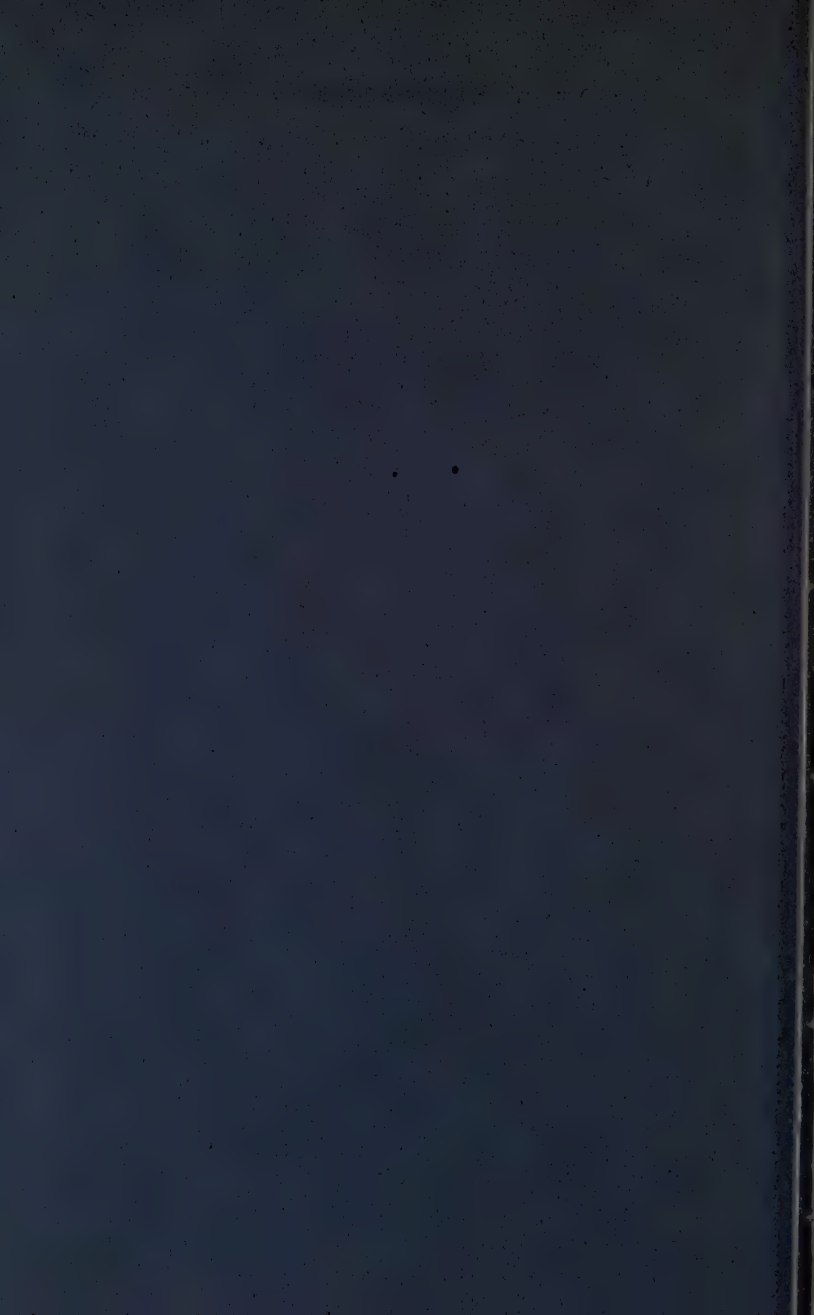


CHAPTER IV. SHE GOES FROM SAÑA TO
TRUJILLO—SHE KILLS A MAN.

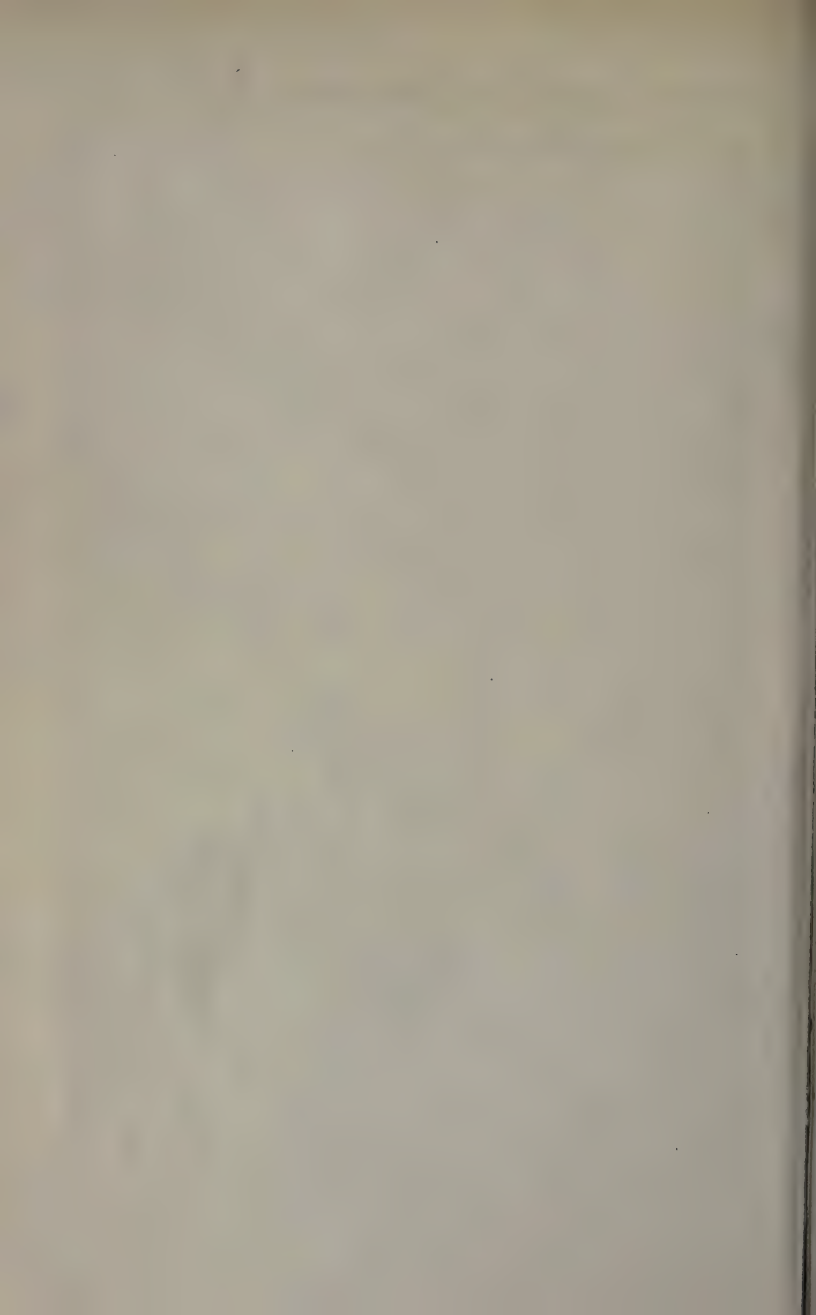
I WENT to the city of Trujillo, a suffragan bishopric of Lima, where my master opened a shop for me. I took possession of it, doing business as at Saña, posting sales, prices, and credits in a ledger like the old one. Two months must have gone by when one morning, at about eight, as I was in my shop cashing a bill of exchange from my master for some twenty-four thousand *pesos*, a negro came in and told me that there were three men at the door who seemed to be carrying bucklers. This set me on my guard. After obtaining a receipt I got rid of my customer, and sent for Francisco Zerain, who came at once, and he observed, as he entered, that the three men outside were Reyes, the friend whom I knocked over at Saña with a rapier-thrust, and another. After ordering the negro to close the door we went into the street, and they dashed at us on the spot. We faced them, and crossed blades, and before long, as ill-luck would have it, I ran my point—where, I don't know—into Reyes's friend. He fell, and we went on fighting two to two, giving and receiving wounds on both sides.



"A negro came in."



At this moment up came the Corregidor, Don Ordoño de Aguirre, with two constables, and arrested me. Francisco Zerain took to his heels and found sanctuary. While the Corregidor himself was taking me to jail (for the constables were busy with the others), he asked me who I was and where I came from, and, hearing that I was a Biscayan, he told me in Basque that, as we passed the cathedral, I had better unfasten the belt by which he gripped and held me. I needed no second hint, and did so. I rushed into the cathedral, while he stood there bawling. Being safe inside, I informed my master, who was at Saña. He arrived very soon and tried to settle my case, but this was impossible because, in addition to the manslaughter, I don't know what other charges they didn't rake up. Accordingly there was nothing for it but to get away to Lima. I handed in my accounts, he had two suits made for me, gave me two thousand six hundred *pesos* and a letter of introduction, and I set out.



CHAPTER V. SHE GOES FROM TRUJILLO
TO LIMA.

HAVING left Trujillo and travelled more than eighty leagues, I reached the city of Lima, the capital of the wealthy kingdom of Peru, which includes a hundred and two cities inhabited by Spaniards (not to mention numerous townships), twenty-eight bishoprics and archbishoprics, one hundred and thirty-six corregidores, the High Courts of Valladolid, Granada, Las Charcas, Quito, Chile, and La Paz. It has an archbishop, a cathedral like that at Seville (but not so large), five benefices, ten canons, six prebends, and six half-prebends, a hermitage, a Tribunal of the Inquisition (there is another at Cartagena), a university, a viceroy, a Supreme Court which rules over the rest of Peru, and other glories. I handed my letter to Diego de Solarte, a very rich merchant (now *Consul Mayor* of Lima), to whom my master, Juan de Urquiza, had commended me. With great condescension and kindness he straightway received me into his own house, and within a few days installed me in his shop with a fixed salary of over six hundred *pesos* a year ; and there I worked much to his satisfaction and content. At the





"I enlisted."

end of nine months he bade me go and earn my living elsewhere ; and the reason of this was that he had at home with him two unmarried sisters of his wife's, with whom—with one especially whom I preferred—I used to sport and frolic. And one day, when I was in the parlour, combing my hair, lolling my head in her lap, and tickling her ankles, he came by chance to a grating through which he saw us, and he heard her telling me that I ought to go to Potosí and make a fortune, and then we could get married. He withdrew, called me shortly afterwards, asked for and checked my accounts, and discharged me, and I departed.

There was I out of employment, and with no friend to help me. Six companies were then being raised for Chile ; I enlisted in one of them as a soldier, and at once received two hundred and eighty *pesos* as pay. My master heard of this, and was much concerned, for it seems that he never meant to bring me to such a pass. He offered to intercede with the officers to have me struck off the muster-roll, and to pay back the money which I had

received. I would not allow it, saying that my taste was all for roving and seeing the world. And so, as a private in Captain Gonzalo Rodríguez's company, I left Lima with a force of one thousand six hundred men, of which Diego Brabo de Sarabía was Camp-master,¹ for the city of Concepción, which is five hundred and forty leagues distant from Lima.

CHAPTER VI. SHE REACHES CONCEPCIÓN,
IN CHILE—MEETS HER BROTHER THERE
—GOES TO PAICABÍ—IS PRESENT AT
THE BATTLE OF VALDIVIA—OBTAINS AN
ENSIGNCY—RETIRES TO NACIMIENTO—
GOES TO THE VALLEY OF PURÉN, AND
RETURNS TO CONCEPCIÓN, WHERE SHE
KILLS TWO MEN, BESIDES HER OWN
BROTHER.

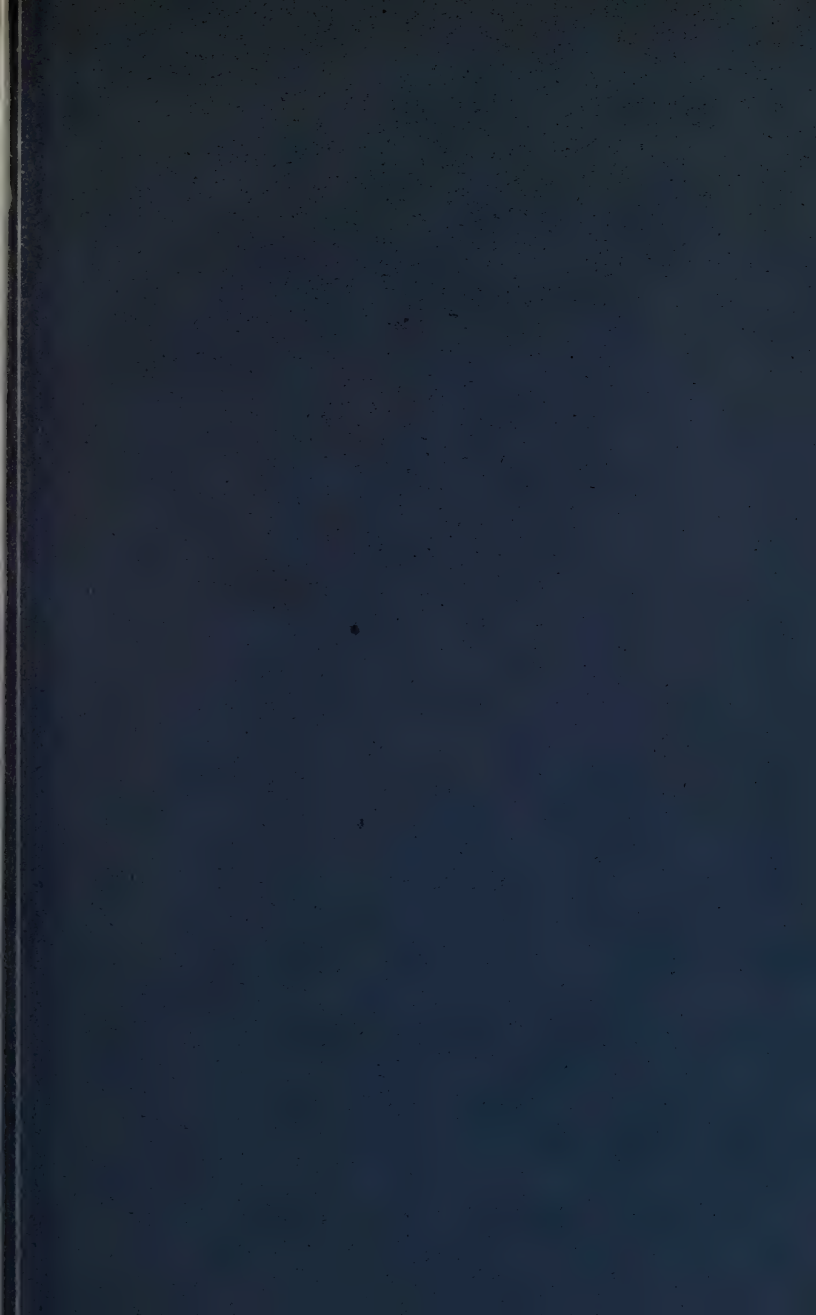
AFTER a voyage of twenty days we came to the port of Concepción, a fair-sized city bearing the title of "noble" and "loyal"; it has a bishop. We were heartily welcomed, as the force in Chile was small. There soon came an order from the Governor, Alonso de Ribera, to disembark; it was brought by his secretary, Captain Miguel de Erauso. As soon as I heard his name I rejoiced and was sure that he was my brother; for though I didn't know him, and had never seen him (as he left San Sebastián for these parts when I was two), I had heard of him, though not of his whereabouts. He took the muster-roll of troops and went down the line, asking each man his name and birthplace; and when he came to me, on hearing my name and birthplace he dropped his pen, embraced me, and began inquiring about his father and mother and sisters, and his little sister Catalina, the nun; and I answered as best I could without revealing myself and without his suspecting anything. He went on with the muster-roll, and, after he had finished, took me to dine at his

house, and I sat down at table. He told me that Paicabí, the centre to which I was to go, was a vile hole for soldiers, and that he would ask the Governor to change my garrison. After dinner he went to the Governor's, taking me with him. He reported the arrival of the force, and begged as a favour to be allowed to transfer to his company a youngster who had just come from his native province, as he had met with no other since he left the country. The Governor ordered me to be brought in, and, after looking at me, said (I don't know why) that he could not transfer me. My brother withdrew, disappointed. The Governor sent for him a little later and told him that he might do what he liked.

So, when the companies marched away, I stayed behind as my brother's soldier, dining at his table for nearly three years without awakening his suspicions. Sometimes I went with him to his mistress's house, and sometimes without him. He got wind of it, flew into a heat, and told me to keep away from the place. He spied on me and caught me

there once more, waited for me, belaboured me with his sword-belt as I came out, and hurt my hand. I was obliged to defend myself, and Captain Don Francisco de Aillón, who came up on hearing the scuffle, made peace between us. However, I had to take refuge in St. Francis's Church for fear of the Governor, who was a martinet—so much so in this instance that, in spite of my brother's intercession, he determined to banish me to Paicabí. There was nothing for it but to go to the port of Paicabí, where I remained three years.

After leading a rollicking life I had to pack off to Paicabí and suffer hardships for three years. We were always under arms, because of the great invasion of Indians there. At last the Governor, Alonso de Sarabía, arrived with all the Chilean companies, the rest of us joined him, and, five thousand in all, we encamped with great discomfort on the plains of Valdivia in the open country. The Indians captured and ravaged the said Valdivia. We marched out to meet them, and fought them three or





"I killed a cacique who was carrying the standard."

four times, always defeating them and slaughtering them; but in the last engagement their reinforcements came up, things took a bad turn for us, and they killed many of our men and some captains and my ensign, and they captured our flag. Seeing it carried off, I and two mounted men galloped after it into the midst of the throng, trampling, killing, and receiving hard knocks. One of the three soon fell dead; the two of us pressed on and reached the flag, when my comrade was laid low by a lance-thrust; I received a nasty wound in the leg, killed a cacique who was carrying the standard, recaptured it from him, and set spurs to my horse, trampling, killing, and wounding no end, but was badly wounded myself, pierced by three arrows, and with a lance-wound in the left shoulder, which gave me great pain. At last I reached a group of soldiers, and fell from my horse. Some hastened to help me, among them my brother, whom I had not seen, and he was a comfort to me. They cured me, and we stayed in camp nine months. At the end

of that time my brother got the Governor to give me the flag that I had captured, and I became ensign in Alonso de Moreno's company, which was given soon afterwards to Gonzalo Rodríguez, the first captain I had served under, and I rejoiced exceedingly.

I was an ensign for five years, was present at the battle of Purén, where my said captain died, and the company was under my command for something like six months, during which I had several encounters with the enemy, and received several arrow-wounds. In one engagement I was pitted against an Indian chief, a Christian, called Don Francisco Quispiguancha, a rich man, who gave us no peace with his constant raids. While fighting with him I unhorsed him, he surrendered to me, and I at once had him hanged on a tree. This angered the Governor, who wanted to capture him alive, and for this reason (it was said) he did not give me the company; he gave it to Captain Casadevante, placing me on half-pay, and promising me the step on the

first vacancy. The troops retired to their respective garrisons, and I went to Nacimiento, which has nothing good about it but its name; in every other respect it is a living sepulchre, where one is always under arms. I was only there a few days, for the Camp-master, Don Álvaro Núñez de Pineda, came soon after by order of the Governor, and withdrew from this garrison and others as many as eight hundred mounted men for the valley of Purén, among whom I was numbered with other officers and captains; and we marched there and did great havoc for six months, laying waste and burning the crops. Then the Governor, Don Alonso de Ribera, gave me leave to return to Concepción, and I took up my post in Francisco Navarrete's company, and there I remained.

I was the sport of Fortune, which turned my joys into disasters. I was living peacefully at Concepción when one day, being at the guard-house, I went with another ensign, a friend of mine, to a gambling-hell close by. We began to play; the game was in full

swing when a dispute arose, and, in the presence of many onlookers, he said that I lied like a wittol. I drew my rapier and ran it into his chest. So many people pounced on me, and so many came in at the noise, that I could not move. There was an adjutant in particular who gripped me tight. The Chief Justice, Francisco de Párraga, came in, and he also laid firm hold of me, gave me a shaking, and asked me all manner of questions ; and I said that I should make my statement before the Governor. At this point my brother arrived, and told me in Basque to make a bolt for my life. The Chief Justice held me fast by the collar of my doublet, and, taking my dagger in my hand, I bade him let go. He gave me another shake, I stabbed him through the cheek ; he still held on to me. I stabbed him again, and he loosened his grip. I drew my rapier, many made a rush at me, I backed to the door ; there was some opposition, I overcame it, got out, and fled to St. Francis's Church close by ; and there I learned that the ensign and Chief Justice

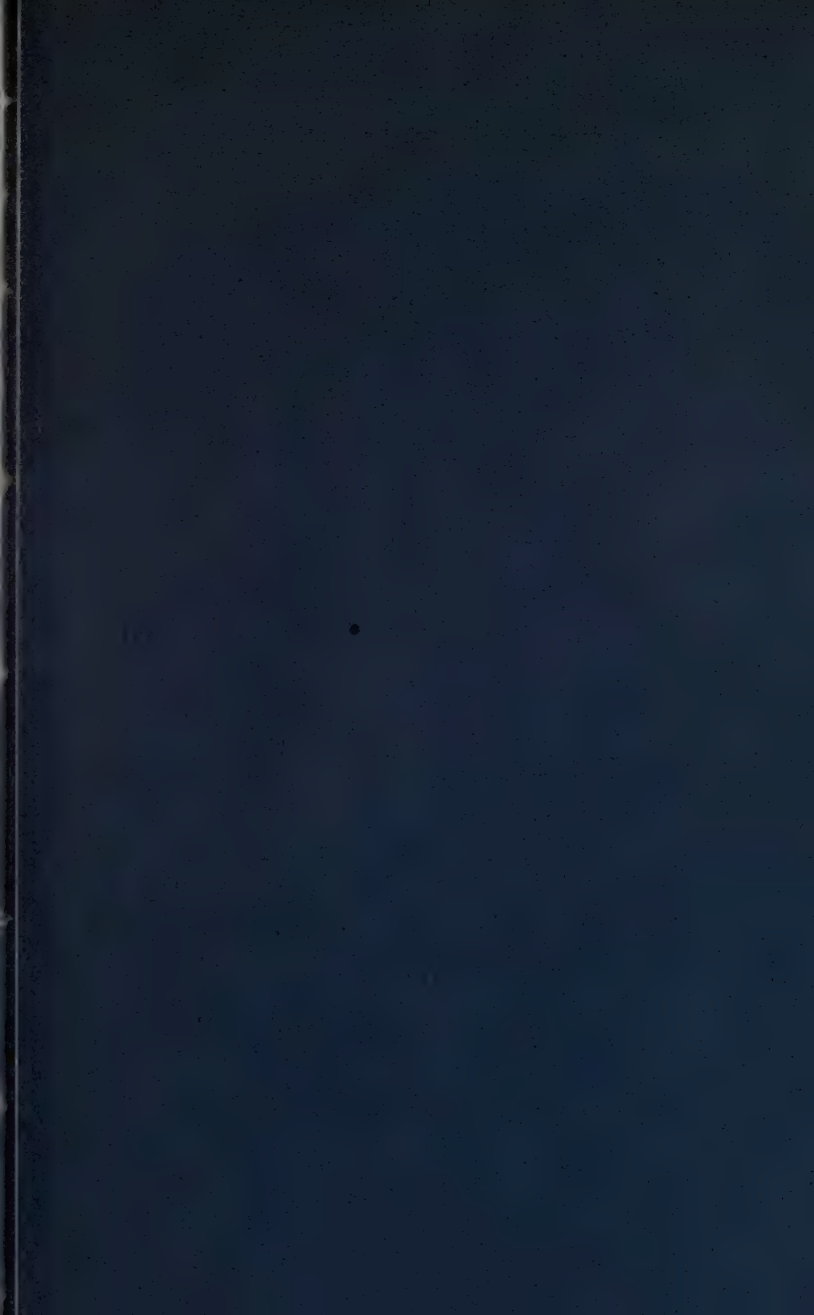
were dead. The Governor, Alonso García Remón, was soon on the spot ; he surrounded the church with soldiers, and kept them there for six months. He issued a proclamation, promising a reward to any one who gave me up, and forbidding anybody to let me embark at any port. Notice was given to the garrisons and at the fortresses, and other measures were taken, till time, which cures everything, began to tone down this severity, and petitions poured in and the guard was withdrawn, and I even had some friends to visit me, and at last people began to admit that the provocation in the first instance had been extreme and that my position had been one of imminent peril.

At this time, amongst other friends, I had a visit one day from my friend Don Juan de Silva, an ensign on full-pay, who told me that words had passed between him and Don Francisco de Rojas, of the Order of Santiago, and that he had challenged him for that night at eleven, each to bring a friend, and that, for this purpose, he could depend on no other friend but myself. I

hesitated a little, wondering whether this was a ruse to arrest me. He observed it, and said, "If you don't care to risk it, never mind; I shall go alone, for I'll trust my defence to no one else." I said, "What can you be thinking of?" and I accepted.

As the Angelus was ringing I left the monastery and went to his house. We supped and chatted till ten, and, hearing the hour strike, we took our rapiers and cloaks and went to the appointed spot. The darkness was so gross that we could not see our hands, and, noticing this, my friend and I agreed that each of us should tie a handkerchief round one of his arms so as to recognise one another at need.

The two arrived, and one, whom I knew by his voice to be Don Francisco de Rojas, said, "Don Juan de Silva?" Don Juan replied, "Here I am!" Both drew their rapiers and engaged, while the other man and I stood still. They continued parrying, and in a little while I noticed that my friend was in pain from a thrust that he had received. I took my stand beside him





"I gave him a thrust."

at once, and the other man instantly drew up alongside Don Francisco. We fought in couples, and before long Don Francisco and Don Juan fell. I and my opponent kept on fighting, and I gave him a thrust, as it appeared afterwards, under the left nipple, piercing (as I could feel) a double jerkin, and he fell. "Ah, traitor," he said, "thou hast killed me!" I fancied that I recognised the voice of the man whom I could not see. I asked him who he was. He said, "Captain Miguel de Erauso." I stood there thunderstruck. He cried out loudly for a confessor, and so did the others. I ran to St. Francis's, and sent two monks, who heard the confessions of all of them. The two died immediately; my brother was carried to the house of the Governor, whose war-secretary he was. Doctor and surgeon hastened to dress his wound, and did all they could. Shortly afterwards his deposition was taken, and they asked him the name of the man who wounded him. He entreated them to give him a little wine, but Doctor Robledo would not let him

have it, saying that it was not good for him. He insisted; the doctor refused. He said, "You are more cruel to me than Ensign Díaz was," and he died a little later. The Governor hastened to surround the monastery, and tried to break in with his guard. The monks and their Provincial, Fray Francisco de Otalora, who now lives at Lima, resisted. The dispute over this grew so violent that some monks went so far as to tell him plainly that he had better mind, for, if he broke in, he would never get out again, whereon he cooled down and withdrew, leaving the guard there. The said Captain Miguel de Erauso being dead, he was buried in the said monastery of St. Francis. I witnessed it from the choir—God knows with what grief! I remained there eight months, and meanwhile proceedings were taken for contumacy, as the affair did not allow of my coming forward. With the help of Don Juan Ponce de León, who gave me a horse, arms, and money, I found an opportunity, and set out for Valdivia and Tucumán.

