The KING'S TREASURIES
OF LITERATURE

GENERAL EDITOR
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CERVANTES

H.C

ADVENTURES of DON QUIXOTE

SELECTED & EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION

To appreciate Don Quixote, we have no need for lengthy introductions. To understand him, read, and appreciation will come. Cervantes wished to reveal in their true light, the farcical, extravagant, nonsensical *Libros de Caballeria* (Books on Knight-Errantry), which put forth a false ideal, ignoring the true chivalry of a true knight, and by this false ideal did great harm in Spain. The result was *Don Quixote*, which is at the same time a novel, a satire, a history and a picture of Spanish life. Do not think that Cervantes mocked the great ideals of chivalry. He loved truth, uprightness and courage—his own career proves this—but he wished to show that valour, generosity, hope and justice were the bases of chivalric life. Don Quixote has been thought to be mad, but if madness consists in going through the world seeking to combat ignorance, cruelty, superstition and roguery, we must confess that he was not sane, and saw life in a mirage of the vicious books on chivalry.

Sancho Panza is a very human personage. He is a peasant, ignorant but shrewd, who accompanies a master keen to fight injustice, knavery, and to protect the poor and the humble, but who, with a greater knowledge of mankind, tries to protect him from those self-seekers who might impose upon his good nature and his eagerness to help the oppressed.

Now read for yourself, and you will understand

why Don Quixote de la Mancha and his faithful servant Sancho Panza have become the friends and companions of all who love good literature.

If you look at a map of Spain, you will notice that it is divided into districts which correspond roughly to our English counties. At one time the whole of Spain was overrun by the Moors, who conquered and settled in every part except in one small mountain province known as the Asturias. Here the Spaniards made so fine a resistance that the Moors were glad to let them alone and, crossing the Pyrenees, attempted to conquer France. This was the summit of their attainment; they withdrew to the limit set by the great mountain chain and settled in Spain. The Moors did not rule harshly, and in many ways theirs was a model government, but the Christians could not brook being governed by those whom they considered to be infidels. They strove continuously to shake off the foreign yoke, and to a certain extent were successful. The kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Navarre, Aragon and Galicia (you can still see these names on the map) were set up out of the reconquered territory, and the war against the Moors partook of the nature of a crusade. Naturally, in such a war which continued over several centuries, there arose great heroes and great deeds were performed which were fitly celebrated by minstrels and so were perpetuated. The greatest of these heroes was Rodrigo Diaz of Bivar, who was known as *El Campeador*, or champion, and who, through his prowess, bore the

title of *El Cid*. So great was his fame, and so many and varied were his deeds, that they would fill many volumes. He made himself so feared that when he died at the siege of Valencia, his dead body, on his equally famous horse, Babieca, so terrified the Moors that they fled, allowing his faithful knights to bring the corpse to Burgos.

The crusades led to the development of the idea of chivalry, with its teachings of knightly honour, succour of the oppressed, courtesy to women, and courage; but with the invention of gunpowder, the low-born peasant became the equal in warfare of the mail-clad knight, and the great ideals of chivalry gradually passed away. In Spain, however, cut off from the rest of Europe and engaged in a national war against a heathen enemy, the ideals of chivalry lived on. The arrival in Castile of the two greatest knights of the fourteenth century, Edward the Black Prince and the French Bertrand du Guesclin, each followed by a large body of famous knights, helped to keep alive the ideals, and the deeds of these heroes seemed to be more than human, passing into legend.

The wars in Spain had led to the creation of military orders such as those of Santiago, Calatrava, and Alcántara, whose members took an oath to fight on until the final expulsion of the Moors. The keen struggles and the many individual combats gave rise to the stories which, on the invention of printing, were gathered together in the *Libros de Caballería*, or Books of Knightly Deeds. These were based upon the stories of Arthur and the Knights of the Round

Table, which had always been well known in Spain, and other stories of great knights similar to those of Merlin, Lancelot, Bedivere and Gareth were invented. To the Spaniards these were not merely stories. They firmly believed in knights who went through the world seeking to do right, and rescuing forlorn damsels; they believed in giants, wizards, dragons, enchanted castles and all the other accompaniments of this kind of story. The knights-errant lived in their minds, and their high ideals set a definite standard of conduct in life which was of very great importance in those days, when Spain was in need of all the knights who saw in the war against the Moors a truly chivalrous war, in which they could rescue the damsel Christianity from the ogre of the Moorish rule.

There was one story which was the basis of all the succeeding books of chivalry, and since the plots of all were very similar, here is that of *Amadis of Gaul.* The wonderful enthusiasm of the Spanish people at the conquest of Granada in 1492 gave rise to many songs and stories, but the chief and most popular was that of Amadis. He was the son of Perion, King of Gaul, and of Elizena, formerly a princess of England, but as a child he was abandoned on the sea-shore. There he was discovered by a Scottish knight and taken to Britain. In England, Amadis falls in love with " the peerless light of Perfection," Oriana, daughter of Lisarte, King of England. Meanwhile Perion and Elizena had another son, Galaor, who sets out to find his brother. When the twain

meet they decide to seek their fortune in France, and thence to travel through other countries in search of adventure. Their great combats, adventures, and encounters with other knights, giants, magicians and ogres are recounted in full, but they survive all dangers and in the end Amadis returns to marry Oriana.

This book was received with great favour because the people of that time were in a hero-worshipping mood. Had they not seen their own knights venturing into battle to rescue Spain from the heathen? Single combats between the doughtiest champions on both sides were common, and the heroes of the Castilian armies seemed to be superhuman. *Amadis*, too, was brightly written and set a high standard of chivalry, courage and respect for womankind necessary in a rude age such as that of the fifteenth century. *Amadis* was so successful that he was given many followers and even a rival champion arose in Palmerin of England, whose feats surpassed those even of Amadis. These novels were of very great length, but this did not trouble the readers, who asked only that there should be many adventures. The names of the characters in the books on chivalry are very amusing. We read of Cadragante, Queen Pintiquinestra, Giant Famongomadan, Primaleon, Angriote de Estravaus, Meleadao, Polinarda, Florisando and Esplandian. All of these stride through the pages of these books, challenging and being challenged, rescuing or oppressing the distressed, and (if the hero) never owning defeat.

The first novels were not too bad, but there arose

many imitations of *Amadis* which exaggerated the virtues and the vices of the characters so much as to make them ridiculous. Where Amadis would conquer two enemies in battle, these later heroes would slay hundreds; but whereas the earlier romances were necessary, the later ones did more harm than good.

Cervantes, in *Don Quixote*, meant to laugh in his gentle way at these exaggerated personages. He wished to show that true chivalry could exist without these foolish searches after adventure. He was too much of the "gentle knight" to cast scorn on chivalry, but the foolish creations of the later books of knightly deeds amused him, and he wanted to poke fun at them. Thus did he create Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Don Quixote is the type of the man who wishes to do good and tries to achieve his object regardless of obstacles. Sancho Panza is the everyday man with his common sense who shows his master the impossibility of many of his aims.

Cervantes wrote in order that his book might destroy the credit of the foolish romances, but in his day this credit had already almost died away. The days of chivalry had gone, and the Spanish people were disposed to laugh at the impossible people in the romances—the giants thirty feet high, the distressed damsels guarded by fearsome ogres, the heroes who slew hundreds of opponents and were never beaten. In *Don Quixote* Cervantes merely helped to kill this type of book more quickly, for it was already dying when he wrote it, but it is wrong

to say, as some do, that Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away." His career was full of adventure, and it was only when he was already old that he saw how vain was such a life, but he was always a true knight himself, aiding the weak and distressed, helping his friends, and, in the face of adversity, keeping up his courage.

ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER I

THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF THE RENOWNED HERO

Down in a village of La Mancha,[1] the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean stallion, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, eggs and collops on Saturdays, and a pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best home-spun, in which he adorned himself on week-days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years; he was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase.

[1] Partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Castile.

Now this worthy gentleman, in his leisure moments, which composed the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardour to the perusal of books of chivalry, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of the chase, and even the regulation of his domestic affairs; indeed, so extravagant was his zeal in this pursuit, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry; collecting as many as he could possibly obtain. Among them all, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whose brilliant prose and intricate style were, in his opinion, infinitely precious; especially those amorous speeches and challenges in which they so abound. These rhapsodies distracted the poor gentleman, for he laboured to comprehend and unravel their meaning, which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead expressly for that purpose. He was not quite satisfied as to the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he could not help thinking that, however skilful the surgeons were who healed them, his face and whole body must have been covered with seams and scars.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning, and a graduate of Siguenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun; if, indeed, any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, for he had a genius suited to every-

thing; he was no effeminate knight, no whimperer, like his brother; and in point of courage, he was by no means his inferior. In short, he became so infatuated with this kind of study, that he passed whole days and nights over these books; and thus, with little sleeping and much reading, his brains were dried up, and his intellects deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read;—of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tortures, and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded of the truth of the whole tissue of visionary fiction that, in his mind, no history in the world was more authentic.

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behoved him, as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practise all that had been performed by knights-errant, of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned emperor of Trebisond, by the valour of his arm; and thus wrapped up in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty

armour, which had been his great grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could, but he found one grand defect; the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion: this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied, by making a kind of vizor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true indeed that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword, and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labour of a week; but not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another vizor, which, having fenced in the inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength, and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Gonela, which *tùm pellis et ossa fuit* (all skin and bone), yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander, nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavoured to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was: nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state,

the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one, pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected, and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon Rozinante,[1] a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; importing that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge-horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country, which, at the same time, he honoured by taking its name.

His armour being now furbished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit—a body without a soul.

[1] From *Rosin*, a common drudge-horse, and *ante*, before; as Alexander's horse was called Bucephalus, from his bull-head; and the Knight of the Sun's, Cornerio, from a horn in the forehead.

"If," said he, "for my sins, or rather, through my good fortune, I encounter some giant—an ordinary occurrence to knights-errant—and overthrow him at the first onset, or cleave him in twain, or, in short, vanquish him and force him to surrender, must I not have some lady, to whom I may send him as a present? that when he enters into the presence of my charming mistress, he may throw himself upon his knees before her, and in a submissive, humble voice, say, 'Madam, in me you behold the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malendrania, who, being vanquished in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by him commanded to present myself before you to be disposed of according to the will and pleasure of your highness.'"

How happy was our good knight after this harangue! How much more so when he found a lady fair! It is said that, in a neighbouring village, a good-looking peasant girl resided, called Aldonza Lorenzo, of whom he had formerly been enamoured, although it does not appear that she ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her, which, without entirely departing from her own, should approach towards that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was a native of that village), a name, he thought, harmonious, and expressive—like all the others which he had adopted.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST SALLY THAT DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HIS NATIVE VILLAGE

As soon as these arrangements were made, he no longer deferred the execution of his project, which he hastened from a consideration of what the world suffered by his delay: so many were the grievances he intended to redress, the wrongs to rectify, and abuses to reform. Therefore, without communicating his intentions to anybody, and wholly unobserved, one morning before day, being one of the most sultry in the month of July, he armed himself cap-à-pie, mounted Rozinante, placed the helmet on his head, braced on his target, took his lance, and, through the private gate of his back-yard, issued forth into the open plain, in a transport of joy to think he had met with no obstacles to the commencement of his honourable enterprise. But scarce had he found himself on the plain, when he was assailed by a recollection so terrible as almost to make him abandon the undertaking: for it just then occurred to him that he was not yet dubbed a knight; therefore, in conformity to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any of that order; and, if he had been actually dubbed, he should, as a new knight, have worn white armour, without any device on his shield, until he had gained one by force of arms. These considerations made him irresolute whether to proceed; but frenzy prevailing over

reason, he determined to get himself made a knight by the first one he should meet, like many others, of whom he had read. As to white armour, he resolved, when he had an opportunity, to scour his own, so that it should be whiter than ermine. Having now composed his mind, he proceeded, taking whatever road his horse pleased: for therein, he believed, consisted the true spirit of adventure.

Our new adventurer, while pursuing his way, conversed with himself, imitating the style of his books as nearly as he could, and proceeding slowly on, while the sun arose with such intense heat that it was enough to dissolve his brains, if any had been left. He travelled almost the whole of that day without encountering anything worthy of recital, which caused him much vexation, for he was impatient for an opportunity to prove the valour of his powerful arm.

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the Pass of Lapice; others affirm it to have been that of the windmills; but, from what I have been able to ascertain of this matter, and have found written in the annals of La Mancha, the fact is that he travelled all that day, and as night approached, both he and his horse were wearied and dying with hunger; and in this state, as he looked around him, in hopes of discovering some castle, or shepherd's cot, where he might repose and find refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which to him was a star conducting him to the portals, if not the palace of his redemption. He made all the haste

he could, and reached it at nightfall. There chanced to stand at the door two young women, on their journey to Seville. Now as everything that our adventurer saw and conceived was, by his imagination, moulded to what he had read, so in his eyes the inn appeared to be a castle, with its four turrets, and pinnacles of shining silver, together with its draw-bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. When he had advanced within a short distance of it, he checked Rozinante, expecting some dwarf would mount the battlements, to announce, by sound of trumpet, the arrival of a knight-errant at the castle; but finding them tardy, and Rozinante impatient for the stable, he approached the inn door, and there saw the two strolling girls, who to him appeared to be beautiful damsels or lovely dames enjoying themselves before the gate of their castle.

It happened that just at this time a swineherd collecting his hogs from an adjoining stubble-field, blew the horn which assembles them together, and instantly Don Quixote was satisfied, for he imagined it was a dwarf who had given the signal of his arrival. With extraordinary satisfaction, therefore, he went up to the inn; upon which the ladies, being startled at the sight of a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were retreating into the house; but Don Quixote, perceiving their alarm, raised his pasteboard vizor, thereby partly discovering his meagre, dusty visage, and with gentle demeanour and placid voice, thus addressed them:

"Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy, for it would be wholly inconsistent with the order of knighthood which I profess, to offer insult to any person, much less of that exalted rank which your appearance indicates." The girls stared at him, and endeavouring to find out his face, which was almost concealed by the sorry vizor, could not forbear laughing; consequently he grew indignant, and would have proceeded to chastise them, but for the timely appearance of the innkeeper, a very corpulent, and therefore a very pacific man, who, upon seeing so ludicrous an object, armed, and with accoutrements so ill-assorted as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corslet, felt disposed to join the damsels in demonstrations of mirth; but, in truth, apprehending some danger from a form thus strongly fortified, he resolved to behave with civility, and therefore said:

"If, Sir Knight, you are seeking for a lodging, you will here find, excepting a bed (for there are none at present available in this inn), everything in abundance." Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress, for such to him appeared the innkeeper, answered:

"For me, Señor Castellano, anything will suffice: since arms are my ornaments, warfare my repose." The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for a sound Castilian, whereas he was an Andalusian, of the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and as full of mischief as a collegian or a page: and he replied:

"If so, your worship's beds must be hard rocks,

and your sleep continual watching; and that being the case, you may dismount with a certainty of finding here sufficient cause for being kept awake the whole year, much less a single night." So saying, he laid hold of Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pain, for he had fasted the whole of the day. He then desired the host to take especial care of his steed, for it was the finest creature ever fed; the innkeeper examined him, but thought him not so good by half as his master had represented him. Having led the horse to the stable, he returned to receive the orders of his guest, whom the damsels, being now reconciled to him, were disarming; they had taken off the back and breast plates, but endeavoured in vain to disengage the gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened with green ribbons in such a manner that they could not be untied, and he would upon no account allow them to be cut; therefore he remained all that night with his helmet on, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

While these girls, whom he still conceived to be persons of quality, and ladies of the castle, were disarming him, he said to them, with infinite grace, "Never before was knight so honoured by ladies as Don Quixote, after his departure from his native village! damsels attended on him; princesses took charge of his steed! O Rozinante,—for that, ladies, is the name of my horse, and Don Quixote de la Mancha my own; the time shall come when your ladyships may command, and I obey; when the

valour of my arm shall make manifest the desire I have to serve you." The girls, unaccustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, made no reply, but asked whether he would please to eat anything.

"I shall willingly take some food," answered Don Quixote, "for I apprehend it would be of much service to me." That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing in the house but some fish.

"Be that as it may," replied Don Quixote, "let it come immediately, for the toil and weight of arms cannot be sustained by the body unless the interior be supplied with aliments."

For the benefit of the cool air, they placed the table at the door of the inn, and the landlord produced some of his ill-soaked and worse-cooked bacalao,[1] with bread as foul and black as the knight's armour. It was a laughable spectacle to see him eat; for his hands being engaged in holding his helmet on and raising the beaver, he could not feed himself, therefore one of the ladies performed this office for him. But to drink would have been utterly impossible, had not the innkeeper bored a reed, and, placing one end into his mouth, at the other poured in the wine. All this he patiently endured rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the meantime there came to the inn a sow-doctor, who, as soon as he arrived, blew his pipe of reeds four or five times, which finally convinced Don Quixote that he was now in some famous castle,

[1] Salt cod, a common dish in Southern Europe. In the middle ages it was thought to be a cause of leprosy.

where he was regaled with music; that the poor fish was trout, the bread of the purest white, the country girls ladies of distinction, and the innkeeper governor of the castle; consequently he remained satisfied with his enterprise and first sally, though it troubled him to reflect that he was not yet a knight, feeling persuaded that he could not lawfully engage in any adventure until he had been invested with the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER III

THE PLEASANT METHOD DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO BE DUBBED KNIGHT

AGITATED by this idea, he abruptly finished his scanty supper, called the innkeeper, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell on his knees before him, and said:

"Never will I arise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy shall grant a boon which it is my intention to request: a boon that will redound to your glory, and to the benefit of all mankind." The innkeeper, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing his language, stood confounded, without knowing what to do or say; he entreated him to rise, but in vain, until he had promised to grant the boon he requested.

"I expected no less, Señor, from your great magnificence," replied Don Quixote; "know, therefore,

that the boon I have demanded, and which your liberality has conceded, is that, on the morrow, you will confer upon me the honour of knighthood. This night I will watch my arms in the chapel of your castle, in order that, in the morning, my earnest desire may be fulfilled, and I may with propriety traverse the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures for the relief of the distressed; conformable to the duties of chivalry and of knights-errant."

The host, who, as we have said, was a shrewd fellow, and had already entertained some doubts respecting the wits of his guest, was now confirmed in his suspicions. To make sport for the night, he determined to follow his humour. He told him therefore that his desire was very reasonable, and that such pursuits were natural and suitable to knights so illustrious as he appeared to be, and as his gallant demeanour fully testified; that he had himself, in the days of his youth, followed that honourable profession, and travelled over various parts of the world in search of adventures; and that finally he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his revenue; entertaining therein all knights-errant of every quality and degree, solely for the great affection he bore them, and that they might share their fortune with him, in return for his good will.

He further told him that in his castle there was no chapel wherein he could watch his armour, for it had been pulled down, in order to be rebuilt; but that, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be done wherever he pleased; therefore he might watch it

that night in a court of the castle, and the following morning, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, and he should be dubbed so effectually, that the world would not be able to produce a more perfect knight.

He then inquired if he had any money about him? Don Quixote told him he had none: having never read in their histories that knights-errant provided themselves with money. The innkeeper assured him he was mistaken, for, admitting that it was not mentioned in their history, the authors deeming it unnecessary to specify things so obviously requisite as money and clean shirts, yet was it not, therefore, to be inferred that they had none; but, on the contrary, he might consider it as an established fact that all knights-errant, of whose histories so many volumes are filled, carried their purses well provided against accidents: that they were also supplied with shirts, and a small casket of ointments to heal the wounds they might receive. He therefore advised, though, as his godson (which he was soon to be), he might command him, never henceforth to travel without money and the aforesaid provisions; and he would find them serviceable when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with punctuality; and an order was now given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining the inn. Don Quixote, having collected it together, placed it on a cistern which was close to a well; then, bracing on his target and grasping his lance, with graceful demeanour, he paced to and

fro, before the pile, beginning his parade as soon as it was dark.

The innkeeper informed all who were in the inn of the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and of the intended knighting. They were surprised at so singular a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance. They perceived him sometimes quietly pacing along, and sometimes leaning upon his lance with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a considerable time. It was now night, but the moon shone with a splendour which might vie even with that whence it was borrowed; so that every motion of our knight-elect might be distinctly seen.

At this time, it happened that one of the carriers wanted to give his mules some water; for which purpose it was necessary to remove Don Quixote's armour from the cistern; who seeing him advance, exclaimed with a loud voice:

"O thou rash knight! whosoever thou art, who approachest the armour of the most valiant adventurer that ever girded sword, beware of what thou dost, and touch it not, unless thou wouldst yield thy life as the forfeit of thy temerity." The carrier heeded not this admonition (though better would it have been for him if he had), but, seizing hold of the straps, he threw the armour some distance from him; which Don Quixote perceiving, he raised his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts, apparently, to his lady Dulcinea, said:

"Assist me, O lady, to avenge this first insult

offered to your vassal's breast; nor let your favour and protection fail me in this first perilous encounter."