CHAPTER VII. SHE GOES FROM CONCEPCIÓN TO TUCUMÁN.

I BEGAN by riding along the sea-coast, suffering great hardships, including lack of water, for I found none in the whole district. On the road I met two other soldiers who had deserted, and we all three journeyed together, resolved to die rather than let ourselves be captured. We had our horses, rapiers, firearms, and the providence of God on high. We followed the ascending ridge of the mountain range for over thirty leagues, and in all that distance—and in three hundred more leagues that we travelled—we never found a mouthful of bread, and seldom water. We came across some herbs, small game, and stray roots which kept life in us, and now and then a stray Indian, who fled from us. We had to kill one of our horses to make dried meat, but found he was only skin and bone; and thus, plodding slowly on, we killed the other two, and crawled along, unable to stand. We reached a district so cold that we were frozen. We sighted two men leaning against a rock, and we rejoiced; we advanced, hailing them, and asking what they were doing there: they made no reply. We came to where they



"We all three journeyed together."

were ; and they were dead, frozen, their mouths open, as though laughing ; and this filled us with terror.

We pushed forward, and on the third night drew up close to a rock. One of us could hold out no longer, and died. The two of us kept on, and next day, at about four in the afternoon, my companion could go no further, and dropped down sobbing, and died. I found eight *pesos* in his pocket, and went blindly on my way, carrying my *harquebus* and the slab of dried meat that was over, and expecting the same end as my comrades. Weary, shoeless, my feet raw, my woeful state may be imagined ! I propped myself up against a tree, and (for the first time, I think) wept. I said the rosary, commending myself to the Most Blessed Virgin and to the glorious St. Joseph, her Spouse. I rested a little, and rising again, set out on the march ; and it seems that I must have left the kingdom of Chile behind and reached that of Tucumán, as I observed the change of temperature.

I tramped on, and next morning, while lying down, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, I

saw two mounted men coming towards me. I could not tell whether to lament or rejoice, not knowing whether they were savages or friendlies. I loaded my harquebus, but could not lift it. They rode up, and asked what brought me to that lonely spot. I perceived that they were Christians, and saw the heavens open. I told them I had lost my way and knew not where I was, that I was worn out and dying of hunger, and too weak to rise. They were grieved at the sight of me, dismounted, gave me to eat of what they had, lifted me on to a horse, and led me to a farm three leagues away, where they said their mistress lived, and we arrived there at about five in the afternoon.

The lady was a half-breed, the daughter of a Spaniard and an Indian woman. She was a widow, a good-natured soul, who seeing me and hearing of my calamity and misery, took pity on me and received me kindly. She compassionately had me placed in a comfortable bed, gave me a good supper, and let me rest and sleep ; and this set me up again. Next morning she gave me a good breakfast, and,

seeing my destitution, gave me a neat cloth suit and continued treating me very well and entertaining me handsomely. She was well-to-do, and had vast herds and flocks; and as, apparently, few Spaniards ever pass that way, it seems that she cast her eye on me for her daughter.

After I had been there a week the kind-hearted woman told me that I might stay on to manage her household. I was most grateful for the kindness she showed me in my forlorn condition, and promised to serve her as best I could. A few days later she gave me to understand that she would be willing for me to marry a daughter of hers who lived there with her, and who was very black and as ugly as the devil—the very opposite of my taste, which has always been for pretty faces. I vowed myself enchanted at a condescension so undeserved, and fell at her feet, declaring that she might command me as a creature of hers snatched from destruction. I continued to serve her to the best of my powers. She dressed me out like a beau, and confidently entrusted me with her house and belongings.

Two months later we moved to Tucumán to celebrate the marriage, and there I remained another two months, postponing the ceremony on diverse pretexts till I came to the end of them, when, taking a mule, I departed, and they have never seen me since.

Another experience of the same sort befell me at this time in Tucumán. During the two months I spent there befooling my Indian I chanced to strike up a friendship with the Bishop's secretary, who made much of me, and took me several times to his house, where we gambled ; and here I made acquaintance with Don Antonio de Cervantes, canon of the cathedral there, and Vicar-General of the Bishop. He likewise took a fancy to me, courted me, flattered me, invited me to dinner several times, and finally managed to unbosom himself, saying that he had a niece at home—a girl of my age, of most striking attractions, and with a good dowry—and that, as I had made a favourable impression on her, he had determined to marry her to me. I avowed myself to be most grateful for his kindness and gracious intentions. I saw the wench and liked

the look of her, and she sent me a suit of fine velvet, twelve shirts, six pairs of breeches of Rouen cloth, some Dutch linen collars, a dozen handkerchiefs, and two hundred *pesos* in a bowl: this was a gift, an act of courtesy, without prejudice to the dowry. I received it very thankfully, and wrote the best acknowledgement I could, saying that I looked forward to kissing her hand and placing myself at her feet. I hid as much as I could from the Indian, and, for the rest, I gave her to understand that it was in honour of my marriage with her daughter whom that gentleman knew all about, and (inasmuch as I was so well inclined to her) greatly esteemed. The affair had got to this point when I doubled the Cape and vanished: and I have never heard what became of the negress and the Vicaress-General.

CHAPTER VIII. SHE GOES FROM TUCU- MÁN TO POTOSÍ.

AFTER leaving Tucumán as I have described, I made for Potosí, a distance of some five hundred and fifty leagues, which it took me over three months to cover, riding through a cold district, mostly desert. I had not got far when, to my joy, I fell in with a soldier who was going the same way, and we travelled together. A little further on three men, wearing caps and armed with muskets, bounced out of some roadside huts, demanding all we had. We could not get rid of them, nor persuade them that we had nothing to give; we were obliged to dismount and face them. Shots were exchanged, they missed us, two of them fell, and the other fled. We mounted again and jogged on.

At last, after more than three months of riding and constant anxiety, we reached Potosí, where we knew nobody, and each of us went off on his own account to look for a place. I met Don Juan López de Arguijo, *veinticuatro*¹ of the city of La Plata, and was engaged by him as *camarero* (which is much the same as majordomo) with a fixed salary of nine hundred *pesos* a year; and he put me in charge of twelve thousand native sheep of



*"Shots were exchanged, they missed us,
two of them fell."*

burden² and eighty Indians, and with these I set out for Las Charcas, where my master also went. We had not been there long when my master had difficulties and disputes with certain men, and these differences ended in quarrels, imprisonment, and embargoes, which caused me to take my leave and go back again.

Shortly after my return to Potosí, the mutiny of Don Alonso Ibáñez took place, while the post of Corregidor was held by Don Rafael Ortiz, of the Order of St. John. He got together a corps against the mutineers, who numbered over a hundred. I was a member of it, and, marching out one night, we met them in St. Dominic's Street. The Corregidor challenged them in a loud voice, "Who goes there?" They made no reply and retreated. He challenged them again, and some of them shouted, "Liberty!" The Corregidor and many who were with him called out, "Long live the King!" And he advanced towards them while we backed him up with cuts and shots. They defended themselves in like fashion, and, after driving them into a street, we charged them in the rear from the

other end of it with such effect that they surrendered. Of those who got away we afterwards captured thirty-six, among them Ibáñez. We counted seven of their dead and two of ours ; there were many wounded on both sides. Some of the prisoners were tortured, and confessed to planning a general rising in the city for that night. Three companies of men from Biscay and the mountain were raised as a city guard ; and a fortnight later all the mutineers were hanged, and the city was at peace.

After this—either for some exploit which I may have done then, or perhaps for something that I had done previously—I was appointed to the post of serjeant-major, which I held for two years. While I was serving at Potosí, the Governor, Don Pedro de Legui, of the Order of Santiago, ordered troops to be raised for Los Chunchos and El Dorado, a district of warlike Indians, five hundred leagues from Potosí, and rich in gold and stones. Don Bartolomé de Alva was Camp-master ; he equipped the expedition and arranged its route, and when everything was in train we left Potosí twenty days later.

CHAPTER IX. SHE GOES FROM POTOSÍ TO LOS CHUNCHOS.

AFTER leaving Potosí for Los Chunchos we came to a village called Arzaga, occupied by friendly Indians, where we stayed a week. We took guides with us, and yet we lost our way, and were in great difficulties on the ledges of rock, over which twelve men toppled, as well as fifty mules carrying supplies and ammunition.

On reaching the interior of the district, we came upon plains thick with innumerable almond-trees, like those in Spain, olives, and fruit-trees. The Governor wanted to sow seed there to make good our loss of provisions, and the infantry refused, saying that we had not come there to sow but to conquer and collect gold, and that we could look for food on the march. Advancing, on the third day we came upon a tribe of Indians, who ran to arms. We got up to them, and at the report of the harquebuses they fled in confusion, leaving some dead behind. We entered the village, without being able to capture an Indian to act as guide.

At the entrance to the village, the Camp-master, Bartolomé de Alva, feeling the weight

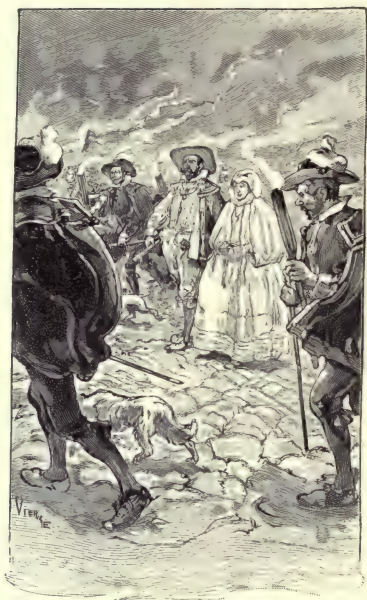
of his helmet, took it off to wipe away the sweat, and a little devil of a boy about twelve years old, who had clambered up a tree, let fly at him an arrow, which pierced his eye and knocked him over, wounding him so seriously that he died three days afterwards. We sliced the boy into ten thousand bits.

Meanwhile the Indians, over ten thousand in number, had returned to the village. We charged them so fiercely and slaughtered them so that a stream of blood poured down the place like a river. We kept up the pursuit and butchery to beyond the river Dorado. Here the Governor ordered us to retire, and we did so unwillingly, for some of our men had found some sixty thousand *pesos*¹ worth of gold-dust in the village cabins, and others found vast quantities of it on the bank of the river, and filled their hats with it; and we afterwards heard that the ebb usually leaves a deposit of it three fingers'-breadth in depth. Accordingly, later on, many of us asked leave of the Governor to conquer this district, and as he, for reasons of his own, refused it, many of us (of whom I was one) broke out at night

and deserted, and on reaching a town occupied by Christians, we each went off on our own account. I myself went to Cenhago, and thence to the province of Las Charcas, with a few silver coins, which, little by little, but quickly enough, I lost.

CHAPTER X. SHE GOES TO THE CITY
OF LA PLATA.

I WENT to the city of La Plata and entered the service of Captain Francisco de Aganumen, a wealthy Biscayan mine-owner, with whom I stayed a few days, and then left because of a dispute with another Biscayan, a friend of my master's. While on the look-out for a place I found refuge under the roof of a widow lady, named Doña Catarina de Chaves, esteemed as the most important and noble lady in the city. At the entreaty of one of her servants, with whom I had formed a chance friendship, she promised to give me shelter for a time. Now it came to pass that, as this lady was going to Stations on Maundy Thursday, at St. Francis's, she met Doña Francisca Marmolejo, wife of Don Pedro de Andrade, nephew of the Count de Lemos; and they came to words over some question of precedence, and Doña Francisca so far forgot herself as to strike Doña Catarina with her patten; whereon there was a great disturbance and crush of people. Doña Catarina went home, where her relatives and acquaintances collected, and the matter was passionately debated. The other lady stayed



"They led her forth to her house."

in the church amid a similar group of her partisans, not daring to leave till nightfall, when her husband, Don Pedro, arrived, accompanied by Don Rafael Ortiz de Sotomayor, Corregidor (he is now Corregidor at Madrid) and Knight of Malta, together with the ordinary Alcaldes and constables, bearing lighted torches; and they led her forth to her house.

While going along the street leading from St. Francis's to the square, a clash of steel was heard in the square, whereat the Corregidor went to the spot, with the Alcaldes and the constables, leaving the lady alone with her husband. At this instant an Indian ran by in the direction of the noise, and, as he passed near the Señora Doña Francisca Marmolejo, he gave her a slash in the face with a knife or razor, cut it right across, and rushed on. This happened so suddenly that her husband, Don Pedro, did not notice it at the moment. When he did there was a great din, uproar, hurlyburly, rush of people, knifing, and arrests—a deafening confusion.

Meanwhile the Indian went to the Señora

Doña Catarina's house, and said to the lady, as he entered, "It is done!" The disorder continued, and serious consequences were feared. Something must have been discovered during the investigations, for on the third day the Corregidor came to Doña Catarina's house, and found her sitting in her parlour. After administering the oath, he asked her if she knew who had cut Doña Francisca Marmolejo's face, and she said she did. He asked her who it was. "A razor and this hand," she answered. Thereon he went away, setting a guard over her.

He cross-examined the servants till he came to an Indian, whom he threatened with the rack; and the craven averred that he had seen me go out wearing an Indian costume and wig, given me by his mistress; that a Biscayan barber, called Francisco Ciguren, bought the razor; and that he had seen me come in and heard me say, "It is done!" The Corregidor came away, arrested me and the barber, clapped us in irons, separated us, and placed us in solitary confinement. In this fashion some days passed, when one

night an Alcalde of the High Court, who had taken the case in hand, and (for what reason I don't know) arrested some constables, entered the jail and tortured the barber, who at once confessed his own sins and his neighbours'. Hereupon the Alcalde came to me and took my statement; I flatly denied any knowledge of the affair. He then had me stripped and placed on the rack, when a solicitor came forward, pleading that as I was a Biscayan—and therefore entitled to the privilege of nobility—torture could not be applied to me. The Alcalde paid no heed, and continued. They gave the screws a turn: I was firm as an oak. They kept at it, questioning me and twisting the screws, when a letter was brought in from (as I afterwards learned) Doña Catarina de Chaves. This was placed in the Alcalde's hand, he opened it and read it, stood looking at me awhile, and said, "Lift the youngster off that!" They lifted me off, took me back to jail, and he went home.

The suit continued—how I can't tell—and I came out of it condemned to ten years'

service in Chile (without pay), and the barber to two hundred lashes and six years at the galleys. We appealed, soliciting support from the men of our province, and the affair went its course (but how is more than I can say), till one day the High Court gave judgement: whereby I was acquitted (as was the barber), and the Señora Doña Francisca was condemned in costs. These miracles often happen in such cases, especially in the Indies, thanks to intelligent knavery.

CHAPTER XI. SHE GOES TO LAS CHARCAS.

HAVING escaped from this fix, I was bound to get away from La Plata. I went to Las Charcas, sixteen leagues off. There I once more met the aforesaid *veinticuatro*, Don Juan López de Arguijo, who put me in charge of ten thousand sheep of burden¹ and over a hundred Indians. He gave me a large sum of money so that I might go to the plains of Cochabamba, buy wheat, and, after having it ground, sell it at Potosí, where there was a dearth and where it would fetch a high price. I went there, bought eight thousand *fanegas*² at the rate of four *pesos*, loaded them on the sheep, came to the mills at Guilcomayo, had three thousand five hundred *fanegas* ground, took them to Potosí, and sold them at once to the bakers at the rate of fifteen *pesos* and a half. I returned to the mills, where I found part of the rest ground, and purchasers, to whom I sold the whole at the rate of ten *pesos*. I went back with the cash to my master at Las Charcas, and, the profit being so great, he sent me back again on the same errand to Cochabamba.



*"In charge of ten thousand sheep of burden, and
over a hundred Indians."*

Meanwhile, having nothing to do at Las Charcas, I went one Sunday to gamble at a house belonging to Don Antonio Calderón, the Bishop's nephew. There were present the Vicar-General, the Archdeacon, and a Seville merchant who had married there. I sat down to play with the merchant; the game was in progress, and at one deal the merchant, who was already ruffled, said, "I stake!" I asked, "What do you stake?" He repeated, "I stake!" I again asked, "What do you stake?" He banged down a doubloon, saying, "I stake a horn!" I replied, "Done; and I go double on the horn that you still have left." He flung his cards down and drew his dagger. I drew mine. The bystanders seized us and separated us. The conversation changed and continued till late at night, when I went home. I had not gone far when, at the corner of a street, I came on him. He drew his rapier and advanced towards me. I drew mine, and we engaged. After some thrusting and parrying my point got home, and he fell. A crowd collected at the noise, the police

came up and tried to arrest me. I resisted, received two wounds, and retreated, taking sanctuary in the cathedral. There I remained some days, having been warned by my master to be careful. At last one night, choosing my time well and finding the coast clear, I set out for Piscobamba.

CHAPTER XII. SHE LEAVES LAS CHAR- CAS FOR PISCOBAMBA.

ON reaching Piscobamba I stayed at the house of my friend, Juan Torrizo de Zaragoza, where I remained a few days. One night, during supper, we got up a gamble with some friends who dropped in. I sat down to play against a Portuguese, Fernando de Acosta, a great plunger. He led off by staking fourteen *pesos* on each trick. I scored sixteen tricks against him. He gave himself a slap in the face, saying, "May the devil incarnate fly away with me!" I asked, "What have you lost up to now that sets you jabbering?" He stretched out his hands towards my chin, and said, "I've lost my father's horns!" I dashed my cards in his face and drew my rapier; he drew his. The bystanders intervened, held us back, and reconciled us, and we all talked and jested about rows at cards. He paid, and went away, apparently calmed down. Three nights later, at about eleven o'clock, as I was going home, I noticed a man standing at a street-corner. I swung my cloak over my shoulder, drew my rapier, and went towards him. As I approached he dashed at me, thrusting and



*"I ran my point into him, and he
fell dead."*

calling out, "Cuckold rascal!" I knew his voice. We engaged, I ran my point into him, and he fell dead.

I paused awhile, wondering what I should do. Looking about me I observed nobody who could have seen us, so I went to my friend Zaragoza's house, held my tongue, and got into bed. Early next morning the Corregidor, Don Pedro de Meneses, came, roused me, and walked me off. I reached the jail and was put in irons. About an hour afterwards the Corregidor came with a notary, and took my statement. I denied all knowledge of the business. Then they tortured me, and I denied everything. The indictment was drawn up, evidence was collected, and I gave mine. When the case came on witnesses were produced whom I had never even seen. Sentence of death was passed. I appealed, but nevertheless an order to execute me was issued. I was utterly cast down. A monk came in to hear my confession; I refused. He persisted; I held out. A cataract of monks was let loose on me, enough to swamp me, but I proved a Luther. I was rigged

out in a taffeta suit and hoisted on a horse. The Corregidor was bent on it, and told the monks who beset him that if I chose to go to hell it was none of his business. They hauled me out of jail, and took me down unfrequented streets, so as to keep clear of the monks. I came to the gibbet. The bawling and hustling of the monks dazed me. They forced me up four steps, and the man who pestered me most was a Dominican, Fray Andrés de San Pablo, whom I saw and talked with about a year ago at Madrid in the College of Atocha. I was forced a little higher up. They placed round my neck the *volatín* (that is the thin rope used for hanging), and the executioner fumbled over it. I called out, "You drunkard! Put it on properly, or take it off! These priests are enough to put up with!"

At this moment a messenger galloped in from the city of La Plata, sent by the secretary under orders from the President, Don Diego de Portugal, on the petition of Martín de Mendiola, a Biscayan, who had heard of my prosecution; and the messenger, in the



"I came to the gibbet."

presence of a notary, handed the Corregidor a document in which the Court ordered him to suspend execution of the sentence and to transfer the prisoner and the depositions to the High Court, which is twelve leagues away. The reason of this was extraordinary, and a manifest mercy of God. It seems that those who professed to be eye-witnesses in the case of the Portuguese fell into the clutch of the law at La Plata (for what offences I don't know), and were sentenced to be hanged ; and, at the foot of the gibbet, without hearing of my plight, they owned that, being suborned and paid, and knowing nothing at all about me, they had perjured themselves in the murder case ; and accordingly the Court, at the instance of Martín de Mendiola, took action and ordered a respite. This message, which came so opportunely, moved the compassionate populace to joy. The Corregidor ordered me to be removed from the scaffold and taken back to jail, whence he sent me under escort to La Plata. When I reached there, and they looked into the depositions (which those men at the foot of the gibbet

had rendered worthless), inasmuch as there was no other evidence against me, I was released twenty-four days later, and I remained there a little while.

CHAPTER XIII. SHE GOES TO THE CITY
OF COCHABAMBA AND RETURNS TO LA
PLATA.

FROM La Plata I went to the city of Cochabamba to settle some accounts between the aforesaid Juan López de Arguijo and Don Pedro de Chavarría, a native of Navarre, residing there and married to Doña María Dávalos, daughter of the late Captain Juan Dávalos and of Doña María de Ulloa, who became a nun at La Plata, in the convent which she founded there. We checked the accounts, and there remained a balance of one thousand *pesos* in favour of the said Arguijo, my master, and against the said Chavarría, who cheerfully and courteously handed me the sum ; and he invited me to dinner and took me into his house for two days. And then I said farewell and departed with instructions from his wife to visit her mother, the nun, at La Plata, and to give her many kind messages.

After leaving them I was kept busy with friends over odds and ends of things till late in the afternoon. At last I started, and my road took me past the said Chavarría's door. As I went by I saw a crowd in the porch and heard a disturbance inside. I stopped to

find out what the matter was, and at that moment Doña María Dávalos called to me from the window : " Señor Captain, take me with you, for my husband wants to kill me ! " No sooner said than done ; she leaped down, and up came two monks, who said, " Take her away with you, for her husband, who caught her with Don Antonio Calderón, the Bishop's nephew, has killed him, and locked her up, meaning to kill her." With this they placed her on the croup, and I set off on the mule that I was riding.

I never halted till midnight, when I came to the La Plata river. On the road I had met a servant of Chavarría's returning from La Plata, and he must have recognised us in spite of my efforts to give him a wide berth and cloak myself up ; and apparently he informed his master. On reaching the river I was dismayed, for it was full, and it seemed to me impossible to ford it. Doña María Dávalos said to me, " Forward ! there is nothing for it but to cross, God help us ! " I jumped off, tried to find a ford, and made up my mind to do what seemed best. I

remounted, with my distressed lady riding pillion, and plunged in, going deeper and deeper. God helped us, and we crossed over. I reached an inn upon which we stumbled close by. I roused the landlord, who was amazed at seeing us at that hour, and at our having crossed the river. I looked after my mule and let it have a rest. The landlord gave us some eggs, bread, and fruit, and we tried to wring out our clothes; and setting off again, we pressed on, and at daybreak, about five leagues away, we sighted the city of La Plata.

We were going along, somewhat consoled by this, when suddenly Doña María clasped me tighter, saying, "Good Heavens! my husband!" I turned, and saw him on a horse which seemed fatigued. I don't know, and I still wonder how this could be, for I started first from Cochabamba, leaving him in his house, and, without stopping an instant, I reached the river, crossed it, came to the inn, stayed there about an hour, and set off again. Apart from this, it must have taken some time for the servant (whom I met



"He blazed at us with his musket."

on the road, and who apparently informed him) to reach Cochabamba, and for him to saddle and start. How then could he catch me up on the road? I cannot imagine, unless it be that, not knowing the way, I took a more roundabout route than he did. Anyhow, when about thirty paces off he blazed at us with his musket and missed, the bullets passing so close that we could hear them whiz by. I urged on my mule, scrambled down a slope overgrown with thicket, and saw no more of him—no doubt his horse was dead beat. After a ride of something like four long leagues from this point, I reached La Plata quite weary and faint. I went to the door of St. Augustine's Convent, and then handed over Doña María Dávalos to her mother.

I was going back for my mule when I met Pedro de Chavarría, who dashed at me, rapier in hand, without giving time for any explanation. I was startled at seeing him, it was so unexpected. He came upon me when I was exhausted, and I pitied his delusion in thinking that I had done him a wrong. I drew my rapier,

and kept on the defensive. We entered the church, fighting as we went. He must have been a crack, for he pinked me twice in the chest without my having touched him. Being now roused, I pressed him, and drove him backwards to the altar; there he made a tremendous cut at my head, and, warding it off with my dagger,¹ I drove my rapier a hand's-breadth into his side. So many people rushed up that we could not go on. The police arrived and wanted to haul us out of the church. Hereupon two monks of the monastery of St. Francis, which is just opposite, passed me through and took me in, with the connivance of the Chief Alguazil, Don Pedro Beltrán, brother-in-law of my master, Juan López de Arguijo. Charitably received into St. Francis's Monastery, and there, tended by the fathers, I lay secluded for five months.

It also took a long while to heal Chavarría's wounds, and he kept on clamouring for his wife to be given back to him. Concerning this demand there were proceedings and investigations, she pleading the manifest danger to her life. The Archbishop, Presi-

dent, and other authorities intervened, and at last it was arranged that both should enter religion and be professed ; she in the convent, and he wherever he chose.

There remained my case and the indictment against me. My master, Juan López de Arguijo, came and informed the Archbishop, Don Alonso de Peralta, the President and judges, of the straightforwardness, sound instinct, and good-will with which I had acted—all quite different from what Chavarría imagined ; that I had done nothing beyond suddenly helping a woman who flung herself upon me to escape death, conducting her, as she wished, to her mother's convent. This being established and admitted, the prosecution was withdrawn and ended, and the couple duly entered religion. I came out of my retreat, settled my accounts, and often visited my nun and her mother and the other ladies there, who, in their gratitude, entertained me handsomely.

CHAPTER XIV. SHE GOES FROM LA PLATA TO PISCOBAMBA AND MIZQUE.

I TRIED to find a situation which I could fill. The Señora Doña María de Ulloa, grateful for what I had done to serve her obtained for me from the President and Court a commission to go to Piscobamba and the plains of Mizque to investigate and punish certain crimes reported from there, for which purpose they assigned me a notary and alguazil, and we set out. I went to Piscobamba, where I issued a warrant and arrested Ensign Francisco de Escobar, resident and married there, on a charge of treacherously killing Indians in order to rob them, and of burying them at his own house in a quarry. I had this dug out, and found them there. I pursued my investigation in all its details till it was complete ; when it was closed and the parties were called before me I gave judgment, sentencing the prisoner to death. He lodged an appeal, which I granted ; the case and the accused went before the Court of La Plata ; sentence was confirmed and the culprit hanged. I went on to the plains of Mizque, settled the affair that took me there, returned to La Plata, and reported what I had done,

handing in the documents concerning Mizque ;
and after this I remained some days at La
Plata.

CHAPTER XV. SHE GOES TO THE CITY OF LA PAZ—SHE KILLS A MAN.

I WENT to La Paz, where I lived quietly for a while. Without a care to trouble me, I stopped one day at the gate of Don Antonio Barraza, the Corregidor, to gossip with a servant of his, and—the devil fanning the embers—the end of it was that he gave me the lie and struck me in the face with his hat : I drew my dagger, and he fell dead on the spot. So many people set upon me that I was wounded, seized, and taken to jail. My convalescence and prosecution went on side by side. After the indictment was drawn up and closed, other charges were included in it, and the Corregidor sentenced me to death. I appealed, but nevertheless he ordered the execution to be carried out.

I spent two days confessing my sins ; next morning Mass was said in jail, and the holy priest, having consumed, turned round, gave me Communion, and went back to the altar. Instantly I dropped the Host out of my mouth into the palm of my right hand, crying out, " I appeal to the Church ! I appeal to the Church ! " There was a tumult and scandal, and everybody called me a heretic. The priest

returned on hearing this noise, and gave orders that no one should go near me. He finished his Mass, and then the Lord Bishop, Don Fray Domingo de Valderrama, a Dominican, entered together with the Governor; priests and a crowd of the laity collected together, candles were lighted, a canopy was brought, and they took me in procession as far as the tabernacle where, while all fell on their knees, a priest, duly vested, took the Host from my hand and placed It in the tabernacle; I could not see in which vessel he placed It; then my hand was scraped, washed repeatedly, and dried; the church was cleared even of the authorities, and I remained there. (This plan was suggested to me by a holy Franciscan monk who had given me good advice in jail, and finally heard my confession.) For nearly a month the Governor kept the church closed, and me under restraint; at last he withdrew the sentries, and a holy priest (by order of the Bishop, I presume), after seeing that the neighbourhood and road were clear, gave me a mule and money, and I set out for Cuzco.

CHAPTER XVI. SHE DEPARTS TO THE CITY OF CUZCO.

I REACHED Cuzco, a city not inferior to Lima in population and wealth, the centre of a bishopric, with a cathedral dedicated to the Assumption of Our Lady, served by five prebendaries and eight canons. There are eight parishes, four monasteries of monks (Franciscans, Dominicans, Mercenarians, and Augustinians), four colleges, two convents of nuns, and three hospitals.

While I was there another grave disaster befell me, and one really and truly undeserved, for, though of bad repute, I was wholly free from blame. Don Luis de Godoy, Corregidor of Cuzco, a gentleman of great gifts and one of the most notable thereabouts, died suddenly one night. He was murdered, as was discovered later, by one Carranza, because of certain grievances too long to tell, and, as he was not detected at once, the murder was put down to me ; and the Corregidor, Fernando de Guzmán, arrested me and kept me, sorely afflicted, in jail for five months till, at the end of this length of time, it pleased God to make manifest the truth and my entire innocence in the matter. Whereupon I was set free, and departed thence.

CHAPTER XVII. SHE REACHES LIMA, AND
LEAVES IT TO FIGHT THE DUTCH—SHE
IS SHIPWRECKED AND RESCUED BY THEIR
FLEET—THEY SET HER ASHORE AT PAITA
—THENCE SHE RETURNS TO LIMA.

I REACHED Lima when Don Juan de Mendoza y Luna, Marquis de Montes-Claros, was Viceroy of Peru. The Dutch were then attacking Lima with eight men-of-war, and the city was under arms. We went out with five ships from the port of Callao to meet them, and engaged them, and for a long while luck was on our side; but they hammered our flagship so heavily that she sank, and not more than three of us contrived to escape by swimming till we came to one of the enemy's ships, which picked us up. The three were I, a barefooted Franciscan monk, and a soldier, and we were rudely greeted with japes and sneers. All the rest on board the flagship perished.

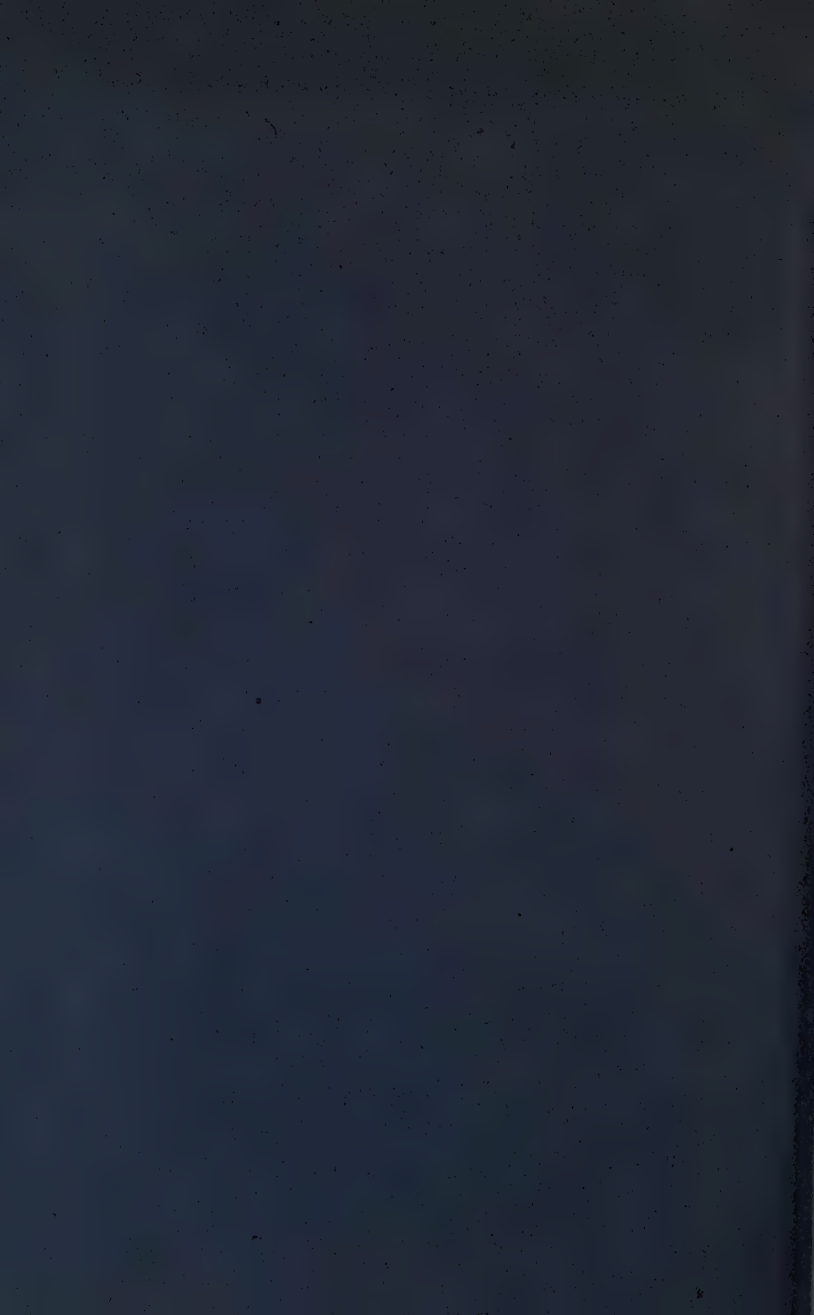
Next day when our vessels, commanded by General Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, returned to the port of Callao, nine hundred men were missing, among whom they reckoned me, as having been on the flagship. I was twenty-six days in the enemy's hands, dreading that they would take me to Holland. At the end of this time they set me and my two companions ashore at Paita, about a hundred leagues

from Lima ; and some days later, after we had suffered many hardships, a kindly man, touched by our destitution, clothed us, set us on the right road, and gave us wherewithal to reach Lima, and we arrived there. I stayed seven months at Lima, struggling as best I could. I bought a horse, which turned out good and not dear, and I rode it for a few days while arranging to set out to Cuzco. As I was about to leave, I was passing through the square one day when an alguazil came up to tell me that the Señor Alcalde, Don Juan de Espinosa, Knight of the Order of Santiago, wanted me. I went to his worship. Two soldiers were there, and, as I arrived, they said : "That is it, sir ! This horse is ours : we lost it, and can soon prove it." The constables made a ring round me, and the Alcalde said : "What is to be done in this case ?" Taken unawares, I knew not what to say ; hesitating and perplexed, I must have looked guilty, but it occurred to me to take off my cloak and cover the horse's head with it. And I said : "Sir, I beseech your worship to bid these gentlemen tell you which of this horse's

eyes is blind, the right or the left. It may be another horse altogether, and these gentlemen may have made a mistake." The Alcalde said : " You are right. Answer both of you together ; which is the blind eye ? " They were puzzled. The Alcalde said : " Now then, both together ! " One said : " The left. " The other said : " The right—no ! I mean the left. " To which the Alcalde replied : " Your evidence is bad and does not agree. " They then repeated together : " The left, we both said the left, there is no mistake about that. " I said : " Sir, this is no proof at all, for one of them says one thing and the other says another. " One of the men answered : " We said precisely the same thing—that it is blind in the left eye ; and that's what I was going to say when my tongue slipped, but I corrected myself at once, and I tell you it's the left eye. " The Alcalde paused, and I asked : " What are your worship's commands ? " The Alcalde answered : " If there is no further proof, go your way with God ! " Then I whisked off my cloak and said : " Your worship can see that both of them are liars, for my horse is not blind



"It may be another horse altogether."



but sound." The Alcalde rose, went up to the horse, looked at it, and said: "Mount, and go with God!" And, turning to the men, he arrested them. I got up, and rode off, and never heard how the affair ended, because I went on to Cuzco.



CHAPTER XVIII. AT CUZCO SHE KILLS THE NEW CID AND IS WOUNDED.¹

I WENT back to Cuzco again, staying at the house of the treasurer, Lope de Alcedo, and there I remained a while. One day I went into a friend's house to gamble ; two of us who were friends sat down to play, and the game went on ; the new Cid took a place beside me—a dark, hairy man, of great height and truculent appearance, nicknamed “the Cid.” I went on with the game and won a trick : he dipped his hand into my money, took some *reales de á ocho*, and walked away. Soon afterwards he came back once more, took another dip, helped himself to a handful, and placed himself behind me. I got my dagger ready, continued playing, and he again dipped into my money. I felt he was going to do so, and nailed his hand to the table with my dagger. I jumped up and drew my rapier, the bystanders drew theirs ; other friends of the Cid joined in, pressed me hard, and wounded me thrice. I reached the street, and this was a piece of luck, for otherwise they would have cut me into ribbons. The first man to follow me was Cid. I made a thrust at him, but he was encased like a



"I nailed his hand to the table."

watch ; others came up and pressed me close. Two Biscayans chanced to pass just then, hastened to where the noise was, and seeing me engaged single-handed against five, took my part. The three of us got the worst of it, and backed down the whole length of a street till we came to an open space. As we drew near St. Francis's the Cid stabbed me from behind with such force that he went clean through my left shoulder ; another ran his rapier a span deep into my left side, and I dropped, bleeding in torrents.

At this both sides bolted. I staggered up in a death-agony, saw the Cid at the church-door, and made towards him ; he met me, calling out : " You dog ! are you alive still ? " He made a thrust at me, which I parried with my dagger, and I replied with one in the midriff that went right through him ; he fell, clamouring for confession, and I fell too. At this noise up came a crowd, some monks, and the Corregidor, Don Pedro de Córdoba, of the Order of Santiago, who, on seeing the constables seize me, said : " Stop ! confession is the only thing he needs ! " The other man

died there and then. Some charitable persons carried me to the treasurer's, where I had been staying. I was put to bed, and the surgeon did not venture to dress my wounds till I had made my confession, lest I should die first. That splendid fellow Fray Luis Ferrer of Valencia, came and heard my confession; and, seeing that I was dying, I revealed my sex to him. He was astounded, absolved me, and strove to cheer and console me; the Holy Viaticum was brought and administered, and after this I seemed to feel stronger.

I suffered intensely when my wounds were dressed, and, what with the pain and hæmorrhage, swooned away for fourteen hours; and during all this time the saintly Father Ferrer never left me. May God reward him for it! I recovered consciousness, invoking St. Joseph; abundant grace was vouchsafed me, for God provides at need. Three days went by, and on the fifth day I took a turn for the better. Then they carried me one night to St. Francis's—to the cell of Father Fray Martín de Aróstegui, a relative of my friend Alcedo—

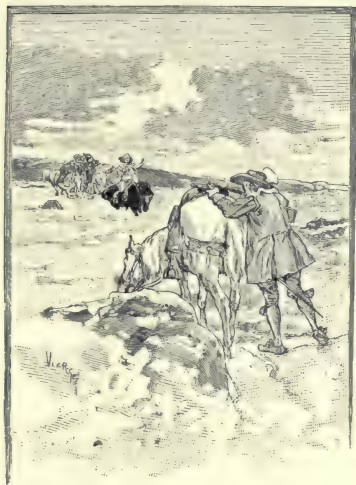


"They carried me one night to St. Francis's."

where I spent the four months that my illness lasted. The Corregidor was beside himself on hearing this, stationed sentries about the place, and had the roads watched. Being better, and convinced that I could not remain in Cuzco, with the help and by the advice of my friends, I determined to change my quarters: for I dreaded the rancour of some of the dead man's friends. Captain Don Gaspar de Carranza gave me a thousand *pesos*; the said treasurer Lope de Alcedo gave me three mules and arms; Don Francisco de Arzaga gave me three slaves. Thus equipped, and with two trusty Biscayan friends, I left Cuzco one night and took the road to Guamanga.

CHAPTER XIX. SHE LEAVES CUZCO FOR
GUAMANGA—SHE CROSSES THE BRIDGE OF
ANDAHUAILAS AND GUANCAVÉLICA.

AFTER leaving Cuzco, as I have just said, I came to the bridge of Apurimac, where I found the police and the dead Cid's friends waiting for me. The constable said: "You are arrested"; and, with eight others, he advanced to seize me. We five spread out into line, and a fierce contest began. Before long one of my negroes fell, a man on the other side gave his last groan, and so did a second man; another of my negroes dropped, and I laid the constable low with a pistol-shot; others of his band were wounded, and at the sound of firearms they retreated, leaving on the ground three of their men, to whom no doubt they returned later. It is said that the jurisdiction of Cuzco extends to the said bridge, and no further: wherefore my comrades accompanied me to this point. There they turned back, and I went on my way. I reached Andahuailas, where I came across the Corregidor who, in the blindest and most gracious way, placed his house at my service and invited me to dinner. Distrusting such exaggerated courtesy, I declined, and departed.



"I laid the constable low with a pistol-shot."

I came to the city of Guancavélica, put up at an inn, and spent two days seeing the sights of the place. I reached a small square near the quicksilver-hill, and there stood Doctor Solórzano, Alcalde of the Lima Court, who had come to check the accounts of the Governor, Don Pedro Osorio. I noticed an alguazil (Pedro Juárez was his name, as I learned afterwards) go up to him, whereupon he turned, looked at me, took out a paper, and looked at me again; and then I noticed the alguazil and a negro making towards me. I strolled off as if I had no cause for uneasiness, though in fact I had a great deal of cause. Before I had gone far the alguazil passed in front of me and knocked off my hat; I knocked off his, the negro came up behind, and seized me by my cloak. I shook myself free of it, drew my rapier and a pistol, and both attacked me with their rapiers. I fired at the alguazil and knocked him over; I engaged the negro, and before long a few thrusts sent him down. As I bolted, I met an Indian with a led horse (the Alcalde's, as I found out later): I snatched it from him, leaped up,

and rode off to Guamanga, fourteen leagues away.

Beyond the river Balsas I dismounted to give the horse a little rest, and just then perceived three horsemen fording the river and half-way across. I don't know what moved me to call out, "Where are you going, good gentlemen?" One of them replied, "To arrest you, Captain!" I got out my arms, loaded two pistols, and said, "You won't be able to arrest me alive; you'll have to kill me first, and then arrest me." And, saying this, I drew near the river-bank. Another of them said, "We have our orders, Captain, and are bound to obey, but we are quite at your service." And there they stopped in mid-stream. Thanking them for their kindly action, I left three doubloons for them on a stone, mounted, and, after many compliments, went on my road to Guamanga.

CHAPTER XX. SHE REACHES GUAMANGA :
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HER THERE TILL
SHE MADE HER AVOWALS TO THE LORD
BISHOP.

I CAME to Guamanga, and put up at an inn. There I met a soldier passing that way, who took a fancy to the horse, and I sold it to him for two hundred *pesos*. I went out to have a look at the city, which I thought striking, full of handsome buildings, the best I saw in Peru. I noticed three monasteries of Franciscans, Mercenarians, and Dominicans; a convent of nuns and a hospital, a great number of Indian settlers, and many Spaniards. It is a splendid climate for a settlement in the plains, neither cold nor hot; great abundance of wheat, wine, fruit, and cereals; a fine cathedral with three prebendaries and two canons, and a saintly bishop, an Augustinian, Don Fray Agustín de Carvajal, my mainstay, though snatched from me by his sudden death in the year '20. It is said that he had been Bishop there since the year '12.

I stayed on here a while, and ill-luck would have it that I went several times to a gambling-hell, and, while I was there one day, in came the Corregidor Don Baltasar de Quiñones. Looking at me, and not recog-

nising me, he asked me where I came from : I told him that I was a Biscayan. He said, "Where have you come from now?" I said I came from Cuzco. He paused a moment, still looking at me, and said, "You are arrested." "Of course!" said I, and, drawing my rapier, retreated to the door. He called out for help in the King's name; there was so much opposition at the door that I could not get through. I pulled out my three-barrelled pistol and made off, going into hiding at the house of a friend I had made there. The Corregidor went off, and seized my mule as well as some small belongings of mine at the inn. I found out that this friend of mine was a Biscayan, and stayed with him a few days. Meanwhile not a breath was heard of the affair, nor did the police seem concerned about it. It was plain, however, that I must change my quarters, for I had got into a scrape there as elsewhere. Having made up my mind to it, I started off at nightfall, and before long ill-luck threw two alguazils in my way. They challenged me, "Who goes there?"

I replied, "Friends!" They asked me my name, and I said, "The Devil!" This was not quite a proper answer. They were about to seize me when I drew my rapier, and there was a great uproar. They called out, "Help in the name of the law!" A crowd gathered, the Corregidor came out of the Bishop's house, and more constables made at me. Finding myself cornered, I fired my pistol and knocked one of them over. My position grew worse, and my Biscayan friend, with others from the same part of the country, ranged themselves beside me. The Corregidor bawled to his men to kill me; firearms were used on both sides. Accompanied by four torch-bearers, the Bishop came out and down into the middle of the throng, while his secretary, Juan Bautista de Arteaga, led him to me. On reaching me, he said, "Ensign, give me your arms!" I replied, "My lord, I am surrounded by enemies!" He repeated, "Give them up! you are out of harm's way with me, and I pledge my word to see you safe out of this whatever it costs me." I answered, "Most

illustrious Lord, when we reach the cathedral I will kiss your Lordship's feet." At this instant four of the Corregidor's slaves laid hold of me, hustling and dragging me savagely about, with no respect for his Lordship's presence, so that, to defend myself, I had to use my hands and floor one of them. Armed with buckler and rapier, the Bishop's secretary hurried up with others of the household, loudly denouncing the disrespect shown to his Lordship; and then the riot quieted down a little. His Lordship caught me by the arm, took my weapons from me, and, placing me beside him, led me along into his house. He gave orders that a slight wound which I had received should be dressed, that I should have supper and a bed, and that I should be locked in and the key be taken away. The Corregidor arrived soon afterwards, and had a long talk and argument about the matter with his Lordship, as I gathered later on.

Next morning, at about ten, his Lordship had me brought into his presence, and asked me who I was, where I came from, who my

parents were, and all about my life, how and why I had come there, going into particulars, and weaving into his questions good advice, dwelling on the dangers of this life—the fear of death and its consequences—and the dread of the other life for a sinner whose taking off comes without warning ; exhorting me to be peaceful, to cultivate a gentle spirit, and to fall down on my knees before God. And this discourse made me feel very small ; and, seeing that he was such a saintly man, and feeling as though I were in the presence of God, I revealed myself, and said to him, “ My Lord, all that I have told your Lordship is untrue ; the truth is this : that I am a woman, that I was born in such-and-such a place, daughter of So-and-So and So-and-So ; that I was placed at such-and-such an age in such-and-such a convent with my aunt So-and-So, that I was educated there, took the habit, became a novice, and was about to be professed when, for such-and-such reasons, I ran away ; that I went to such-and-such a place, stripped, dressed up, and cut my hair, went hither and thither, embarked, went into port, took to



*"I place myself at the feet of your most
illustrious Lordship."*

roving, slew, wounded, embezzled, and roamed about till the present moment, when I place myself at the feet of your most illustrious Lordship."

While my story lasted—that is till one o'clock—the saintly Bishop sat in amazement, listening to me, without saying a word or blinking an eyelid ; and, when I had finished, he still sat speechless, shedding scalding tears. Then he sent me to rest and dine ; he rang his bell, asked for an old chaplain of his, and sent me to his oratory ; there they placed a table and mattress for me, and locked me in, and I lay down and slept. In the afternoon, at about four, the Lord Bishop sent for me again, and spoke to me with great gentleness of spirit, beseeching me to give profound thanks to God for the mercy that He had vouchsafed me by opening my eyes to the path of perdition which was leading me straight to everlasting torment ; he exhorted me to look back upon my past life, and to make a good confession—which I had in great part made already, and which would now be easy to me ; and then God would

of nuns there). I put on the habit, the Bishop came forth from his house, leading me beside him amid such a throng that everybody in the city must have been there ; so that it was a long while before we arrived. At last we reached the door, it being impossible for us to go to the cathedral first of all, as his Lordship had purposed, for the building was packed as soon as his intention became known. There the whole convent awaited us with lighted candles. There the Abbess and senior nuns signed a document, in which the convent authorities undertook to give me up to his Lordship, or to the prelate who should succeed him, whenever I was asked for. His Lordship embraced me and gave me his blessing, and I went in. They led me in procession to the choir, where I prayed. I kissed the Abbess's hand and, after embracing the nuns and being embraced by them, I was taken to a parlour where his Lordship was waiting for me. There he gave me good advice, exhorted me to be a good Christian, to give thanks to Our Lord, and to frequent the



"There the whole convent awaited us."



sacraments, and his Lordship promised to come and administer them to me (as he often did, in fact); and, after generously offering me everything I needed, he left. The news of this event spread everywhere, and throughout the Indies those who had seen me previously, and those who before and afterwards heard of my story, were amazed. Within five months, in the year 1620, my saintly Bishop died suddenly, and I missed him sadly.

CHAPTER XXI. DRESSED IN A NUN'S HABIT, SHE GOES FROM GUAMANGA TO LIMA BY ORDER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE ARCHBISHOP, AND ENTERS THE TRINITARIAN CONVENT—SHE LEAVES IT, RETURNS TO GUAMANGA, AND GOES ON TO SANTA FE DE BOGOTÁ AND TENERIFE.

SHORTLY after the death of his Lordship of Guamanga, I was sent for by his Lordship Don Bartolomé Lobo Guerrero, Metropolitan Archbishop of Lima from (it is said) the year 1607 till his death on January 12, 1622. The nuns parted from me with great regret. I set out in a litter, accompanied by six priests, four nuns, and six men armed with swords.

Though we entered Lima by night we could not get through the press of people who had gathered, curious to see the Nun Ensign. They set me down at the Archbishop's house, and I was yearning to get in. I kissed his Lordship's hand, he received me graciously, and gave me shelter there that night. Next day I was taken to the Palace to see the Viceroy, Don Francisco de Borja, Count de Mayalde, Prince de Esquilache, who was in office there from the year 1615 to 1622; and I dined at his house that day. At night I returned to the Archbishop's, where I had a good supper and comfortable room.

On the following day his Lordship told me to look about and choose which convent I

should like to live in. I asked leave to see them all, and he gave it, and I visited all, saw them, and stayed four or five days in each. At last I decided on the convent of the Most Holy Trinity belonging to the Com-mandresses of St. Bernard—a large convent which maintains a hundred nuns with black veils, fifty with white veils, ten novices, ten lay-sisters, and sixteen servants. I remained there exactly two years and five months, till clear proofs were sent from Spain that I was not, and never had been, a professed nun; whereupon, to the universal regret of all the nuns, I was allowed to leave the convent, and I set out on the way to Spain.

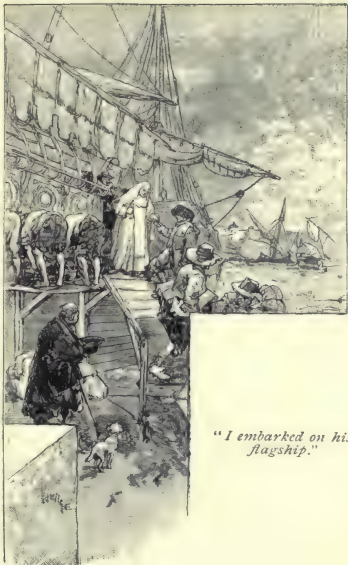
First of all I went to Guamanga to see the ladies in the convent of St. Clare and to bid them farewell. They kept me there a week, paying me many attentions, giving me presents, and weeping at my departure. I continued my journey to the city of Santa Fe de Bogotá in the new kingdom of Granada. I saw the Lord Bishop, Don Julián de Cortazar, who strongly urged me to enter the convent of my order there. I told him

that I had no order nor religious vocation, and that I was trying to get back to my native country, where I should do what seemed best to save my soul: whereupon he gave me a handsome present, and I took leave of him. I went to Zaragoza up the river Magdalena; there I fell ill, and thought the soil unhealthy for Spaniards, and was at death's door. After a few days, being slightly better, though unable to stand, I was ordered away by a doctor, and I travelled down-stream to Tenerife, where I soon recovered.

CHAPTER XXII. SHE EMBARKS AT TENE-
RIFE AND GOES TO CARTAGENA, AND
THENCE STARTS FOR SPAIN WITH THE
FLEET.

AS I there found that the fleet, under General Tomás de Larraspuru, was starting for Spain I embarked on his flagship in the year 1624. He received me with great courtesy, paid me much attention, gave me a seat at his table, and treated me thus till we were two hundred leagues this side of the Strait of Bahama. There was a quarrel one day whilst we were gambling, and I happened to give somebody a scratch in the face with a little knife I had about me, and there was a hullabaloo, and the General was obliged to shift me and transfer me to the flagship of the second in command, where there were men from my part of the country. This was not to my liking, so I begged to be sent on board the tender *San Telmo*, commanded by Captain Andrés de Otón, which was a despatch-boat ; I was transferred to it but suffered hardships, for it leaked, and we were in danger of drowning.