Having uttered these and similar ejaculations, he let slip his target, and raising his lance with both hands, he gave the carrier such a stroke upon the head that he fell to the ground in so grievous a plight that, had the stroke been repeated, there would have been no need of a surgeon. This done he replaced his armour, and continued his parade with the same tranquillity as before.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had passed, for the first yet lay stunned, came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and, as he approached to take away the armour from the cistern, Don Quixote, without saying a word or imploring any protection, again let slip his target, raised his lance, and, with no less effect than before, smote the head of the second carrier. The noise brought out all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the rest; upon which Don Quixote braced on his target, and laying his hand upon his sword, said:

"O lady of beauty! strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart! Now is the time for thee to turn thy illustrious eyes upon this thy captive knight, whom so mighty an encounter awaits!" This address, had, he conceived, animated him with so much courage that, were all the carriers in the world to have assailed him, he would not have retreated one step.

The comrades of the wounded, upon discovering

the situation of their friends, began at a distance to discharge a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, who sheltered himself as well as he could with his target, without daring to quit the cistern, because he would not abandon his armour. The innkeeper called aloud to them, begging they would desist, for he had already told them he was insane, and that, as a madman, he would be acquitted, though he were to kill them all. Don Quixote, in a voice still louder, called them infamous traitors, and the lord of the castle a cowardly, base-born knight, for allowing knights-errant to be treated in that manner; declaring that, had he received the order of knighthood, he would have made him sensible of his perfidy.

"But as for you, ye vile and worthless rabble, I utterly despise ye! Advance! Come on, molest me as far as ye are able, for quickly shall ye receive the reward of your folly and insolence!" This he uttered with so much spirit and intrepidity that the assailants were struck with terror; which, in addition to the landlord's persuasions, made them cease their attack; he then permitted the wounded to be carried off, and, with the same gravity and composure, resumed the watch of his armour.

The host, not relishing these pranks of his guest, determined to put an end to them, before any further mischief ensued, by immediately investing him with the luckless order of chivalry: approaching him, therefore, he disclaimed any concurrence, on his part, in the insolent conduct of those low people, who were, he observed, well chastised for their presumption.

He repeated to him that there was no chapel in the castle, nor was it by any means necessary for what remained to be done; that the stroke of knighting consisted in blows on the neck and shoulders, according to the ceremonial of the order, which might be effectually performed in the middle of a field; that the duty of watching his armour he had now completely fulfilled, for he had watched more than four hours, though only two were required. All this Don Quixote believed, and said that he was there ready to obey him, requesting him, at the same time, to perform the deed as soon as possible; because, should he be assaulted again when he found himself knighted, he was resolved not to leave one person alive in the castle, excepting those whom, out of respect to him, and at his particular request, he might be induced to spare.

The host, thus warned and alarmed, immediately brought forth a book in which he kept his account of the straw and oats he furnished to the carriers, and, attended by a boy, who carried an end of candle, and the two damsels before mentioned, went towards Don Quixote, whom he commanded to kneel down. He then began reading in his manual, as if it were some devout prayer, in the course of which he raised his hand and gave him a good blow on the neck, and, after that, a handsome stroke over the shoulders, with his own sword, still muttering between his teeth, as if in prayer. This being done, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with much alacrity, as well as discretion,

no small portion of which was necessary to avoid bursting with laughter at every part of the ceremony; but indeed the prowess they had seen displayed by the new knight kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said:

"God grant you may be a fortunate knight and successful in battle."

Don Quixote inquired her name, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was indebted for the favour received, as it was his intention to bestow upon her some share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied, with much humility, that her name was Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler at Toledo, who lived at the stalls of Sanchobienaya; and that, wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote, in reply, requested her, for his sake, to do him the favour henceforth to add to her name the title of donna, and call herself Doñña Tolosa, which she promised to do. The other girl now buckled on his spur, and with her he held nearly the same conference as with the lady of the sword; having inquired her name, she told him it was Molinera, and that she was daughter to an honest miller of Antiquera: he then requested her likewise to assume the donna and style herself Doñña Molinera, renewing his proffers of service and thanks.

These never-till-then-seen ceremonies being thus speedily performed, Don Quixote was impatient to find himself on horseback, in quest of adventures. He therefore instantly saddled Rozinante, mounted

him, and, embracing his host, made his acknowledgments for the favour he had conferred by knighting him, in terms so extraordinary, that it would be in vain to attempt to repeat them. The host, in order to get rid of him the sooner, replied, with no less flourish, but more brevity; and, without making any demand for his lodging, wished him a good journey.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT BEFEL OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD SALLIED FROM THE INN

LIGHT of heart, Don Quixote issued forth from the inn about break of day, so satisfied and so pleased to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a Squire, purposing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry.

With this determination he turned Rozinante towards his village; and the steed, as if aware of his master's intention, began to push on with so much alacrity that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the

ground. He had not, however, gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard feeble cries, as from some person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it when he said, "I thank Heaven for the favour it does me, by offering me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my protection and assistance." Then, turning the reins, he guided Rozinante towards the place whence he thought the cries proceeded, and he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and to another, a lad about fifteen years of age, naked from the waist upwards, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for, said he, "The tongue slow and the eyes quick."

The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear sir; by the passion of God, I will never do so again; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock."

Don Quixote, observing what passed, now called out in an angry tone:

"Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to deal thus with one who is not able to defend himself. Get upon thy horse, and take thy lance" (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak, to which the mare was fastened), "and I will make thee sensible

of thy dastardly conduct." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and therefore humbly answered:

"Señor cavalier, this lad I am chastising is a servant of mine, whom I employ to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts; but he is so careless that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but before God, and on my conscience, he lies."

"Dar'st thou say so in my presence, vile rustic?" said Don Quixote. "By the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through with this lance! Pay him immediately, without further reply; if not, by the God that rules us, I will despatch thee in a moment! Unbind him instantly!"

The countryman hung down his head, and, without reply, untied his boy. Don Quixote then asked the lad how much his master owed him, and he answered nine months' wages, at seven reals a month. Don Quixote, on calculation, found that it amounted to sixty-three reals, and desired the countryman instantly to disburse them, unless he meant to pay it with his life.

"The mischief is, Señor cavalier," quoth the countryman in a fright, "that I have no money about me; but let Andrés go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real, and *perfumed* into the bargain."

"For the perfuming, I thank thee," said Don

Quixote: "give him the reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that thou failest not; or else by the same oath, I swear to return and chastise thee; for know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses; so farewell and do not forget what thou hast promised and sworn, on pain of the penalty I have denounced." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was soon far off.

Thus did the valorous Don Quixote redress this wrong; and, elated at so fortunate and glorious a beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, entirely satisfied with himself.

He now came to the road, which branched out in four different directions; when immediately those crossways presented themselves to his imagination where knights-errant usually stop to consider which of the roads they shall take. Here, then, following their example, he paused awhile, and, after mature consideration, let go the reins; submitting his own will to that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. Having proceeded about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them in number; they carried umbrellas, and were attended by four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure: and, to imitate as nearly as possible what he had read in his books, as he fancied this to be cut out

on purpose for him to achieve, with a graceful deportment and intrepid air, he settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, awaited the approach of those whom he already judged to be knights-errant; and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, he raised his voice, and, with an arrogant tone, cried out:

"Hold! let no one hope to pass that does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso!" The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and also to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and, both by the one and the other, they perceived the madness of the speaker, but they were disposed to stay and see what this confession meant which he required; and therefore one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him:

"Señor cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be: let us but see her, and if she be really so beautiful as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, make the confession you demand of us."

"Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit of confessing a truth so manifest? It is essential that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and, if not, I challenge you all to battle."

"Señor cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech

your worship to show us some picture of this lady, though no bigger than a barleycorn, and, I verily believe we are so far inclined to your side that, although her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour."

"There distils not, base scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, "there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton; neither doth she squint, nor is she hunchbacked, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama:[1] but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty!" So saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken with so much fury and rage that, if good fortune had not so ordered that Rozinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the rash merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field for some time, endeavouring to rise, but in vain; so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs and helmet, added to the weight of his antiquated armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, he continued calling out:

"Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves, for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended."

[1] A small town nine leagues from Madrid, situated at the foot of a mountain, the rocks of which are so perpendicular that they are called "the Spindles." Near it stands the Escurial.—JARVIS.

A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the arrogant language of the poor fallen gentleman, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and coming to him, he took the lance, which having broken to pieces, he applied one of the splinters with so much agility upon Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armour, he was threshed like wheat though his masters called out, desiring him to forbear.

At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants departed, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight, who, when he found himself alone, again endeavoured to rise: but, if he could not do it when sound and well, how should he in so bruised and battered a condition? Yet he was consoled in looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant; and imputing the blame to his horse: although to raise himself up was impossible, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

CHAPTER V

THE NARRATION OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE

VERY full of pain, yet soon as he was able to stir, Don Quixote had recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some incident in his books, and his frenzy instantly suggested to him that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carlotto left him wounded on the mountain: a story familiar to

children, not unknown to youth, commended and even credited by old men; yet no more true than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this seemed to him exactly suited to his case; therefore he began to roll himself on the ground, and to repeat, in a faint voice, what they affirm was said by the wounded knight of the wood:

> "Where art thou, mistress of my heart,
> Unconscious of thy lover's smart?
> Ah me! thou know'st not my distress,
> Or thou art false and pitiless."

In this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to those verses where it is said:—"O noble marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood!"—just at that instant it so happened that a peasant of his own village, a near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill, passed by; and, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, he came up, and asked him who he was, and what was the cause of his doleful lamentations?

Don Quixote, firmly believing him to be the marquis of Mantua, his uncle, returned him no answer, but proceeded with the romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, just as it is there recounted.

The peasant was astonished at this extravagant discourse; and taking off the vizor, now battered all to pieces, he wiped the dust from the fallen knight's face; upon which he recognised him, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Señor Quixada" (for so he was called before

he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant), "how came your worship in this condition?" But still he answered out of his romance to whatever question he was asked.

The good man, seeing this, contrived to take off the back and breastpiece of his armour, to examine if he had any wound; but he saw no blood nor sign of any hurt. He then endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with no little trouble placed him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of lance, and tied them upon Rozinante; then taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on towards his village, full of concern at the wild language of Don Quixote.

No less thoughtful was the knight, who was so cruelly beaten and bruised that he could scarcely keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon he sent forth groans that seemed to pierce the skies, insomuch that the peasant was again forced to inquire what ailed him. And surely the Evil One alone could have furnished his memory with stories so applicable to what had befallen him; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the Moor Abindarraez, at the time when the governor of Antequera, Roderigo of Narvaez, had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle; so that when the peasant asked him again how he was, and what he felt, he answered him in the very same terms that were used by Abindarraez to Roderigo of Narvaez, when the

latter carried him away prisoner to his castle (as he had read in the *Diana* of George de Montemayor), applying it so aptly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense, which convinced him that his neighbour had run mad, and he therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, and thereby escape the plague of Don Quixote's long speeches; who, still continuing, said:

" Be it known to your worship, Senor Don Roderigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be, seen in the world." To this the peasant answered:

" Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Roderigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo your neighbour: neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Señor Quixada."

" I know who I am," answered Don Quixote; " and I know, too, that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of France, yea, and the nine worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they have jointly or separately achieved."

With this and similar conversation, they reached the village about sunset: but the peasant waited until the night was a little advanced, that the poor battered gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted. When he thought it the proper time he

entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in confusion. The priest, or, as he was familiarly called, "the curate," and the barber of the place, who were Don Quixote's particular friends, happened to be there: and the housekeeper was saying to them aloud:

"What do you think, Señor Licentiate Pero Perez" (for that was the priest's name), "of my master's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is certainly true as I was born to die, that these accursed books of knight-errantry, which he is often reading, have turned his brain; and, now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures." The niece joined with her, adding, "Ah, Master Nicholas" (for that was the barber's name), "I take the blame of all this to myself, for not informing you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, that they might have been cured before they had gone so far, by burning all those cursed books, which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames as if they were heretical." "I say the same," quoth the curate; "and, in faith, to-morrow shall not pass without holding a public inquisition upon them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may not occasion others to act as I fear my good friend has done."

All this was overheard by Don Quixote and the

peasant; and, as it confirmed the latter in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity, he began to cry aloud, "Open the doors, gentlemen, to Señor Valdovinos, and the marquis of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Señor Abindarraez the Moor, whom the valorous Roderigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner." Hearing this, they all came out; and, immediately recognising their friend, they ran to embrace him, although he had not yet alighted from the ass; for indeed it was not in his power. "Forbear, all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded, through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed; and, if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda, to search and heal my wounds." "Look ye," said the housekeeper immediately, "if my heart did not tell me truly on which leg my master halted. Get upstairs in God's name; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass!" They carried him directly to his chamber, where, on searching for his wounds, they could discover none. He then told them "he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rozinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants on the face of the earth." "Ho, ho!" says the priest, "what, there are giants too in the dance! by my faith, I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, to which he would return no

answer; he only desired that they would give him some food, and allow him to sleep, that being what he most required. Having done this, the priest inquired particularly of the countryman in what condition Don Quixote had been found. The countryman gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered, both at the time of finding him, and during their journey home; which made the Licentiate impatient to carry into execution what he had determined to do the following day, when, for that purpose, calling upon his friend Master Nicholas the barber, they proceeded together to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI

THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER IN THE LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

Long and heavy was the sleep of Don Quixote; meanwhile the curate having asked the niece for the key of the chamber containing the books, those authors of the mischief, which she delivered with a very good will, they entered, attended by the housekeeper, and found above a hundred large volumes well bound, besides a great number of smaller size. No sooner did the housekeeper see them than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, saying: "Señor Licentiate, take this, and

sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter of the many these books abound with, should enchant us, as a punishment for our intentions to banish them out of the world." The curate smiled at the housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; as they might perhaps find some that deserved not to be chastised by fire. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers: so let them all be thrown into the court-yard; and, having made a pile of them, set fire to it; or else make a bonfire of them in the back-yard, where the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper said the same; so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not consent to it without first reading the titles at least.

That same night, however, the housekeeper set fire to, and burnt, all the books that were in the yard, and in the house. Some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives: but their destiny, or the indolence of the scrutineer, forbade it; and in them was fulfilled the saying that "the just sometimes suffer for the unjust." One of the remedies which the priest and the barber prescribed at that time, for their friend's malady, was to wall up the chamber which had contained his books, hoping that, when the cause was removed, the effect might cease; and that they should pretend that an enchanter had carried room and all away. This was speedily executed; and, two days after,

when Don Quixote left his bed, the first thing that occurred to him was to visit his books; and not finding the room, he went up and down looking for it; when, coming to the former situation of the door, he felt with his hands, and stared about on all sides without speaking a word for some time; at length he asked the housekeeper where the chamber was in which he kept his books. She, who was already well-tutored what to answer, said to him:

"What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room, nor books, in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away."

"It was not the devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after the day of your departure, and, alighting from a serpent on which he rode, entered the room: what he did there, I know not, but, after some little time, out he came flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the wicked old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that from a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house which would soon be manifest: he told us also, that he was called the sage Munniaton." "Freston he meant to say," quoth Don Quixote. "I know not," answered the housekeeper, "whether his name be Freston, or Friton; all I know is, that it ended in ton."—"It doth so," replied Don Quixote. "He is

a sage enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me malice, because by his skill and learning he knows, that in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him, in spite of his protection. On this account he endeavours, as much as he can, to molest me: but let him know, from me, that he cannot withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven."—"Who doubts of that?" said the niece; "but, dear uncle, what have you to do with these broils? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home and not ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten; without considering that many go out for wool and return shorn?"—"O niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little dost thou know of the matter! Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine." Neither of them would make any further reply; for they saw his choler begin to rise. Fifteen days he remained at home, very tranquil, discovering no symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics; during which time much pleasant conversation passed between him and his two neighbours, the priest and the barber: he always affirming that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for, had he not been thus cautious, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the meantime Don Quixote tampered with a

labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, but shallow-brained; in short he said so much, used so many arguments, and made so many promises, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him in the capacity of a squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him that he ought to be very glad to accompany him, for such an adventure might some time or the other occur, that by one stroke an island might be won, where he might leave him governor. With this and other promises, Sancho Panza (for that was the labourer's name) left his wife and children, and engaged himself as squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote now set about raising money; and, by selling one thing, pawning another, and losing by all, he collected a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet in the best manner he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought would be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; which Sancho assured him he would not neglect; he said also that he thought of taking an ass with him, as he had a very good one, and he was not used to travel much on foot. With regard to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little: endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted on ass-back: but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass, resolving to accommodate him more

honourably, at the earliest opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts, and other things, conformably to the advice given him by the innkeeper.

All this being accomplished, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, or the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village unperceived; and they travelled so hard that by break of day they believed themselves secure, even if search were made after them. Sancho Panza proceeded upon his ass, like a patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route as on his first expedition, over the plain of Montiel, which he passed with less inconvenience than before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun, darting on them horizontally, did not annoy them. Sancho Panza now said to his master:

"I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, not to forget your promise concerning that same island; for I shall know how to govern it, be it ever so large."

To which Don Quixote answered:

"Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined

that so laudable a custom shall not be lost through my neglect; on the contrary, if you live, and I live, before six days have passed I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, just fit for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter; for things fall out to knights by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise."

"So then," answered Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, by some of those miracles your worship mentions, Juan Gutierrez, my wife, would come to be a queen, and my children infantas!"

"Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I am verily persuaded that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon the head of Mary Gutierrez; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would sit better upon her, with the help of Heaven and good friends."

"Recommend her to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and He will do what is best for her: but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low as to content thyself with being less than a viceroy."

"Sir, I will not," answered Sancho; "especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what I am best able to bear."

CHAPTER VII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

ENGAGED in this discourse, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which are in that plain; and, as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire:

"Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues."

"Look, sir," answered Sancho, "those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill-stone go."

"It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants: and, if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwith-

standing the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud:

"Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it is a single knight who assaults you."

The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move more rapidly; upon which Don Quixote called out:

"Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it."

He recommended himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, covering himself with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him. Having run his lance into the sail, the wind whirled the latter about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance, as fast as the ass could carry him; and when he came up to his master, he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall.

"God save me!" quoth Sancho, "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head."

"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.

Conversing upon the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the Pass of Lapice; because there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, as it was much frequented. He was, however, concerned at the loss of his lance, and never rested until he had fitted on to the lance-head a new shaft, in the shape of a withered branch which he snapped off from a tree.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered that at present he had no need of food, but that Sancho might eat whenever he thought proper. With this license, the latter adjusted himself as well as he could upon his beast; and, taking out the contents of his wallet, he jogged on behind his master, very leisurely, eating, and ever and anon raising the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, that the best-fed victualler of Malaga

might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, however perilous they might be. In fine, they passed that night under the shelter of some trees. All that night Don Quixote slept not, but ruminated on his lady Dulcinea, conformably to the practice of knights-errant. Not so did Sancho spend the night; for, his stomach being full, and not of chicory-water, he made but one sleep of it; and, had not his master roused him, neither the beams of the sun, that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds which, in great numbers, cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awaked him. At his uprising he applied again to his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before; which grieved him to the heart, for he did not think they were in the way soon to remedy that defect. Don Quixote would not yet break his fast, resolving, as we have said, still to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

They now turned again into the road they had entered upon the day before, leading to the Pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon.

"Here, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, upon seeing it, "we may plunge our arms up to the elbows in what are termed adventures. But attend to this caution, that even shouldst thou see me in the greatest peril in the world, thou must not lay hand

to thy sword to defend me, unless thou perceivest that my assailants are vulgar and low people; in that case thou mayest assist me: but should they be knights, it is in nowise agreeable to the laws of chivalry that thou shouldst interfere, until thou art thyself dubbed a knight."

"I hear your worship," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. Within the coach, as it afterwards appeared, was a Biscayan lady on her way to join her husband at Seville, who was there waiting to embark for India, where he was appointed to a very honourable post. The monks were not in her company, but were only travelling the same road. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire:

"Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever happened; for those black figures that appear yonder must undoubtedly be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach some princess whom they have stolen; which wrong I am bound to use my utmost endeavours to redress.'

"This may prove a worse business than the wind mills," said Sancho; "pray, sir, take notice tha

those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Hearken to my advice, sir; have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou knowest little concerning adventures: what I say is true, as thou wilt presently see."

So saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice:

"Diabolical and monstrous race! Either instantly release the high-born princesses whom ye are carrying away perforce in that coach, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds."

The monks stopped their mules, and stood amazed, as much at the figure of Don Quixote as at his expressions: to which they answered:

"Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but monks of the Benedictine order, travelling on our own business, and entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away in that coach by force, or not."

"No fair speeches to me, for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels!" and without waiting for a reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution that, if he had not slid down from his

mule, he would certainly have been thrown to the ground, and wounded too, if not killed outright. The second monk, on observing how his comrade was treated, clapped spurs to the sides of his good mule, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running up to him, began to disrobe him. While he was thus employed, the two lacqueys came up, and asked him why he was stripping their master. Sancho told them that they were his lawful perquisites, being the spoils of the battle which his lord, Don Quixote, had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand the jest, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing that Don Quixote was at a distance, speaking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and, besides leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, deprived of sense and motion. Without losing a moment, the monk now got upon his mule again, trembling, terrified, and pale as death; and was no sooner mounted than he spurred after his companion, who stood at some distance to observe the issue of this strange encounter; but, being unwilling to wait, they pursued their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been at their heels. In the meantime Don Quixote, as it hath been already mentioned, addressing the lady in the coach, "Your beauteous ladyship may now," said he, "dispose of your person as pleaseth you

best; for the pride of your ravisher lies humbled in the dust, overthrown by my invincible arm; and, that you may be at no trouble to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire who accompanied the coach, a Biscayan, who, finding he would not let it proceed, but talked of their immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner:

"Cavalier, begone! and the devil go with thee! I swear, by the power that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscayan."

Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered:

"If thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave."

"I no gentleman!" said the Biscayan; "I swear by the great God, thou liest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see how soon the cat will get into the

water:[1] Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest! Now, what hast thou to say?"

"Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; then, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his buckler, and set upon the Biscayan with a resolution to take his life. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted, knowing that his mule, a wretched hackney, was not to be trusted, but he had only time to draw his sword. Fortunately for him, he was so near the coach as to be able to snatch from it a cushion, that served him for a shield: whereupon, they immediately fell to, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but it was impossible; for the Biscayan swore, in his jargon, that if they would not let him finish the combat, he would murder his mistress, or whoever attempted to prevent him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, ordered the coachman to remove a little out of the way, and sat at a distance, beholding the fierce conflict; in the progress of which the Biscayan gave Don Quixote so mighty a stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that had it not been for his armour, he had cleft him down

[1] "To carry the cat to the water" is a saying applied to one who is victorious in any contest; and it is taken from a game in which two cats are tied together by the tail, then carried near a pit or well (having the water between them), and the cat which first pulls the other in is declared conqueror.

to the girdle. Don Quixote feeling the weight of that blow, cried out aloud, saying:

"O lady of my soul! Dulcinea, flower of all beauty! succour this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this perilous extremity!" This invocation, the drawing of his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and the rushing with fury on the Biscayan, were the work of an instant. He resolved to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan, perceiving his determination, resolved to do the same, and therefore waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion; but he was unable to turn his mule either to the right or the left, for, being already jaded, and unaccustomed to such sport, the creature would not move a step. All the bystanders were in fearful suspense as to the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach and her attendants were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God might deliver them and their squire from this great peril.

The choleric Biscayan was the first who discharged his blow, which fell with such force and fury that, if the edge of his sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight. But good fortune preserving him for greater things, so turned his adversary's sword, that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no

other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off, by the way, a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good Heaven! who is he that can worthily describe the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan at seeing himself thus treated! Let it suffice, that it was such that, raising himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, he discharged it with such fury upon the Biscayan, directly over the cushion, and upon his head, which was unprotected, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out of his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, had not he laid fast hold of her neck: but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups, and then let go his hold; while the mule, frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat on the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and seeing him fall, he leaped from his horse with much agility, ran up to him, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it would have gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote) had not the ladies of the coach, who, till now, had been witnessing the combat in great dismay, approached him, and earnestly entreated that he would do them the great kindness

and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered, with much solemnity and gravity:

"Assuredly, fair ladies, I am most willing to grant you your request, but it must be upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself, from me, before the peerless Donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him according to her pleasure."

The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required or inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him that her squire should perform whatever he commanded.

"Then, on the faith of that promise," said Don Quixote, "I shall do him no further hurt, though he well deserves it at my hands."

CHAPTER VIII

DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA

BEFORE this time, Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the servants of the monk, and stood an attentive spectator during the combat of his master, Don Quixote; beseeching God, in his heart, that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that the knight might thereby win some island, of which he might make him governor, according to his promise.

Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his

master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came up to hold his stirrup. But before Don Quixote had mounted, Sancho fell upon his knees before him, then, taking hold of his hand, and kissing it, said to him:

"Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful battle; for, be it ever so big, I feel in myself ability sufficient to govern it as well as the best that ever governed island in the world."

To which Don Quixote answered:

"Brother Sancho, this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gained but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something yet greater." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and, kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his armour, he helped him to get upon Rozinante; then, mounting his ass, he followed his master, who, going off at a round pace, without taking his leave, or speaking to those in the coach, immediately entered into an adjoining wood.

The squire now brought out what provisions he had, and they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being desirous to seek out some place wherein to rest that night, they soon finished their poor and dry meal, and then made what haste they could to reach some village before night; but both the sun and their hopes failed them

near the huts of some goatherds. They determined, therefore, to take up their lodging with them; but if Sancho was grieved that they could not reach a village, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air, conceiving that, every time this befel him, he was performing an act which confirmed his title to chivalry.

No one could be more kindly received than was Don Quixote by the goatherds; and Sancho having accommodated Rozinante and his ass in the best manner he was able, pursued the odour emitted by certain pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle on a fire; and, though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried whether they were ready to be transferred from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing so, as the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheepskins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and, with much cordiality, invited them both to partake of it. Six of them that belonged to the fold seated themselves round the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, requested Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him:

"Be seated here by my side, in company with these good people, and become one with me, who am thy master, for the same may be said of knight-errantry which is said of love, that it makes all things equal."

" I give you a great many thanks, sir," said Sancho: " but let me tell your worship that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better standing, and alone, than if I were seated close by an emperor."

" Notwithstanding this," said Don Quixote, " thou shalt sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself, God doth exalt;" and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him.

The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, and therefore only ate, held their peace, and stared at their guests, who, with much satisfaction and appetite, swallowed down pieces as large as their fists. The service of flesh being finished, the goatherds spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of mortar. The horn in the meantime stood not idle; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, made a long harangue, in which he gave utterance to expressions like these:

" Happy times, and happy ages, were those which the ancients termed the Golden Age! not because gold, so prized in this our iron age, was to be obtained in that fortunate period without toil; but because they who then lived were ignorant of those two words, Mine and Thine. In that blessed age all things were in common, and all was peace and amity. But as

times became worse, and wickedness increased, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed, the order of knight-errantry was instituted. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, whom I thank for the good cheer and kind reception ye have given me and my squire; for though, by the law of nature, every one living is bound to favour knights-errant, yet as ye have received and regaled me without being aware of this obligation, it is but reasonable that I should return you my warmest acknowledgments."

Our knight made this harangue because the acorns put before him reminded him of the Golden Age, and led him to make that discourse to the goatherds; who, in astonishment, listened to him, without saying a word. Sancho also was silent, devouring the acorns, and making frequent visits to the second wine-bag, which was hanging upon a cork-tree, in order to keep the wine cool.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating, and supper being over, one of the goatherds said, "That your worship, Señor knight-errant, may the more truly say that we entertain you with a ready good-will, one of our comrades, who will soon be here, shall sing for your pleasure." Scarcely had he spoken when a youth appeared, who sang several songs excellently and played on the rebeck with great skill.

But Sancho Panza was more disposed to sleep than to hear ballads; he therefore said to his master:

"Sir, you had better consider where you are to

rest to-night; for the labour which these honest men undergo all day will not suffer them to pass the night in singing."

"I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for it is very evident that visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music."

"It relished well with us all, blessed be God," answered Sancho.

"I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote; "lay thyself down where thou wilt, but it is more becoming for those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, Sancho, if thou wouldst dress this ear again; for it pains me more than it ought."

Sancho was about to do as he was desired; but one of the goatherds seeing the wound, bade him not be concerned about it, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it; then taking some rosemary leaves, which abounded in that place, he chewed them and mixed with them a little salt, and, laying them to the sore, bound them on very fast, assuring him that no other salve would be necessary, which indeed proved to be true.

CHAPTER IX

THE ADVENTURE WITH CERTAIN UNMERCIFUL YANGUESIANS[1]

After this adventure Don Quixote and his squire journeyed on. At last they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of mid-day, which now became very oppressive. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and, leaving the ass and Rozinante at large to feed upon the abundant grass, they ransacked the wallet; and, without any ceremony, in friendly and social wise, master and man shared what it contained. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rozinante. Fortune so ordered it that there were grazing in the same valley a number of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the noon, with their drove, in places where there is grass and water. That where Don Quixote then reposed suited their purpose. Now it so happened that Rozinante conceived a wish to pay his respects to the drove, and departed at a brisk trot to interview them. But they received him with their heels and their teeth in such a manner that in a little time his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have affected him more sensibly was,

[1] Carriers of Galicia and inhabitants of the district of Yanguas in the Rioja.

that the carriers, having witnessed his intrusion, set upon him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him that they laid him along on the ground in a wretched plight.

By this time the knight and squire, having seen the drubbing of Rozinante, came up in great haste; and Don Quixote said:

"By what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but low people of a scoundrel race. I tell thee this, because thou art on that account justified in assisting me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rozinante before our eyes."

"What kind of revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "since they are above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?"

"I am equal to a hundred!" replied Don Quixote; and, without saying more, he laid his hands on his sword, and flew at the Yanguesians; and Sancho did the same, incited by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leathern doublet. The Yanguesians, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, seized their staves, and, surrounding them, began to dispense their blows with great vehemence and animosity; and true it is that at the second blow they brought Sancho to the ground. The same fate befel Don Quixote—his courage and dexterity availing him nothing; and, he just fell at Rozinante's feet, who had not yet been able to rise. The Yanguesians, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed and

pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to his senses was Sancho Panza, who, finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice cried:

"Señor Don Quixote! ah, Señor Don Quixote!"

"What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?" answered the knight, in the same feeble and lamentable tone.

"I could wish, if it were possible," said Sancho Panza, "your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Feo Blass, if you have it here at hand. Perhaps it may do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds."

"The Balsam of Fierabras, you mean. Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass (if fortune decree not otherwise), I will have it in my possession, or my hands shall fail me much."

"But in how many days," said the squire, "does your worship think we shall recover the use of our feet?"

"For my part," answered the battered knight, "I cannot ascertain the precise term: but I alone am to blame, for having laid hand on my sword against men who are not knights like myself."

Sancho, sending forth thirty "alases," and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on those who had brought him into that situation, endeavoured to raise himself, but stopped half-way, bent like a Turkish bow, being wholly unable to stand upright:

notwithstanding this, he managed to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rozinante, who, had he a tongue wherewithal to complain, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. Sancho at length settled Don Quixote upon the ass, to whose tail he then tied Rozinante, and, taking hold of the halter of Dapple, he led them, now faster, now slower, towards the place where he thought the high-road might lie; and had scarcely gone a short league, when fortune, that was conducting his affairs from good to better, discovered to him the road, where he also espied an inn; which, to his sorrow, and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the dispute lasted so long that they arrived there before it was determined: and Sancho, without further expostulation, entered it, with his string of cattle.

CHAPTER X

DON QUIXOTE IN THE INN WHICH HE IMAGINED TO BE A CASTLE

LOOKING at Don Quixote laid across the ass, the innkeeper inquired of Sancho what ailed him? Sancho answered him that it was nothing but a fall from the rock, by which his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a disposition

uncommon among those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and felt for the misfortunes of her neighbours; so that she immediately prepared to relieve Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist in the cure of her guest. There was also a servant at the inn, a broadfaced Asturian wench, named Maritornes. This agreeable lass now assisted the damsel to prepare for Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a hay-loft. In this room lodged also a carrier, whose bed was at a little distance from that of our knight; and though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage over that of Don Quixote, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two unequal trestles, and a mattress no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which from their hardness might have been taken for pebbles, had not the wool appeared through some fractures; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which you might count if you chose, without losing one of the number.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; after which the hostess and her daughter plaistered him from head to foot; Maritornes contributing her share to the aggregate benefit by holding the light. As the hostess was thus employed, perceiving Don Quixote to be mauled in every part, she said that his bruises seemed the effect rather of a hard drubbing than of a fall.

"Not of a drubbing," said Sancho; "but the knobs and sharp points of the rock, every one of which has left its mark: and, now I think of it," added he, "pray, contrive to spare a morsel of that ointment, as somebody may find it useful—indeed, I suspect that my sides would be glad of a little of it."

"What, you have had a fall too, have you?" said the hostess.

"No," replied Sancho, "not a fall, but a fright, on seeing my master tumble, which so affected my whole body that I feel as if I had received a thousand blows myself."

"That may very well be," said the damsel; "for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and, when I awoke, I have found myself as much bruised and battered as if I had really fallen."

"But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote."

"What do you say is the name of this gentleman?" quoth the Asturian.

"Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza: "he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen in the world for this long time."

"What is a knight-errant?" said the wench.

"Are you such a novice as not to know that?" answered Sancho Panza. "You must know, then, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words,

is cudgelled and made an emperor; to-day he is the most unfortunate wretch in the world: and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire."

"How comes it then to pass that you, being squire to this worthy gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?"

"It is early days yet," answered Sancho, "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes we look for one thing, and find another. But the truth is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not trade my hopes for the best title in Spain."

To all this conversation Don Quixote had listened very attentively; and now, raising himself up in the bed as well as he could, and taking the hand of his hostess, he said to her: "Believe me, beauteous lady, you may esteem yourself fortunate in having entertained me in this your castle. My squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraven on my memory, and be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure. And, had it pleased the high heavens that Love had not held me so enthralled and subject to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate whose name I silently pronounce, those of this lovely virgin had become enslavers of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Mari-

tornes, stood confounded at this harangue of our knight-errant, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek, although they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service; but not being accustomed to such kind of language, they gazed at him with surprise, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and, after thanking him, in their inn-like phrase, for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes however doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of plaisters than his master.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, crazy bed, stood first in the middle of the cock-loft; and close by it Sancho had placed his own, which consisted only of a rush mat, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next to the squire stood that of the carrier, made up, as hath been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of his best mules.

I say, then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second "feed," he laid himself down upon his pannels. Sancho was already plaistered, and in bed; and, though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not allow him; and Don Quixote, from the same cause, kept his eyes as wide open as those of a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and contained no other light than what proceeded from a lamp which hung in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts of our knight, which incessantly recurred to those adventures so common in the

annals of chivalry, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whims that can well be conceived: for he imagined that he was now in some famous castle, and that the daughter of its lord, captivated by his fine appearance, had become enamoured of him. He began to feel some alarm, reflecting on the dangerous trial to which his fidelity was on the point of being exposed; but resolved in his heart not to suffer disloyal thoughts against his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso to gain ascendancy, though Queen Ginebra herself, with the lady Quintaniana, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were occupied by these extravagances, it chanced that Maritornes had forgotten to execute some of her master's orders, viz., to fetch from the larder-loft some articles which were needed for the next day's use. Just when she was about to go to bed she remembered the commission, and thinking everyone would be asleep stole up to execute it. With silent and cautious step she advanced towards the larder. But scarcely had she passed the threshold of the door when Don Quixote heard her; and, sitting up in bed, in spite of plaisters and the pain of his ribs, he stretched out his arms towards the damsel, who, crouching, and holding her breath as she went, with hands extended feeling her way, encountered the arms of Don Quixote. He caught hold of her by the wrist, and drawing her towards him, in a low and amorous voice he said to her: "O! that I were in a state, beautiful and exalted lady, to return so vast a favour as this you confer

upon me, by your charming presence! but the plighted faith I have sworn to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my most recondite thoughts, must keep me true to her."

Maritornes was in the utmost vexation at being thus confined by Don Quixote; and, not hearing or attending to what he said, she struggled, without speaking a word, to release herself. The carrier, who had a fondness for the damsel, had heard her from the first moment she entered the room. He listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said. He then advanced to Don Quixote's bed and stood still, in order to discover the tendency of his discourse, which, however, he could not understand; but, seeing that the wench struggled to get from him, and that Don Quixote laboured to hold her, and not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the knight, that his mouth was bathed in blood; then, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them somewhat above a trot from one end to the other. The bed, which was crazy, and its foundations none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down to the ground with such a crash that the innkeeper awoke; and, having called aloud to Maritornes without receiving an answer, he immediately conjectured it was some serious affair. The wench, seeing her master coming, and knowing his furious disposition, retreated in terror to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep; and there rolled herself into a ball. The innkeeper

entered, calling out, "Where are you, girl? what mischief is on now?" Sancho was now disturbed, and feeling such a mass upon him, fancied he had got the nightmare, and began to lay about him on every side; and not a few of his blows reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, cast aside all decorum, and made Sancho such a return in kind that she effectually roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness. The carrier, perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with the lady of his heart, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to her assistance. The landlord followed him, but with a different intention; for it was to chastise the wench, Therefore the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench Sancho, and the innkeeper the wench, until amidst all, the landlord's candle went out.

It happened that there lodged that night at the inn, an officer belonging to the holy brotherhood of Toledo;[1] who, hearing the noise of the scuffle, seized his wand, and entered the room in the dark, calling out, "Forbear, in the name of justice; forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood." The first he encountered was the battered Don Quixote, who, stretched upon his back, lay senseless on his demolished bed. Laying hold of the knight's beard as he was groping about, the officer cried out repeatedly, "I charge you to aid and assist me." Finding that the person whom he held was motionless, he concluded that he was dead, and that the

[1] Corresponding in some measure to our police.

people in the room were his murderers. Upon which he raised his voice still louder, crying, "Shut the inn door, and let none escape; for here is a man murdered!" These words startled them all, and the conflict instantly ceased. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the girl to her bed: the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho alone were incapable of moving. The officer now let go the beard of Don Quixote, and, in order to search after and secure the delinquents, he went out for a light, but could find none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp, when he retired to his chamber; and therefore he was obliged to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much time and trouble, he lighted another lamp.

CHAPTER XI

THE DISASTERS IN THE INN

Don Quixote by this time had come to himself, and, in the same dolorous tone in which the day before he had called to his squire, when he lay extended in the valley of pack-staves, he now again called to him, saying:

"Sancho, friend, art thou asleep? art thou asleep, friend Sancho?"

"How should I sleep? woe is me!" answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation; "for I think all the fiends from the pit have been with me to-night."

"Well mayst thou believe so," answered Don Quixote; "for either I know nothing, or this castle is enchanted, for an invisible hand, affixed to the arm of some monstrous giant, gave me so violent a blow that my mouth was bathed in blood, and afterwards so bruised me that I am now in a worse state than that wherein the carriers left me yesterday. Whence I conjecture that the damsel of this castle is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and therefore not to be approached by me."

"Nor by me neither," answered Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors have buffeted me in such a manner that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheese-cakes to it. Woe is me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; yet, of all our mishaps, the greater part still falls to my share."

"What, hast thou likewise been beaten?" said Don Quixote.

"Have not I told you so? Evil befall my lineage!" quoth Sancho.

"Console thyself, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I will now make that precious balsam which will cure us in the twinkling of an eye." At this moment the officer, having lighted his lamp, entered to examine the person whom he conceived to have been murdered; and Sancho, seeing him enter in his shirt, with a nightcap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a countenance far from well-favoured, asked his master if it was the enchanted Moor coming to finish the correction he had bestowed upon them.

"It cannot be the Moor," answered Don Quixote; "for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be visible."

"If they do not choose to be seen, they will be felt," said Sancho: "witness my shoulders."

"Mine might speak, too," answered Don Quixote. "But this is not sufficient evidence to convince us that he whom we see is the enchanted Moor."

The officer, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in astonishment: although it is true that Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, unable to stir, from bruises and plaisters. The officer approached him, and said, "Well, my good fellow, how are you?"

"I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country, blockhead, thus to address knights-errant?"

The officer, not disposed to bear this language from one of so scurvy an aspect, lifted up his lamp, and dashed it, with all its contents, at the head of Don Quixote, and then made his retreat in the dark.

"Surely," quoth Sancho Panza, "this must be the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only fisticuffs and lampshots." [1]

"It is even so," answered Don Quixote; "and it is to no purpose to regard those affairs of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them; for, being invisible, and mere phantoms, all endeavours to seek revenge would be fruitless. Rise,

[1] In the original, *Candilazos* is a new-coined word.

Sancho, if thou canst, and call the governor of this fortress, and procure me some oil, wine, salt and rosemary, to make the healing balsam of Fierabras; for in truth I want it much at this time, as the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up with aching bones; and, as he was proceeding in the dark towards the landlord's chamber, he met the officer, who was watching the movements of his enemy, and said to him:

"Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies there, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor who is in this inn."