Thank God we arrived at Cadiz on November 1, 1624. We disembarked, and I stayed there a week, receiving great attentions from Señor Don Fadrique de Toledo, General of



*"I embarked on his
flagship."*



"We were in danger of drowning."

the Fleet, who had in his service two of my brothers. I made their acquaintance and presented them to him, and as a compliment to me he took them into favour, keeping one of them on his own staff and giving the other a pair of colours.

CHAPTER XXIII. SHE LEAVES CADIZ FOR
SEVILLE, AND LEAVES SEVILLE FOR MADRID,
PAMPLONA, AND ROME; BUT, HAVING BEEN
ROBBED IN PIEDMONT, SHE RETURNS TO
SPAIN.

FROM Cadiz I went to Seville and stayed there a fortnight, keeping out of sight as much as possible to escape the crowds that thronged to see me dressed like a man ; thence I passed on to Madrid, where I remained twenty days without revealing myself. There I was arrested (I don't know why) by command of the Vicar, but the Count de Olivares ordered me to be released at once. There I was engaged by the Count de Javier, who was starting for Pamplona, and I set out and served him for about two months.

Leaving the Count de Javier, I started from Pamplona to Rome, it being the holy year of the great jubilee. I made my way across France and underwent great trials, for, while passing through Piedmont, on reaching Turin I was arrested on suspicion of being a Spanish spy ; they robbed me of the few coins and clothes I had, and kept me fifty¹ days in jail, and at the end of this time, after (I suppose) making investigations which disclosed nothing against me, they released me. But they did not allow me to go on my way, ordering me

to turn back under penalty of the gallows ; so back I had to go in distress, poor, on foot, and a beggar. I reached Toulouse in France, and presented myself before the Comte de Gramont,² Viceroy of Pau and Governor of Bayonne, to whom, when travelling the other way, I had brought and handed letters from Spain. This kindly gentleman was shocked to see me, had me clothed, treated me generously, and supplied me with a hundred *escudos* and a horse for my journey, and I set out.

I came to Madrid, presented myself before His Majesty, and besought him to reward my services, which I set forth in a petition that I placed in his royal hand. His Majesty referred me to the Council of the Indies, to which I went, laying before it such papers as remained over to me after being robbed. The Council saw me, and, with the approval of His Majesty, graciously granted me a life-pension of eight hundred *escudos*—a little less than I had asked for. This happened in the month of August, 1625. Meanwhile, several experiences befell me at the capital

which I omit as of no account. Shortly afterwards His Majesty set out for the Cortes of Aragón, and reached Zaragoza at the beginning of January, 1626.

CHAPTER XXIV. SHE LEAVES MADRID FOR BARCELONA.

I STARTED on the road for Barcelona with three other friends who were travelling that way. We halted awhile at Lérida, and set off again in the afternoon of Maundy Thursday. Towards four in the afternoon, a little before we came to Velpuche, while we were gay and free from care, at a turn in the road nine men sprang out of a thicket on the right, cocked their muskets, surrounded us, and ordered us to dismount. We could do nothing else, being thankful enough to dismount alive. They took our arms, horses, clothes, and everything we had about us except our papers, which we begged of them as a favour. After looking through them, they gave them back to us, not leaving us another stitch.

We went on our way, naked and ashamed, and got to Barcelona during the night of Holy Saturday, 1626, without knowing—at least I didn't know—what to do. I don't know where my companions went to look for help. For my own part, by going from door to door and telling everybody that I had been plundered, I picked up some tattered clothes and

a worn-out hood to cover me. As the night went on I sneaked into a porch, where I found some other poor devils stretched out, and gathered that the King was in the city, and that the Marquis de Montes-Claros—a kind and charitable gentleman whom I had met and spoken to at Madrid—was there on his staff. I went to him in the morning and told him of my disaster. The kindly gentleman was distressed to see me, had me clothed at once, and made an opportunity of presenting me to His Majesty.

I entered, and told His Majesty how my misfortune had happened. He listened to me, and said, "But how did you let yourself be robbed?" I answered, "Sir, I couldn't do more than I did." He asked me, "How many of them were there?" I said, "Nine, Sir, with their muskets cocked, and they took us by surprise as we were passing a thicket." His Majesty motioned to me to give him my petition. I kissed his hand and placed the petition in it, and His Majesty said, "I will see to it." His Majesty was then standing up, and he passed out. I withdrew, and soon

afterwards received the decree in which His Majesty ordered them to give me four rations as a half-pay ensign and thirty ducats as a gift. Whereupon, having taken leave of the Marquis de Montes-Claros, to whom I was so much beholden, I shipped in the *San Martín*, the new galley from Sicily, which was starting for Genoa.

CHAPTER XXV. SHE GOES FROM BARCELONA TO GENOA, AND THENCE TO ROME.

HAVING sailed from Barcelona on the galley, we shortly reached Genoa, where we stayed a fortnight. During that time it occurred to me one day to go and see the Controller-General, Pedro de Chavarria, of the Order of Santiago. Apparently it was too early, for the house was not open. I strolled about to kill time, and then sat down on a stone slab at Prince Doria's door; and while I was there a well-dressed man came and sat down there too. He was a spruce soldier, with flowing locks, whom I recognised as an Italian by his speech. We bowed to one another, began to talk, and he said to me, "You are a Spaniard?" I answered that I was. He continued, "Well, then, you must be conceited—for all Spaniards are—and arrogant as well, though they are not the heroes they make themselves out to be." I said, "For my part, I look upon them all as genuine men in every respect." He answered, "I look upon them all as so many turds." I rose, remarking, "Don't talk like that, for the vilest Spaniard is better than the best Italian." He said, "Will you back what you say?"

I replied, "Yes, I will." He said, "Then the sooner the better." I answered, "Good!" And we went behind some waterworks near by, he following me. We drew our rapiers, and began cutting and thrusting; and just then I saw another man draw up beside him. They cut and I parried; I gave the Italian a thrust, which sent him down. There remained the other, and I was forcing him to give way before me when up came a lame man, but with plenty of pluck—a friend, no doubt—who took his stand beside him and pressed me closely. Another man came up and took my side, perhaps because he saw I was alone, for I didn't know him. So many men joined in that the affair became a hurly-burly, and so, fortunately, and without any one's noticing it, I stole off, went to my galley, and never heard what the end of it was. There I dressed a slight wound in my hand. At this time the Marquis de Santa Cruz was at Genoa.

I left Genoa for Rome, kissed the foot of His Holiness Urban VIII., and told him briefly, as well as I could, about my life, wan-

derings, sex, and virginity ; and His Holiness was clearly amazed at my story and graciously gave me leave to go on wearing man's clothes, urging me to live uprightly in future, to avoid injuring my neighbour, and to fear God's vengeance respecting His commandment—*Non occides*. And then I withdrew. My case became notorious in Rome, and I saw myself surrounded by a remarkable crowd of great personages—princes, bishops, and cardinals—and every door was thrown open to me ; so that, during the month and a half I spent in Rome, there was seldom a day that I was not invited and entertained by princes ; and one Friday in particular, at the special order and expense of the Roman Senate, I was invited and entertained by certain gentlemen, and they inscribed my name on the roll as a Roman citizen. And on St. Peter's Day, June 29, 1626, they took me into the Chapel of St. Peter, where I saw the cardinals and the usual ceremonies of that feast-day ; and all, or most of them, showed me every attention and kindness, and many of them conversed with me. And in the evening, while

three cardinals were standing round me, one of them—it was Cardinal Magalon—said my only defect was that I was a Spaniard. To which I replied, “Speaking under correction, your Eminence, I think that is the only good thing about me.”

CHAPTER XXVI. FROM ROME SHE GOES
TO NAPLES.

AFTER a month and a half in Rome, I left there for Naples on July 5, 1626; we embarked at Ripa. One day, while sauntering on the quay at Naples, my attention was drawn to the guffaws of two wenches who were gossiping with a couple of youngsters and staring at me. I looked at them, and one of them said, "Whither away, my lady Catalina?" I replied, "To give you a hundred thumps on the scruff of your necks, my lady strumpets, and a hundred slashes to anybody who tries to defend you." They were mum, and slunk off.



"A hundred slashes to anybody who tries to defend you."

LA MONJA ALFÉREZ

COMEDIA FAMOSA DE

JUAN PÉREZ DE MONTALBÁN

PERSONAS

DON DIEGO, galán

DON JUAN

GUZMAN (LA MONJA ALFÉREZ, DOÑA CATALINA
DE ERAUSO)

DOÑA ANA, dama

MIGUEL DE ERAUSO, oficial

EL NUEVO CID, alférez

EL CASTELLANO del CALLAO

EL VIZCONDE DE LA ZOLINA

SEBASTIAN DE ILLUMBE, hidalgo

TEODORA, dama cortesana

TRISTAN, criado de D. Diego

MACHIN, criado de Guzman

INES, criada de Doña Ana

UN SOLDADO

UN ALCALDE DE CORTE

UN RELIGIOSO

PRESOS DE LA CARCEL

LA MONJA ALFÉREZ

COMEDIA

JORNADA PRIMERA

ESCENA I.

GUZMAN Y MACHIN, *de camino,*

DOÑA ANA É INES *con mantos.*

DOÑA ANA.

No puedo enfrenar el llanto.

GUZMAN.

No lo hubiera yo emprendido

Mi bien, si hubiera entendido

Que tú lo sintieras tanto.

Mas ya es hecho, tú, señora,

Eres culpada, yo no,

Pues que tu amor me ocultó

Lo que me descubre ahora.

DOÑA ANA.

El favor mas limitado

De una principal muger,

No basta para prender
La esperanza y el cuidado.
¿Puedo yo, siendo quien soy
Darte señales mas claras
De mi amor? ¿Y tú estimaras,
Los favores que te doy,
Si te entregase liviana
La posesion de mi pecho?

GUZMAN.

Ya no hay remedio, ya es hecho
Mas, alivie mi Doña Ana,
Si mi ausencia te lastima,
El mal que sintiendo estás,
Ver que dos leguas no mas
Dista el Callao de Lima.
Y no dará luz la aurora,
Jamás al monte ni prado,
Sin que á mí me la haya dado
Ese sol que el alma adora.
Así desmentir podré
La ausencia que te amenaza,
Que supuesto que la plaza
Yo de soldado asenté,
Y en el puerto he de asistir,
Las noches que estar de posta

No me toque ; por la posta
A verte podré venir.

DOÑA ANA.

Con eso no solamente
Se alivian mis sentimientos,
Mas es para mis tormentos
El medio mas conveniente :
Pues si de las ansias mias
La envidiosa diligencia
Tuvo indicios, con tu ausencia
Desmentimos las espías :
Que ya sabes que el efeto
De poderte ver y hablar,
Solamente ha de durar
Lo que durare el secreto ;
Y asi de nuevo te pido,
Que la palabra me des
De no rompello, aunque estes
Ya zeloso, ya ofendido.

GUZMAN.

Y de nuevo te prometo
Que no sepa mi cuidado
De mí, sino este criado,
Que es ejemplo del secreto.

MACHIN.

No viene Machin de casta
Que se pierde por hablar
Pues para saber callar,
Soy Vizcaino, que basta.

DOÑA ANA.

Pues Alonso de Guzman
Hace de tí confianza,
Esa es la mayor probanza
Que tus méritos me dan.
Y tú (*á Guzman*), porque la ocasion
Jamás pierdas de venir
A verme, sin que inferir
Pueda nadie tu afición:
Pues es la curiosidad
Tan necia que te podría
Poner una oculta espía,
Que al entrar en la ciudad
Te siguiese y nuestro amor
Viniera á saberse, quiero
Que el caballo mas ligero,
Del indiano picador
Agitado, escede al viento,
Obedezca á tu cuidado,
Porque pedirlo prestado,

No dé indicios de tu intento :

(Dale una cadena.)

Del valor de esta cadena

Puedes comprallo, y advierte,

Que pues en verte ó no verte

Está mi gloria, ó mi pena,

No haya estorbo que resista

El efeto á mi deseo,

Si cuanta hacienda poseo

Me ha de costar una vista.

GUZMAN.

¿Qué diligencia y cuidado

En servirte no pondrá,

Quien de tu favor está

Por mil partes obligado?

Esta cadena recibo,

Mas porque sus eslabones

Manifiesten las prisiones

En que enamorado vivo

Que por comprar el caballo :

Que donde es tal el favor,

Alas son los pies de amor

Para volar á gozallo.

DOÑA ANA.

A Dios pues, que estoy temiendo

La asechanza cuidadosa
De alguna aficion zelosa.

GUZMAN.

Aunque de oillo me ofendo,
Trueco á tu opinion, señora,
Los sentimientos mas graves.

DOÑA ANA.

No hay que advertirte pues sabes
La seña, ventana y hora.... (*Vase.*)

ESCENA II.

GUZMAN Y MACHIN.

GUZMAN.

¿Qué dices de mi ventura?

MACHIN.

Que pasa gran tempestad
Tu voto de castidad,
Entre ocasion y hermosura :
Pero Don Diego tu amigo
Viene aquí....

GUZMAN.

Mucho sintiera

Que á Doña Ana conociera

Si agora la vió conmigo :

(*Aparte.*)

Cuando mi pecho le estima...

De tal suerte, que por dar

A sus temores lugar,

Gusto de salir de Lima.

ESCENA III.

GUZMAN, MACHIN, DON DIEGO,
TRISTAN.

DON DIEGO.

Era ya tiempo de veros

Guzman amigo.

GUZMAN.

El buscaros

Pudiera excusar, si hallaros

Ha de ser para perderos.

DON DIEGO.

¿Cómo?

GUZMAN.

De Lima me ausento

DON DIEGO.

¿Qué dices?

GUZMAN.

Mi natural
Inclinacion es marcial,
Y vivo en la paz violento,
Y al rey me parto á servir
En el puerto.

DON DIEGO.

No me mueve
Ser la distancia tan breve,
A que deje de sentir
La ausencia vuestra, Guzman.

GUZMAN.

Tantas veces volveré
A veros, cuantas me dé
Licencia mi capitan.

DON DIEGO.

Porque podais acordaros,
Y por ser en la milicia

La gala de mas codicia,
Un penacho quiero daros
Escelente, cuyas plumas
En la fineza y color,
Unas son alas de amor,
Y otras de Venus espumas.

GUZMAN.

Yo lo estimo, porque veo,
Que en él, Don Diego, me dais
Las alas que imaginais
Que en vuestra ausencia deseo.
Mas pues me le dais por prenda
De memoria, aunque confia
De vuestra amistad la mia
Que el olvido no la ofenda,
Os quiero dar unos guantes,
(*Los guantes que saque Guzman serán
de ante muy bordados.*)

En la hechura y el olor,
En la materia y valor,
A los que veis semejantes :
Que cuando por su estraña
Novedad los estimeis,
Hacello al menos podreis
Por ser hechos en España.

DON DIEGO.

De vos en todo escedido
Y obligado me confieso,
Y por venceros en eso,
Me quiero dar por vencido.

GUZMAN.

Estos brazos os darán
La respuesta. A Dios Don Diego.
(*Abrázanse.*)

DON DIEGO.

A Dios : Tristan, lleva luego
Aquel penacho á Guzman.

GUZMAN.

Siglos, Machin, considero
Para partir los instantes :
Lleva á Don Diego los guantes,
Que puesto á caballo espero....

(*Vase.*)

MACHIN.

Yo lo haré, mas si supiera
Que tú no habias de rompellos
Por Dios que te hubiera dellos
Cortado una bigotera. (*Vase.*)

ESCENA IV.

DON DIEGO, TRISTAN.

DON DIEGO.

¿Qué te detiene Tristan?

TRISTAN.

Solo el decirte que ví
Mientras hablabas aquí
Con Alfonso de Guzman
A Doña Ana.

DON DIEGO.

Dame, amor,
La ventura en alcanzar
Como el cuidado en seguir.

TRISTAN.

Todo se alcanza obligando.

DON DIEGO.

O he de vivir alcanzando,
O siguiendo he de morir. (*Vase.*)

ESCENA V.

MIGUEL DE ERAUSO, (*vestido de soldado, y en jubon, abriendo una carta, y va dentro de ella un retrato.*)

MIGUEL (*lee el sobrescrito y luego la carta.*)

Al alferez Miguel de Erauso, mi hijo, en el puerto del Callao, en los reinos del Perú.

Hijo, valga por testamento esta carta, pues me tiene á las puertas de la muerte la afrenta que vuestra hermana Catalina nos ha hecho, ausentándose ocultamente de San Sebastian. No os lo he escrito antes, aunque ya hace trece años, por escusaros la pena; mas agora por haber entendido que pasó á esos reinos en traje de varon, por el deseo de su remedio, atropello vuestro sentimiento. Si la suerte ó la diligencia la hallare, noble sois y cuerdo, y sabreis lo que habeis de hacer. Dios os guarde. De San Sebastian, á 20 de febrero de 1618 años,

Vuestro padre, MIGUEL DE ERAUSO.

¿Cómo es posible que haya yo leído
Estos renglones, sin haber perdido
Si no la vida el seso?

¡Que se arrojase á tan infame esceso,

Muger que nació noble, cielo santo!
Mas si nació muger ¿de qué me espanto?
¡O carta que el veneno por los ojos
Disteis al alma! en átomos despojos
De mi furor, al viento
Informad de mi grave sentimiento.

(Rompe la carta.)

No os pongan las crueldades de mi suerte
O mi vecina, ya forzosa muerte
En ageno poder, para que al suelo
Sirvais en mi deshonra por libelo.
Y tú, retrato, si tambien del dueño,
Que representas por la semejanza,
La fealdad y engaño no te alcanza,
Libra mi honor de tan infame empeño,
Verdad me informa, porque conocella
Puedo por tí, si acaso llego á vella.
Mas en diverso trage, y las facciones
Ya de los años, del calor, del frio,
Mudadas, y en américas regiones
Que son tan dilatadas, desvarío
Será el querer buscalla,
Ni prometerme que podrán hallalla
Cuidado, ingenio, ó diligencia alguna;
Encomiéndolo al tiempo y la fortuna.

ESCENA VI.

MIGUEL, EL NUEVO CID, GUZMAN
MACHIN, UN SOLDADO.

EL CID.

Sepa señor soldado
Que en esta fuerza, es fuero ya asentado
Que paguen los bisoños la patente.

GUZMAN.

Pues yo que no lo soy, no solamente
No tengo de pagalla,
Mas de quien me la pida he de cobralla,
Que soy Alonso de Guzman....

MACHIN.

¿Qué es esto?

EL CID.

Sabed Miguel Erauso que el soldado
Que mirais, mas cerril que desbarbado,
Nos niega la patente.

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

¡Oh santos cielos!

Este es mi hermano.

EL CID.

Diga ¿en qué se fia?

Mas barba, amigo, y menos valentía ;
Sepa que á mí me llaman por mal nombre
El nuevo Cid, y él es apenas hombre,
Por que es razon que note
Que el valor se divisa del bigote.

GUZMAN.

Pues porque esté el valor mas en su centro
Echo yo los bigotes hacia dentro
Y basta....

MACHIN (*aparte*).

Aquí entro yo, que ya se enoja,
Y está dos dedos de sacar la hoja.

(*Miguel mira atentamente á Alonso de
Guzman.*)

Señor, advierte, que esta es ley que puso
El uso, y no es estafa lo que es uso.

EL CID.

Es cierto : que jamas la cortesía
Militar, permitió superchería.

GUZMAN.

Por ese estilo sí, mostralles quiero,
Que estimo la opinion mas que el dinero ;
Todos conmigo coméran mañana.

EL CID.

Con eso á todos por amigos gana.

SOLDADO.

Pues quédese esto así ; y agora un rato
Al ocio le sirvamos este plato ;

(Saca unos naipes.)

¿Jugais Alonso de Guzman?

GUZMAN.

A todo ;

Pero mas á los dados me acomodo.

EL CID.

Usanse poco en la region indiana.

GUZMAN.

¿A qué hemos de jugar?

EL CID.

¿No es cosa llana

Que en el Perú no saben los tahures

Otro juego mejor que los albures?

*(Juegan à los naipes sobre un bufete,
y Miguel un poco aparte mira atento
á Guzman.)*

MACHIN.

Señor soldado : diga por su vida

¿Por acá los que ganan son ingratos?

¿Suelen vender muy caros los baratos?

SOLDADO.

Los soldados son gente muy partida.

MACHIN.

Esos son los percances de un criado,
Que está á mirar perpetuo condenado.

MIGUEL (*aparte*).

Dicen que el pastor cuando ha perdido
Alguna oveja, como está advertido
A buscarla no mas, se la semeja
Cualquiera voz, balido de su oveja.
Que á mí con el cuidado
Que mi perdida hermana me ha causado,
Cualquier joven que viere, en quien el sello
No ponga de la edad al rostro el vello,
He de pensar que es ella, y ya el deseo
Comienza á ejecutallo en el que veo,
Pues no solo en la voz, el rostro y talle
Me parece muger, mas me parece,
Que las facciones que su rostro ofrece
Las del retrato son : quiero miralla
Unas con otras partes confiriendo ;
Mas.... ¡qué locura acreditar pretendo !
Si este es Alonso de Guzman ¿desecha
No deja su valor cualquier sospecha ?

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

Si no es de mi temor esta advertencia
Suspense, atento, cuidadoso y mudo,

Me contempla mi hermano, mas no pudo,
Aunque tenga noticia de mi historia,
Conservar de mi rostro la memoria,
Las especies despues de tanta ausencia ;
Y mas haciendo en mí tal diferencia
La edad, el trage, el brio y el estado :
En vano me desvela este cuidado.

MIGUEL.

Si es ella, á recatarse ha de obligalla
El verme pensativo : descuidalla
Disimulando importa, que ocasiones
Me darán con el tiempo sus acciones,
Yendo con advertencia,
Con que de la sospecha haga evidencia.

(Llégase á jugar.)

EL CID.

Mas, al caballo cuatro patacones.

MIGUEL.

Connigo van.

EL CID.

¡ Qué presto viene el siete !
¿ Que juegue yo á los naipes ? ¡ voto á Cristo !

MIGUEL.

So alférez, ¿ no me paga ?

EL CID.

Estaba visto.

MIGUEL.

No estaba.

EL CID.

Yo lo digo,

Y basta.

MIGUEL.

¿Pues conmigo

Habla de esa manera?

SOLDADO.

No se espante

Que está perdiendo.

MIGUEL.

No ha de ser bastante

Para que me hable á mí con arrogancia.

EL CID.

Aunque no pierda puedo yo tenella.

Porque yo soy.....

MIGUEL.

Para conmigo nada.

EL CID.

Yo soy mejor que vos.

GUZMAN.

Mentis villano.

*(Dale con la daga en la cabeza Guzman
al Cid: sacan todos las espadas.)*

EL CID.

La lengua he de cortaros y la mano.

MIGUEL.

¿No tengo espada yo, Guzman? ¡qué es esto!

¿No veis que es agraviarme
Vengarme vos, pudiendo yo vengarme?

GUZMAN.

Hecha donde yo estoy la demásía,
Siempre la tomo yo por cuenta mia.

MACHIN.

Esto es hecho, allá va la Vizcaina,
Que nunca vuelve sin hacer cecina.

ESCENA VII.

LOS DICHOS, EL CASTELLANO DEL
CALLAO,

(en cuerpo con baston.)

CASTELLANO.

¡Soldados, ola!

SOLDADO.

Este es el Castellano.

CASTELLANO.

Ténganse ; ó ¡ vive Dios !

EL CID.

Obedeceros

Es fuerza.

CASTELLANO.

Envainen luego los aceros.

Y cuéntenme que es esto.

MIGUEL.

Ya no es nada,

Sobre palabras desnudé la espada

Con el alférez.... (*háblale en secreto.*)

MACHIN.

¡ Buena la hemos hecho !

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

No pude mas, enfurecióme el pecho

La ofensa de mi hermano :

Y de la sangre el ímpetu violento

Me arrebató el primero movimiento.

CASTELLANO.

Siendo asi, Nuevo Cid, dadle la mano,

Que con sacar la espada habeis quedado

Entrambos bien.

(*Danse la mano el Nuevo Cid y Miguel.*)

EL CID.

La mano os doy de amigo

CASTELLANO.

Tambien la habeis de dar á este soldado ;
Porque si cuando os ofendió tenia
La daga ya en la mano, caso es llano
Que nadie á su enemigo
Agravia con las armas en la mano.

(Dale la mano á Guzman.)

Y si hubo en ello alguna demasía,
Eso es lo que ha de obrar mi tercería.

EL CID.

Vos lo mandais, respondo obedeciendo,

(Aparte.)

Que sois mi superior : mas yo me entiendo,
Que no estoy obligado,
Sintiéndome agraviado,
A guardar la amistad que he prometido.

SOLDADO.

Alférez, ¿vais herido?

EL CID.

Pienso que no. *(Vase.)*

SOLDADO.

Debió de dar de llano :
Como un nabo le parte, si la mano

Vuelve de filo : informacion ha hecho
El lampiño de ser de pelo en pecho. (*Vase.*)

CASTELLANO.

Agradezca el soldado
Que del virey me vino encomendado,
Que sino yo le hiciera
Con un trato de cuerda, que supiera
Que no se ha de arrojar tan atrevido
A perder á un alferez el respeto,
Que aunque no es oficial suyo, en efeto
Por el puesto que ocupa le es debido.

(*A Machin.*)

Y vos mancebo, que tambien inquieto
Imitais vuestro dueño, yo os prometo
Si dais otra ocasion, que os dé la pena
Escarmiento colgado de una almena. (*Vase.*)

ESCENA VIII.

GUZMAN Y MACHIN.

MACHIN.

Y lo hará, vive Dios, como lo dice,
Que no es hombre de burla el Castellano.
¿Qué dices tú, señor?

GUZMAN.

Que ya lo hice,
Y que gustosa me quedó la mano
Del coscorrón que le asenté de llano ;
Pero la noche viene, y el dinero
De la cadena ha dado fin, y quiero,
Pedir otro socorro á mi Doña Ana :
El caballo preven, que la mañana
Nos ha de hallar de vuelta en el castillo.

MACHIN.

Yo voy á prevenillo
Alegre, porque ver á Ines deseo,
Y triste porque veo,
Que me lleva en sus ancas tu caballo,
Y es tal la matadura y tanto el callo,
Que tengo ya de sus trotonerías
Que pienso que le llevo yo en las mias.
(*Vanse.*)

ESCENA IX.