The officer, hearing this, took him for a maniac; and, as the day now began to dawn, he opened the inn door, and calling the host, told him what Sancho wanted. The innkeeper furnished him with what he desired, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain caused by the lamp, which, however, had done him no other hurt than raising a couple of tolerably large tumours; what he took for blood being only moisture, occasioned by the pelting of the storm which had just blown over. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them some time, until he thought the mixture had arrived at the exact point. He then asked for a vial to hold it; but, as there was no such thing in the inn, he resolved to

put it in a cruse, or tin oil-flask, of which the host made him a present. This being done, he pronounced over the cruse above four-score Paternosters, and as many Ave-Marias, Salves, and Credos, accompanying every word with a cross, by way of benediction; all which was performed in the presence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer. As for the carrier, he had gone soberly about the business of tending his mules. Having completed the operation, Don Quixote resolved to make trial immediately of the virtue of that precious balsam; and therefore drank about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot wherein it was boiled, after the cruse was filled; and scarcely had he swallowed the potion when it was rejected and followed by so violent a retching that nothing was left on his stomach. To the pain and exertion of this, a copious perspiration succeeding, he desired to be covered up warm, and left alone. They did so, and he continued asleep above three hours, when he awoke and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and his battered and bruised members so much restored that he considered himself as perfectly recovered, and was thoroughly persuaded that he was in possession of the true balsam of Fierabras.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pot, which was no small quantity. This request being granted, he took it in both hands, and, with good faith and better will, swallowed down very little less than his master had

done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so delicate as that of his master; and, therefore, before he could reject it, he endured such pangs and loathings, with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come; and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said:

"I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief hath befallen thee because thou art not dubbed a knight: for I am of opinion this liquor can do good only to those who are of that order."

"If your worship knew that," replied Sancho,—"evil betide me and all my generation!—why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the beverage commenced its operation, and the poor squire was relieved. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and shivering-fits, that not only himself, but all present thought he was expiring. This hurricane lasted near two hours; and left him, not sound, like his master, but so exhausted and shattered that he was unable to stand.

Don Quixote, feeling, as we said before, quite renovated, was moved to take his departure immediately in quest of adventures, thinking that by every moment's delay he was depriving the world of his aid and protection; and more especially as he felt secure and confident in the virtues of his balsam. Thus stimulated, he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, and pannelled the ass of his squire, whom he

also helped to dress, and afterwards to mount. He then mounted himself, and, having observed a pike in a corner of the inn-yard, he took possession of it to serve him for a lance.

Being now both mounted, and at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, in a grave and solemn tone of voice, he took farewell of him, and asked if he could serve him in any way by taking vengeance on his enemies. The host answered with the same gravity:

"Sir knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me; all I desire of your worship is to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging."

"What! is this an inn?" exclaimed Don Quixote.

"Ay, and a very creditable one," answered the host.

"Hitherto, then, I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote; "for in truth I took it for a castle; but since it is indeed no castle, but an inn, all that you have now to do is to excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant."

"I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host: "pay me what is my due, and let me have none of your stories and knight-errantries; all I want is to get my own."

"Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful innkeeper," answered Don Quixote; so clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn without opposition, and never turning to see

whether his squire followed him, was soon a good way off. The host, seeing him go without paying, ran to seize Sancho Panza, who said that, since his master would not pay, neither would he pay.

Poor Sancho's ill-luck would have it that among the people in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needlemakers from the fountain of Cordova, and two neighbours from the market-place of Seville: all merry, good-humoured, frolicksome fellows; who came up to Sancho, and having dismounted him, one of them produced a blanket from the landlord's bed, into which Sancho was immediately thrown; but, perceiving that the ceiling was too low, they determined to execute their purpose in the yard. Thither Sancho was carried; and, being placed in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and divert themselves with him, as with a dog at Shrovetide.

The cries which the poor blanketed squire sent forth were so many and so loud, that they reached his master's ears; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he plainly recognised the voice of the squire. Turning the reins he galloped back to the inn-door, and finding it closed, he rode round in search of some other entrance. He had no sooner reached the yard-wall, which was not very high, than he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility that, if his indignation would have suffered him, he certainly would have laughed

outright. He made an effort to get from his horse upon the pales, but was so maimed and bruised that he was unable to alight. Therefore, remaining on horseback, he proceeded to vent his rage, by uttering so many reproaches and invectives against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to commit them to writing. But they suspended neither their laughter nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho cease to pour forth lamentations, mingled now with threats, now with entreaties; yet all were of no avail, and they desisted at last only from pure fatigue. They then brought him his ass, and, wrapping him in his cloak, mounted him thereon. Sancho clapped heels to his ass, and, the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, satisfied that he had paid nothing, and carried his point, though at the expense of his usual pledge, namely, his back. The landlord, it is true, retained his wallets in payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them in the hurry of his departure.

CHAPTER XII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FLOCK OF SHEEP

SANCHO came up to his master so faint and dispirited, that he was not able to urge his ass forward. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said:

"Honest Sancho, that castle, or inn, I am now convinced, is enchanted; for they who so cruelly

sported with thee, what could they be but phantoms and inhabitants of another world? and I am the more persuaded of this because, when I stood at the pales of that yard, I could not get over them."

"And I too," quoth Sancho, "would have revenged myself if I had been able, knight or no knight, but I could not; though, in my opinion, they who diverted themselves at my expense were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are. In my poor opinion, the better and surer way for us would now be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business; nor go rambling from Ceca to Mecca, and out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"How little dost thou know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "of what appertains to chivalry! Peace, and have patience, for the day will come when thine eyes shall witness how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession."

The knight and his squire went on conferring thus together, when Don Quixote perceived in the road on which they were travelling a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; upon which he turned to Sancho, and said:

"This is the day, O Sancho, that shall manifest the good that fortune hath in store for me. This is the day, I say, on which shall be proved, as at all times, the valour of my arm; and on which I shall perform exploits that will be recorded and written in the book of fame, and there remain to all succeeding ages. Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is

raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way."

"If so, there must be two armies," said Sancho; "for here, on this side, arises just such another cloud of dust."

Don Quixote turned, and seeing that it really was so, he rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain, for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges detailed in his favourite books; and in every thought, word, and action he reverted to them. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and, as the dust concealed them until they came near, and Don Quixote affirmed so positively that they were armies, Sancho began to believe it, and said:

"Sir, what then must we do?"

"What?" replied Don Quixote—"favour and assist the weaker side! Thou must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front is led and commanded by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the naked arm—for he always enters into battle with his right arm bare."

"But why do these two princes bear one another so much ill-will?" demanded Sancho.

"They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, in love with Pentapolin's daughter, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and also a Christian; but her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn Christian."

"By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power."

"Therein thou wilt do thy duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "for in order to engage in such contests it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight. But listen with attention whilst I give thee an account of the principal knights in the two approaching armies; and, that thou mayest observe them the better, let us retire to that rising ground, whence both armies may be distinctly seen." They did so, and placed themselves for that purpose on a hillock, from which the two flocks which Don Quixote mistook for armies might easily have been discerned, had not the view been obstructed by the clouds of dust. Seeing, however, in his imagination what did not exist, he began with a loud voice, naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes.

Good heaven, how many provinces did he name! How many nations, giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, did he enumerate! Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse,

without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said, "Sir, the deuce a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, can I see anywhere; perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's goblins."

"How sayest thou, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "Hearest thou not the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and the rattling of the drums?"

"The devil a thing I can hear," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs:" and so it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them.

"Thy fears, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevent thee from hearing or seeing aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone; for with my single arm I shall insure victory to that side which I favour with my assistance:" then clapping spurs to Rozinante, and setting his lance in rest, he darted down the hillock like lightning.

Sancho cried out to him, "Hold, Señor Don Quixote, come back! As God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter! Pray come back. Woe to the father that begot me! What madness is this? Look; there is neither giant nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor bedevilled; sinner that I am! what are you doing?"

Notwithstanding all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud, "Ho! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana."

With these words, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks called out to him to desist: but, seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to salute his ears with a shower of stones. Don Quixote cared not for the stones; but, galloping about on all sides, cried out, "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Present thyself before me: I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou dost to the valiant, Pentapolin Garamanta."

At that instant a large stone struck him with such violence on the side, that it buried a couple of ribs in his body; insomuch that he believed himself either slain or sorely wounded; and therefore, remembering his balsam, he pulled out the cruse, and applying it to his mouth, began to swallow some of the liquor; but before he could take what he thought sufficient, another stone hit him full on the hand, and dashed the cruse to pieces: carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously

bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight fell from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him: whereupon in all haste they collected their flock, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without farther inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies; tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds gone off, he descended from the hillock, and, running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though not quite bereaved of sense: and said to him:

"Did I not beg you, Señor Don Quixote, to come back; for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?"

"How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, transform things or make them invisible! Thou must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such men to give things what semblance they please; and this malignant persecutor of mine, envious of the glory that he saw I should acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive thyself and see the truth of what I tell thee: follow them a little way and you will see they will become men, proper and tall as I described them at first. But do not go now; for I want thy assistance; and

come and see how many of my teeth are deficient; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho ran to his ass, to take something out of his wallets for his master; but not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself again and again, and resolved in his mind to leave his master, and return home, although he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the promised island.

Don Quixote now raised himself up, and, placing his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side, such was his fidelity, and went towards his squire, who stood leaning with his breast upon the ass, and his cheek reclining upon his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote seeing him thus, and to all appearance so melancholy, said to him:

"Know, Sancho, that all these storms that we have encountered are signs that the weather will soon clear up, and things will go smoothly. It is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So do not afflict thyself for the mischances that befall me, since thou hast no share in them."

"How no share in them?" answered Sancho: "peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I have lost to-day, with all my movables, belong to somebody else?"

"What, are the wallets lost?" quoth Don Quixote.

"Yes, they are," answered Sancho.

"Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote.

"It would be so," answered Sancho, "if those fields did not produce those herbs which your worship says you know, and with which unlucky knights-errant like your worship are used to supply such wants."

"Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of heads of salt pilchards than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Doctor Laguna[1] himself. But, good Sancho, get upon thy ass, and follow me; for God, who provides for all, will not desert us; more especially, being engaged, as we are, in His service."

CHAPTER XIII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FULLING MILLS

THEY had not gone two hundred paces when a grea noise of water reached their ears, like that of som mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and stee rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and stopping to listen whence it came, they heard on sudden another dreadful noise, which abated th pleasure occasioned by that of the water; especiall

[1] Andrés de Laguna, born at Segovia, and physician t Pope Julian III.

in Sancho, who was naturally faint-hearted. I say they heard a dreadful din of irons or rattling chains, accompanied with mighty strokes repeated in regular time and measure; which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as we have before said, was dark; and they chanced to enter a grove of tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by the breeze, caused a kind of rustling noise, not loud, though fearful; so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the sound of rushing water, with the agitated leaves, all concurred to produce surprise and horror, especially when they found that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and in addition to all this was their total ignorance of the place where they were in. But Don Quixote, supported by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rozinante, and bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said:

"Friend Sancho, know that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this Age of Iron to revive in it that of Gold, or, as it is usually termed, 'the Golden Age.' I am he for whom dangers, great exploits, valorous achievements, are reserved: I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the Round Table; that of the 'Twelve Peers of France' and the 'Nine Worthies.' My heart already bounds within my breast with eager desire to encounter this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Therefore tighten Rozinante's girth, and God be with thee! Stay for me here three days, and no more: if I return

not in that time, thou mayest go back to our village; and thence, to oblige me, repair to Toboso, and inform my incomparable lady Dulcinea that her enthralled knight died in attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled hers."

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he dissolved into tears, and said:

"Sir, I cannot think why your worship should encounter this fearful adventure. It is now night, and nobody sees us. We may easily turn aside, and get out of danger, though we should not drink these three days; and, being unseen, we cannot be taxed with cowardice. Besides, sir, think of me. I left my country, and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better and not the worse for it: but, as covetousness burst the bag, so hath it rent my hopes; for when they were most alive, and I was just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island, which you have so often promised me, I find myself, in lieu thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worship in a place remote from everything human. For Heaven's sake, dear sir, do not be so cruel to me: and if your worship will not wholly give up this enterprise, at least defer it till daybreak, which, by what I learned when a shepherd, cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear[1] is at the top of the head and makes midnight in the line of the left arm."

[1] Literally, "the mouth of the hunting horn, or cornet." So the "Ursa Minor" is called from a fancied configuration of the stars of that constellation.

"How canst thou, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where this line is made, or where this muzzle or top of the head may be, since the night is so dark, that not a star appears in the whole sky?"

"True," said Sancho; "but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, much more above the sky; it does not want much of daybreak."

"Want what it may," answered Don Quixote, "it shall never be said of me, now nor at any time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from performing the duty of a knight! All thou hast to do is to girth Rozinante well, and remain here: for I will quickly return alive or dead."

Sancho, now seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counsel availed, determined to have recourse to stratagem, and compel him, if possible, to wait until day; therefore, while he was tightening the horse's girths, softly and unperceived, with his halter he tied Rozinante's hinder feet together, so that when Don Quixote would fain have departed, the horse could move only by jumps. Sancho, perceiving the success of his contrivance, said:

"Ah, sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rozinante should be unable to stir; and if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, 'kick against the pricks.'"

This made Don Quixote quite desperate, but the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him; he therefore thought it best to be quiet, and

wait until day appeared, or until Rozinante could proceed, never suspecting the artifice of Sancho, whom he thus addressed, "Since so it is, Sancho, that Rozinante cannot move, I consent to wait until the dawn smiles, although I weep in the interval."

"You need not weep," answered Sancho, "for I will entertain you until day by telling you stories, if you had not rather alight and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the green grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, so that you may be less weary when the day and hour comes for engaging in that terrible adventure you wait for."

"To whom dost thou talk of alighting or sleeping?" said Don Quixote: "am I one of those knights who take repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt: I shall act as becomes my profession."

"Pray, good sir, be not angry," answered Sancho, "I did not mean to offend you:" and, coming close to him, he laid hold of the saddle before and behind and thus stood embracing his master's left thigh without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth so much was he afraid of the blows which still continued to sound in regular succession.

In this position they passed the night; and when Sancho perceived the dawn of morning, with much caution he unbound Rozinante, who, on being set at liberty, though naturally not over mettlesome seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curveting (begging his pardon) he knew nothing about it. Don Quixote, perceiving

that Rozinante began to be active, took it for a good omen, and a signal that he should forthwith attempt the tremendous adventure. The dawn now making the surrounding objects visible, Don Quixote perceived he was beneath some tall chestnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy shade: but the cause of that striking, which yet continued, he was unable to discover: therefore, without further delay, he made Rozinante feel the spur, and again taking leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that if he returned not by that time, he might conclude that it was God's will that he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again also repeated the message Sancho was to carry to the lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he told him that he need be under no concern, since, before his departure from his village, he had made his will, wherein he would find himself satisfied regarding his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from the impending danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Don Quixote advanced towards the place whence the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed.

Sancho followed him on foot, leading his ass—that constant companion of his fortunes, good or bad. And having proceeded some distance among those shady chestnut-trees, they came to a little green meadow, bounded by some steep rocks, down

which a mighty torrent precipitated itself. At the foot of these rocks were several wretched huts, that seemed more like ruins than habitable dwellings; and it was from them, they now discovered, that the fearful din proceeded. Rozinante was startled at the noise, but Don Quixote, after quieting him, went slowly on towards the huts, recommending himself devoutly to Heaven and to his lady, beseeching them to favour him in so terrific an enterprise as this now appeared to be. Sancho kept close to his side, stretching out his neck, and looking between Rozinante's legs, to see if he could discover the cause of his terrors.

In this manner they advanced about a hundred yards farther, when, on doubling a point, the true and undoubted cause of that horrible noise which had held them all night in such suspense, appeared plain and exposed to view. It was (kind reader, take it not in dudgeon!) six fulling-hammers, whose alternate strokes produced that hideous sound. Don Quixote, on beholding them, was struck dumb, and was in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and seeing his cheeks swollen, and his mouth betraying evident signs of being ready to explode, notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at the sight of his squire, who, thus encouraged by his master, broke forth in so violent a manner that he was forced to apply both hands to his sides, to secure himself

from bursting. Four times he ceased, and four times the fit returned, with the same impetuosity as at first.

Upon which, Don Quixote now wished him at the devil, especially when he heard him say, ironically, "Thou must know, friend Sancho, that I was born, by the will of Heaven, in this our Age of Iron, to revive in it the Golden, or that of Gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements!" And so he went on, repeating many of the expressions which Don Quixote used upon first hearing those dreadful sounds. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho made a jest of him, was so enraged that he lifted up his lance, and discharged two such blows on him that, had he received them on his head, instead of his shoulders, the knight would have acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs.

Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed farther, with much humility, said:

"Pray, sir, be pacified; as Heaven is my hope, I did but jest."

"Though thou mayest jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither, merry sir, what thinkest thou? Suppose these mill-hammers had really been some perilous adventure, have I not given proof of the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? But that thou mayest abstain from talking too much with me henceforth, I apprise thee of one thing, that in all the books of chivalry I ever read, numerous

as they are, I recollect no example of a squire who conversed so much with his master as thou dost with thine. And really I account it a great fault both in thee and in myself: in thee, because thou payest me so little respect; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. The favours and benefits I promised thee will come in due time; and if they do not come, the wages, at least, thou wilt not lose."

CHAPTER XIV

THE GRAND ADVENTURE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET

ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho proposed entering a fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late adventure, that he would by no means go in: turning, therefore, to the right hand, they struck into another road, like that they had travelled through the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he seen it than, turning to Sancho, he said:

"I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his

head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest remember I swore the oath."

"Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing of our senses."

"The devil take thee!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?"

"I know not," answered Sancho; "but in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say."

"How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a grey ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters."

"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote; "retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired will remain my own."

"I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but Heaven grant, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure."

"I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote: "if thou dost—I say no more, but

I vow to mill thy soul for thee!" Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to be let blood, and another to be shaved. To perform these offices the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin. It so happened that while he was on the road it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being lately scoured was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; moreover, he rode on a grey ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his extravagancies. When the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he couched his lance, intending to run him through and through without more ado: but, when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out:

"Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due." The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to

slip down from the ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground; with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth its tail, which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet; who, holding it in his hand, said:

"Before Heaven, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing." He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it on his head, turning it round in search of the vizor; but not finding it, he said:

"Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is that one half the helmet is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler.

"What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin."

"Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the

possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin: but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed nor even equalled by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the meantime I will wear it as I best can, for something is better than nothing; and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones."

"It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chaps, and broke the cruse of that most blessed liquor which made me vomit up my inside."

"The loss of that balsam gives me no concern," said Don Quixote; "for knowest thou, Sancho, I have the recipe by heart."

"So have I, too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I be fixed and rooted to this place. Besides, I do not intend to put myself in the way of requiring it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps; and if they do come, there is nothing to be done but wink, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and

the blanket shall please. But tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-grey steed which looks so much like a grey ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here, to shift for itself? For, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, the beast is a special one."

"It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor had lost his own in the conflict; in such a case it is lawful to take that of the enemy, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be; for when we are gone, his owner will return for him."

"God knows whether it were best for me to take him," replied Sancho, "or at least to exchange him for mine, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily, the laws of chivalry are very strict if they do not even allow the swapping of one ass for another; but I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined."

"I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and, being a doubtful case, until better information can be had, I think thou mayest make the exchange, if thou art in extreme want of them."

"So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person." Thus authorised, he proceeded to an

exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture.

This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder from the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water belonging to the fulling-mills, but without turning their faces towards them—such was the abhorrence in which they were held, because of the effect they had produced. Being thus refreshed and comforted, both in body and mind, they mounted; and, without determining upon what road to follow, according to the custom of knights-errant, they went on as Rozinante's will directed, which was a guide to his master and also to Dapple, who always followed, in love and good-fellowship, wherever he led the way. They soon, however, turned into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without forming any plan.

CHAPTER XV

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GALLEY-SLAVES

As our travellers were slowly pushing on, Don Quixote raised his eyes, and saw approaching in the same road about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all hand-cuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback, were armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. As soon as Sancho Panza saw

them, he said, "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to serve in the galleys."

"How! forced, do you say?" quoth Don Quixote: "is it possible the king should force anybody?"

"I said not so," answered Sancho; "but that they were persons who for their crimes are condemned by law to the galleys, where they are forced to serve the king."

"In truth, then," replied Don Quixote, "these people are conveyed by force, and not voluntarily? Here the execution of my office as a knight-errant begins, which is to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the wretched."

"Consider, sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice—which is the king himself—does no violence to such persons: he only punishes them for their crimes."

By this time the chain of galley-slaves had reached them, and Don Quixote in most courteous terms desired the guard to be pleased to inform him of the cause or causes for which they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, "Draw near, sir, and make your inquiry of themselves; they may inform you, if they please; and no doubt they will, for they are such as take a pleasure in acting and relating rogueries." With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken had it not been given, he went up to them, and demanded of the first for what offence he marched in such evil plight? He answered that it was for being in love.

"For that alone?" replied Don Quixote; "if

people are sent to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them myself."

"It was not such love as your worship imagines," said the galley-slave. "Mine was a strong affection for a basket of fine linen, which I embraced so closely, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my own good-will even to this present day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no necessity for the torture. The process was short; they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and as a further kindness, have sent me for three years to the Gurapas (or the galleys) and there is an end of it."

Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected; but the first answered for him, and said:

"This gentleman goes for being a canary-bird—I mean, for being a musician and a singer."

"How so?" replied Don Quixote; "are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers?"

"Yes, sir," replied the slave; "for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony."

"Nay," said Don Quixote, "I have heard say, 'Who sings in grief, procures relief.'"

"This is the very reverse," said the slave; "for here, he who sings once, weeps all his life after."

"I do not understand that," said Don Quixote.

One of the guards said to him, "Señor cavalier, to sing in an agony means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that

of being a Quatrero, that is, a stealer of cattle; and because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. He is always pensive and sad, because all the other rogues abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing."

"And rightly so, I think," answered Don Quixote: who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others. He answered very readily, and with much indifference.

"I am also going to their ladyships the Gurapas for five years, merely for want of ten ducats."

"I will give twenty with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "to redeem you from this misery."

"That," said the convict, "is like having money at sea, where, though dying with hunger, nothing can be bought with it. I say this, because if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so greased the clerk's pen and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I would have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover, in Toledo, and not upon this road."

Don Quixote, having interrogated an old man who had been a conjurer, and a student who had been a coiner, came at last to a man about thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect, only that his eyes had a bad squint. He was bound somewhat differently from the rest, for he had a chain to his leg, so long that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the other, called a "keep-friend," or friend's foot,

had two straight irons which came down from it to his waist, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles, wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock; insomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man was fettered so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more crimes than all the rest together; and that he was so bold and desperate a villain that, although shackled in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape.

"What kind of villanies has he committed," said Don Quixote, "that have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys?"

"He goes for ten years," said the guard, "which is a kind of civil death. You need only to be told that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, *alias* Ginesillo de Parapilla."

"Fair and softly, Señor Commissary," interrupted the slave: "let us not now be spinning out names and surnames. Gines is my name, and not Ginesillo; and Pasamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say. Let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do."

"You seem to be an ingenious fellow," said Don Quixote.

"And an unfortunate one," answered Gines: "but misfortunes always persecute genius."

"Persecute villany," said the commissary.

"I have already desired you, Señor Commissary," answered Pasamonte, "to go fair and softly; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct us whither his Majesty commands. Now by the life of ——— I say no more; but the spots which were contracted in the inn may perhaps one day come out in the illness; and let every one hold his tongue, live well, and speak better. Now let us march on, for we have had enough of this."

The commissary lifted up his staff to strike Pasamonte, in return for his threats; but Don Quixote interposed, and desired that he would not ill-treat him, since it was but fair that he who had his hands so tied up should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then turning about to the guard, he said, "Gentlemen guards, these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world: there is a God in Heaven who fails not to chastise the wicked, and to reward the good; neither doth it become honourable men to be the executioners of others, when they have no interest in the matter. I request this of you in a calm and gentle manner, that you would let them go, that I may have cause to thank you for your compliance; but, if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to it."

"This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary. "An admirable conceit he has hit upon at last! He would have us let the king's prisoners

go—as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it! Go on your way, Señor, and adjust the basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling about for three legs to a cat."

"You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot!" answered Don Quixote: and thereupon, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before the commissary could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance; and it happened, luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but, recovering themselves, he on horseback drew his sword, and those on foot took their javelins, and advanced upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him if the galley-slaves had not seized the opportunity now offered to them of recovering their liberty, by breaking the chain by which they were linked together. The confusion was such that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in releasing Gines de Pasamonte, who was the first that leaped free and unfettered upon the plain; and, attacking the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, which, by levelling first at one and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guards, who fled no less from Pasamonte's gun than from

the shower of stones which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened, from an apprehension that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the Holy Brotherhood,[1] who, upon ring of bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents. These fears he communicated to his master, and begged of him to be gone immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain.

"It is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is the first expedient to be done." Then, having called all the slaves together, who were in disorder, after having stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered around him to know his pleasure; when he thus addressed them: "To be grateful for benefits received is natural to persons well born; and one of the sins which most offendeth God is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you already know, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in return for which, it is my desire that, bearing with you this chain, which I have taken from your necks, you immediately go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her Knight of the Sorrowful Figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every circumstance of this memorable

[1] *The Holy Brotherhood.* At the end of the fifteenth century, an association of citizens was formed to put down the bands of thieves and brigands who infested Spain. The militia was called the "Santa Hermandad," *i.e.* Holy Brotherhood.

adventure, to the point of restoring you to your wished-for liberty: this done, you may go wherever good fortune may lead you."

Gines de Pasamonte answered for them all, and said, "What your worship commands us, noble sir, and our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with: for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the Holy Brotherhood, who will doubtless be out in quest of us. What your worship may and ought to do is to change this service and duty to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of Ave Marias and Credos, which we will say for your worship's success; and this is what we may do, by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war; but to think that we will now return to our chains, and put ourselves on our way to Toboso, is to imagine it already night, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning: and to expect this from us is to expect pears from an elm-tree."

"I vow, then!" quoth Don Quixote, in a rage, "Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or whatever you call yourself, that you alone shall go with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back!"

Pasamonte, who was not over passive, seeing himself thus treated, and being aware that Don Quixote, from what he had just done, was not in his right senses, gave a signal to his comrades, upon

which they all retired a few paces, and then began to rain such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rozinante cared no more for the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the hailstorm that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself sufficiently to avoid I know not how many stones that came against him with such force that they brought him to the ground; when the student instantly fell upon him, and, taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it over the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces; they stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have taken his trousers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took Sancho's cloak, leaving him stripped; and after dividing the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each taking a different course: more solicitous to escape the Holy Brotherhood, than to drag their chain to Toboso, and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves: the ass hanging his head, and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, and still whizzing about his head; Rozinante having been brought to the ground, lay stretched by his master's side; Sancho stripped, and troubled with

apprehensions of the Holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote much chagrined at being so maltreated by those on whom he had conferred so great a benefit.

Don Quixote, finding himself thus ill-requited, said to his squire:

"Sancho, I have always heard it said that to do good to the vulgar is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done—I must have patience, and henceforth take warning."

"Your worship will as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk: but since you say that, if you had believed me, the mischief would have been prevented, believe me now, and you will avoid what is still worse; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the Holy Brotherhood with chivalries; they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and I fancy already that I hear their arrows whizzing about my ears."

"Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "but, that thou mayest not say that I am obstinate, and that I never do what thou advisest, I will for once take thy counsel, though thou must never say I ran away."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom when the danger overbalances the hope; but get upon Rozinante if you can, if not I will assist you, and follow me; for my noddle tells me that for the present we have more need of heels than hands." Don Quixote mounted without replying a word more; and, Sancho leading

the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the Sierra Morena,[1] which was near; and it was Sancho's intention to pass through it, and get out at Viso or Almodovar del Campo, and there hide themselves for some days among those craggy rocks in case the Holy Brotherhood should come in search of them. He was encouraged to this, by finding that the provisions carried by his ass had escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

. . . . .

That night they rested at an inn, and there took up their lodging for a few days. And now the devil, who never sleeps, so ordered it that at this time, the very barber entered the inn who had been deprived of Mambrino's helmet by Don Quixote, and of the trappings of his ass by Sancho Panza; and as he was leading his beast to the stable he espied Sancho Panza, who at that moment was repairing something about the self-same pannel. He instantly fell upon him with fury:

"Ah, thief!" said he, "have I got you at last! —give me my basin and my pannel, with all the furniture you stole from me!" Sancho finding himself thus suddenly attacked and abused, secured the pannel with one hand, and with the other made the barber such a return that his mouth was bathed in

[1] A mountain or rather chain of mountains, dividing the kingdom of Castile from the province of Andalusia.

blood. Nevertheless, the barber would not let go his hold; but raised his voice so high that he drew everybody around him, while he called out:

"Justice, in the king's name! This rogue and highway-robber here would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods."

"You lie!" answered Sancho, "I am no highway-robber; my master Don Quixote won these spoils in fair war." Don Quixote was now present and not a little pleased to see how well his squire acted both on the offensive and defensive; and regarding him thenceforward as a man of mettle, he resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be well bestowed upon him.

During this contest the barber made many protestations.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this pannel, is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God; I know it as well as if it were made by myself; and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie—pray do but try it, and if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous: and moreover, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never used, that cost me a crown." Here Don Quixote could no longer contain himself from speaking; and separating the two combatants, he made them lay down the pannel on the ground to public view, until the truth should be decided.

"The error of this honest squire," said he, "is manifest, in calling that a basin which was, is, and

ever shall be, Mambrino's helmet—that helmet which I won in fair war, and am therefore its right and lawful possessor. With regard to the pannel, I decline any interference; all I can say is, that my squire, Sancho, asked my permission to take the trappings belonging to the horse of this conquered coward, to adorn his own withal. I gave him leave—he took them, and if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I have no other reasons to give than that these transformations are frequent in affairs of chivalry. In confirmation of what I say, go, Sancho, and bring hither the helmet which this honest man terms a basin."

"In faith, sir," quoth Sancho, "if we have no better proof than that your worship speaks of, Mambrino's helmet will prove as errant a basin as the honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle."

"Do what I command," replied Don Quixote; "for surely all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment." Sancho went for the basin, and returning with it, he gave it to Don Quixote.

"Only behold, gentlemen!" said he; "how can this squire have the face to declare that this is a basin, and not the helmet which I have described to you? By the order of knighthood which I profess, I swear that this very helmet is the same which I took from him, without addition or diminution."

"There is no doubt of that," quoth Sancho, "for from the time my master won it, until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves; and had it not been for

that same basin-helmet, he would not have got off so well from the showers of stones which rained upon him in that skirmish."

CHAPTER XVI

THE DISPUTE CONCERNING MAMBRINO'S HELMET AND THE PANNEL; AND OTHER ADVENTURES

"Good sirs," quoth the barber, "hear what these gentlefolks say! They will have it that this is no basin, but a helmet!"

"Aye," said Don Quixote, "and whoever shall affirm the contrary, I will convince him, if he be a knight that he lies; and if a squire, that he lies and lies again, a thousand times." Our barber, Master Nicholas, who was present, wishing to carry on the jest for the amusement of the company, addressed himself to the other barber, and said:

"Señor barber, or whoever you are, know that I also am of your profession, and have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without exception. I have likewise been a soldier in my youth, and therefore know what a helmet is, and what a morion or cap of steel is, as well as a casque with its beaver, and other matters relating to soldiery—I mean to the arms commonly used by soldiers. And I say, with submission always to better judgments, that the piece

before us, which that gentleman holds in his hand, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. At the same time I say, that although it be a helmet, it is not a complete helmet."

"Certainly not," said Don Quixote; "for one-half of it is wanting, namely the beaver."

"Undoubtedly," said the curate, who perceived his friend the barber's design; and Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions, all confirmed the same: even the judge, had not his thoughts been engrossed by an affair of justice, would have taken some share in the jest; but in the perplexed state of his mind he could attend but little to these pleasantries.

"Mercy on me!" quoth the astonished barber, "how is it possible that so many honourable gentlemen should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet! Well, if the basin be a helmet, then the pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as the gentleman has said."

"To me, indeed, it seems to be a pannel," said Don Quixote; "but I have already told you I will not interfere on that subject."

"Whether it be the pannel of an ass, or the caparison of a horse," said the priest, "must be left to the decision of Señor Don Quixote: for in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen and myself submit to his judgment."

"By all that is holy, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "such extraordinary things have befallen

me in this castle, that I dare not vouch for the certainty of anything that it may contain; for I verily believe that all is conducted by the powers of enchantment. During my first visit, I was tormented by an enchanted Moor, while Sancho fared no better among some of his followers: and this night I have been suspended for nearly two hours by my arm, without knowing either the means or the cause of my persecution: it would be rash in me, therefore, to give my opinion in an affair of so much perplexity. Perhaps, as you are not knights-errant, the enchantments of this place may not have the same power over you; and, your understandings remaining free, you may judge of things as they really are, and not as they appear to me."

"There is no doubt," answered Don Fernando, "that Señor Don Quixote is right in leaving the decision of this case to us; and that we may proceed in it upon solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result."

To those acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was choice entertainment; while to others it seemed the height of folly, among whom were Don Louis, his servants, and three other guests, troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, who just then arrived at the inn. As for the barber, he was beside himself to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes, and he made no doubt but his pannel would undergo a like transformation. It was diverting to see Don Fernando walking round and taking the

opinion of each person at his ear, whether that precious object of contention was a pannel or caparison; and after he had taken the votes of all those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud to the barber:

"In truth, honest friend, I am weary of collecting votes; for I propose the question to nobody who does not say in reply, that it is quite ridiculous to assert that this is an ass's pannel, and not the caparison of a horse, and even of a well-bred horse; and as you have given us no proofs to the contrary, you must have patience and submit, for in spite of both you and your ass, this is no pannel."

"Let me never enjoy a place in heaven!" exclaimed the barber, "if your worships are not all mistaken; and so may my soul appear in heaven as this appears to me a pannel, and not a caparison: but so go the laws:—I say no more."

The barber's simplicity caused no less merriment than the vagaries of the knight, who now said, "As sentence is passed, let each take his own; and him to whom God giveth may St. Peter bless." One of Don Louis's four servants now interposed.

"How is it possible," said he, "that men of common understanding should say that this is not a basin nor that a pannel? But since you do actually affirm it, I suspect that there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to the plain truth: for by—(and out he rapped a round oath) all the votes in the world shall never persuade me that this is not a barber's basin and that a jackass's pannel."

"May it not be that of a she-ass?" quoth the priest.

"That is all one," said the servant; "the question is only whether it be or be not a pannel." One of the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, who had overheard the dispute, cried out, full of indignation:

"It is as surely a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say, to the contrary must be drunk."

"You lie, like a pitiful scoundrel!" answered Don Quixote; and lifting up his lance, which was still in his hand, he aimed such a blow at the trooper, that, had he not slipped aside, he would have been levelled to the ground. The lance came down with such fury that it was shivered to pieces.

"Help! help the Holy Brotherhood!" cried out the other officers. The innkeeper, being himself one of that body, ran instantly for his wand and sword, to support his comrades. Don Louis's servants surrounded their master, lest he should escape during the confusion. The barber perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers: and Don Louis called out to his servants to leave him, that they might assist Don Quixote, Cardenio, the captive and Don Fernando, who both took part with the knight. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter wept, Maritornes roared, Dorothea was alarmed, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pum-

melled the barber. Don Louis gave one of his servants, who had presumed to hold him by the arm lest he should escape, such a blow with his fist that his mouth was bathed in blood, which caused the judge to interpose in his defence. Don Fernando got one of the troopers down, and laid on his blows most unmercifully; while the innkeeper bawled aloud for help to the Holy Brotherhood; thus was the whole inn filled with cries, wailings, and shrieks, dismay, confusion and terror, kicks, cudgellings, and effusion of blood. In the midst of this chaos and hurly-burly Don Quixote suddenly conceived that he was involved over head and ears in the discord of King Agramante's camp, and he called out in a voice which made the whole inn shake:

"Hold, all of you! Put up your swords; be pacified, and listen all to me, if ye would live!" His vehemence made them desist, and he went on saying:

"Let my lord judge and his reverence the priest come forward, and restore us to peace; for by the powers divine it were most disgraceful and iniquitous that so many gentlemen of our rank should slay each other for such trivial matters." The troopers not understanding Don Quixote's language, and finding themselves still roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but the barber submitted: for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle; and Sancho, like a dutiful servant, obeyed the least word of his master. Don Louis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how unprofitable it was to interfere.

The innkeeper, still refractory, insisted that the insolence of that madman, who was continually turning his house upside down, ought to be chastised. At length the tumult subsided; the pannel was to remain a caparison, and the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, at least in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

But the enemy of peace and concord finding himself foiled and disappointed in the scanty produce of so promising a field, resolved to try his fortune once more, by contriving new frays and disturbances. The officers of the Holy Brotherhood, on hearing the rank of their opponents, retreated from the fray, thinking that whatever might be the issue they were likely to be losers. But one of this body, who had been severely handled by Don Fernando, happened to recollect that among other warrants in his possession he had one against Don Quixote, whom his superiors had ordered to be taken into custody for releasing galley-slaves: thus confirming Sancho's just apprehensions. In order to examine whether the person of Don Quixote answered the description, he drew forth a parchment scroll from his doublet, and began to read it slowly (for he was not much of a scholar), ever and anon as he proceeded fixing his eyes on Don Quixote, comparing the marks in the warrant with the lines of the knight's physiognomy. Finding them exactly to correspond, and being convinced that he was the very person therein described, he held out the warrant with his left hand, while with his right he seized Don Quixote by the collar

with so powerful a grasp as almost to strangle him, at the same time crying aloud, "Help the Holy Brotherhood! and that you may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly ordered that this highway robber should be apprehended."

The priest took the warrant, and found what the trooper said was true; the description exactly corresponding with the person of Don Quixote. The knight, finding himself so rudely handled by this scoundrel, was exasperated to the highest pitch, and trembling with rage caught the trooper by the throat with both hands; and had he not been immediately rescued by his comrades, he would certainly have been strangled before Don Quixote had loosed his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to aid his brother in office, ran instantly to help him. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, again exalted her voice; her daughter and Maritornes added their pipes to the same tune, calling upon Heaven and all around them for assistance.

"As God shall save me!" exclaimed Sancho, "what my master says is true about the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour quietly in it." Don Fernando at length parted the officer and Don Quixote; and, to the satisfaction of both, unlocked their hands from the doublet-collar of the one and from the wind-pipe of the other. Nevertheless, the troopers persisted in claiming their prisoner, declaring that the king's service and that of the Holy Brotherhood required it, in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in

apprehending that common robber and highway thief. Don Quixote smiled at these expressions, and with great calmness said, "Come hither, base and ill-born crew: call ye it robbing on the highway to loosen the chains of the captive, to set the prisoner free, to succour the oppressed, to raise the fallen, and relieve the needy and wretched? Ah, scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not revering the shadow much more the presence of any knight-errant!"

Thus eloquently did Don Quixote harangue the officers, while at the same time the priest endeavoured to persuade them that since the knight, as they might easily perceive, was deranged in his mind, it was useless for them to proceed further in the affair: for if they were to apprehend him, he would soon be released as insane. But the trooper only said in answer that it was not his business to judge of the state of Don Quixote's intellect, but to obey the order of his superior; and that when he had once secured him, they might set him free as often as they pleased.

"Indeed," said the priest, "you must forbear this once; nor do I think that he will suffer himself to be taken."

In fact, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote acted so extravagantly, that the officers would have been more crazy than himself had they not desisted after such evidence of his infirmity. They judged

it best, therefore, to be quiet, and endeavour to make peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great rancour. As officers of justice, therefore, they compounded the matter, and pronounced such a decision that, if both parties were not perfectly contented, at least they were in some degree satisfied; it being settled that they should exchange pannels, but neither girths nor halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, unknown to Don Quixote, paid the barber eight reals, for which he received a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud thenceforth and for evermore.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KNIGHT AND THE CANON

THE knight-errant and his faithful squire were deeply engaged in conversation, until they came to a place where the priest, the canon, and the barber were already alighted and waiting for them as by previous arrangement. The waggoner who accompanied them then unyoked the oxen from his team, and turned them loose upon that green and delicious spot, the freshness of which was inviting, not only to those who were enchanted, like Don Quixote, but to discreet and enlightened persons like his squire.

The servants who went to the inn for the sumpter-mule had now returned; and, having spread a carpet over the green grass, the party seated themselves

under the shade of some trees, and there enjoyed their repast, while the cattle luxuriated on the fresh pasture. As they were thus employed, they suddenly heard a noise and the sound of a little bell from a thicket near them; at the same instant a beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white, and grey, ran out of the thicket, followed by a goatherd, calling to her aloud, in the usual language, to stop and come back to the fold. The fugitive animal, trembling and affrighted, ran to the company, claiming, as it were, their protection; but the goatherd pursued her, and seizing her by the horns, addressed her as a rational creature:

"Ah, wanton, spotted thing! how hast thou strayed of late! What wolves have frightened thee, child? Wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? But what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet! A plague on thy humours, and all theirs whom thou resemblest! Turn back, my love, turn back; for though not content, at least thou wilt be more safe in thine own fold, and among thy companions; for if thou, who shouldst protect and guide them, go astray, what must become of them?"

The party were very much amused by the goatherd's remonstrances, and the canon said, "I entreat you, brother, not to be in such haste to force back this goat to her fold; for, since she is a female, she will follow her natural inclination in spite of all your opposition. Come, do not be angry, but eat and drink with us, and let the wayward creature rest

herself." At the same time he offered him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a fork. The goatherd thanked him, and accepted his offer, and being then in a better temper, he said:

"Do not think me a fool, gentlemen, for talking so seriously to this animal; for, in truth, my words were not without a meaning; and though I am a rustic, I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts."

"I doubt it not," said the priest; "indeed, it is well known that the mountains breed learned men, and the huts of shepherds contain philosophers."

"At least, sir," replied the goatherd, "they contain men who have some knowledge gained from experience; and if I shall not be intruding, I will tell a circumstance which confirms it."

"Since this affair," said Don Quixote, "bears somewhat the semblance of an adventure, for my own part, friend, I shall listen to you most willingly: I can answer also for these gentlemen, who are persons of sense, and will relish the curious, the entertaining, and the marvellous, which, I doubt not, your story contains: I entreat you, friend, to begin it immediately."