MIGUEL.

Si ofrecen los afectos naturales
De la oculta verdad claras señales,

¿Qué conjetura ó prevencion mas llana
De que es esta mi hermana,
Que el repentino ardor y ciega furia
Con que dió fuego al golpe de mi injuria?
Del natural amor y sentimiento
Fue aquel involuntario movimiento,
Que con la lengua respondió y la mano,
Al *soy mejor que vos*, mentis villano :
Mas con otra esperiencia,
Tengo de confirmar por evidencia
Mi sospecha, y podré determinarme
Sin declarar mi afrenta, á declararme.

(*Vase.*)

ESCENA X.

DOÑA ANA É INES (*á la ventana*).

DOÑA ANA.

Ya no bastan las prisiones
De mi honor y de mi fama,
A oprimir la ardiente llama
De mis resueltas pasiones.
Y en esto por cosa llana
Tengo, Ines, que ha de afrentarme

Mas, en público casarme,
Que en secreto ser villana
Que si Alonso de Guzman
Es en Lima forastero,
A quien su brazo y acero
Solamente nombre dan :
Que su sangre, y nacimiento,
Y su calidad, se ignora,
Cuando mis desdenes llora
Y aspira á mi casamiento
El noble Don Diego en vano,
Claro está que era buscar
Mi afrenta pública, dar
De esposa á Guzman la mano.
Y asi pues muero de amor,
Resuelvo comprar la vida
Con prenda que no es perdida
Mientras se oculta el error.

INES.

Tanto te he visto penar
Que vence de tu tormento
La piedad, al sentimiento
De verte asi despeñar ;
Y ya que á tan ciego efeto
Llegas á determinarte,

Confía, que he de ayudarte
Con lealtad y con secreto.

DOÑA ANA.

A lo mucho que te quiero
Responde tu obligacion.

INES.

Gente viene.

DOÑA ANA.

El corazon
Me dice que es el que espero.

ESCENA XI.

DOÑA ANA, INES, GUZMAN Y
MACHIN.

*(Las primeras en la ventana, y los últimos
en la calle.)*

MACHIN.

Válgate el diablo el rocin
Y lo que me ha batanado.

GUZMAN.

Tú eres para enamorado
Muy delicado, Machin :

Pero ya es hora de ver
A mi querida Doña Ana,
Quiero hacer á la ventana
La seña.

DOÑA ANA.

No es menester.

GUZMAN.

¿Aquí estás hermoso dueño?
Mi cuidado previniste.

DOÑA ANA.

El pecho en que amor asiste
Da breve tributo al sueño.

GUZMAN.

Tu desvelo ha adivinado
La necesidad que tengo
De abreviar puntos, que vengo
En confianza obligado,
A que la aurora ha de hallarme
En mi prision.

DOÑA ANA.

¿Estás preso?

GUZMAN.

Hice, señora, un esceso
Que pienso que ha de costarme
Cuidado y desasosiego,
Y dinero.

MACHIN (*aparte*).

Disparó.

DOÑA ANA.

Cuanta hacienda tengo yo

Tienes por tuya.

MACHIN (*aparte*).

Dió fuego.

GUZMAN.

Pienso que me has de obligar

A ser cobarde con eso,

Si en haciendo yo el esceso

Tú, mi bien, lo has de pagar.

DOÑA ANA.

Yo estoy, Guzman, con temor

De que en la calle te vean,

Que hay muchos que la pasean

Desvelados de otro amor.

GUZMAN.

¿Tan apriesa me despides?

DOÑA ANA.

No despido, antes te pido

Que no pongas en olvido

Los favores que me pides.

GUZMAN.

Mérito es la cobardía,

Siendo tan alta la empresa.

DOÑA ANA.

Sin méritos se confiesa
Quien amando desconfía ;
Y yo que conozco en tí
Lo que bastara á vencerme,
Resuelvo que entres á verme
Para confesarlo así ;
Y para que la ocasion
Evite, que puedes dar
En la calle de infamar
De liviana mi opinion.

GUZMAN.

Favor tan no merecido
Ya lo toco, y no lo creo,
Que aun ocultando el deseo
Lo acusaba de atrevido.
Solo temo, hermoso dueño,
Tu peligro en mi ventura.

DOÑA ANA.

La oscuridad me asegura
Y á mi padre ocupa el sueño.
Con silencio á paso lento
Por tinieblas seguirás
Mis plantas, y llegarás
Sin peligro á mi aposento.

GUZMAN.

Ya con la gloria que espero,
Un punto á mil siglos pasa.

DOÑA ANA.

Voy á disponer la casa,
Que matar las luces quiero
Para mas seguridad.
Aguárdame tú y Machin
A la puerta.

(Vanse Doña Ana é Ines.)

ESCENA XII.

GUZMAN Y MACHIN.

MACHIN.

Aquí dió fin
El voto de castidad.
Por Dios que he de ver agora
Si aguardas dispensacion
A oscuras, y en la ocasion,
Con quien amas, y te adora.

GUZMAN.

¿Luego yo me he de poner
En el peligro?

MACHIN.

Pues ya :

Cuando la ocasion está
En tus manos, ¿qué has de hacer?

GUZMAN.

El remedio es no aguardalla.

MACHIN.

Es agravio declarado.

GUZMAN.

Con lo mismo que has pensado
Que la ofendo, he de obligalla.

MACHIN.

¿Cómo?

GUZMAN.

El secreto y recato
Es la primer condicion,
Que ha puesto á mi pretension ;
Pues en este breve rato,
Que tarda en abrir, diré
Que vino gente á la calle
Y que yo por no arriesgalle
La opinion, me retiré ;

Y que mostrando celosa
Curiosidad me siguieron,
Y alcanzándome quisieron
Conocerme, y fue forzosa
Mi resistencia, y así
Duró la marcial porfía,
Hasta que la luz del día
Nos puso en paz, y de aquí
Levantaré una pendencia
Por zelos, con que ni deje
Ocasión, de que se queje
Doña Ana de aquella ausencia,
Ni tenga por mal partido
Poderme desenojar.

MACHIN.

Gente viene allí.

GUZMAN.

Ayudar
Mis intentos han querido
Los cielos con la verdad,
Ven.

MACHIN.

Por tí pierdo á Ines,
De participantes es
Tu voto de castidad. (*Vanse.*)

ESCENA XIII.

DON DIEGO Y DON JUAN.

(Es de noche, Don Diego saca los guantes de Guzman.)

DON JUAN.

Parece que se retiran
De la calle con cuidado,
Pues recelo os han causado
Sepamos por quien suspiran.

DON DIEGO.

Aunque intentemos seguillos,
Es imposible alcanzallos,
Y pues los zelos es dallos
Mucho mejor que pedillos,
Guardemos la puerta y calle
De Doña Ana, y ellos vengan.
Dado caso que los tengan
Por agravio á averigualle:
Pues de creer es de que aspiran
Si no vuelven á otro amor,
O he de quedar superior
Si ofendidos se retiran.

DON JUAN.

Bien decís.

DON DIEGO.

Don Juan, callad,
Que la puerta de Doña Ana
Siento abrir.

DON JUAN.

No ha sido vana
Vuestra sospecha.

ESCENA XIV.

DON DIEGO, DON JUAN, DOÑA
ANA.

(Asómase Doña Ana al paño, toma la mano á Don Diego, y este la da á Don Juan, y van por el teatro como á oscuras; Don Diego se quita los guantes y los pone en la guarnicion de la espada.)

DOÑA ANA.

Llegad,
Dadme la mano, y con tiento
Seguid mis pasos los dos.

DON DIEGO (*aparte*).

La que adoro es, vive Dios :
Gozar la ocasion intento.

DON JUAN (*aparte*).

¡Notable engaño!

DON DIEGO (*aparte*).

¿Qué dudo?

Hoy tomo justa venganza,
Y amor engañado alcanza,
Lo que obligado no pudo.

DON JUAN.

La perdida ocasion es
De los cobardes que huyeron ;
Y pienso, pues la perdieron,
Llevar de barato á Ines. (*Vanse.*)

ESCENA XV.

MIGUEL, Y TEODORA (*de ramera en
chinelas*).

TEODORA.

Como te digo engañada
Me trae toda la vida,

Si ha hecho voto, ó no ha hecho
voto,

Y de la romana silla
La relajacion aguarda ;
Y dilatando los dias,
Trae mi deseo engañado,
Mi libertad oprimida.
Yo en tu valor confiada
Con semejante desdicha
Espero con confianza,
Que del rigor de su ira
Me libres, siendo sagrado
De mi libertad cautiva.

MIGUEL.

Yo te lo ofrezco, no temas,
Que estando por cuenta mia,
No se atreverá á ofenderte.

TEODORA.

Tú, alférez, le notifica
Mi intento, que el fin del caso
Quiero aguardar escondida. (*Vase.*)

ESCENA XVI.

MIGUEL.

¿Qué falta para que entienda
Que es mi hermana Catalina,
Este fingido Guzman?
¡Que un mozo á quien solicitan
La ocasion, bella muger,
Y la edad mas encendida.
Por el voto, no es creible
Que á los impulsos resista
De los deleites de Venus ;
Y mas cuando de su vida
En lo demas sus costumbres,
De santo no le acreditan !
Pues si con esto se juntan
La natural simpatía
Con que mi ofensa sintió,
Si el retrato lo confirma,
Si Teodora con no estar
De esta sospecha advertida
Dice, que no sabe en qué
Nuestros rostros simbolizan,
¿Qué indicios mas evidentes,

Qué señales mas precisas
Para resolverme espero?

ESCENA XVII.

MIGUEL, GUZMAN Y MACHIN.

GUZMAN.

Pon al caballo la silla
Mientras escribo á Doña Ana
La ocasiones fingidas
De la que perdí esta noche.

MACHIN.

Entre amores y mentiras,
Toca el punto del dinero,
Vende caras tus caricias,
Ya que me obligas á ser
Lanzadera de aquí á Lima. (*Vase.*)

ESCENA XVIII.

MIGUEL Y GUZMAN.

MIGUEL (*aparte*).

Ya que á solas he quedado
Pues la ocasion me convida,

Saldré de esta confusion ;

(*A Guzman.*)

Guzman á buscaros iba.

GUZMAN.

¿ Hay en qué os sirva ?

MIGUEL.

El alférez

Que agraviado se imagina,

Dice, que la mano dió

Forzado de quien podia

Mandarlo, á las amistades

En tal caso no le obligan ;

Y para satisfacerse

Dos á dos nos desafia,

Y en el campo nos aguarda.

GUZMAN.

En poco tiene la vida :

Vamos presto, no atribuya

La tardanza á cobardía.

MIGUEL.

Seguidme que no es tan lejos.

(*Aparte.*)

¿ Cómo es posible que viva

En un pecho mugeril

Tan varonil osadía,

Si cuantos espada empuñan
En la guerra y paz afirman,
Que salir á un desafío
Es la mayor valentía?
Mas si cuentan las historias,
Ya modernas, y ya antiguas
Tantas matronas, jamas
De humanas fuerzas vencidas,
¿Que mucho que las iguale
Una muger vizcaina,
Engendrada entre las duras
Montañas que el hierro crían?

GUZMAN.

¿Dónde estan nuestros contrarios?
Que largo trecho la vista
Del campo raso descubre,
Y no parecen.

MIGUEL.

Por dicha
No han llegado; el sitio es este.

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

Recelos me solicitan
De algun engañoso intento
De mi hermano, que la misma
Conciencia, aunque nadie pudo

De quien soy darle noticias,
En la mayor confianza
Me acusa y atemoriza,
Pero no he de declararme
Aunque me cueste la vida.

MIGUEL (*aparte*).

Usar quiero de cautela
Que si no es quien imagina
Mi pecho, no me está bien
Que sepa la afrenta mia ;

(*A Guzman.*)

Cansado vengo de andar
Por esta playa arenisca :

Asentémonos pues tarda,

(*Siéntanse, Miguel á una parte del teatro,
y Guzman á otra lejos de él.*)

El Nuevo Cid.

GUZMAN.

Poco estima
Su opinion, pues tanto tarda.

MIGUEL (*aparte*).

Con cuidado se retira
De mí, cierta es mi sospecha,
Su recelo la confirma.

(*A Guzman.*)

¿Porqué os asentais tan lejos?
Que mientras vienen querria,
Que vuestra patria, y discurso
Me conteis de vuestra vida.

GUZMAN.

Desde aquí os la contaré
Que esta peña me convida
Con asiento acomodado.

MIGUEL.

El ruido que en la orilla
Del mar, forma la resaca
En las peñas, combatidas,
Nuestras voces desvanece,
Y á hablar á gritos obliga
Para entendernos; mas yo
Quiero que esta cortesía
Me debais....

*(Levántase, va hacia Guzman, y este empuña
la espada.)*

GUZMAN.

Teneos, alférez.

MIGUEL.

¿Qué haceis, Guzman?

GUZMAN.

No prosigan

Vuestros pies : no os acerqueis,
Porque os quitaré la vida.

MIGUEL.

¿De mí os recelais?

GUZMAN.

Si he hecho
En España, y en las Indias
Mil escesos, mil injurias,
Y agravios mil, ¿qué os admira ;
Que me recele, de quien
No conozco si podría
Tocaros en sangre alguna
Persona de mí ofendida ?
Y mas cuando contra vos
Esta sospecha acredita
Del Nuevo Cid la tardanza :
¡ Qué sé yo, si como mira
Los escrúpulos del duelo
Tan curiosa la malicia,
Os ofendisteis de mí
Cuando pensé que os servia,
Vengando en él vuestra injuria !
Pues en la pendencia misma
De este sentimiento disteis
Señales tan conocidas.

MIGUEL.

Guzman, Guzman, todas esas
Son ficciones que fabrica
Para ocultar la verdad
Vuestro pecho, que imagina
Que la ignoro ; hablemos claros,
Yo tengo cierta noticia
De vuestro mentido trage,
De Vizcaya me lo avisan,
Con señas, y con retratos,
Que vuestro engaño averiguan ;
Aquí los truje, que quiero
Que entre los dos se decida
El remedio con secreto :
Poned en esto la mira
Sin perder tiempo en negar,
Lo que á no ser tan precisas
Las probanzas que lo muestran,
Vuestros temores publican.

GUZMAN.

No entiendo vuestros intentos,
Ni alcanzo vuestros enigmas :
Mas pues las razones muestran,
Que vuestro pecho delira,
Quiero dejaros por loco.

(Quiere irse y le detiene.)

MIGUEL.

Vuelve, vuelve, Catalina,
Que no te he sacado aquí
Para dejar indecisa
La cuestion : yo estoy resuelto
A que desta playa misma,
Sin plazos, ni dilaciones,
En un convento de Lima
He de partir á encerrarte,
O he de quitarte la vida,
Porque no hagas mas afrenta
A la nacion vizcaina.

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

Ya se declaró, perdone
La sangre, que solo estriba
En el acero el remedio.

(*A Miguel.*)

Sospecho que se os olvidan
Las hazañas de este brazo,
Pues con tan loca osadía
Nombre de muger me dais ;
Y si á provocar mi ira
No bastara la violencia
Que pretendeis, bastaria
Solo este agravio á vengarme

Y á que el fuerte acero esgrima.

(*Acuchíllanse.*)

Para mostraros que es hombre

Y mas que hombre quien fulmina

Rayos, que espantan al cielo

Y que la tierra castigan.

(*Cae herido Miguel.*)

MIGUEL.

Tente, tente, que me has muerto.

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

¡Ay de mí! ya me lastima

El amor de hermano.

• (*A Miguel.*)

Ponte

En mis hombros, y á esa ermita

Te llevaré á confesar.

(*Cógele en hombros*)

Que el ser cristiano me obliga

A que con piadoso afecto

El remedio te aperciba

(*Aparte.*)

Del alma ; ¡ojalá pudiera

Darle tambien á la vida !

FIN DE LA JORNADA PRIMERA.

JORNADA II.

ESCENA I.

MACHIN É INES.

(Machin con botas y espuelas, Ines con manto y una carta en la mano que da á Machin.)

INES.

Esta, Machin, es la carta
Para tu señor.

MACHIN.

Ines

Solo falta que me des,
Para que aliviado parta
Esos brazos.

INES.

Yo os los doy
Con el alma.

MACHIN.

Aprieta mas.

INES.

¿Al fin á Chile te vas?

MACHIN.

Al fin á Chile me voy
A ser nuevo paladin :
Mas tente que si el amor
No me engaña, es mi señor
El que estoy viendo.

ESCENA II.

GUZMAN, MACHIN É INES.

GUZMAN.

¡ Machin !

MACHIN.

¿ Es posible que te veo,
Señor de mi vida ?

GUZMAN.

Ines,

¿ No me abrazas ?

INES.

Con los pies

Satisfaces mi deseo :
A ganar de mi señora
Las albricias voy volando.

GUZMAN.

Espera, Ines, dime cuándo
La podré ver....

INES.

No hay agora
Quien lo impida, que la muerte
Sepulta á su padre ya ;
Y la suya solo está,
En la dilacion de verte.
Ven conmigo. (*Vase.*)

GUZMAN.

Ya te sigo.

ESCENA III.

GUZMAN Y MACHIN.

MACHIN.

Esta carta te escribia
Doña Ana, y hoy me partia
A Chile á buscar contigo
La vida, ó sin tí la muerte.
(*Dale la carta, y Guzman la abre y la lee.*)

GUZMAN.

Yo me confieso obligado
De tu amor.

MACHIN

Yo lo he quedado
De tu venida á la suerte,
Pues que te dije del trote
De un rocin : mas, señor, dí,
¿Pasan los dias por tí?
Con un palmo de bigote
Te imaginaba, ¿y te vienes
Tras la ausencia de tres años,
Calvo de barba? ¿qué baños,
Qué ungüentos, qué drogas tienes
Para no barbar? que quiero
Verme libre de una vez,
De irle á entregar la nuez,
Cada semana á un barbero.

GUZMAN.

Machin, si tengo de hacello,
Procúralo merecer,
Porque no lo has de saber
Mientras me trates dello.

MACHIN.

¿De modo, que lo dirás
Si no lo pregunto?

GUZMAN.

Sí.

MACHIN.

Pues digo que desde aquí
No lo pregunto jamas ;
Pero ya tu hermosa amante
A recibirte se ofrece.

ESCENA IV.

GUZMAN, MACHIN, DOÑA ANA É
INES.

*(Guzman va á abrazar á Doña Ana, y esta
le detiene.)*

GUZMAN.

Si tus abrazos merece
Señora, un amor constante....

DOÑA ANA.

Detente, Guzman.

GUZMAN.

¿ Qué es esto ?

DOÑA ANA.

Solos nos dejad los dos.

INES.

Vamos, Machin.

MACHIN.

Vive Dios,

Que la larga ausencia ha puesto

Muy mal acondicionado

Este juro, y no querria,

Que tú tambien, Ines mia,

La finca hubieses mudado. (*Vanse.*)

ESCENA V.

GUZMAN, DOÑA ANA.

GUZMAN.

Ya estamos solos agora,

¿Podré merecer los brazos,

Cuyos amorosos lazos

Firmemente el alma adora,

Tras tanta ausencia Doña Ana?

DOÑA ANA.

Escucha primero el daño

De que fue causa un engaño,

La noche que á la ventana

Te hablé, que fue la postrera
De tu vista, y mi contento,
Como fue de mi tormento,
Y tu agravio la primera :
Que puesto que me has escrito
Por disculpa, que el respeto
De mi fama, y el secreto
De tu amor, causó el delito
De no aguardar la ocasion
De entrarme á ver, porque habia
Gente en la calle, y seria
Atropellar mi opinion.
Yo, porque no es bien fiar
Tan grave caso á un papel,
No quise decirte en él
Lo que agora has de escuchar :
Porque el remedio te toca,
Como en el caso verás,
Que de otra suerte jamas
Rompiera el sello á la boca.

GUZMAN.

Señora, el siguiente dia
De esta noche que por tí,
Y por tu opinion perdí
La ocasion, que el alma mia

Tan largo tiempo ha llorado,
Salí al campo con Miguel
De Erauso, y riñendo en él,
Fue el alférez desdichado
Mas que yo, pues de una herida
Penetrante que le dí,
Entre la sangre le ví
Casi despedir la vida.
Deste suceso obligado
Me partí solo, y á pie
Desde allí, que ni avisé
A Machin este criado,
Que es mi compañero fiel
En los bienes y en los daños,
Causa de que estos tres años
Haya vivido sin él
En Arauco, á donde huyendo
Llegué al fin y no escribí,
Señora, á Machin, ni á tí
En muchos meses, temiendo
Que descubrirme podrian
Las cartas, que los discretos
Nunca importantes secretos
De fragil nema confían ;
Hasta que despues sabiendo

Que sanando de la herida
Miguel de Erauso, y la vida
De una enfermedad perdiendo,
Llegué, Doña Ana, á tener
Seguridad, y con esto
Me dispuse lo mas presto
Que pude venirte á ver.
Estos han sido los pasos
De mi ausencia y mis enojos,
Que la gloria de tus ojos
Me han impedido estos casos.
Cuenta agora confiada
Los tuyos, pues ofrecida
Tengo á tu gusto la vida,
Y á tu defensa la espada.

DOÑA ANA.

Despues que de la ventana
Me aparté, Guzman, y muertas
Las luces, mi casa toda
Ocuparon las tinieblas.
A cumplir lo concertado
Contigo, volví á la puerta
De la calle, abrí, y dos hombres
Hallé parados en ella.
Tú, y Machin, érades dos ;

¿Quién recelarse pudiera,
Si en el número conforman,
Y en aguardarme concuerdan?
Dame la mano, y los dos
Me seguid, dije, y apenas
Lo pronunciaron los labios,
Cuando tan callados llegan
Me dan la mano y me siguen,
Que si mil causas tuviera
De recelarme, esto solo
Desmintiera las sospechas.
Mientras las confusas sombras,
Hasta mi cuarto penetran,
La oscuridad y el silencio
Sus engaños lisonjean.
A mi retrete llegamos,
Cierro muy quedo la puerta,
Y el que tengo por mi dueño
Dentro conmigo se queda,
Dejando al que imaginaba
Que era tu criado, fuera
Con Ines, por darle á solas
A nuestro amor mas licencia.
El traidor nada cobarde,
Las persuasiones empieza

Por las obras, y á las manos
Da el oficio de la lengua :
Es verdad que me tenia
El amor tuyo tan ciega,
Que fuera en mi rendimiento
Fingida la resistencia :
Mas al abrazo primero
Su persona corpulenta,
De la tuya delicada
Me ofreció la diferencia,
Y para certificarme
Tócole el rostro, y las señas
Varoniles hallo en él,
Que tu poca edad te niega.
Entonces ¡ay desdichada !
Cada vez que se me acuerda,
Entre nuevas turbaciones,
Faltan al pecho las fuerzas ;
Como á la mísera nave
En la confusa tormenta
Mortal naufragio amenazan,
Ya las olas ya las peñas,
Encontrados pareceres
Me animan y me refrenan :
Cada vez mas afligida,

Cada vez menos resuelta,
Si me doy por entendida
Del engaño ha de ser fuerza
Resistir, y aunque aventure
La vida en la resistencia
Que rendirme confesando
Que no lo conozco, fuera
Consintiendo mi deshonra
Confesarle mi flaqueza.
Si resisto, si doy voces,
Si llamo á mi padre, es cierta,
Como su agravio, mi muerte,
Como mi culpa su afrenta ;
Demas que su edad caduca,
Y en sus ya débiles fuerzas,
Dos hombres, cuya osadía
Se conoce en la que intentan,
¿Qué muerte no ejecutaran?
Y mas donde las tinieblas
Facilitan su delito,
Y aseguran su defensa.
Al fin tras discursos varios,
Si discurre quien se anega,
Y camina quien sin luz
Tropieza en troncos y peñas ;

Por menor daño tuvieron
Mis temores, que me hiciera
No entendida del engaño,
Que entendida de la ofensa :
Que no pudiendo vengarla,
Pierde menos quien se muestra,
Ignorante con disculpa,
Que sentido con afrenta.
Y así para dar color
De virtud á mi flaqueza,
Mintiendo amorosos gustos,
Fingiendo palabras tiernas,
Y llamándole mi esposo,
Legitimé la licencia
De entregarle de mi honor
La posesion que desea.
Mas como aquel que á la orilla
Del hondo lago forceja,
Con las procelosas aguas
Entre la muerte conserva
El cuidado de la vida,
Y un junco ó rama pequeña
Ansioso prende, librando
El postrer remedio en ella :
Así yo entre las congojas,

Entre las ansias y penas,
De la muerte de mi honor,
Al agresor de mi afrenta,
Para poder conocerlo,
Para señal de la deuda,
Para testigo del daño,
Quitar procuro una prenda.
La turbacion, el recato,
Y el temor de que entendiera
Mi intencion, no permitieron
Mas curiosa diligencia
De la que bastó, á quitarle
Unos guantes, porque es fuerza
Contentarse con la suerte,
Donde la eleccion se niega.
Mas por aumentar mis males
Te obligó mi suerte adversa
A ausentarte de este reino
Antes que á verme volvieras,
Siendo el silencio forzoso
Hasta verte, porque fueran
Tres siglos de infierno mio
Los tres años de tu ausencia.

(Muestra los guantes.)

Estos, Guzman, son los guantes

Si conocerlos confiesas,
Y del donatario aleve
A quien los distes te acuerdas ;
Si no pretendes sufriendo
Tan claro agravio, que entienda
Que fuiste cómplice injusto
De su engaño, y de mi afrenta,
Su castigo, mi remedio,
Y tu venganza, prevenga
Tu valor, que nunca supo
Sufrir livianas ofensas ;
Pues fue ladron de tu gloria,
Y causador de mi pena,
Y siendo yo tuya, corren
Mis agravios por tu cuenta.

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

Don Diego sin duda fue
El agresor, bien lo prueban
Los guantes, y ser amante
De Doña Ana, que ni fuera
De su puerta y de su calle
A tal hora centinela,
Ni emprendiera tal esceso,
Sino que amor le tuviera ;
Y si supo que me hacia

A mi el agravio, me fuerza
Mas que á remediar el daño,
A vengarme de la ofensa.

(*A Doña Ana.*)

Doña Ana, sola una cosa,
Para que el modo resuelva
Del remedio, ó la venganza,
Es forzoso que me adviertas.
¿Nombráste me aquella noche?
¿El ladron de tu belleza
Pudo entender que era yo
A quien hurtaba tus prendas?

DOÑA ANA.

No me acuerdo, si primero
Que el engaño conociera
Te nombré, que como estaba
De tan gran traicion agena,
Quitó la seguridad
Como el cuidado á la lengua,
La atencion á la memoria :
Pero despues, yo estoy cierta
De que tu nombre oculté,
Y con la misma advertencia
Ines, en desconociendo
El compañero, refrena

Los labios, no sé si fue
De medrosa ó de discreta.

GUZMAN.

Dame los guantes, y fia
Que han de faltar las estrellas
A la noche, luz al sol,
Agua al mar, centro á la tierra,
O has de ver, aunque al traidor
El mismo infierno defienda,
Su castigo ejecutado,
O tu opinion satisfecha.

DOÑA ANA (*dándole los guantes*).

Díme ¿quién es mi enemigo?

GUZMAN.

Primero quiero que sepas
De mi valor el efeto,
Que el causador de tu afrenta;
Porque, segun lo deseo,
De tí misma se recela
Mi pecho y la confianza
De este secreto te niega,
Porque no llegue primero
Que la ejecucion, la nueva
De mi enojo á los oidos
De quien vengarte desees.

DOÑA ANA.

Prevencion es de tu amor,
Y de tu valor fineza.

GUZMAN.

Mas debo á la confianza
Con que tu honor me encomiendas.

(*Vanse.*)

ESCENA VI.

DON DIEGO Y DON JUAN.

DON JUAN.

Tanto admiro que constante
Tres años la hayas querido,
Como que no hayas podido
Descubrir quien fue el amante
Que aquella noche esperaba.

DON DIEGO.

Mucho en mí puede el honor,
Pues no me vence el amor,
Que si primero la amaba,
Despues acá he enloquecido:
Mas idos con Dios Don Juan,
Porque Alonso de Guzman

Que me dicen ha venido
Voy á ver.

DON JUAN.

Yo no iré
Por andarme despachando
Para España, acompañando.... (*Vase.*)

DON DIEGO.

Esta noche os buscaré.

ESCENA VII.

DON DIEGO, GUZMAN.

(*Sale Guzman con el penacho en el sombrero.*)

GUZMAN,

Señor Don Diego.

DON DIEGO.

¿Que os veo,
Guzman?

GUZMAN.

Apenas llegué
Cuando os busco.

DON DIEGO.

No podré

Significar el deseo
Que de veros he tenido.

GUZMAN.

En esta ausencia fiad,
Don Diego, de mi amistad,
Que lo que mas he sentido
Es de carecer de vos.

DON DIEGO.

Por mas que lo encarezcais
Sé que á deberme quedais.

GUZMAN.

Si hemos de apostar los dos
A finezas, yo querria
Que me dijérais antes,
Qué hicisteis de aquellos guantes,
Que cuando á servir partia
Al punto, por prenda os dí
De amistad, y de memoria.

DON DIEGO.

¿Importa para la historia,
Que os dé cuenta de ello?

GUZMAN.

 Sí,
Que viendo que vuestro pecho
Tanto llega á encarecer

Su amistad, quiero saber
La estimacion que habeis hecho
De mis prendas, pues conmigo
Tanto las vuestras valieron,
Que ni los años pudieron,
Ni del bárbaro enemigo
La batalla mas reñida
Y sangrienta, hacer jamas,
Que no defendiese mas
Estas plumas, que esta vida.

DON DIEGO.

Si estuviera el defender,
El conservar y estimar
Las vuestras, en arriesgar
La vida, podreis creer,
Que despreciara la muerte.
Mas como son siempre vanas
Las prevenciones humanas
Contra el orden de la suerte,
Fue la misma estimacion
Que de los guantes hacia,
Pues conmigo los traia,
De perderlos la ocasion.

GUZMAN.

Ya por lo menos mostró

El cuidado que he tenido,
Don Diego, que os he vencido
En no descuidarme yo :
Pero ya que no podais
Vencido en esto negar,
Hay ocasion de cobrar
En las albricias que dais
Por cobraros la opinion
Que perdisteis en perdellos ;
Ved lo que dareis por ellos
En hallazgo, que estos son.

(Muéstraselos.)

¿ Conoceislos ?

DON DIEGO.

Sí, Guzman,
Que por las señas que ofrecen
Son ellos, ó lo parecen.

GUZMAN.

Pues ya, Don Diego, que quedan
Reconocidos, probanza
Del suceso que sabeis,
Solo quiero que me deis
De hallazgo la confianza
De una secreta verdad ;
En cuya declaracion

Mostrareis la estimacion
Que teneis de mi amistad,
Supuesto que sé la historia,
Pues sé que donde perdistes
Estos guantes, conseguistes
En nombre ageno la gloria
Mayor, que el amor alcanza,
Dando la noche ocasion
A hurtar su posesion
Por engaño á otra esperanza.

DON DIEGO (*aparte*).

¡Qué escucho! ¡qué se ha sabido
Por los guantes el secreto!...
¡Causa de tan grande efeto
Indicio tan leve ha sido!
El yerro ha estado en decir
Que los perdí, pues con eso
Conforma en parte el suceso :
Mas ni pude prevenir
El daño de confesallo,
Ni advertí que los perdí
La noche que cometí
El delito, que á olvidallo
Fueran tres años bastante
Que han pasado.

Si el dudar

Es especie de negar :
De tres puntos importantes
Quiero, Don Diego, avisaros,
Para que os determineis.
El uno, pues que sabeis
Que sé el caso, el recelaros,
Y negármelo es quitarme
La obligacion de callar ;
Y al contrario, el confiar
De mí el secreto, obligarme
A guardallo, y dello os doy
La palabra : lo segundo,
En que con mas causa fundo
Lo que pidiéndoos estoy,
Es, que sabe el agraviado
Que fuisteis vos el ladron
De su perdida ocasion ;
Y que está determinado
A mataros, y no hareis
Fácilmente que no goce
La ocasion, que él os conoce,
Y vos no le conoceis.
Lo tercero que yo estoy

En el caso de por medio,
Y os advertiré el remedio,
Porque vuestro amigo soy,
Con que os declareis conmigo,
Que en cambio dello os prometo,
Que debajo de secreto
Os diré vuestro enemigo.

DON DIEGO.

Lo que referis confieso
Que es verdad, que confesallo,
Es lo mismo que contallo,
Pues sabeis todo el suceso;
Y así pues de vos me fio,
Resta agora que cumplais
Vuestra palabra, y digais
Quien es el contrario mio,
Y el medio que prevenis
Para que me asegureis.

GUZMAN.

El contrario qué teneis
Soy yo.

DON DIEGO.

Guzman, ¡qué decis!

GUZMAN.

Que yo soy á quien hurtasteis

La ocasion, yo quien estaba
En la calle, y aguardaba
La gloria que vos gozasteis :
Que advirtiéndome que venia
Gente entonces, fue en mi amor
Retirarme por su honor
Decoro, y no cobardía :
Que la primer condicion
Que me puso, y prometí,
Cuando el alma le ofrecí,
Fue mirar por su opinion ;
Y pues sabeis mi valor
Satisfecho puedo estar,
De que no podreis pensar
De que lo hice de temor ;
Y ya que sabido habeis
Que soy yo quien la ha perdido,
El remedio es ser marido
De quien el honor debeis.

DON DIEGO.

Pluguiera á Dios que pudiera
Sin que mi opinion manchara,
Pues que su deuda pagara
Y mi amor satisficiera :
Mas admírame, Guzman,

Que en tan poco me tengais,
Que casarme pretendais
Con quien tuvo otro galan.

GUZMAN.

Si por tener otro amante
Su honor hubiera perdido,
Os hubiera yo ofendido
Con demanda semejante :
Mas supuesto que no infama
Siendo lícito el favor,
Y solo daña al honor
La ejecucion, ó la fama,
Justa es esta pretension,
Pues que yo en su pensamiento
Alcancé solo el intento,
Pero vos la ejecucion.

DON DIEGO.

¿ Lícito favor llamais
El que le determinó
A las obras, y os abrió
Como aquí me confesais,
Y probé con la experiencia,
La puerta?

GUZMAN.

¿ Si me llamaba

Ya su esposo, no le daba
El honor esa licencia?

DON DIEGO.

Sí, mas de eso mismo arguyo
Lo que conmigo perdió,
Que si á vos, Guzman, os dió
Nombre de marido suyo,
Y aquella noche os abria
Su casa, con esa fe,
¿Cómo me aseguraré
De que otra vez no haria
El mismo amoroso esceso
Con vos?

GUZMAN.

Esa es presuncion
Bien fundada, y con razon
Habeis reparado en eso ;
Mas si os dejo satisfecho
En esa parte ¿sereis
Su esposo?

DON DIEGO.

¿Cómo podeis,
Donde en vuestro mismo hecho
Vos no valeis por testigo?

GUZMAN.

Pues si es imposible hagamos,
Porque el caso resolvamos,
Un contrato : yo me obligo,
Si no os satisfago, á daros
Por libre de que os caseis,
Con que vos os obligueis
Si os satisfago, á casaros,
Con que guardéis un secreto
Que de vuestro valor fio
¿ Lo guardareis como mio ?

DON DIEGO.

Como quien soy lo prometo.

GUZMAN.

Sabed pues, Don Diego amigo,
Que yo soy muger.

DON DIEGO.

¿ Muger ?

Valor que supo vencer
En campaña al enemigo
Tantas veces, que aun escede
El crédito á la opinion,
Y esperanza del varon
Mas valiente, ¿ cómo puede
Ser hijo del fragil pecho

De una mugeril flaqueza?
Y ya que naturaleza
Tan gran milagro haya hecho,
¿Cómo se pudo encubrir
Tanto tiempo, ó qué ocasion
En el trage de varon
Os ha obligado á servir
En la guerra? y si adorais
A Doña Ana ¿he de creer
De que amais siendo muger
A otra muger? no querais
Acreditar imposibles.

GUZMAN.

Mi historia, y las ocasiones
De tales trasformaciones,
Y casos tan increibles
Con atencion escuchad,
Que en ella conocereis
De la novedad que veis
El engaño, ó la verdad.
En San Sebastian, que es villa,
En la provincia soberbia
Guipuzcoana; la mas rica,
A quien el mar lisonjea;
Pues que llega á sus murallas

A contribuir las perlas,
Si bien de las olas se hacen,
Y olas despues quedan hechas,
Nací, Don Diego; ¿mas cómo
Te podrá decir mi lengua
Que nació muger? perdone
Mi valor tan grande ofensa.
Nací muger en efeto,
De antigua y noble ascendencia,
Es mi nombre Catalina
De Erauso, que mi nobleza,
Me dió este noble apellido
Bien conocido en mi tierra.
En la edad, pues, si se escucha,
Que es cuando la lengua apenas
Dicciones distintas forma,
Juzgaba naturaleza
Violenta en mí, pues desnuda
De la mugeril flaqueza
Me ocupaba, haciendo afrenta
A Palas, cuando vió á Venus
Pasar los muros de Grecia.
La labor que es ejercicio
De la mas noble doncella,
La trocaba por la espada:

Las cajas y las trompetas,
Me daban mayores gustos
Que las músicas compuestas.
Pero mis padres mirando
En mi condicion tan fiera,
En un convento que es freno
De semejantes soberbias,
Me metieron. ¡Ay, Don Diego!
Quien esplicarte pudiera
La rabia, el furor, la ira,
Que en mi corazon se engendra
En ocasion semejante!
Mas remito estas certezas
A las violentas acciones
Que has visto en mí en esta tierra.
Once años, y once siglos
Pasó allí mi resistencia,
Casi á imitacion del fuego
Cuando le oprime la tierra:
Mas viendo que se llegaba
La ocasion, en que era fuerza
Hacer justa profesion,
Ayudada de tinieblas
Y femeniles descuidos,
Dejé la clausura honesta,

Quiero decir el convento,
Y penetrando asperezas,
Montes descubriendo y valles,
Troqué el vestido, que alientan
Las desdichas con venturas,
Cuando los males comienzan.
Llegué á la corte, y Don Juan
De Idiaquez, que entonces era
Presidente, conociendo
Mi Guipuzcoana nobleza,
Teniéndome por varon,
Por page me admite, á fuerza
De peticiones que hice
Para obligar su grandeza.
Supo todo esto mi padre,
Vine á Madrid, mas resuelta,
Y animosa, á Madrid trueco
Por Pamplona, ciudad bella.
A Don Carlos de Arellano
Serví en ella, mas la ofensa
De un caballero atrevido,
A quien dí muerte sangrienta,
Me ausentó de allá, y partí
A la ciudad á quien besa
El Betis los altos muros,

Sevilla al fin, real palestra
De los que siguen á Marte ;
Al fin seguí á Marte en ella.
En la armada me embarqué
Indiana, llegué á la tierra
Que á España la fertiliza
De oro, que cria en sus venas.
Hubo con el Araucano
Soberbio, sangrienta guerra ;
Halléme en ella, mostré
El valor que en mí se encierra :
Yo sola en la escaramuza
Que ví trabada primera,
Maté...mas esta alabanza
Díganlo voces ajenas,
Que yo no te diré mas
De que en la ocasion primera,
Me dió Don Diego Sarabia
De sargento la gineta,
Y despues no pasó mucho
Me honraron con la bandera
Que honró á Gonzalo Rodriguez,
Muerto á las manos soberbias
De bárbaros Araucanos :
Puesto que su muerte cuesta

Muchas vidas á los Indios,
Y á mí heridas inmensas,
Que si en mi pecho las miras
Te darán clara evidencia.
Puse en el rostro la mano
De un caballero, y fue fuerza
Venirme á Lima, Don Diego,
A donde Doña Ana bella,
Juzgándome por varon
Amor y aficion me muestra.
Gocé un año sus favores,
Y al cabo de él representa
Vuestro amor, el sentimiento
De que yo la adore y quiera.
Dejé á Lima, fuíme al puerto,
Para que vos con mi ausencia
Gozásedes mas favores,
Aunque aquella noche mesma
La volví á ver, y esta vista
Fue causa que vuestra sea,
Con el engaño, Don Diego,
Que vos sabeis, mas no es esta
Ocasion de dilatar
Lo que mi razon intenta.
A Lima he vuelto obligada

De mi desdichada estrella,
Que en impulsos de mi espada
Tiene sus acciones puestas.
Tres años ha que este acaso
Sucedió, y ella me ruega,
Como causa de este error,
Y principio de esta pena,
Que por su honor vuelva y mire ;
Aquesta es forzosa deuda
En mí, pues que dí ocasion,
A que su honor se perdiera.
Vos lo podeis remediar,
Y lo habeis de hacer por fuerza
Cuando no querais de grado ;
Y advertid, que no os parezca
Porque soy muger, Don Diego,
Que no alcanzaré esta empresa.
Que ¡vive Dios! que primero
El sol dejará á la tierra,
A las arenas el mar,
Las aves la region fresca,
La tierra las verdes plantas,
El fuego su altiva esfera,
Que vos podais eximiros
De pagar tan justa deuda,

Pues la razon os obliga
Cuando mi valor os ruega.

DON DIEGO.

Yo quedo de verdad tan prodigiosa
Por las señas del rostro satisfecho,
Pues ya la barba en él era forzosa ;
Mas Don Juan, secretario de mi pecho,
Ines, criada de Doña Ana hermosa,
Machin, privanza vuestra, son del hecho
Testigos, y es preciso darles cuenta
De esta verdad, para evitar mi afrenta,
Si tengo de casarme.

GUZMAN.

No lo niego,
Y de Doña Ana el bien me solicita :
Mas publicar que soy muger, Don Diego,
Primero moriré que lo permita.

DON DIEGO.

¿Qué haremos pues?

GUZMAN.

La llave que os entrego
Del secreto guardad, que el tiempo quita
Inconvenientes, y el discurso humano
No tiene los remedios en la mano :
Dejádmelo pensar que ya está hecho

Lo mas, pues con mi historia habeis quedado
Del honor de Doña Ana satisfecho,
Y de vuestra sospecha asegurado.

DON DIEGO.

Vuestro secreto morirá en mi pecho,
Y de vuestra amistad voy confiado,
Que no obligue á Doña Ana con mi afrenta.

(Vase Don Diego.)

GUZMAN.

Su honor y el vuestro quedan por mi cuenta.

ESCENA VIII.

GUZMAN, EL NUEVO CID,

(Es de noche.)

EL CID *(aparte)*.

Él es, y viene solo, y pues la suerte
Despues de tanto tiempo á su castigo
La ocasion me dispone; con su muerte
Mi afrenta vengaré....¡ Muere enemigo!
(Sacan las espadas, acuchíllanse y éntranse.)

GUZMAN.

¡Ah vil traidor!

EL CID.

Procura defenderte.

GUZMAN.

¿Conoces que es Guzman el que contigo
Mide la espada?

EL CID.

Muerto soy, espera,
Déjame confesar antes que muera.

ESCENA IX.

OCANA, MONROY Y PEROMATO,
(*presos de la cárcel*).

OCAÑA.

Cualquiera gallina miente
Si lo dice.

MONROY.

Yo lo digo ;
Pero eso no habla conmigo
Que á las gallinas desmiente,
Y sabe que no lo soy.

OCAÑA.

Si él lo dice, con él hablo.

MONROY.

Ocaña, ¿engañate el diablo
O estás borracho?

OCAÑA.

Monroy,
Ni he bebido, ni me engaña.

MONROY.

Triste, ¿quieres que te mate?

OCAÑA.

¡Qué gracioso disparate!

MONROY.

Alá, doblen por Ocaña.

*(Acuchállanse con terciados, y métese en medio
Peromato sin terciado.)*

ESCENA X.

LOS DICHOS, MOTRIL Y JARAVA,
(presos).

MOTRIL.

¿Es posible que de plano
Confesase?

JARAVA.

No os espante,
Si le hallaron en fragante,
Y con la espada en la mano
Desnuda, y ensangrentada.

MOTRIL.

Si él negara, no muriera,
Por mas indicios que hubiera.

MONROY.

¿Qué es eso, Motril?

MOTRIL.

No es nada.

Mató al Nuevo Cid Guzman,
Prendiéronle y al momento
Sin tocar el instrumento
Cantó como un sacristan.

OCAÑA.

Yo apostaré que al probete
Le dan luego su recado,
Que al virey tienen cansado
Los delitos que comete,
Y querrá abreviar con él.

ESCENA XI.

DON DIEGO, Y DON JUAN.

DON DIEGO.

Muero de pesar, Don Juan,
Viendo á Alonso de Guzman
En un trance tan cruel,
Que dicen que ha confesado
El delito, y es forzoso,
Que el ser tan escandaloso,
Tan inquieto y arrojado,
Provoque la indignacion
Del virey.

DON JUAN.

Airado está,
Y en esta ocasion querrá
Hacer gran demostracion.

ESCENA XII.

LOS DICHOS, Y MACHIN, (*llorando.*)

MACHIN.

¡Ay amo de mis entrañas!
¿Cómo es posible que plugo

A los cielos, que un verdugo
Oscurezca tus hazañas?

DON DIEGO.

¿Qué hay de tu señor, Machin?

MACHIN.

Hay, que el virey se ha mostrado
Mas cruel, mas obstinado,
Que suele un hombre ruin
Agraviado y con poder.
Segun orden de milicia
Ha mandado hacer justicia
Dél al punto, sin querer
Admitir suplicacion,
Y ya se está confesando,
Y el pueblo todo aguardando
La afrentosa ejecucion.

DON DIEGO (*aparte*).

Ya es esta ocasion forzosa,
De declarar que es muger
Al virey, que es de creer
Que por ser tan prodigiosa
Le mueva á justa piedad ;
Y aunque ella no lo confiesa,
Diré que es monja profesa
Y pondrá á su potestad

Secular, impedimento :
Pues siéndolo, al tribunal
Del fuero espiritual,
Toca su conocimiento.
Dos justos fines consigo
Con este tan fácil medio,
Pues que su vida remedio
Como verdadero amigo ;
Y con esto satisfechos
Machin, Ines y Don Juan,
De que es muger, quedarán
Los escrúpulos desechos,
Que impiden que tan forzosa
Deuda le pague á Doña Ana,
Y su beldad soberana
Goce en paz y union dichosa.
Venid conmigo Don Juan.

DON JUAN.

¿A dónde vais?

DON DIEGO,

A romper
Un secreto que ha de ser
El remedio de Guzman. (*Vanse.*)

ESCENA XIII.

MACHIN, OCAÑA, MOTRIL,
MONROY.

OCAÑA.

En fin quiso de este modo,
Machin, ser mas confesor,
Que mártir vuestro señor,
Y ha venido á serlo todo.

MACHIN.

Y con obstinado pecho
Dice, ¡qué tema tan loca !
Que no ha de negar la boca
Lo que las manos han hecho.

MOTRIL.

Caprichoso disparate.

MONROY.

¿ Es por ventura mejor
Dar cabriolas ?

OCAÑA.

No hay valor
Como guardar el gaznate.

ESCENA XIV.

GUZMAN, MACHIN, UN ALCALDE,
Y UN RELIGIOSO.

ALCALDE.

Vístase la ropa, amigo.

GUZMAN.

¿Qué ropa? yo soy soldado,
Y en mi trage han de llevarme.

RELIGIOSO.

No mire en puntos hermano,
Que va á morir, y es cristiano.

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

¿Pues yo que dejo quitarme
La vida, por no decir
Que soy muger, ni tener
Faldas, habia de querer
Llevarlas para morir?

RELIGIOSO.

Advierta que los perdones
Del hábito perderá.

GUZMAN.

Misas hay, todo será
Un año mas de tizones.

RELIGIOSO.

¡Qué terrible obstinacion!

GUZMAN (*aparte*).

Por no parecer muger

Todo lo quiero perder

Fuera del alma.

(*Dentro todos.*)

Perdon,

Perdon...

MACHIN.

¿Qué? lo dije luego.

ESCENA XV.

LOS DICHOS, Y DON JUAN.

DON JUAN.

La sentencia ha suspendido

El virey, porque ha sabido

De vuestro amigo Don Diego

Que sois muger.

GUZMAN.

¿Muger yo?

Miente...mande su esclencia

Ejecutar la sentencia,
Que Don Diego le engañó
Por escusarme la muerte.

MACHIN.

Vive Cristo que has de ser,
Aunque no quieras, muger,
Y librarte de la muerte,
Que despues ello dirá.

RELIGIOSO.

Si lo tiene por afrenta
Sin fruto negarlo intenta,
Que el caso es público ya.

DON JUAN.

Y de todos viene á ser
El mayor daño morir.

GUZMAN.

¿Para qué quiero vivir
Si saben que soy muger?

FIN DE LA JORNADA SEGUNDA.

JORNADA III.

ESCENA I.

La escena es en Madrid.

EL VIZCONDE DE LA ZOLINA, (*en hábito de Alcántara*) Y DON DIEGO.

DON DIEGO.

Despues que el virey de Lima
La suplicacion le otorga,
De la novedad movido
Que le refirió mi boca :
Jurídicas esperiencias
Lícitas, por ser forzosas,
De que es muger el Alférez
Con evidencia le informan.
Y asi mirando su causa
Con atencion mas piadosa
Le da plazos, en que prueba
Que el Nuevo Cid la provoca
A la pendencia, y por ser
Justa y natural la propia
Defensa, en la última instancia
La sentencia le revoca.

Restituida á su trage
En las trinitarias monjas
La recluyen, por la fama
Que tiene de religiosa.
Allí violentada, juzga
Eternidades las horas,
Mas repugnante que el viento
Oprimido de las ondas :
Hasta que vino á romper
Las prisiones, la discordia
Que sobre elegir prelada,
Iras siembra, y bandos forma
De Isabel de Larriñaga,
Por ser vizcaina, toma
Por cuenta suya la voz
Para elegirla priora.
Era la parcialidad
Contraria mas poderosa,
Y asi remite á las manos
Lo que no alcanza la boca ;
Y con un baston robusto
De tal suerte el viento azota,
Que lo que no ablandan ruegos
A duros golpes negocia.
Ofendidas de su esceso,

Y de su furia medrosas,
La espulsion que ella desea
Le solicitan las monjas.
Las dos cabezas del reino
Secular, y religiosa,
Por evitar disensiones
En lo mismo se conforman.
Libre al fin de la clausura
Pasar á España y á Roma
Resuelve, á cosas que entiendo
Que á la conciencia le importan ;
Y al instante que al Callao
Daba por el mar la popa,
En calzones y ropilla
Trueca basquiñas y ropa.
Halla propicio á Neptuno,
Llega á la arena española,
Que á las columnas de Alcides
Cerró el paso, y dió memoria.
Por el hábito indecente
El obispo la aprisiona ;
Mas informado despues
De sus hazañas heróicas,
No solo no la castiga,
Mas antes la galardona,

Alentando su jornada
Con dineros y con joyas.
Partióse luego de Cadiz
Para esta corte que goza
Del sol, en la casa de Austria,
Los rayos y la corona.
Dícenme que está ya en ella,
Búscola, porque me importa
Lo que sabeis. Prosiguiendo
Tras de la suya mi historia,
Ya os dije, señor vizconde
De Zolina, que dos cosas
Me obligaron justamente
A que el secreto le rompa.
Una fue librar la vida
De infame suplicio, y otra
Dar yo la mano á la dama
Que firme mi pecho adora,
Y satisfacer la deuda
De su honor sin mi deshonra,
Declarando á los testigos
De su engaño, y de la gloria
Que en nombre ageno alcancé,
Que quien sus favores goza
Es Guzman, y publicado

Que es muger, deshace y borra
Las sospechas que amenazan
Murmuracion á mis bodas,
Sin reparar en deseos
No ejecutados, que pocas
Llegan al tálamo honradas,
Si los intentos deshonoran.
Luego pues que del teatro
De su tragedia afrentosa,
Redemí á la Monja Alférez,
Que así la llaman agora,
A la dama por quien muero
Voy á declarar la historia,
Alegre de poder ya
Admitirla por esposa.
Ella no menos contenta,
Pues su honor perdido cobra,
Hace gracias al engaño
Por quien viene á ser dichosa.
Con esto parto al instante
A dar al Alférez Monja
Cuenta de como los cielos
Nuestros intentos conforman.
Estaba presa, y ya en trage
De muger, y hablando á solas,

Le doy alegre la nueva
De mis concertadas bodas ;
Mas ella ; quién tal pensara !
Cuando espero que responda
Dándome mil parabienes,
Quiere que mis males oiga,
Diciéndome estas palabras :
Ya yo, Don Diego, soy otra,
Que fuí, porque de la muerte
He visto la horrible sombra.
Yo no soy quien de esa dama
Perdió la ocasion dichosa
Que por engaño alcanzaste,
Otro amante es quien la goza.
Ser conocidos por míos
Los guantes, y ser notoria
Al mundo mi valentía,
Hizo que en mis manos ponga
Esta dama su remedio ;
Era la causa piadosa,
Ella muger, yo muger,
Dádivas quebrantan rocas.
Todo junto me obligó
A que en favor suyo rompa
La ley de vuestra amistad,

Y á engañaros me disponga :
Mas ya que os debo la vida,
Y arrepentida me exhorta
La confesion á la enmienda,
No es bien que os quite la honra.
Dijo : y quedé como suele,
El sin ventura á quien tocan
De Júpiter vengativo
Las armas abrasadoras :
Como aquel que en peña dura
En un punto se trasforma,
Si el rostro fatal le enseña
La Gorgona encantadora,
Vuelvo en mí, y multiplicando
Al paso de las congojas,
Las palabras, le pregunto,
Si de la verdad me informa :
Afirmase en lo que ha dicho,
A matarla me provoca
Mi furor, mas mi valor
Por ser muger la perdona.
Fugitivo parto á España,
Jornada que me ocasiona
Y facilita Don Juan,
Que en aquella misma flota,

A intentos suyos partia :
Mas ella, perdida y loca,
Que el desprecio es el que mas
A la muger enamora,
En demanda de su honor
Me sigue mas que mi sombra,
Que para ser importuna
Bástale ser acreedora.
Llego á Madrid, y á Madrid
Llega tambien, y sus obras,
Palabras, y pensamientos,
De tal suerte se conforman
En quererme, en obligarme,
Y en persuadirme que sola
Resistiera á sus combates,
La deidad que honor se nombra :
Pasando prolijos dias
En batalla tan penosa,
Su amor, y mi resistencia,
Encuentro á Machin agora,
Refiéreme lo que yo
Ignoraba de esta historia,
Despues que triste partí
De la América, á la Europa.
Díceme que está el Alférez

En la corte ya, y que posa
En casa de un noble hidalgo
Su amigo, y compatriota,
Cuyo nombre es Sebastian
De Illumbe, y que su persona,
Señor vizconde, y la vuestra
Un solo espíritu forman.
Y así me quiero valer
De vos con él, porque ponga,
Y vos en favorecerme
Pongais vuestras fuerzas todas ;
Intercediendo los dos
Para que el Alférez Monja
Alumbre con la verdad
Mi confusion tenebrosa :
Que tan constante porfia,
Y tan tiernamente llora
Mi triste amante, afirmando,
Que la Monja Alférez sola
Sus favores mereció
Que á las insensibles rocas
Persuadirá, cuanto mas,
A quien como yo la adora.
Mueva á piedad mi desdicha,
Y al fin de vuestra persona

La autoridad, que ha de ser
La causa mas poderosa.