"I shall take myself away to the side of yonder brook," said Sancho, "with this pasty, of which I mean to lay in enough to last three days at least: for I have heard my master, Don Quixote, say that the squire of a knight-errant should eat when he can, and as long as he can, because he may lose his way for six days together in a wood; and then, if a man

has not his belly well lined or his wallet well provided, there he may stay till he is turned into a mummy."

"Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go where thou wilt, and eat what thou canst; my appetite is already satisfied, and my mind only needs refreshment."

The goatherd then related his story, which was to the effect that the grief visible in his countenance proceeded from the fact that his sweetheart had been placed in a nunnery for indulging in an indiscreet flirtation with a rival. The latter, whose name was Vincent de la Rosa, had returned from the wars, and by his moving tales, in which he always played a hero's part, had captivated the heart of the silly Leandra. Perhaps the smooth tongue of the warrior might not have effected this triumph had he not been somewhat of a dandy. His soldier's garb was bedizened with a variety of trinkets and glittering chains, but all of little value. To-day he put on one piece, to-morrow another, and although he had in reality only three complete suits of different colours, he used so many disguisements and interchanged them so skilfully that one would have sworn he had ten suits and twenty plumes of feathers. After inducing Leandra to elope with him, and obtaining possession of her money and jewellery he deserted her, and for this the wayward maiden had been placed out of harm's way in a nunnery, much to her goatherd-admirer's chagrin.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE DISCIPLINANTS

EUGENIO'S tale amused his auditors. They all offered their services to Eugenio: but the most liberal in his offers was Don Quixote, who said to him:

"In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a situation to undertake any new adventure, I would immediately engage myself in your service, and release your lady from the nunnery in spite of the abbess and all opposers, then deliver her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of outrage be offered to damsels. I trust, however, in Heaven, that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so prevalent over another but that a better disposed one may triumph; and then I promise you my aid and protection, according to the duty of my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous."

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and observing his sad plight and scurvy appearance, he whispered to the barber, who sat next to him:

"Pray, sir, who is that man that looks and talks so strangely?"

"Who should he be," answered the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the protector of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles?"

"Why, this is like what we hear in the stories of knights-errant," said the goatherd; "but I take it either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."

"You are a very great rascal," exclaimed the knight; "it is yourself who are empty-skulled and shallow-brained; for mine is fuller than was ever the head of any of your vile generation!" and as he spoke, he snatched up a loaf and threw it at the goatherd's face with so much fury that he laid his nose flat.

The goatherd did not much relish the jest; so without any respect to the table-cloth or to the company present, he leaped upon Don Quixote, and seizing him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza, who came up at that moment, taken him by the shoulders and thrown him back on the table-cloth, demolishing dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote finding himself free, turned upon the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, was feeling about, upon all-fours, for some knife or weapon to take a bloody revenge withal: but the canon and the priest prevented him. The barber, however, maliciously contrived that the goatherd should get Don Quixote under him, whom he buffeted so unmercifully that he had ample retaliation for his own sufferings.

This ludicrous encounter overcame the gravity of both the churchmen, while the troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, enjoying the conflict, stood urging on

the combatants, as if it had been a dog-fight. Sancho struggled in vain to release himself from one of the canon's servants, who prevented him from going to assist his master. In the midst of this sport a trumpet was suddenly heard sounding so dismally that every face was instantly turned in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Don Quixote's attention was particularly excited, though he still lay under the goatherd in a bruised and battered condition.

"Thou devil," he said to him, "for a devil thou must be to have such power over me, I beg that thou wilt grant a truce for one hour, as the solemn sound of that trumpet seems to call me to some new adventure." The goatherd, whose revenge was by this time sated, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, having got upon his legs again, presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white, after the manner of disciplinants.[1]

That year the heavens having failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, throughout all the villages of that district, processions, disciplines, and public prayers were ordered, beseeching Heaven to show its mercy by sending them rain. For this purpose the people of a neighbouring village were coming in procession to a holy hermitage built upon the side of a hill not far from that spot. The strange attire of the disciplinants struck Don Quixote, who, not recollecting what he must often have seen before, imagined it to be some adventure which, as a knight-

[1] Persons, either volunteers or hirelings, who march in processions, whipping themselves by way of public penance.

errant, was reserved for him alone; and he was confirmed in his opinion on seeing an image clothed in black, that they carried with them, and which he doubted not was some illustrious lady forcibly borne away by ruffians and miscreants. With all the expedition in his power, he therefore went up to Rozinante, and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of the saddle, he bridled him in a trice, and calling to Sancho for his sword, he mounted, braced his target, and in a loud voice said to all that were present:

"Now, my worthy companions, ye shall see how important to the world is the profession of chivalry! now shall ye see, in the restoration of that captive lady to liberty, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not!"

So saying, he clapped heels to Rozinante (for spurs he had none), and on a hand-gallop (for we nowhere read, in all this faithful history, that Rozinante ever went full speed), he advanced to encounter the disciplinants. The curate, the canon, and the barber, fruitlessly endeavoured to stop him; and in vain did Sancho cry out:

"Whither go you, Señor Don Quixote? What devils drive you to assault the Catholic faith? Evil befall me: do but look—it is a procession of disciplinants, and the lady carried upon the bier is the blessed image of our Holy Virgin: take heed, for this once I am sure you know not what you are about." Sancho wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon an encounter, that he heard not a word:

nor would he have turned back though the king himself had commanded him.

Having reached the procession, he checked Rozinante, who already wanted to rest a little, and in a hoarse and agitated voice cried out, "Stop there, ye who cover your faces for an evil purpose, I doubt not—stop and listen to me." The bearers of the image stood still, and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sung the litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other ludicrous circumstances attending the knight, replied:

"Friend, if you have anything to say to us, say it quickly; for these our brethren are scourging their flesh, and we cannot stay to hear anything that cannot be said in two words."

"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote: "you must immediately release that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance clearly prove that she is carried away against her will, and that you have done her some atrocious injury. I, who was born to redress such wrongs, command you, therefore, not to proceed one step farther until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions they concluded that Don Quixote must be some whimsical madman, and only laughed at him, which enraged him to such a degree that, without saying another word, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers; one of whom leaving the burden to his comrades, stepped forward, brandishing the pole on which the bier had been supported;

but it was quickly broken in two by a powerful stroke, aimed by the knight, who, however, received instantly such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his buckler being of no avail against rustic strength, he was felled to the ground. Sancho, who had followed him, now called out to the man not to strike again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done anybody harm in all his life. The peasant forebore, it is true, though not on account of Sancho's appeal, but because he saw his opponent without motion; and, thinking he had killed him, he hastily tucked up his vest under his girdle, and fled like a deer over the field.

By this time all Don Quixote's party had come up; and those in the procession, seeing among them troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, armed with their cross-bows, began to be alarmed, and drew up in a circle round the image; then lifting up their hoods,[1] and grasping their whips, and the ecclesiastics their tapers, they waited the assault, determined to defend themselves, or, if possible, offend their aggressors, while Sancho threw himself upon the body of his master, and believing him to be really dead, poured forth the most dolorous lamentation. The alarm of both squadrons was speedily dissipated, as our curate was recognised by one of the ecclesiastics in the procession: and, on hearing from him who Don Quixote was, they all hastened to see whether the poor knight had really suffered a mortal injury or

[1] The disciplinants wear hoods that they may not be known, but which they can see through.

not; when they heard Sancho Panza with streaming eyes exclaim:

"O flower of chivalry, who at last hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea, of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be overrun with evil-doers, who will no longer fear chastisement for their iniquities! O liberal above all Alexanders, since for eight months' service only thou hast given me the best island that sea doth compass or surround! O thou that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in a word, knight-errant—which is all in all." Sancho's cries roused Don Quixote, who faintly said:

"He who lives absent from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, endures far greater miseries than this!—Help, friend Sancho, to place me upon the enchanted car: I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rozinante, for this shoulder is broken to pieces."

"That I will do with all my heart, dear sir," answered Sancho; "and let us return to our homes with these gentlemen, who wish you well; and there we can prepare for another sally, that may turn out more profitable."

"Thou sayest well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and it will be highly prudent in us to wait until the evil influence of the star which now reigns is passed over." The canon, the curate and

the barber, told him they approved his resolution: and the knight being now placed in the waggon they had brought, they prepared to depart.

The goatherd took his leave; and the troopers, not being disposed to attend them farther, were discharged. The canon also separated from them, having first obtained a promise from the priest that he would acquaint him with the future fate of Don Quixote. Thus the party now consisted only of the priest, the barber, Don Quixote, and Sancho, with good Rozinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, and, having accommodated Don Quixote with a truss of hay, they jogged on in the way the curate directed; and at the end of six days reached Don Quixote's village. It was about noon when they made their entrance; and, it being Sunday, all the people were standing about the market-place, through which the waggon passed. Everybody ran to see who was in it, and were not a little surprised when they recognised their townsman; and a boy ran off at full speed with tidings to the housekeeper, that he was coming home, lean and pale, stretched out at length in a waggon drawn by oxen. On hearing this, the two good women made the most pathetic lamentations, and renewed their curses against books of chivalry; especially when they saw the poor knight entering the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife repaired thither, and on meeting him, her first inquiry was whether the ass had come home

well. Sancho told her that he was in a better condition than his master.

"The Lord be praised," replied she, "for so great a mercy to me! But tell me, husband, what good have you got by your squireship? Have you brought a petticoat home for me, and shoes for your children?"

"I have brought you nothing of that sort, dear wife," quoth Sancho; "but I have got other things of greater consequence."

"I am very glad of that," answered the wife, "pray show me your things of greater consequence, friend; for I would fain see them, to gladden my heart, which has been so sad, all the long time you have been away."

"You shall see them at home, wife," quoth Sancho, "and be satisfied at present; for if it please God that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and no common one either, but one of the best that is to be had."

"Grant Heaven it may be so, husband," quoth the wife, "for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you."

"Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho: "in good time, wife, you shall see, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals."

"What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" answered Teresa Panza, for that was

the name of Sancho's wife, though they were not of kin, but because it was the custom of La Mancha for the wife to take the husband's name.[1]

"Do not be in so much haste, Teresa," said Sancho; "it is enough that I tell you what is true, so lock up your mouth;—only take this by the way, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as to be an honourable esquire to a knight-errant and seeker of adventures. To be sure most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; for, as I know by experience, ninety-nine out of an hundred fall out cross and unlucky; especially when one happens to be tossed in a blanket, or well cudgelled: yet, for all that, it is a fine thing to go about in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at pleasure, and the devil a farthing to pay."

While this discourse was passing between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa, the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and, after undressing him, they laid him in his old bed, whence he looked at them with eyes askance, not knowing perfectly where he was. Often did the women raise their voices in abuse of all books of chivalry, overwhelming their authors with the bitterest maledictions. His niece was charged by the curate to take great care of him, and to keep a watchful eye that he did not again make his escape, after taking so much pains

[1] In Spain the wife usually keeps her own name, and adds it to that of her husband.

to get him home. Yet they were full of apprehensions lest they should lose him again as soon as he found himself a little better; and indeed the event proved that their fears were not groundless.

CHAPTER XIX

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE CURATE, THE BARBER, AND DON QUIXOTE

THE curate and the barber refrained during a whole month from seeing Don Quixote, lest they should revive in his mind the remembrance of things past. However, they paid frequent visits to the niece and housekeeper, charging them to take great care of him, and to give him good nourishing diet, as that would be salutary to his heart and his brain, whence all the mischief proceeded. The good women assured them of their continual care of the patient, and said they occasionally observed in him symptoms of returning reason. The curate and the barber were greatly pleased to hear this, and congratulated themselves on the success of the scheme they had adopted of bringing him home with them in the ox-waggon, as it is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than accurate history. They resolved, therefore, to visit him, and make trial of his amendment: at the same time, thinking it scarcely possible that his cure could be complete, they agreed not to touch upon the subject of knight-

errantry, lest they might open a wound which must yet be so tender.

They found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toleda cap on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he looked like a mummy. He received them with much politeness, and when they inquired after his health, he answered them in a very sensible manner, and with much elegance of expression, so that he seemed in full possession of his senses. The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and, hearing from their master such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven. The priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, was now resolved to put the question of his amendment fairly to the test: he therefore mentioned, among other things, some intelligence lately brought from court, that the Turk was advancing with a powerful fleet, and that, his object being unknown, it was impossible to say where the storm would burst; that all Christendom was in great alarm, and that the king had already provided for the security of Naples, Sicily, and the island of Malta. To this Don Quixote replied:

"His Majesty has acted with great prudence in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, but, if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to a measure which probably never yet entered into His Majesty's mind."

"Indeed, what is that?" said the curate.

"His Majesty," cried Don Quixote, "has only to issue a proclamation ordering all the knights-errant now wandering about Spain to repair, on an appointed day, to court. If not more than half-a-dozen came, there might be one of that number able, with his single arm, to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and listen to me. Is it anything new for a single knight-errant to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, or were made of pastry? How many examples of such prowess does history supply! If, in an evil hour for me (I will not say for any other), the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, were in being at this day to confront the Turk, in good faith I would not farm his winnings! But God will protect His people, and provide some one, if not as strong as the knights-errant of old, at least not inferior to them in courage. Heaven knows my meaning; I say no more!"

"Alas!" exclaimed the niece at this instant: "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!" Whereupon Don Quixote said:

"A knight-errant I will live and die; and let the Turk come, down or up, when he pleases, and with all the forces he can raise—once more, I say, Heaven knows my meaning."

"Well," said the curate, "though I have yet scarcely spoken, I should be very glad to relieve my conscience of a scruple which has been started by

what Señor Don Quixote just now said, and which certainly occasions me very great anxiety and uneasiness of mind. Will he have the goodness to resolve my difficulty?"

"You may command me, Señor Curate, in such matters," answered Don Quixote; "out then with your scruple: for there can be no peace with a scrupulous conscience."

"With this license, then," said the curate, "I must tell you that I can by no means persuade myself that the multitude of knights-errant your worship has mentioned were really and truly persons of flesh and blood existing in the world; on the contrary, I imagine that the accounts given of them are all fictions and dreams, invented by men awake, or to speak more properly, half asleep."

"This is a common mistake," answered Don Quixote, "which I have, upon sundry occasions, and in many companies, endeavoured to correct. But Scripture itself is not more authentic. We believe in the prophets, why not in knights-errant?"

At this moment, they were interrupted by a noise in the court-yard; and hearing the niece and housekeeper vociferating aloud, they hastened to learn the cause.

Looking out of the window, Don Quixote, the priest, and the barber, saw the niece and housekeeper engaged in defending the door against Sancho Panza, who came to pay his master a visit.

"Fellow, get home!" said one of them, "what have you to do here? It is by you our master is led

astray and carried rambling about the country, like a vagabond."

"Thou devilish housekeeper!" retorted Sancho, "it is I that am led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways: and it was your master that led me this dance:—so there you are quite mistaken. He tempted me from home with promises of an island, which I still hope for."

"May the cursed islands choke thee, wretch!" answered the niece; "and pray, what are islands? Are they anything eatable?—glutton, cormorant as thou art!"

"They are not to be eaten," replied Sancho, "but governed, and are better things than any four cities, or four justiceships at court."

"For all that," said the housekeeper, "you shall not come in here, you bag of mischief and bundle of roguery! Get you home and govern there; go, plough and cart, and do not trouble your silly pate about islands." The priest and the barber were highly diverted at this dialogue; but Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out something unseasonably, and touch upon certain points not advantageous to his reputation, ordered the women to hold their peace, and let him in. Sancho entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, now quite despairing of his cure: seeing that he was more intoxicated than ever with knight-errantry.

"You will see, neighbour," said the curate, as they walked away, "our friend will soon take another flight."

"No doubt of it," said the barber, "yet I think the credulity of the squire still more extraordinary:—it seems impossible to drive that same island out of his head."

Don Quixote having shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho, he said to him:

"It concerns me much, Sancho, that thou wilt persist in saying that I enticed thee from thy home. How? Did we not both leave our homes together, journey together, and were both exposed to the same fortune! If thou wert once tossed in a blanket, I have only had the advantage of thee, in being a hundred times exposed to hard blows."

"This is but reasonable," answered Sancho; "for, as your worship says, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant than to their squires."

"Thou art mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote "for, according to the saying, *Quando caput dolet* etc."

"I understand no other language than my own,' replied Sancho.

"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members ache also; and therefore I, being thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou being my servant, art a portion of me; and, therefore, whatever evil I suffer must be felt by thee, and thy sufferings likewise affect me."

"And so it should be," quoth Sancho; "but when I as a member, suffered in the blanket, my head stood on t'other side of the pales, seeing me tossed in the air, without taking the smallest share in

ny pain, though, as the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, the head should have done the like for them."

"Wouldst thou then insinuate, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that I was not grieved when I saw thee tossed in the air? If that be thy meaning, be assured thou art deceived. But let us dismiss this subject at present; for a time will come when we may set this matter to rights. And now tell me, friend Sancho, what do they say of me in the village? What opinion do the common people entertain of me? What think the gentlemen and the cavaliers? What is said of my prowess, of my exploits, and of my courteous demeanour? Tell me all."

"That I will, with all my heart, sir," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship be not angry at what I say, since you desire to have the truth, just as it came to me."

"I will in no wise be angry," replied Don Quixote; 'speak then freely, Sancho, and without any circumlocution."

"First and foremost, then," said Sancho, "the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less than a fool. The gentry say that, not content to keep to your own proper rank of a gentleman, you call yourself Don, and set up for a knight, with no more than a paltry vineyard and a couple of acres of land. The cavaliers say they do not choose to be vied with by those country squires who clout their shoes, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings with green silk."

"That," said Don Quixote, "is no reflection upon me; for I always go well clad, and my apparel is never patched; a little torn it may be, but more by the fretting of my armour than by time."

"As to your valour, courtesy, achievements, and undertakings," continued Sancho, "there are many different opinions. Some say you are mad, but humorous; others, valiant, but unfortunate; others, courteous, but absurd; and thus they pull us to pieces, till they leave neither your worship nor me a single feather upon our backs."

"Take notice, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that, wherever virtue exists in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Few, or none, of the famous men of antiquity escaped the calumny of their malicious contemporaries."

"Ah, but all the things I have told you are tarts and cheese-cakes to what remains behind," replied Sancho. "If your worship would have all, to the very dregs, I will bring one hither presently who can tell you everything, without missing a tittle; for last night the son of Bartholomew Carrasco returned from his studies at Salamanca, where he has taken his bachelor's degree; and when I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that the history of your worship was already printed in books, under the title of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and he says it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza and also the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and several other private matters which passed between us two only; insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure

amazement to think how the historian who wrote it should come to know them."

"Depend upon it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter: for nothing is concealed from them."

"A sage and an enchanter?" quoth Sancho: "why the bachelor Sampson Carrasco says the author of this story is called Cid Hamet Berengena."[1]

"That is a Moorish name," answered Don Quixote.

"It may be so," replied Sancho; "for I have heard that your Moors, for the most part, are lovers of Berengenas."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou must be mistaken in the surname of that same 'Cid,' which, in Arabic, signifies 'a lord.'"

"That may be," answered Sancho, "but if your worship would like to see him, I will run and fetch him."

"Thou wilt give me singular pleasure, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I am surprised at what thou hast told me, and shall be impatient till I am informed of every particular."

"I will go for him directly," said Sancho; then, leaving his master, he went to seek the bachelor, with whom he soon returned, and a most delectable conversation passed between them, which is recorded in the next chapter.

[1] Sancho mistakes Berengena, a species of fruit, for Benengeli.

CHAPTER XX

OF THE PLEASANT CONVERSATION BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO PANZA, AND SAMPSON CARRASCO

Don Quixote, full of thought, was impatient for the return of Sancho and the bachelor Carrasco, anxious to hear about the printed accounts of himself, yet scarcely believing that such a history could really be published, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword-blade—indeed he did not see how it was possible that his high feats of arms should be already in print. However, he finally concluded that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art-magic, had sent them to the press; if a friend, to proclaim and extol them above the most signal achievements of knights-errant—if an enemy to annihilate and sink them below the meanest that ever were written even of a squire: though again he recollected that the feats of squires were never recorded. At any rate he was certain, if it should prove the fact that such a history was really extant, being that of a knight-errant, it could not be otherwise than lofty, illustrious, magnificent, and true. While he was agitated by these and a thousand other fancies, Sancho returned, accompanied by the bachelor, who was received with all possible courtesy.

This bachelor, though Sampson by name, was no giant in person, but a little mirth-loving man, with

a good understanding; about twenty-four years of age, of a pale complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed: all indicating humour and native relish for jocularity, which, indeed showed itself when, on approaching Don Quixote, he threw himself upon his knees, and said to him:

"Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, allow me the honour of kissing your illustrious hand, for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear—though I have yet taken only the four first degrees towards holy orders—your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that hath ever been or shall be, upon the whole circumference of the earth! A blessing light on Cid Hamet Benengeli, who has recorded the history of your mighty deeds; and blessings upon blessings light on that ingenious scribe whose laudable curiosity was the cause of its being translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the profit and amusement of all mankind!" Don Quixote having raised him from the ground, said to him:

"It is true, then, that my history is really published to the world, and that it was written by a Moor and a sage?"

"So true it is, sir," said Sampson, "that I verily believe there are, at this very day, above twelve thousand copies published of that history:—witness Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed; and it is said to be now printing at Antwerp—indeed, I prophesy that no nation or language will be without a translation of it."

"There cannot be a more legitimate source of

gratification to a virtuous and distinguished man," said Don Quixote, "than to have his good name celebrated during his lifetime, and circulated over different nations:—I say his good name, for if it were otherwise than good, death in any shape would be preferable."

"As to high reputation and a good name," said the bachelor, "your worship bears the palm over all past knight-errants: for the Moor in the Arabian language, and the Castilian in his translation, have both taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment which distinguishes you, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that patience in adversity, that fortitude in suffering, that modesty and continence in love, so truly Platonic, as that subsisting between you and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Sancho here interposed, saying:

"I never heard my lady Dulcinea called Donna before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso; so that here the history is already mistaken."

"That objection is of no importance," answered Carrasco.

"No, certainly," replied Don Quixote; "but pray tell me, Señor Bachelor, on which of my exploits do they lay the greatest stress in that same history?"

"As to that matter," said the bachelor, "opinions vary according to the difference of tastes. Some are for the adventure of the windmills, which your worship took for so many Briareuses and giants; others prefer that of the fulling-mills; one cries up

for the two armies, which turned out to be flocks of sheep; another for the adventures at the enchanted castle. Some maintain that the affair of the galley-slaves is the flower of all; while others will have it that none can be compared to that of Mambrino's helmet, and the combat with the Holy Brotherhood."

"Pray tell me, Señor Bachelor," quoth Sancho, "has it got, among the rest, the affair of the Yanguesian carriers, when our good Rozinante was tempted to go astray?"

"The sage," answered Sampson, "has omitted nothing—he minutely details everything, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket."

"I cut no capers in the blanket," answered Sancho; "in the air I own I did, and not much to my liking."

"There is no history of human affairs, I conceive," said Don Quixote, "which is not full of reverses, and none more than those of chivalry."

"Nevertheless," replied the bachelor, "some who have read the history say they should have been better pleased if the authors of it had forborne to enumerate all the buffetings endured by Señor Don Quixote in his different encounters."

"Therein consists the truth of the history," quoth Sancho, "and I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it."

"Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho," quoth Sampson.

"What, have we another corrector of words?"

quoth Sancho: "if we are to go on at this rate, we shall make slow work of it."

"As sure as I live, Sancho," answered the bachelor, "you are the second person of the history:—nay, there are those who had rather hear you talk than the finest fellow of them all: though there are also some who charge you with being too credulous in expecting the government of that island promised you by Señor Don Quixote, here present."

"There is still sunshine on the wall," quoth Don Quixote; "and when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years bestow, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is at present."

"'Fore Gad! sir," quoth Sancho, "if I am not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall be no better able at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is, that the said island sticks somewhere else, and not in my want of a headpiece to govern it."

"Recommend the matter to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and all will be well—perhaps better than thou mayest think: for not a leaf stirs on the tree without His permission."

"That is very true," quoth Sampson; "and if it please God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one."

"I have seen governors ere now," quoth Sancho, "who, in my opinion, do not come up to the sole of my shoe: and yet they are called 'your lordship,' and eat their victuals upon plate."

"Those are not governors of islands," replied

Sampson, "but of other governments more manageable; for those who govern islands must at least understand grammar."

"Faith it is all Greek to me," said Sancho.

"Some people," continued the bachelor, "have taxed the author with having a treacherous memory, since he never explained who it was that stole Sancho's Dapple: it only appears that he was stolen, yet soon after we find him mounted upon the same beast, without being told how it was recovered. They complain also, that he has omitted to inform us, what Sancho did with the hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau in the Sierra Morena: for he never mentions them again, to the great disappointment of many curious persons, who reckon it one of the most material defects in the work."

"Well, Master Sampson Carrasco, you want to know when and how my Dapple was stolen, and who was the thief? You must know, then, that on the very night when we marched off, to avoid the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, after the unlucky affair of the galley-slaves, having made our way into the Sierra Morena, my master and I got into a thicket, where he, leaning upon his lance, and I, sitting upon Dapple, mauled and tired by our late skirmishes, we both fell as fast asleep as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds. For my own part, I slept so soundly that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to prop me up on four stakes, which he planted under the four corners of the pannel, and then drawing Dapple from under me, he left me

fairly mounted, without ever dreaming of my loss."

"That is an easy matter, and no new device," said Don Quixote; "for it is recorded, that at the siege of Albraca the famous robber Brunelo, by the very same stratagem, stole the horse of Sacripante from between his legs."

"At daybreak," continued Sancho, "when I awoke and began to stretch myself, the stakes gave way, and down I came, with a confounded squelch, to the ground. I looked about me, but could see no Dapple; tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation that if the author of our history has not set it down, he has surely omitted an excellent thing. After some days—I cannot exactly say how many—as I was following the princess Micomicona, I saw my ass again, and who should be mounted on him but that cunning rogue and notorious malefactor Gines de Pasamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain!"

"The mistake does not lie there," said Sampson, "but in the author making Sancho ride upon the same beast before he is said to have recovered him."

"All this," said Sancho, "I know nothing about; it might be a mistake of the historian, or perhaps, a blunder of his printer."

"No doubt it was so," quoth Sampson: "but what became of the hundred crowns?—for there we are in the dark."

"I laid them out," replied Sancho, "for the benefit of my own person and that of my wife and children;

and they have been the cause of her bearing quietly my rambles from home in the service of my master Don Quixote: for had I returned after so long a time, ass-less and penny-less, I must have looked for a scurvy greeting: and if you want to know anything more of me, here I am, ready to answer the king himself in person; though it is nothing to anybody whether I bought or bought not, whether I spent or spent not: for if the cuffs and blows that have been given me in our travels were to be paid for in ready money, and rated only at four maravedis a-piece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them: so let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not take white for black, nor black for white; for we are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to warn the author of the history not to forget, in his next edition, what honest Sancho has told us, which will make the book as good again."

"Are there any other explanations wanting in the work, Señor Bachelor?" quoth Don Quixote.

"There may be others," answered Carrasco, "but none of equal importance with those already mentioned."

"Peradventure," said Don Quixote, "the author promises a second part?"

"He does," answered Sampson, "but says he has not yet been able to find out the possessor of it; and therefore we are in doubt whether or not it will ever make its appearance. Besides, some people

say that second parts are never good for anything; and others that there is enough of Don Quixote already."

At this moment, while Sancho was yet speaking, the neighing of Rozinante reached their ears; which Don Quixote took for a most happy omen, and resolved, without delay, to resume his functions, and again sally forth into the world. He therefore consulted the bachelor as to what course he should take, and was advised by him to go straight to the kingdom of Arragon and the city of Saragossa, where, in a few days, a most solemn tournament was to be held in honour of the festival of Saint George; and there, by vanquishing the Arragonian knights, he would acquire the ascendency over all the knights in the world. The bachelor commended his resolution as most honourable and brave: at the same time cautioning him to be more wary in encountering great and needless perils, because his life was not his own, but belonged to those who stood in need of his aid and protection.

The knight now requested Sampson Carrasco, if he were a poet, to do him the favour to compose some verses for him, as a farewell to his lady, and to place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, so that the initials joined together might make "Dulcinea del Toboso." The bachelor said that, though he was not one of the great poets of Spain, who were said to be three-and-a-half in number, he would endeavour to comply with his request; at the same time he foresaw that it would be no easy task,

as the name consisted of seventeen letters; for if he made four stanzas of four verses each, there would be a letter too much, and if he made them of five, which are called Decimas or Redondillas, there would be three letters wanting: however, he said that he would endeavour to sink a letter as well as he could, so that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso should be included in the four stanzas. "Let it be so by all means," said Don Quixote; "for, when the name is not plain and manifest, the lady is always doubtful whether the verses be really composed for her." On this point they agreed, and also that they should set out within eight days from that time. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep his intention secret of setting out again, especially from the priest and master Nicholas, as well as his niece and housekeeper, lest they might endeavour to obstruct his honourable purpose. Carrasco promised to attend to his caution, and took his leave, after obtaining a promise on his part to send him tidings of his progress whenever an opportunity offered. Sancho also went home to prepare for the intended expedition.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA

SANCHO went home in such high spirits that his wife observed his gaiety a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not help saying:

"What makes you look so blithe, friend Sancho?" To which he answered:

"Would to Heaven, dear wife, I were not so well pleased as I seem to be!"

"I know not what you mean, husband," replied she, "by saying you wish you were not so much pleased; now, silly as I am, I cannot guess how any one can desire not to be pleased."

"Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, "I am thus merry because I am about to return to the service of my master, Don Quixote, who is going again in search after adventures, and I am to accompany him: for so my fate wills it. Besides, I am merry with the hopes of finding another hundred crowns like those we have spent; though it grieves me to part from you and my children; and if Heaven would be pleased to give me bread, dryshod and at home, without dragging me over crags and cross-paths, it is plain that my joy would be better grounded, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you: so that I was right in saying that I should be glad if it pleased Heaven I were not so well pleased"

"Look you, Sancho," replied Teresa, "ever since you have been a knight-errant man, you talk in such a roundabout manner that nobody can understand you."

"It is enough, wife," said Sancho, "that God understands me. For He is the understander of all things; and so much for that. And do you hear, wife, it behoves you to take special care of Dapple for these three or four days to come, that he may be in a condition to bear arms; so double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling: for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to give and take with giants, fiery dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings, all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchanted Moors."

"I believe, indeed, husband," replied Teresa, "that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech Heaven to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap."

"I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that did I not expect, ere long, to see myself governor of an island, I vow I should drop down dead upon the spot."

"Not so, good husband," quoth Teresa: "let the hen live though it be with the pip. Do you live, and the devil take all the governments in the world."

The niece and housekeeper of Don Quixote, during the conversation of Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa

Cascajo, were not idle; for they were led to suspect, from a thousand symptoms, that he was inclined to break loose a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry; and therefore they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his unhappy purpose: but it was all like preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron.

As soon as the housekeeper saw that Sancho and her master were so frequently shut up together, she suspected the drift of their conference; and doubting not that another unfortunate expedition would be the result, she put on her veil and set off, full of trouble and anxiety, to seek the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: thinking that as he was a well-spoken person, and a new acquaintance of her master, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a project. She found him walking to and fro in the courtyard of his house, and she immediately opened her mind to him. He listened to her patiently then said:

"Go, get you home, and leave the matter with me, while I consult with the curate." Away went the housekeeper home, while the bachelor repaired to the priest, with whom he held a consultation, the issue of which will come out in due time.

Meantime Sancho returned after his consultation with his wife. The squire looked grave and perplexed. "Well now, Sancho, what's amiss? What would you be at?"

"What would I be at," quoth Sancho, "is that your worship would be pleased to allow me wages—

so much a month, as long as I shall serve you, and that, in case of need, the same may be paid out of your estate: for I have no mind to trust to rewards, which may come late or never."

"Yes," returned Don Quixote. "I plainly see the mark at which thou art levelling thy proverbs; but hear me, Sancho: I should have no objection to appoint thee wages had I ever met with any example among the histories of knights-errant that showed the least glimmering of any such monthly or yearly stipend. I have read all, or most of those histories, and do not remember ever to have read that any knight-errant allowed his squire fixed wages; on the contrary, they all served upon courtesy: and when least expecting it, if their masters were fortunate, they were rewarded with an island, or something equal to it; at all events, they were certain of title and rank. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, thou art willing to return to my service, in Heaven's name do so; but thou art mistaken if thou hast any hope that I shall act in opposition to the ancient usages of chivalry. Return home, therefore, Sancho, and inform thy wife of my determination; and if she is willing and thou art disposed to stay with me upon the terms I mentioned—*bene quidem* ; if not, we will at least part friends and I shall easily get another squire."

On hearing this fixed resolution, the hopes of Sancho were overclouded, and his heart sunk within him: for hitherto he had never supposed it possible that his master would go without him for the world's

worth; and, as he was standing thoughtful and dejected, Sampson Carrasco entered the chamber, followed by the niece and housekeeper, who were curious to hear what arguments he would use to dissuade the knight from his threatened expedition. The waggish bachelor approached him with great respect, and after embracing him, said, in an elevated tone:

"O flower of knight-errantry! O resplendent light of arms! O mirror and glory of the Spanish nation! May it please Heaven that all those who shall seek to prevent or impede your third sally be lost in the labyrinth of their own wiles, nor ever accomplish their evil desire!" Then turning to the housekeeper, he said, "Now, mistress housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of St. Appollonia as I directed; for I know that it is the positive determination of the stars that Señor Don Quixote shall resume his glorious career, and I should greatly burthen my conscience did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this knight no longer to restrain the force of his valorous arm, nor check the virtuous ardour of his soul. Go on then, dear Señor Don Quixote, my brave and gallant knight! Lose no time; if your excellency stand in need of a squire, I shall esteem myself singularly fortunate in having the honour to serve you in that capacity."

"Did I not tell thee," said Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, "that I should be in no want of squires? Behold who now offers himself! The renowned bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the darling and delight

of the Salamancan schools! But Heaven forbid that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, and lop off so flourishing a branch of the noble and liberal arts. No, let our new Sampson abide in his country, and do honour to the grey hairs of his venerable parents, by becoming its ornament. I will be content without a squire, since Sancho deigns not to accompany me."

"I do deign," said Sancho, with eyes swimming in tears; "it shall never be said of me, dear master, 'the bread eaten, the company broke up.' I am not come of an ungrateful stock: for all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas were, that have gone before me. Besides, I know, by many good works and better words, your worship's inclination to do me a kindness: and if I have said too much upon the article of wages, it was to please my wife, who, when once she sets about persuading one to a thing, no mallet drives the hoops of a tub as she does to get her will: but a man must be a man, and a woman a woman, and I will follow your worship to the world's end."

The bachelor listened in admiration to Sancho, for though he had read the first part of the history, he had hardly conceived it possible that he should really be so pleasant a fellow as he is therein described; but now he could believe all that had been said of him: in short, he set down both the master and man as the most extraordinary couple the world had ever yet produced. Don Quixote and Sancho being now perfectly reconciled, they agreed, with the

approbation of the great Carrasco, their oracle, to depart within three days, in which time they might have leisure to provide what was necessary for the expedition, and especially a complete helmet, which Don Quixote declared to be indispensable. Sampson engaged to procure one from a friend, who he was sure would not refuse it; though he confessed the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by tarnish and rust.

The niece and housekeeper, on hearing this determination, made a woeful outcry, inveighing bitterly against Carrasco, who had been acting agreeably to a plan previously concerted with the priest and barber. They tore their hair, scratched and disfigured their faces, like the funeral mourners[1] of former times, and lamented the approaching departure of their master as if it were his death.

Three days were now employed in preparation, at the end of which time, Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, they issued forth in the evening, unobserved by any except the bachelor, who insisted on bearing them company half a league from the village. The knight was mounted on his good Rozinante, and the squire on his trusty Dapple, his wallets stored with food, and his purse with money, providentially supplied by his master in case of need. When Sampson took his leave, he expressed an earnest desire to have advice of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice

[1] It was formerly the custom to hire these mourners or bewailers, to lament over the body of the deceased.

or condole with him, as the laws of friendship required. Don Quixote having promised to comply with this request, the bachelor returned to the village, and the knight and squire pursued their way.

CHAPTER XXII

DON QUIXOTE VISITS HIS LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

Don Quixote and Sancho were now left together, and scarcely had Sampson quitted them when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray, which both knight and squire regarded as a good omen. It must be confessed that the snorting and braying of Dapple exceeded the neighings of the steed; whence Sancho gathered that his good luck was to rise above and exceed that of his master.

"Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote to his squire, "the night comes on apace, and it will be dark before we reach Toboso, whither I am resolved to go before I undertake any other adventure. There will I receive the farewell benediction of the peerless Dulcinea, by which I shall secure the happy accomplishment of every perilous enterprise: for nothing in this life inspires a knight-errant with so much valour as the favour of his mistress."

"I believe it," answered Sancho; "but I am of opinion it will be difficult for your worship to speak with her alone—at least, in any place where you may receive her benediction; unless she tosses it over the

pales of the yard where I saw her last, when I carried her the letter that gave an account of the pranks your worship was playing on the mountain."

"Didst thou conceive those to be pales, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "over which thou didst behold that paragon of gentility and beauty? Impossible! Thou must mean galleries, arcades, or cloisters, of some rich and royal palace."

"All that may be," answered Sancho; "but if I do not forget, to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory."

"However, let us go thither, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, so I but gaze on her, be it through pales, the chinks of a hut, or lattice window, the smallest ray from the bright sun of her beauty will soon enlighten my understanding and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in prudence or valour."

"In truth, sir," answered Sancho, "when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not bright enough to cast forth any beams, owing, I take it, to the dust from the grain which, I told you, her ladyship was winnowing, and which overcast her face like a cloud."

In this and the like conversation they passed that night and the following day, without having encountered anything worth relating, to the no little mortification of Don Quixote: but the next day they came in view of the great city of Toboso, at the sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and those of Sancho as much dejected; because he

knew not the abode of Dulcinea, nor had he ever seen her in his life, any more than his master. Thus both were in a state of suffering, the one anxious to see her, and the other anxious because he had not seen her; for Sancho knew not what he should do in case his master should despatch him to the city. Don Quixote having determined not to enter it until nightfall, he waited in the meantime under the shade of some oak-trees; and then proceeded towards the city, where things befel them that were things indeed!

It was late at night when Don Quixote and Sancho left their retreat and entered Toboso. All the town was hushed in silence: for its inhabitants were sound asleep, stretched out at their ease. The night was clear, though Sancho wished it were otherwise, having occasion for its darkness to conceal his prevarications. No noise was heard in any part save the barking of dogs, which annoyed the ears of Don Quixote, and disquieted Sancho's heart. Now and then, it is true, asses brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed—sounds which seemed to be augmented by the absence of every other noise. All these circumstances the enamoured knight regarded as boding ill. Nevertheless, he said to his squire:

"Son Sancho, lead on to Dulcinea's palace; for it is possible we may find her awake."

"To what palace? Body of the sun!" answered Sancho, "that in which I saw her highness was but a little mean house."

"It was, I suppose, some small apartment of her

castle which she had retired to," said the knight, "to amuse herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses."

"Since your worship," quoth Sancho, "will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open? and is it fit that we should stand thundering at them till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar?"

"First, however, let us find this castle," replied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell thee how it is proper to act; but look, Sancho—either my eyes deceive me or that huge dark pile we see yonder must be Dulcinea's palace."

"Then, lead on yourself, sir," answered Sancho; "perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I should believe it just as much as that it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the edifice which cast the dark shade, and, perceiving a large tower, he soon found that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place: whereupon he said:

"We are come to the church, Sancho."

"I see we are," answered Sancho; "and pray Heaven we be not come to our graves; for it is no very good sign to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in a blind alley."

"God's curse light on thee, blockhead!" said the

knight; "where hast thou ever found castles and royal palaces built in blind alleys?"

"Sir," replied Sancho, "each country has its customs; so perhaps it is the fashion, here in Toboso, to build your palaces and great edifices in alleys: and, therefore, I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes and alleys just before me; and perhaps in one nook or other I may pop upon this same palace."

Sancho seeing his master perplexed and dissatisfied, said to him:

"Sir, the day comes on apace, and we shall soon have the sun upon us, which will not be very pleasant in the streets: so I think we had better get out of this place, and, while your worship takes shelter in some wood hereabouts, I will return and leave not a corner in all the town unsearched, for this house, castle, or palace of my lady; and it shall go hard with me but I find it; and as soon as I have done so, I will speak to her ladyship, and tell her where your worship is waiting for her orders and directions how you may see her without damage to her honour and reputation."

"Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou hast uttered a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words. Thy counsel I relish much, and shall most willingly follow it. Come on, son, and let us seek for some shelter: then shalt thou return and seek out my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CUNNING USED BY SANCHO, IN ENCHANTING THE LADY DULCINEA

Don Quixote having retired into a grove near the city of Toboso, despatched Sancho, with orders not to return into his presence till he had spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to grant her captive knight permission to wait upon her, and that she would deign to bestow on him her benediction, whereby he might secure complete success in all his encounters and arduous enterprises. Sancho promised to execute his commands, and to return with an answer no less favourable than that which he had formerly brought him.

"Go, then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be not in confusion when thou standest in the blaze of that sun of beauty. Go, and may better fortune than mine conduct thee: be thou more successful than my anxious heart will bode during the painful period of thy absence."

"I will go, and return quickly," quoth Sancho. "Meantime, good sir, cheer up, and remember the saying, that a good heart breaks bad luck; and if there is no hook, there is no bacon, and where we least expect it, the hare starts; this I say because, though we could not find the castle nor palace of my lady Dulcinea in the dark, now that it is daylight

I reckon I shall soon find it, and then—let me alone to deal with her."

"Verily, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou dost apply thy proverbs most happily: yet Heaven grant me better luck in the attainment of my hopes!"