VIZCONDE.

Lo que mas con el valor
De un hidalgo pecho alcanza,
Es el hacer desconfianza
En negocios del honor ;
Y asi la podreis tener
De que para averiguar
La verdad, no he de dejar
Piedra alguna por mover.

DON DIEGO.

Pues con eso asegurais
Mis esperanzas.

VIZCONDE.

Yo quiero,
Hablarla á solas primero,
Que vos con ella os veais.

DON DIEGO.

Pues la brevedad, señor,
Os pido.

VIZCONDE.

Bien sé Don Diego
Que no permiten sosiego
Puntos de honor y de amor. (*Vanse.*)

ESCENA II.

GUZMAN Y MACHIN.

GUZMAN (*rompiendo unos naipes*).

¡ Ah sota ! ¿ qué juegue yo ?

¡ Voto á Dios !

MACHIN.

Vota y reniega,

La culpa tiene quien juega,

Que la sota ¿ en qué pecó ?

GUZMAN.

Ya he perdido, ¿ qué he de hacer,

Puédolo yo remediar ?

MACHIN.

No, pero puedes guardar

Lo que queda por perder.

GUZMAN.

Bien dices.

MACHIN.

¿ Pero no sabes

Como á Don Diego he encontrado ?

GUZMAN.

¡ A Don Diego ! ¿ y qué te dijo ?

MACHIN.

Que le contase tus casos
Desde que partió de Lima,
Hasta que á Madrid llegamos :
Y dellos y de la casa
En que vives, informado,
Diciendo que te veria
Se despidió.

GUZMAN.

¿Y del engaño
De Doña Ana no te habló?

MACHIN.

Yo estaba desatinado
Por tener nuevas de Ines ;
Mas sabe que soy un mármol
En callar, desde que en Lima,
Por haberme tú mandado
Que negase los amores
De Doña Ana, halló en mis labios
Las costumbres de Vizcaya
En lo duro y lo cerrado,
Y así no tocó ese punto ;
Mas pues los dos lo tocamos,
Si la mudanza de tierras
Y de los tiempos, la ha dado

A tus intentos ocultos,
¿No me dirás hasta cuando
A Doña Ana y á Don Diego,
Has de hacer tan graves daños?

GUZMAN.

Yo me entiendo.

MACHIN.

¿Qué fin llevas?

GUZMAN.

Yo me entiendo.

MACHIN.

Algun gran caso
Sin duda alguna previenes,
Pues de mí lo ocultas tanto,
Que siempre fui del archivo
De tu pecho secretario.

GUZMAN.

Ya digo que yo me entiendo :
Ver á Don Diego es el plazo,
De declarar la intencion
De mi silencio y mi engaño :
Ten paciencia, y no me apures,
Que importa, pues yo lo callo.

MACHIN.

Sebastian de Illumbe viene.

GUZMAN.

No le digas que he jugado.

MACHIN.

¿Temes la fraterna?

GUZMAN.

Sí,

Que es cuerdo, y tiene á su cargo,
Mi correccion y modestia
Por comision del vicario.

MACHIN.

Por esta vez callaré,
Mas si otra vez juegas, canto.

ESCENA III.

LOS DICHOS, SEBASTIAN DE ILLUMBE
Y UN CRIADO, *con un lio de vestidos de muger,*
y pónelos sobre un bufete.

SEBASTIAN.

Deja sobre ese bufete
Ese vestido, y volando
Parte á casa del vizconde

De Zolina, y dí que aguardo
El coche que le pedí.

(*Vase el criado.*)

Sabed, Alférez Erauso,
Que un consejero real
A quien la fama ha llevado
Nuevas de vos, quiere veros.

GUZMAN.

¡Qué ha de verme! ¿soy acaso
Algun monstruo nunca visto,
O la fiera que inventaron
Que con letras y con armas
Se vió en el reino polaco?
¿No ha visto un hombre sin barbas?

MACHIN.

¡Hombre!... ¿á que tú has olvidado
Sin duda el *memento mulier*
De aquel mongil trinitario,
Que te pusieron en Lima?

SEBASTIAN.

Ser una muger soldado,
Y una monja alférez, es
El prodigio mas extraño
Que en estos tiempos se ha visto;
Y al fin en siendo mandato

De un consejero, es forzoso
El obedecerle.

GUZMAN.

Vamos,
Que debe de convenir
Pues porfias.

SEBASTIAN.

Aguardaos
Que quiero que vais en trage
De muger.

MACHIN.

Esto es el diablo.

GUZMAN.

Señor Sebastian de Illumbe,
Solo el respeto que os guardo
Puede hacer que vuestro intento
No castigue por agravio.

SEBASTIAN.

Mirad cuan lejos estaba
De imaginar agraviaros,
Ni hallar en vos resistencia,
Que sin haber consultado
Con vos el intento mio,
De casa una dama os traigo

Este vestido, y previne
Un coche para llevaros.

MACHIN.

¡ La alférez, y Catalina...!

*(Llega Machin con un manto, y dale Guzman
un golpe.)*

GUZMAN.

Aparta loco.

MACHIN.

¡ Mal año
Para la ama de Alcides!

GUZMAN.

De cólera estoy rabiando.

MACHIN.

Pues á trueque de ir en coche,
Hay en Madrid mil barbados,
Que se pondrán de botargas.

SEBASTIAN.

Alférez, determinaos
Que esto importa.

GUZMAN.

Si os he dicho,
Y os dice mi vida, cuanto
Mi propio ser aborrezco ;

Si de mis padres y hermanos
Troqué la amada presencia
Por el indómito Arauco ;
Si recibí mil heridas,
Y si de Miguel Erauso
Mi mismo hermano vertió
La sangre, mi airada mano ;
Si del último suplicio
Viendo ya el lugar infausto
Me dejaba dar la muerte
En un infame teatro,
Todo por no publicar
Que soy muger, ¿no es en vano
Querer que me vista agora
De lo que aborrezco tanto?

SEBASTIAN.

Por vuestro gusto habeis hecho
Escesos tan mal pensados,
Quizá porque no tuvisteis
Quien supiese aconsejaros.
Mas ya que yo os aconsejo,
Y que el nombre me habeis dado
De amigo, tengo de ver
Si con vos, Alférez, valgo
Mas que vuestra inclinacion ;

Y si quereis por un rato
De disgusto, que me tenga
Por hombre poco avisado
El oidor, si á su presencia,
Que ha de respetarse tanto,
Os llevo en trage indecente.

GUZMAN.

Pues decid ¿qué desacato
Se hace á su autoridad,
Si ya por ella el vicario
De Madrid me tuvo presa,
Y por haberse informado
De mis hazañas, me dió
Por libre.

SEBASTIAN.

Pues publicado
Con ello que sois muger
¿Qué perdereis en mudaros
Por dos horas en su trage?

GUZMAN.

Dos horas son dos mil años,
Y no quiero parecello
Ya que no puedo negallo :
Demas que el oidor querrá
Verme en el mismo que traigo :

Mas la novedad está
Que le obligue á desearlo,
Que en el otro ¿qué hay que ver?
¿Es por ventura milagro
Ver una muger vestida
De muger?

SEBASTIAN.

Sí, cuando ha dado
Tanta materia á la fama,
Con hechos tan señalados,
Que ellos, no el disfraz, le mueven
A querer veros y hablaros.
Esto en efecto ha de ser,
Que ya por el mismo caso
Que me resistis, celoso
De ver lo poco que valgo
Con vos, ó he de conseguirlo,
O jamas tengo de hablaros.

MACHIN.

Acabóse, vizcainos
Testarudos sois entrambos :
Ved por cual ha de quebrar.
Mas tú que estás rehusando
Parecer muger, y en nada
Podrás parecerlo tanto,

Como en decir tijeretas
Has de ser lo mas delgado.

GUZMAN.

Claro está que lo he de ser,
Pues un amigo á quien guardo
Tanto respeto, se empeña

(Quítase la capa con rabia.)

Tan resuelto y arrojado :

(A Machin.)

Dame ese manteo.

SEBASTIAN.

Agora

Me pones al rostro un clavo.

MACHIN.

¡Qué bien haces ! no porfies,
Que á un tal Roque preguntando
Que porqué de las mugeres
Públicas, gustaba tanto,
Dijo, por no porfiar.

GUZMAN.

Acaba.

SEBASTIAN.

¿Quieres acaso
Vestirte sobre la espada?

GUZMAN.

Estoy tan acostumbrado....

(Quítase la espada, y pónese el manteo al revés.)

MACHIN.

Acostumbrada....

GUZMAN.

Tambien

Lo estoy de tratarme hablando,
Como varon.

MACHIN.

Ponte agora

El manteo que es bizarro.

GUZMAN.

El mas bizarro manteo

No iguala al calzon mas llano.

MACHIN.

No aciertas la coyuntura.

GUZMAN.

¡Qué he de acertar! que los diablos
Inventaron estos grillos.

MACHIN.

Vuélvele de esotro lado.

GUZMAN.

¡Pese á mí! ¿qué he de volver?
¿No veis que me viene largo?

MACHIN.

Pues ponerte los chapines.

GUZMAN.

¡Chapines! ¿estás borracho?

(Suenan dentro cuchilladas.)

DENTRO.

Deténganse caballeros.

OTRO.

Vive Dios, que he de mataros.

GUZMAN.

¿Qué es aquello?

MACHIN.

Cuchilladas.

GUZMAN.

Pese á las faldas....

(Suelta el manteo, coge la espada y la desenvaina.)

MACHIN.

Andallo.

SEBASTIAN.

Aguardad.

GUZMAN.

¡Qué he de aguardar!

Todo es cansarme y cansaros,

Lo que no puedo conmigo,
Necedad es intentarlo.

SEBASTIAN.

¿Dónde vais?

MACHIN.

¿Eso pregunta
Si se estan acuchillando,
Y no tiene otras cosquillas?

SEBASTIAN.

El reducirlo es en vano
Porque tiene solamente
De muger, lo porfiado.

(*Vanse.*)

ESCENA IV.

DON JUAN, DON DIEGO, DONA ANA.

DON DIEGO.

Al vizconde le Zolina,
A quien el Alférez Monja,
Quiere en todo hallar lisonja
Porque á ampararle se inclina,
Lo mismo le ha respondido.

DOÑA ANA.

¿Qué aun está firme en su engaño?
¿Qué me haga tanto daño,
Sin haberla yo ofendido?
Si tan conocida injuria,
Sin justa pena dejais
¡Cielos! ¿para quién guardais
Los rayos de vuestra furia?

DON DIEGO.

Doña Ana, sin fruto son
Tus quejas, yo no he podido
Mostrar lo que te he querido
Con mas clara informacion,
Que haberme determinado,
Contra escrúpulos de honor,
Obligado de tu amor,
Y de mi deuda obligado
A ser tu esposo, si fue
El disfrazado Guzman
Solamente tu galan,
Y de la ocasion que hurté
Era el dueño, pues podia
Perdonar tu liviandad,
Por tener seguridad
De que tu intencion no habia

Llegado á la ejecucion,
Que es cierto que se casaran
Muy pocos, si repararan
En delitos de intencion.
Mas la Monja, como ves,
Lo niega tan en tu daño,
Quéjate pues de su engaño,
Si por ventura lo es,
Y no de mi buen intento,
Que sabe el cielo, señora,
Que de tus plantas adora
Las huellas mi pensamiento.
Mas fuera gran desvarío,
Y tú misma me culparas,
Si porque tu honor cobraras,
Quisiera perder el mio,
Y el tuyo que es cierta cosa,
Que no tiene una muger
Mayor afrenta, que ser
De un hombre afrentado esposa.

DOÑA ANA.

Tú sin duda arrepentido
De pagar tu obligacion,
Has trazado esta invencion,
Y tu amistad ha podido

Obligarla á que olvidara
De su conciencia el temor,
Para quitarme el honor
Negando verdad tan clara;
Mas la justicia....

DON DIEGO.

Detente

Que porque en esa sospecha
Quedes tambien satisfecha,
Informacion evidente
Es saber que desde el dia
Que ser tu amante negó
En Lima, y se retrató
De lo que afirmado habia
La Monja Alférez, no ví
Jamás su rostro, y responde
Lo que te he dicho al vizconde
De Zolina, y no á mí.
Luego indicio es verdadero,
De que no intento engañar,
Obligarla á declarar
La verdad con tal tercero.

DOÑA ANA.

¿Luego tú no le has hablado
En la corte?

DON DIEGO.

Mis enojos
No han permitido á mis ojos,
Ver á quien los ha causado :
Y aunque es verdad que al vizconde
Le pidió que me dijese
Que yo con ella me viese ;
Porque entiendo de que esconde
Algun misterio el deseo
De verme, la quiero hablar :
Yo no le pienso tocar
Este punto si la veo,
Tanto porque es obligarme
De cólera á enloquecer,
Y es en efeto muger,
De quien no puedo vengarme :
Cuando porque ella pudiera
Sospechar que yo queria
Con semejante porfía,
No que la verdad dijera,
Sino que, ó lo fuese ó no,
Dijese que era verdad
Ser ella á quien tu beldad
Por dueño solo estimó,
Y fuera justa ocasion

De mi infamia esta sospecha.
Y pues quedas satisfecha
Con esto de mi intencion,
Que no publiques te pido
Sucesos tan contra tí,
Y ten lástima de mí,
Que te adoro y te he perdido. (*Vase.*)

DOÑA ANA.

Aguarda, aguarda... Don Juan.

ESCENA V.

DOÑA ANA, DON JUAN.

DON JUAN.

¿Que me mandais?

DOÑA ANA.

Que conmigo

Os vengais á ser testigo
De lo que el falso Guzman
Me responde en este caso
A mí misma.

DON JUAN.

Justo es

Que te sirva.

DOÑA ANA.

El manto, Ines,
Que de ofendida me abraso. (*Vanse.*)

ESCENA VI.

GUZMAN (*con botas y unos papeles*), SEBAS-
TIAN DE ILLUMBE Y MACHIN.

GUZMAN.

De vos confio el cuidado
De acordar mis pretensiones,
En todas las ocasiones
En el consejo de estado.
Estos los papeles son
De mis servicios, tomad,
Y por los ojos pasad
Esa certificacion,
Que entre las demas os dejo,
Que della os informareis
De lo que pedir podeis
En recompensa al consejo.

SEBASTIAN (*lee*).

Don Luis de Céspedes Xeria, gobernador y capitan general de la provincia de Paraguay, etc.

Certifico y hago fe á S. M. que conozco á Catalina de Erauso de mas de diez y ocho años á esta parte, que en hábito de hombre, y soldado le ha servido en Chile, mas de diez y siete en las compañías del maese de campo D. Diego Brabo de Sarabia, y del capitan Gonzalo Rodriguez : de la cual fue por sus servicios alférez, llamándose Alonso Diaz Ramirez de Guzman, y se halló en todas las ocasiones que se ofrecieron con mucho valor, y reformada su compañía, pasó á servir á la del capitan Guillen de Casanova, y fue por buen soldado de los aventajados, sacado para campear desde el castillo de Paicabí con el maese de campo Alvaro Nuñez de Pineda, y se halló en muchas batallas ; y recibió heridas, y en particular en la de Puren, donde llegó á la muerte. Por lo cual y por ser digna de que S. M. le haga merced, le dí la presente, con mi firma y sello.

En Madrid á 2 de febrero de 1625.

GUZMAN.

De aquese misma tenor
Son las demas, esta es
De noble Don Juan Cortés
De Monroy, gobernador
De Veraguas : de Don Diego
Flores de Leon, es esta,
Que en el pecho manifiesta
La cruz del Patron Gallego,

Maese de campo á quien dan
En las regiones australes,
Alabanzas inmortales
Sus hechos : del capitan
Y cabo de compañías
Francisco de Navarrete
Es aquesta, que promete
Premio á las hazañas mias ;
Segun las ha exagerado.
Estas son las que en Madrid
Pude juntar, acudid
Al secretario de estado
Que pienso que le hallareis
Atento á mi pretension.

SEBASTIAN.

¿A qué remuneracion
Os inclináis ?

GUZMAN.

Si podeis
Para Flandes negociar
Una ventaja, me holgara
Que su magestad premiara
Mis hechos con emplear
En su servicio estas manos ;
Que rabian ya por saber,

Si pueden tambien vencer
Flamencos como Araucanos.
Pero si al fin conquistar
No podeis merced alguna,
Pretended al menos una,
Que es mas fácil de alcanzar.

SEBASTIAN.

¿Cuál es?

GUZMAN.

Que se me conceda
Andar siempre de varon,
Que con esta permision
Quedo pagada y contenta.

SEBASTIAN.

Pues sin tenella te pones
En su trage, ¿que te inquieta?

GUZMAN.

No quiero vivir sujeta
A enfados y vejaciones.

SEBASTIAN.

Por advertido me doy,
Mas trata de prevenirte,
Que es hora ya de partirte
Que en casa el vizconde voy. (*Vase.*)

ESCENA VII.

GUZMAN, MACHIN, DON JUAN,
DOÑA ANA É INES (*con mantos*).

DON JUAN.

Aquí está ; Alférez Guzman
Bien debeis á mi deseo
Los brazos.

MACHIN.

¿ Qué es lo que veo ?
¿ Es Ines ?

GUZMAN.

Señor Don Juan,
¿ Teneis salud ?

DON JUAN.

Bueno estoy
Para serviros.

GUZMAN.

¿ Don Diego ?

DON JUAN.

A buscaros vendrá luego.

MACHIN.

Ines los brazos te doy.

INES.

¡Cómo te llegas á mí
Testigo falso !...

MACHIN.

Un criado,
¿Qué ha de hacer siendo mandado?

DOÑA ANA.

Guzman, ¿conoceisme?

GUZMAN.

Sí:

Bien te conozco, Doña Ana.

DOÑA ANA.

¿Pues cómo tu falso pecho,
Si me conoces ha hecho
Una accion tan inhumana
Contra mi honor y opinion
Negando claras verdades?
¿Por dicha te persuades
Que no hay ley, que no hay razon?
¿Que no hay Dios, que no hay justicia?
Dí qué intento te ha obligado
Para haber ejecutado
Tan detestable malicia?
¿Verdad tan averiguada,
No la dirán los que ves

Que la saben? habla Ines,
Habla Machin....

MACHIN.

No sé nada.

DOÑA ANA.

¡Ah traidor, falso testigo!
Mal haya yo que muger
Nací, para no poder
Dar á entrambos el castigo.

INES.

¿Agora no me decias
Disculpándote, un criado
Qué ha de hacer siendo mandado?

MACHIN.

No sé nada.

GUZMAN.

Tus porfías
No han de hacer mudanza en mí
Que aunque tu mal me lastima,
Lo mismo que dije en Lima,
Te digo, Doña Ana, aquí.

DOÑA ANA.

¿Es posible que de Dios
Te puedes tanto olvidar?

DON JUAN (*aparte*).

¿Quién podrá determinar
Cuál miente aquí de los dos?
Pero Don Diego ha llegado.

MACHIN (*aparte*).

Gracias á Dios que esta vez
Se acabará la preñez
De engaño tan dilatado.

DOÑA ANA (*aparte*).

Este es Don Diego: ojalá
Vengue en este infame pecho
Su agravio y mi deshonor.

GUZMAN.

Ya se cumplió mi deseo.

ESCENA VIII.

LOS DICHOS, Y DON DIEGO.

DON DIEGO (*aparte*).

Ya estoy con ver la ocasion
De tantos daños ardiendo
En cólera, pero quiso
Que fuese muger el cielo

Porque no pueda vengarme.
Doña Ana está aquí y me huelgo
Por dejarla satisfecha.

MACHIN (*aparte*).

El color pierden ¡qué es esto!

DON DIEGO.

Porque me dijo el vizconde
Que teneis que hablarme, vengo
A hacerlo, Alférez.

GUZMAN.

Sintiera

En el alma irme sin veros.

DON DIEGO.

Hablad, pues, que ya os escucho.

GUZMAN.

¿Teneis memoria, Don Diego
De que para descubriros
Que era muger, el secreto
Prometisteis como noble?

DON DIEGO.

Sí prometí, bien me acuerdo.

GUZMAN.

¿Pues cómo lo quebrantasteis?

DON DIEGO.

Por daros la vida.

El celo

De librarme, no era justo
Que os obligase á rompello,
Habiéndoos yo prevenido,
Que sintiera mucho menos
La muerte, que publicar
Que era muger, y asi viendo
Que á descubrillo os movió
De casaros el deseo,
Quise con aquel engaño
Impediros el efeto,
Y el fruto que conseguir
Pensastes de haberlo hecho :
Hasta que viéndome libre
De prisiones, y volviendo
A vestir varonil trage
Y á ceñir marcial acero,
De los agravios, afrentas,
Infamias y vituperios,
Que desde entonces acá
He padecido y padezco,
Por no haberme vos guardado
La palabra del secreto,
Tomara asi la venganza

Y os diera justo escarmiento.

(Dale á Don Diego con un baston; y sacan las espadas.)

DON DIEGO.

¡Ah vil!

MACHIN.

¿No lo dije yo?

DOÑA ANA.

¡Ay de mí!

(Métese Don Juan por medio.)

DON JUAN.

¿Qué haceis Don Diego?

DON DIEGO.

Castigar una muger

Atrevida.

DON JUAN.

Si vos mismo

Decis que es muger, ¿qué afrenta

Una muger puede haceros?

GUZMAN.

Mentis que no soy muger

Mientras empuño este acero,

Que ha vencido tantos hombres.

DON DIEGO.

Apartad, Don Juan.

ESCENA IX.

LOS DICHOS, EL VIZCONDE DE ZOLINA
(*de camino*), Y SEBASTIAN DE
ILLUMBE.

VIZCONDE.

¿Qué es esto?

Señor Don Diego, aguardad ;
¿Sois hombre? ¿sois caballero?
¿Contra una muger sacais
La espada?

DON DIEGO.

En nadie la empleo
Mejor, que en una muger,
Cuando me pierde el respeto.

VIZCONDE.

Acabad, sed mas prudente
Que aunque os le pierda, os advierto
Que si os dais por agraviado,
No quedareis satisfecho,
Aunque la muerte le deis
Pues es muger, siendo cierto
Que es mas afrenta que hazaña
Manchar en ella el acero.

GUZMAN.

¡Qué es muger!... tanta muger...
Tratadme, vizconde, menos
De muger, que perderé
Sobre ello al mundo el respeto.

VIZCONDE.

Si lo eres, ¿de qué te agravias?

GUZMAN.

Si lo soy, ni lo confieso,
Ni quiero sufrir que nadie
Me lo llame, y vos, Don Diego,
Pues padezco estas afrentas
Por vos, ni de lo que he hecho
Me pesa, ni soy muger,
Si quereis satisfaceros.

SEBASTIAN.

¡Hay condicion mas estraña!

DOÑA ANA.

¿Qué tigre te dió alimento
Que á la que tanto le debes
Tantos agravios has hecho
Cruel?

GUZMAN.

Escucha, señora,
Que pues mi agradecimiento

Y tu honor pudieron tanto
En mi pecho, que me hicieron
Solo porque tu sospecha
Satisfaciese Don Diego,
Descubrir que era muger
Cuando estaba tan secreto ;
Agora pues que, Doña Ana,
Es público y hago menos
Y que satisface ya
Mi enojo, y cesa con esto
La ocasion, porque mi engaño
Le impidió tu casamiento,
Mejor lo confesaré
Por dar á tu honor remedio,
Y no malograr fineza,
Que tan á mi costa he hecho.
Y asi, Don Diego, ya es justo,
Restituir lo que debo
A Doña Ana, declarando
Que solo cupo en su pecho
Mi amor ; y pues habeis visto
De negaroslo el intento,
Dadle la mano, que yo,
Si acaso consiste en esto,
Porque ni vos repareis

En la ofensa que os he hecho,
Ni ella se case con quien
Tenga el menor sentimiento :
Y para que efeto tenga
Segunda vez os confieso,
Que soy muger, pues deshago
Y satisfago con esto,
Vuestro agravio, pues decis
Que soy muger, y es lo mismo
Que confesar que no pude
Agraviaros, ni ofenderos :
Y si esto no os satisface,
Haga mi agradecimiento
Lo que no hiciera la muerte
En este invencible pecho,
(*Arrodíllase.*)

Rindiéndome á vuestros pies,
Y confesándome en ellos
Vencida, y que á merced vuestra
Vivo, pues quedais con esto,
Mucho mas que con matarme,
Ventajoso y satisfecho.

DON DIEGO.

Levanta, y dame los brazos,
Que no solamente quedo

Satisfecho, mas vencido
Envidioso del ejemplo
Que de agradecida has dado,
Y quisiera yo haber hecho
Mas esta hazaña, que cuantas
Han celebrado los tiempos.

VIZCONDE.

Nunca has mostrado el valor
Como agora, de tu pecho.

SEBASTIAN.

Mas has ganado vencida
De tí misma, que venciendo
Ejércitos de enemigos.

VIZCONDE.

Pues con aquesto, y pidiendo
Perdon, tenga fin aquí
Este caso verdadero.
Donde llega la comedia
Han llegado los sucesos,
Que hoy está el Alférez Monja
En Roma, y si casos nuevos
Dieren materia á la pluma,
Segunda parte os prometo.

FIN.

NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

¹ The baptismal certificate is printed by Joaquín María de Ferrer in his edition of the *Historia de la Monja Alférez, Doña Catalina de Erauso, escrita por ella misma* (Paris, 1829), p. 129.

"Bautizóse Catalina de Erauso en diez de febrero de dicho año [1592], hija lejítima de Miguel de Erauso, y de María Perez de Galarraga. Padrinos Pedro de Galarraga, y María Velez de Aranalde. Ministro el vicario Alvisua."

In the greater part of Spain, and more particularly in the Basque Provinces, baptism takes place as soon as possible after birth: it was—and even still is—frequently administered on the day of birth.

² Part I., Chapter xxxix.

³ In Catalina de Erauso's petition to the King of Spain, Miguel is described as an *alférez* or ensign: Ferrer, *op. cit.*, p. 136. But he is called Captain in other contemporary documents such as the *Capítulo de una Carta de Cartagena de Indias dando cuenta de una monja que, en hábito de hombre, fue soldado en Chile y Tipoan, y de sus hazañas con los Indios Chiles y Chambos* (Seville, 1618 [a misprint for 1625]): see the reprint (Madrid, 1903) by D. Victoriano Suárez, p. 9.

⁴ Ferrer, *op. cit.*, pp. 137–138. "Por tanto y porque asi bien interpone los servicios del capitan Miguel de Erauso su padre, y del dicho alférez Miguel de Erauso, y de Francisco de Erauso, que sirvió en la armada de Lima con D. Rodrigo de Mendoza, y Domingo de Erauso que se fue en la armada que salió para Brasil. . . ."

⁵ Ferrer, *op. cit.*, pp. 130–131.

⁶ The convent-fees for the three daughters of Captain Miguel de Erauso, covering the expenses of 1603, were paid in 1604: see Ferrer, *op. cit.*, p. 132.

⁷ Ibid., p. 132.

⁸ Ibid., p. 133.

⁹ Ibid., pp. 135-143, 156-158.

¹⁰ This is her own statement, and is supported by the four officers under whom she served. In the *Capítulo de una Carta de Cartagena de Indias* she is said to have been known as Francisco de Loyola, "and up to the present the name has not been changed"; and by Gil González Dávila her pseudonym is given as Pedro de Orive: see *Monarquía de España* (Madrid, 1770-1771), vol. iii. 129b.

¹¹ The incident of the street-brawl is reported by Pietro della Valle (Il Pellegrino) on the authority of Catalina herself: in her petition to the King of Spain she discreetly refers to it as "an incident which it is out of place to relate here."

In the *Capítulo de una Carta de Cartagena de Indias* the date of the avowal is given as July 8, 1617. This is certainly wrong, for Recio de León declares in two passages of his statement that Catalina de Erauso served under him in 1620.

¹² Ferrer, *op. cit.*, p. 141.

¹³ This is the signature which she attached to several official documents during her stay in Spain, but her petition to the King of Spain is drawn up in the name of "El Alférez Doña Catalina de Erauso."

¹⁴ González Dávila states that Catalina "arrived at Madrid in the month of December, 1624, and came to my house, dressed as a soldier."

¹⁵ *Historia de la vida y hechos del inclito monarca, amado y santo D. Felipe Tercero*, 129b-130a. This posthumous work forms vol. iii. of the *Monarquía de España* already mentioned in note 10.

¹⁶ Pietro della Valle (Il Pellegrino), *De' Viaggi* . . .

Parte Terza, cioè l'India, co'l ritorno alla Patria (Roma, 1658-1663), vol. iv. p. 499. "Io sapeva già di lei nell' India Orientale, doue m'haueua sentito parlare, che fin là era arriuata la sua fama, è più volte ne haueua desiderato particolare informatione. . . ."

¹⁷ *Relacion verdadera de las grandes hazañas, y valerosos hechos en veynte y quatro años que siruio en el Reyno de Chile y otras partes al Rey nuestro señor, en abito de soldado . . . sacada de vn original, que dexo en Madrid en casa de Bernardino de Guzman* (Madrid-Sevilla, 1625).

¹⁸ *Segunda Relacion de la mas copiosa y verdadera que ha salido* (Madrid-Sevilla, 1625). The date is misprinted "1615."

¹⁹ *Segunda relacion de los famosos hechos que en el Reyno de Chile hizo una varonil muger sirviendo veynte y quatro años de soldado en servicio de su Magestad el Rey nuestro Señor, en el qual tiempo tuvo muy onrosos cargos* (Sevilla, 1625). This was published by Juan de Cabrera: the previous accounts were issued by Bernardino de Guzmán at Madrid, and by Simón Faxardo at Seville.

²⁰ *La Monja Alférez* was printed in the form of an undated *suelta*; but, from the closing lines, which speak of the heroine as being at present in Rome, we may assume the play to have been written in 1626.

Donde llega la comedia
Han llegado los sucesos,
Que hoy está el Alférez Monja
En Roma, y si casos nuevos
Dieren materia á la pluma,
Segunda parte os prometo.

In *El Bachiller Trapaza* Alonso de Castillo Solórzano
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states that Luis de Belmonte Bermúdez also wrote a play entitled *La Monja Alférez*: if so, it has been lost.

²¹ An eye-witness, Juan Pérez de Liquendi, states that the arrest took place "in the open country near the city of Piu." I have followed Ferrer (*op. cit.*, p. 152, *n.*), who identifies "Piu" as La Tour du Pin, on the road to Chambéri.

²² Ferrer, *op. cit.*, pp. 143-155. Catalina de Erauso's declaration was actually confirmed by six persons, but only four appear to have witnessed her arrest and imprisonment.

²³ The date of the visit is given as July 5, 1626, in Ferrer, *op. cit.*, p. 122; but Valle himself dates the visit a month earlier.

²⁴ Valle, *op. cit.*, vol. iv. pp. 499-500. "Alli 5 Giugno venne la prima volta in casa mia l'*Alfiere Caterina d'Arcuso Biscaina*, venuta di Spagna, & arriuata in Roma appunto il giorno innanzi. Era costei vna donzella d'età all' hora di trentacinque in quarant' anni in circa. . . . Io poi l'ho fatta conoscere in Roma à diuerse Dame, e Cauallieri, de quali assai più, che delle Donne amaua la conuersatione. Il Signor Francesco Crescentio, che sà dipinger molto bene, l'ha ritratta di sua mano. Ella è di statura grande, e grossa per donna, che non si può per quella conoscere che non sia huomo: no ha petto che da giouinetta, mi disse hauer fatto no sò che di rimedio per farselo seccare, e restar quasi piano . . . di viso non è ingrata, ma non bella, e si conosce essere strappazzata alquanto, & horamai d'età, e con i capelli negri, e corti da huomo con vn poco di zazzaretta, com' hoggi s'vsa; rappresenta in effetto più un Eunucho, che vna donna: Veste da huomo alla

Spagnuola, porta la spada, e ben cinta, e così anche la vita ; ma la testa bassetta alquanto ; è com' vn poco agghobbatella, più tosto da soldato stentato, che da cortegiano che vada sù l'amorosa vita. Alla mano solo si può conoscere esser donna, che l'ha pienotta, e carnosa, se bene robusta, e forte e la muoue ancora donnescamente alquanto."

The detail concerning the dispensation to wear men's clothes is taken from Ferrer, *op. cit.*, p. 120.

²⁵ Ferrer, *op. cit.*, pp. 120-121. Catalina de Erauso returned on a vessel belonging to the squadron commanded by Miguel de Echazarreta : he is stated to have been captain of the ship which took her to America some twenty-three years previously.

²⁶ Vicente Riva Palacio, *México á través de los siglos* (México, 1888-1896), vol. ii. p. 622.

²⁷ The text of Catalina's letter is as follows : "Quando las personas de mi calidad entran en una casa con su nobleza, tienen asegurada la fidelidad del buen trato, y no habiendo el mio excedido los límites que piden sus partes de vm., es deslumbramiento impedirme el entrar en su casa, demas que me han certificado, que si por su calle paso, me ha de dar la muerte, y assí, yo aunque mujer pareciéndole imposible á mi valor, para que vea mis bizarrías, y consiga lo que blasona, le aguardo sola detrás de San Diego desde la una hasta las seis. Doña Chatherina de Erauzu."

²⁸ Ferrer, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

²⁹ Ibid., pp. 121-122. ". . . Era de buen cuerpo, no pocas carnes, color trigueño, con algunos pocos pelillos por bigote."

³⁰ Riva Palacio, *op. cit.*, p. 621. In an essay to which reference is made later Valon, who is followed by De Quincey, gives it to be understood that Catalina

was drowned off Veracruz : this is not supported by any evidence, and appears to be a wild surmise.

³¹ *Relacion prodigiosa de la vida y hechos de Catalina de Erauso, monja de España, soldado y alferez en Lima, y traficante en México, donde falleció en el pueblo de Cuitlaxtla el año de 1650* (México, 1653).

³² Published at Madrid in 1793. Muñoz, who died in 1799, incorporates material from the then unpublished *Historia general de las continuadas guerras y difícil conquista del gran reino y provincias de Chile* by Luis Tribaldos de Toledo.

³³ This copy, used by Ferrer, is now in the library of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. Another manuscript of the work was in the possession of Sr. D. Sancho Rayón a few years ago.

³⁴ Ferrer, *op. cit.*, pp. xvj-xxxv.

³⁵ By Jules Didot.

³⁶ *Revue encyclopédique ou Analyse raisonnée des productions les plus remarquables dans les sciences, les arts industriels, la littérature et les Beaux Arts*. Par une réunion de Membres de l'Institut et d'autres hommes de lettres (Paris, Juillet-Septembre, 1829), vol. xliii. pp. 742-744.

³⁷ *Histoire de la Monja-Alferez* (Paris, 1830). A copy of this rarity is in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

³⁸ Under the title of *Die Nonne-Fähnrich, oder Geschichte der Doña Catalina de Erauso, von ihr selbst geschrieben* (Aachen und Leipzig, 1830). The translator, Andreas Daniel Berthold von Schepeler, had resided in Spain, and was a good Spanish scholar. He is the author of the *Geschichte der Revolutionen Spaniens und Portugals, und besonders des daraus entstandenen Krieges* (Posen und Bamber, 1826-1827) and the *Geschichte der*

spanischen Monarchie von 1810 bis 1823 (Aachen und Leipzig, 1829-1833).

³⁹ *Musée des Familles. Lectures du soir* (Paris, 1839), vol. vi. pp. 303-311.

⁴⁰ *Revue des deux mondes*, 5^{me} série (Paris, Février 15, 1847), pp. 589-637. The article was reprinted by the author in his *Nouvelles et Critiques* (Paris, 1851).

⁴¹ *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* (Edinburgh, 1847), vol. xiv. pp. 324-333, 369-376, 431-440. The three instalments appeared in the numbers for May, June, and July: there is an error in the pagination of the last instalment, which is accidentally numbered "231-240."

⁴² *La Ilustración Española y Americana* (Madrid, July 8, 1892).

⁴³ *La Nonne Alferez*. Illustrations de Daniel Vierge gravées par Privat-Richard (Paris, 1894).

⁴⁴ Ferrer (*op. cit.*, p. 168) calculates that three years twenty-two days elapsed between the flight from the convent and the embarkation for America.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. xxxvij-xlvij.

⁴⁶ In the opening paragraph—omitted in the reprints—of the article in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* De Quincey wrote: "M. de Ferrer, a Spaniard of much research, and originally incredulous as to the facts, published, about seventeen years ago, a selection from the leading documents, accompanied by his palinode as to their accuracy. His materials have since been the basis of more than one narrative, not inaccurate, in French, German, and Spanish journals of high authority. It is seldom the case that French writers err by prolixity. They have done so in this case. The present narrative, which contains no sentence derived from any foreign one, has the great advantage of close compression."

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sion ; my own pages, after equating the size, being 1 to 3 of the shortest continental form. In the mode of narration, I am vain enough to flatter myself that the reader will find little reason to hesitate between us. Mine will, at least, weary nobody ; which is more than can always be said for the continental versions."

De Quincey implies that he had read Ferrer as well as the narratives based on Ferrer "in French, German, and Spanish journals of high authority"; it is, however, evident that he had read nothing on the subject except Valon's article. He seems to have felt that he had gone too far, for, when reprinting his article in 1854, he made the following statement in a postscript: "I must not leave the impression upon my readers that this complex body of documentary evidence has been searched and appraised by myself. Frankly I acknowledge that, on the sole occasion when any opportunity offered itself for such a labour, I shrank from it as too fatiguing—and also as superfluous. . . ." Professor Masson's comment is: "This seems to be De Quincey's way of saying that, to as late as 1854, he had never had an opportunity of examining the original of Kate's memoirs in M. de Ferrer's book." This is proved by a passage in the postscript which speaks of the published autobiography as being "mobbed and hustled by a gang of misbelieving (*i.e.*, *miscreant*) critics," headed by Ferrer. In 1854 De Quincey was still unaware that the text had been published for the first time by Ferrer himself.

⁴⁷ See the preface to *La Nonne Alferez*, pp. v-vii.

⁴⁸ *Apuntes para una biblioteca de escritoras españolas desde el año 1401 al 1883* (Madrid, 1903-1905), vol. i. pp. 388-392.

⁴⁹ Cándido María Trigueros was born at Orgaz in

1736; he appears to have died in 1802, but the exact date of his death is unknown.

⁵⁰ *La Estrella de Sevilla*, *El Anzuelo de Fenisa*, and *Los Melindres de Belisa* were recast by Trigueros under the respective titles of *Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas*, *La Buscona*, and *La Melindrosa ó los esclavos supuestos*.

⁵¹ *Comentarios de el desengañado de si mesmo, prueba de todos estados y eleccion del mejor de ellos, ó sea Vida de el mesmo autor, que lo es Don Diego Duque de Estrada* (Madrid, 1860).

⁵² *Vida del soldado español Miguel de Castro, escrita por el mismo y publicada por A. Paz y Mélia* (Barcelona-Madrid, 1900). This forms vol. ii. of M. R. Foulché-Delbosc's *Bibliotheca Hispanica*.

⁵³ *Vida del Capitán Alonso de Contreras, Caballero del hábito de San Juan, natural de Madrid, escrita por él mismo (años 1582 á 1633)*. Publícala con una introducción M. Serrano y Sanz (Madrid, 1900).

⁵⁴ As edited by Pascual de Gayangos, it forms vol. xii. of the *Memorial histórico español*.

NOTES TO AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER I

¹ It is proved that Catalina de Erauso was baptized at San Sebastián on February 10, 1592; from this it follows that many of the subsequent dates are wrong.

² Three of Catalina's brothers are mentioned in the text: see Chapter VI., p. 32, and Chapter XXII., p. 127.

³ Three of Catalina's sisters entered the convent of San Sebastián el Antiguo. Mari-Juan de Erauso was professed on April 23, 1605, and died on September 21, 1655; Isabel de Erauso was professed on December 17, 1606, and died on January 8, 1617; Jacinta de Erauso was professed on November 15, 1615, and died on March 8, 1649.

⁴ Catalina was not born till three years after this date.

⁵ Soror Catalina de Jesús y Aliri was professed on November 20, 1605, at which date the Madre Joana de Lozcano was prioress. Soror Catalina de Jesús y Aliri was herself prioress of the convent for fifteen years before her death, which took place on October 15, 1657. The record of her profession does not state that she was a widow.

⁶ Roughly speaking a *real* = 6½d. A *real de á ocho* contained eight *reales*, and was worth about 4s. 4d. It is represented by the dollar in the United States and Canada.

⁷ The *doblón de á dos* (= 2 gold *escudos*) contained 23½ *reales* and was worth about 12s. This is probably the coin mentioned in the text; but there was also a *doblón de á cuatro*, worth about £1 4s.

CHAPTER II

¹ The dollar, or *real de á ocho*, was also called a *peso de á ocho* or *peso de plata* (besides other names which need not be given here). Later on, at about the date of Catalina de Erauso's adventures, the *real de á ocho* was commonly called a *peso fuerte* or *peso duro*; this name was abbreviated during the last third of the eighteenth century, since when the coin has been known as a *peso* in Spanish America and as a *duro* in Spain.

CHAPTER III

¹ *Un dia de fiesta* might be either a Sunday or a holiday of obligation; but the context shows that the former is intended here.

² According to Ferrer, apart from the actual wound, to slash a man's face—*rayar la cara*, or, in nautical slang, *pintar un jabeque*—is a gross insult.

³ *Espada* in the original. "A Frenchman called his arm, 'espée'; an Englishman, 'sword.' Both, when they talked of the Spaniard's sword, called it a rapier." See Mr. Egerton Castle, *Schools and Masters of Fence from the Middle Ages to the end of the eighteenth century* (London, 1892), pp. 29-30.

⁴ The meaning no doubt is that this was the first time Catalina was imprisoned in America; she had already spent "a longish month" in jail at Bilbao: see Chapter I., p. 7.

CHAPTER V

¹ Cp. Robert Barret, *The Theorike and Practike of Moderne Warres* (London, 1598). In "A Table, show-

ing the signification of sundry forraine words, used in these discourses," Barret writes : "Campe Maister, in Spanish *Maestro del Campo*, is a Colonell : being the chiefe Commander or officer ouer one Regiment or Tertio."

CHAPTER VIII

¹ A *veinticuatro* is a superior alderman with functions somewhat resembling those of a mayor.

² The "native sheep of burden" is the *llama*, the camel of South America.

CHAPTER IX

¹ It is doubtful whether the text refers to the ordinary *peso duro* mentioned on p. 301, *n.* 1, or to the Peruvian *peso ensayado*, a weight of silver (not a coin) worth $13\frac{1}{4}$ reales—a little more than 7s.

CHAPTER XI

¹ See Chapter VIII., p. 53.

² A *fanega* = 110 lb., and is therefore roughly equivalent to a bushel.

CHAPTER XIII

¹ According to Mr. Egerton Castle, the Spanish shell dagger, corresponding to the *main gauche* of the French, "combined the advantages of the target, or *broquel*, and the dagger, and was especially convenient with heavy rapiers." That bouts played with rapier and dagger were frequent is evident from *Hamlet* (Act V. sc. ii.) :—

Osric. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Hamlet. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence ; but to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osric. I mean, sir, for his weapon ; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Hamlet. What's his weapon ?

Osric. Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet. That's two of his weapons ; but, well.

As the action of *Hamlet* takes place long before Shakespeare's time, the passage is inappropriate ; but it records the contemporary practice at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

CHAPTER XVIII

¹ The incidents recorded in this chapter are probably apocryphal : they appear to be suggested by Pérez de Montalbán's play, *La Monja Alférez*, Jornada I., Escena vi., and Jornada II., Escena viii.

CHAPTER XXIII

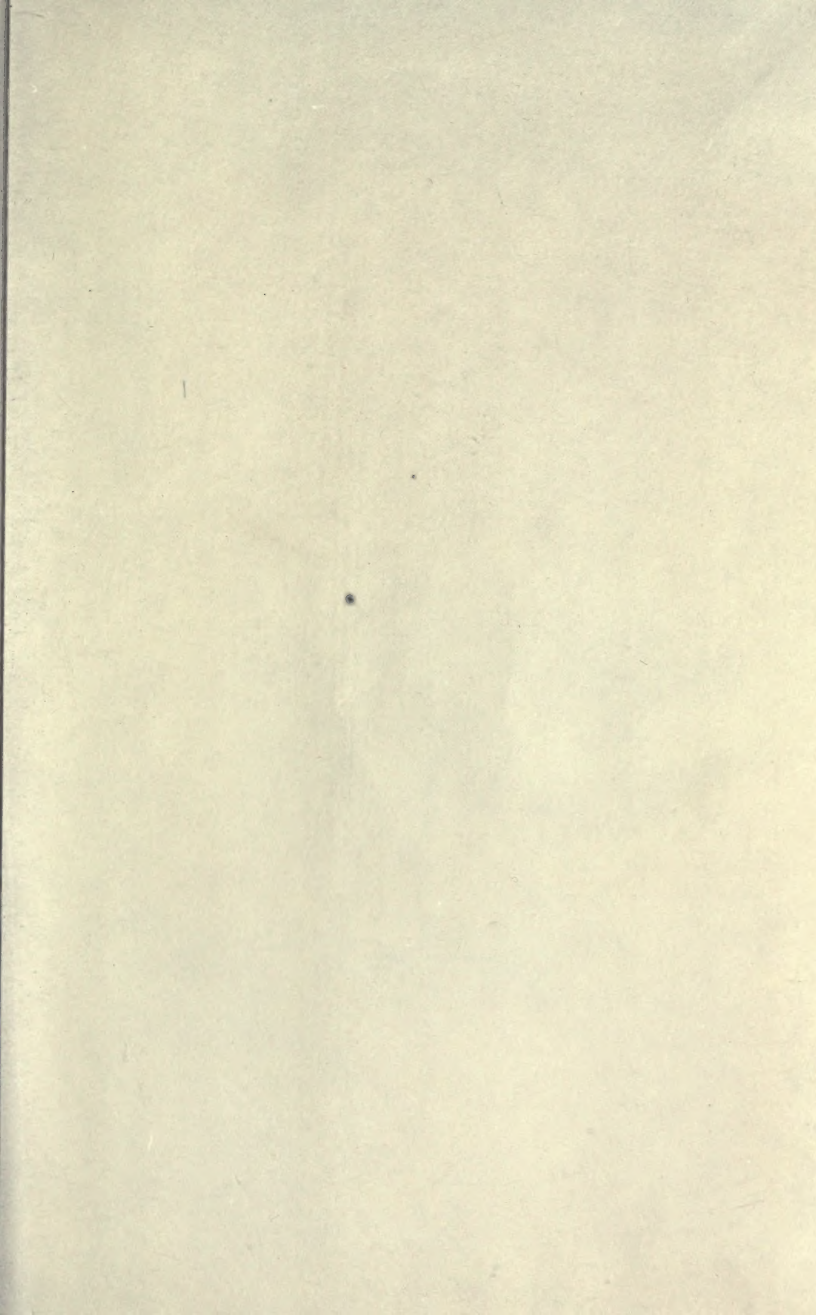
¹ *Cincuenta* : probably a slip for *quince* (fifteen). In the declaration made at Pamplona on July 28, 1625, Catalina states that she was imprisoned for fourteen days.

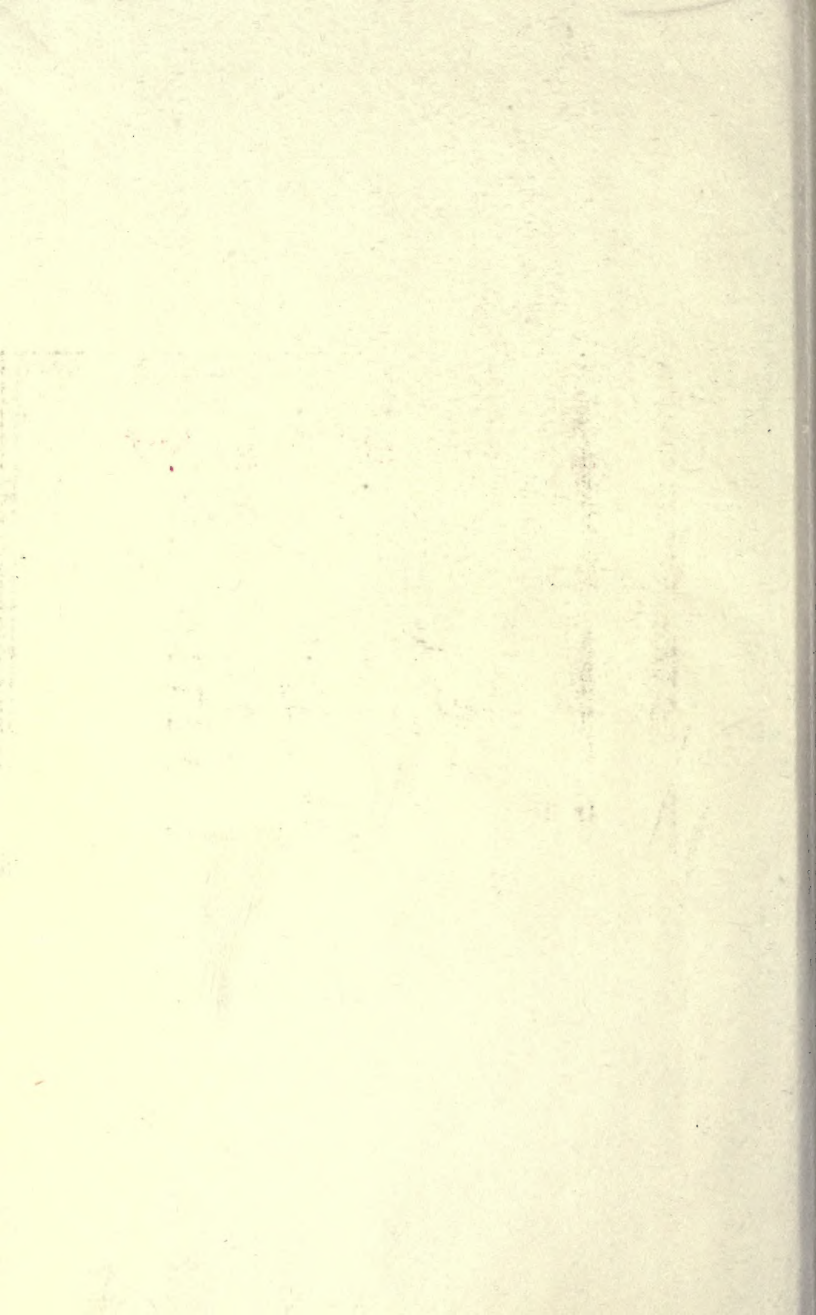
² Antoine de Gramont, son of Philibert de Gramont and Diane d'Andouins, *la belle Corisande*, the mistress of Henri IV. According to Anthony Hamilton, Henri IV. was prepared to recognise Antoine de Gramont as his son ; but this seems to be merely a proud family tradition.

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