Sancho now switched his Dapple, and set off, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups and leaning on his lance, full of melancholy and confused fancies, where we will leave him, and attend Sancho Panza, who departed no less perplexed and thoughtful: insomuch that, after he had got out of the grove and looked behind him to ascertain that his master was out of sight, he alighted, and sitting down at the foot of a tree he began to hold a parley with himself.

"Tell me now, brother Sancho," quoth he, "whither is your worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost?" "No, verily." "Then what are you going to seek?" "Why, I go to look for a thing of nothing—a princess, the sun of beauty, and all heaven together!" "Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this?"

"Where? In the great city of Toboso." "Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand?" "Why, the renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry and meat to the thirsty."

"All this is mighty well; and do you know her house, Sancho?" "My master says it must be some royal palace or stately castle." "And have you ever

seen her?" "Neither I nor my master have ever seen her." "And do you think it would be right or advisable that the people of Toboso should know you are coming to kidnap their princesses and lead their ladies astray! What if, for this offence, they should come and grind your ribs to powder with true dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin?" "Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider, that I, being only a messenger, am not in fault." "Trust not to them, Sancho; for the Manchegans are very choleric, and their honour so ticklish that it will not bear touching." "God's my life! If we should be scented, woe be to us. But why do I go looking for a cat with three legs for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is just as if one should look for little Mary in Rabena, or a bachelor in Salamanca: the devil, and nobody else, has put me upon such a business! This being the case, I say. it will not be very difficult to make him believe that a country wench (the first I light upon) is the lady Dulcinea; and, should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will outswear him; and if he persists, I will persist the more, so that mine shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. By this plan I may, perhaps, tire him of sending me on such errands; or he may take it into his head that some wicked enchanter has changed his lady's form, out of pure spite."

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done; so he

stayed where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote might suppose him travelling on his mission. Fortunately for him, just as he was going to mount his Dapple, he espied three country wenches coming from Toboso, each mounted on a young ass. Sancho no sooner got sight of them than he rode back at a good pace to seek his master, Don Quixote, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations. When Don Quixote saw him, he said, "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone?"

"Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on the professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers on."

"Thou bringest me good news, then?" cried Don Quixote.

"So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has only to clap spurs to Rozinante, and get out upon the plain, to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to pay your worship a visit."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "what dost thou say? Take care that thou beguilest not my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy."

"What should I get," answered Sancho, "by deceiving your worship, only to be found out the next moment? Come, sir, put on, and you will see the princess our mistress all arrayed and adorned —in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold; all strings of pearls, all

diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep; their hair loose about their shoulders, like so many sunbeams blowing about in the wind; and what is more, they come mounted upon three flea-bitten gambling belfreys, the finest you ever laid eyes on."

"Ambling palfreys, thou wouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote.

"Well, well," answered Sancho, "belfreys and palfreys are much the same thing; but let them be mounted how they will, they are the finest creatures one would wish to see; especially the princess Dulcinea, who dazzles one's senses."

"Let us go, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and as a reward for this welcome news, I bequeath to thee the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and, if that will not satisfy thee, I bequeath thee the colts which my three mares will foal this year upon our village common."

"I stick to the colts," answered Sancho: "for we cannot yet reckon up the worth of the spoils."

They were now got out of the wood, and saw the three wenches very near. Don Quixote looked eagerly along the road towards Toboso, and, seeing nobody but the three wenches, he asked Sancho, in much agitation, whether they were out of the city when he left them.

"Out of the city!" answered Sancho; "are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see them now before you, shining like the sun at noonday?"

"I see only three country girls," answered Don Quixote, "on three asses."

"Now, Heaven keep me from the devil," answered Sancho; "is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should look to you like asses? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck off this beard of mine if it be so."

"I tell thee, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are asses, as that I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza;—at least, so they seem to me."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not such a thing; but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and pay reverence to the mistress of your soul." So saying, he advanced forward to meet the peasant girls, and, alighting from Dapple, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and, bending both knees to the ground, said to the girl:

"Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands turned there into stone, all disorder and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is that wayworn knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure."

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees by Sancho, and, with wild and staring eyes, surveyed her whom Sancho called his queen; and, seeing nothing but a peasant girl, with a broad face, flat nose, coarse and homely, he was so confounded that he could not open his lips. The wenches were also

surprised to find themselves stopped by two men so different in aspect, and both on their knees; but the lady who was stopped, breaking silence, said in angry tone:

"Get out of the road, plague on ye! and let us pass by, for we are in haste."

"O princess, and universal lady of Toboso!" cried Sancho, "is not your magnificent heart melting to see on his knees before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?"

"Hey day! what's here to do?" cried another of the girls; "look how your small gentry come to jeer us poor country girls; as if we could not give them as good as they bring: go! get off about your business, and let us mind ours, and so speed you well."

"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, on hearing this: "for I now perceive that fortune, not yet satisfied with persecuting me, has barred every avenue whereby relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, summit of human perfection, thou sole balm to this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though now some wicked enchanter spreads clouds and cataracts over my eyes, changing, and to them only, thy peerless beauty into that of a poor rustic; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it horrible to thy view, bestow on me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture, these bended knees, before thy disguised beauty, declare the humility with which my soul adores thee!"

"Marry come up," quoth the wench, "with your idle gibberish; get on with you, and let us go, and we shall take it kindly."

Sancho now let go the halter, delighted that he had come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was no sooner set at liberty than, pricking her beast with a sharp-pointed stick, which she held in her hand, she scourged along the field; but the ass, smarting more than usual under the goad, began to kick and wince in such a manner that down came the lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote instantly ran to her assistance, and Sancho to replace the pannel that had got under the ass's belly. Don Quixote was then proceeding to raise his enchanted mistress, but the lady saved him that trouble: for, immediately upon getting up from the ground, she retired three or four steps back, took a little run, then, clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man.

"By Saint Roque!" cried Sancho, "our lady mistress is lighter than a bird, and could teach the nimblest Cordovan or Mexican how to mount: she springs into a saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are not a whit short of her, for they all fly like the wind!" And this was the truth: for, Dulcinea being remounted, the other two made after her, full speed, without looking behind them for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes as far

as he was able, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said:

"What dost thou think now, Sancho? See how I am persecuted by enchanters! Mark how far their malice extends, even to depriving me of the pleasure of seeing my mistress in her own proper form! Surely I was born to be an example of wretchedness, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill-fortune are aimed!" The sly rogue Sancho had much difficulty to forbear laughing, to think how exquisitely his master was gulled. After more dialogue of the same kind, they mounted their beasts again, and followed their wanderings.

CHAPTER XXIV

ADVENTURE WITH THE "BRAYERS"

Our illustrious knight of La Mancha, now determined to visit the banks of the river Ebro and the neighbouring country: finding that he would have time sufficient for that purpose before the tournaments at Saragossa began. With this intention he pursued his journey, and travelled two days without encountering anything worth recording, till, on the third day, as he was ascending a hill, he heard a distant sound of drums, trumpets, and other martial instruments, which at first he imagined to proceed from a body of military on the march; and, spurring

Rozinante, he ascended a rising ground, whence he perceived, as he thought, in the valley beneath, above two hundred men, armed with various weapons, as spears, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, and spikes, with some fire-arms. He then descended, and advanced near the troop.

They soon ascertained that it was the town that had been derided sallying forth to attack another, which had ridiculed them more than was reasonable or becoming in good neighbours. Don Quixote advanced towards them, to the no small concern of Sancho, who never had any liking to meddle in such matters, and he was presently surrounded by the motley band, who supposed him to be some friend to their cause. Don Quixote then, raising his vizor with an easy and graceful deportment, approached the ass-banner, and all the chiefs of the army collected around him, being struck with the same astonishment which the first sight of him usually excited. Don Quixote, seeing them gaze so earnestly at him, without being spoken to by any of the party, took advantage of the silence, and addressed them.

"The devil fetch me," quoth Sancho to himself, "if this master of mine be not a perfect priest; or, if not, he is as like one as one egg is like another." Don Quixote took breath a little, and perceiving his auditors were still attentive, he would have continued his harangue, had he not been prevented by the zeal of his squire, who seized the opportunity offered him by a pause, to make a speech in his turn.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my master, Don Quixote

de la Mancha, once called the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Figure,' and now the 'Knight of the Lions,' is a choice scholar, and understands Latin, and talks the vulgar tongue like any bachelor of arts; and in all he meddles and advises, proceeds like an old soldier; having all the laws and statutes of what is called duelling at his fingers' ends; and so you have nothing to do but to follow his advice, and while you abide by that, let the blame be mine if ever you make a false step. And, indeed, as you have already been told, it is mighty foolish in you to be offended at hearing any one bray; when I was a boy, I well remember nobody ever hindered me from braying as often as I pleased; and I could do it so rarely that all the asses in the town answered me; yet for all that was I still the son of my parents, who were very honest people: and though I must say a few of the proudest of my neighbours envied me the gift, yet I cared not a rush; and, to convince you that I speak the truth, do but listen to me; for this art, like that of swimming, once learned, is never forgotten."

Then, putting his hands to his nostrils, he began to bray so strenuously that the adjacent valleys resounded again; whereupon a man who stood near him, supposing that he was mocking them, raised his pole, and gave him such a blow that it brought the unlucky squire to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing him so ill-treated, made at the striker with his lance, but was instantly opposed by so many of his comrades, that he saw it was impossible for him to be revenged: on the contrary, feeling a shower of

stones come thick upon him, and seeing a thousand cross-bows presented, and as many guns levelled at him, he turned Rozinante about, and, as fast as he could gallop, got out from among them, heartily recommending himself to Heaven, and praying, as he fled, to be delivered from so imminent a danger: at the same time expecting, at every step, to be pierced through and through with bullets, he went on drawing his breath at every moment, to try whether or not it failed him. The rustic battalion, however, seeing him fly, were contented to save their ammunition. As for Sancho, they set him again upon his ass, though scarcely recovered from the blow, and suffered him to follow his master. The army kept the field till nightfall, when no enemy coming forth to battle, they joyfully returned home: and had they known the practice of the ancient Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

Don Quixote, not choosing to expose himself to the fury of an incensed and evil-disposed multitude, prudently retired out of their reach, without once recollecting his faithful squire, or the perilous situation in which he left him; nor did he stop till he got as far off as he deemed sufficient for his safety. Sancho followed the track of his master, hanging, as before described, athwart his ass, and, having recovered his senses, at length came up to him; when, unable to support himself, he dropped from his pack-saddle at Rozinante's feet, overcome with the pain of the bruises and blows he had received.

Don Quixote dismounted to examine the state of Sancho's body: but, finding no bones broken, and the skin whole from head to foot, he said angrily:

"In an evil hour, Sancho, must thou needs show thy skill in braying: where didst thou learn that it was proper to name a halter in the house of a man that was hanged? To thy braying music what counterpoint couldst thou expect but that of a cudgel? Return thanks to Heaven, Sancho, that, instead of crossing thy back with a cudgel, they did not make the sign of the cross on thee with a scimitar."

"I am not now in a condition to answer," replied Sancho, "for methinks I speak through my shoulders. Let us mount, and be gone from this place. As for braying, I will have done with it for ever;—but not with telling that knights-errant can fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder in the midst of their enemies."

"To retire is not to fly," answered Don Quixote; "for thou must know, Sancho, that the valour which has not prudence for its basis is termed rashness, and the successful exploits of the rash are rather to be ascribed to good fortune than to courage. I confess I did retire, but not fly."

By this time Sancho had mounted again, with the assistance of his master, who likewise got upon Rozinante, and they proceeded slowly towards a grove of poplars which they discovered about a quarter of a league off, Sancho every now and then heaving most profound sighs, accompanied by

dolorous groans: and, when asked the cause of his distress, he said that, from the nape of his neck to the lowest point of his back-bone, he was so bruised and sore that the pain made him mad.

"Doubtless," said Don Quixote, "this pain must have been caused by the pole with which they struck thee, and which, being long, extended over the whole of thy back, including all the parts which now grieve thee so much; and, had the weapon been still larger, thy pain would have been increased."

"Before Heaven," quoth Sancho, "your worship has relieved me from a mighty doubt, and explained it, forsooth, in notable terms! Body o' me! was the cause of my pain so hidden that it was necessary to tell me that I felt pain in all those parts which the pole reached? If my ankles had ached, then might you have tried to unriddle the cause; but to find out that I am pained because I was beaten is, truly, no great matter. In faith, master of mine, other men's harms are easily borne; I descry land more and more every day, and see plainly how little I am to expect from following your worship."

"I would lay a good wager with thee, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that now thou art talking, and without interruption, thou feelest no pain in thy body. Go on, my son, and say all that comes into thy head, or to thy tongue; for, so thou art relieved from pain, I shall take pleasure even in the vexation thy impertinence occasions me—nay more, if thou hast really so great a desire to return home to thy wife and children, God forbid I should hinder thee.

Thou hast money of mine in thy hands; see how long it is since we made this third sally from our town, and how much thou couldst have earned monthly, and pay thyself."

"When I served Thomas Carrasco," replied Sancho, "father of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, whom your worship knows full well, I got two ducats a month, besides my victuals; with your worship I cannot tell what I may get; but I am sure it is greater drudgery to be squire to a knight-errant than servant to a farmer; for, if we work for husbandmen, though we labour hard in the day, at night we are sure of supper from the pot, and a bed to sleep on."

"I confess, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that all thou sayest is true—how much dost thou think I ought to pay thee more than what thou hadst from Thomas Carrasco?"

"I think," quoth Sancho, "if your worship adds two reals a month, I should reckon myself well-paid. This is for the wages due for my labour; but as to the promise your worship made of the government of an island, it would be fair that you add six reals more, making thirty in all."

"Very well," replied Don Quixote, "it is five-and-twenty days since we sallied from our village, and, according to the wages thou hast allotted thyself, calculate the proportion and see what I owe thee, and pay thyself, as I said before, with thine own hand."

"Body o' me," quoth Sancho, "your worship is clean out of the reckoning, for, as to the promised

island, we must reckon from the day you promised me to the present hour."

"How long then is it since I promised it to thee?" said Don Quixote.

"If I remember right," answered Sancho, "it is about twenty years and three days, more or less."

Here Don Quixote, clapping his forehead with the palm of his hand, began to laugh heartily, and said, "Why, all my sallies, including the time I sojourned in the Sierra Morena, have scarcely taken up more than two months, and dost thou say, Sancho, it is twenty years since I promised thee an island? I perceive that thou art determined to lay claim to all the money thou hast of mine; if such be thy wish, take it, and much good may it do thee: for to rid myself of so worthless a squire I will gladly be left poor and penniless. But tell me, thou perverter of the squirely ordinances of knight-errantry! where hast thou seen or read that any squire to knight-errant ever presumed to bargain with his master, and say, so much per month you must give me to serve you? Turn about the bridle, or halter, of Dapple, and get home! for not one single step farther shalt thou go with me. O bread ill-bestowed! O promises ill-placed! O man, thou hast more of the beast than of the human creature! Now, when I thought of establishing thee, and in such a way that, in spite of thy wife, thou shouldst have been styled 'your lordship,' now dost thou leave me? Now, when I had just taken a firm and effectual resolution to make thee lord of the best island in the world? But, as

thou thyself hast often said, 'honey is not for the mouth of an ass.' An ass thou art, an ass thou wilt continue to be, and an ass thou wilt die; for I verily believe thou wilt never acquire even sense enough to know that thou art a beast!"

Sancho looked at his master with a sad and sorrowful countenance, all the time he thus reproached and rated him; and when the storm was past, with tears in his eyes and in a faint and doleful voice, he said:

"I confess, dear sir, that to be a complete ass I want nothing but a tail, and if your worship will be pleased to put me on one I shall deem it well placed, and will then serve you as your faithful ass all the days I have yet to live. Pardon me, sir, I entreat you; have pity on my ignorance, and consider that, if my tongue runs too fast, it is more from folly than evil-meaning: 'he who errs and mends, himself to Heaven commends.'"

"I should have wondered much, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "if thy proverbs had been wanting on such an occasion. Well, I forgive thee, on the promise of thy amendment, and in the hope that henceforth thou mayest prove less craving and selfish. I would hope also to see thy mind prepared to wait with becoming patience the due accomplishment of my promises, which, though deferred, are not on that account the less certain." Sancho promised compliance, though, to do it, he should have to draw strength out of weakness.

They now entered the poplar-grove, and Don Quixote seated himself at the foot of an elm, and

Sancho under a beech. In that situation they passed the night: Sancho suffering from the keen pain of bruises, and his master indulging his wonted meditations; nevertheless they both slept, and in the morning pursued their way towards the banks of the famous Ebro, where that befel them which shall be related in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXV

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK

After travelling leisurely for two days, Don Quixote and his squire reached the banks of the river Ebro, and the knight experienced much pleasure while he contemplated the verdure of its margin, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its crystal waters. Cheered and delighted with the scene, a thousand tender recollections rushed upon his mind, and particularly what he had witnessed in the cave of Montesinos; for although Master Peter's ape had pronounced a part only of those wonders to be true, he rather inclined to believe the whole than allow any part to be doubtful: quite the reverse of Sancho, who held them all to be false.

Thus musing and sauntering along, they observed a small vessel without oars or any kind of tackle, fastened by a rope to the shore. Don Quixote looked round him on all sides, and, seeing nobody, he alighted, and ordered Sancho to do the same, and

make fast both their beasts to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew by the side of the river. On Sancho's requesting to know why he was to do so, "Thou must know," said Don Quixote, "that this vessel is placed here expressly for my reception, and in order that I might proceed therein to the succour of some knight or other person of high degree who is in extreme distress: for such is the practice of enchanters, as we learn in the books of chivalry, when some knight happens to be involved in a situation of extraordinary peril, from which he can only be delivered by the hand of another knight. Then, although distant from each other two or three thousand leagues, and even more, they either snatch him up in a cloud, or, as thus, provide him with a boat, and in less than the twinkling of an eye convey him through the air, or over the surface of the ocean, wherever they list."

"Since it must be so," said Sancho, "and that your worship is determined to be always running into these vagaries, there is nothing left for me but to obey: following the proverb, 'do your master's bidding, and sit down with him at his table.' But for all that, to discharge my conscience, I am bound to tell your worship that, to my mind, this same boat belongs to no enchanter, but to some fisherman on this part of the river: for here, it is said, they catch the best shads in the world."

This caution Sancho ventured to give, while, with much grief of soul, he was tying the cattle, where they were to be left under the protection of enchanters.

Don Quixote told him to be under no concern about forsaking those animals; for he, by whom they were themselves to be transported to far distant longitudes, would take care that they should not want for food.

"I do not understand your longitudes," said Sancho, "nor have I ever heard of such a word in all my life."

"Longitudes," replied Don Quixote, "means length;—but no wonder thou dost not understand it, for thou art not bound to know Latin: though some there are who pretend to know it, and are as ignorant as thyself."

"Now they are tied," quoth Sancho, "what is next to be done?"

"What?" answered Don Quixote; "why, cross ourselves and weigh anchor—I mean embark, and cut the rope with which the vessel is now tied." Then, leaping into it, followed by Sancho, he cut the cord, and the boat floated gently from the shore; and when Sancho saw himself a few yards from the bank, he began to quake with fear; but on hearing his friend Dapple bray, and seeing Rozinante struggle to get loose, he was quite overcome.

"The poor ass," said he, "brays for pure grief at being deserted, and Rozinante is endeavouring to get loose, that he may plunge into the river and follow us. O, dearest friends! abide where you are in peace, and may the mad freak which is the cause of our doleful parting, be quickly followed by a repentance that will bring us back again to your sweet company!"

Here he began to weep so bitterly that Don Quixote lost all patience.

"Of what are thou afraid? cowardly wretch!" cried he, "heart of butter! Why weepest thou?"

The boat was gently gliding along the surface of the river—not moved by the secret influence of enchantment, but by the current, which was then gentle, and the whole surface smooth and calm.

After a time several corn-mills appeared before them in the midst of the stream, which Don Quixote no sooner espied than he exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Behold, O Sancho! seest thou yon city, castle, or fortress?—there lies some knight under oppression, or some queen, infanta, or princess, confined in evil plight; to whose relief I am brought hither."

"What the devil of a city, fortress, or castle do you talk of, sir?" quoth Sancho; "do you not see that they are mills standing in the river for the grinding of corn?"

"Peace, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for though they seem to be mills, they are not so. How often must I tell thee that enchanters have the power to transform whatever they please? I do not say that things are totally changed by them, but to our eyes they are made to appear so; whereof we have had a woeful proof in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes."

The boat having now got into the current of the river, was carried on with more celerity than before; and, as it approached the mill, the labourers within, seeing it drifting towards them, and just entering the

mill-stream, several of them ran out in haste with long poles to stop it; and, their faces and clothes being all covered with meal-dust, they had a ghostly appearance. "Devils of men!" said they, bawling aloud, "what do you there? Are you mad, or do you intend to drown yourselves, or to be torn to pieces by the wheels?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that we should certainly arrive where it would be necessary for me to display the valour of my arm? Look, what assassins and hobgoblins come out to oppose us! See their horrid visages with which they think to scare us! Now, rascals, have at you!" Then, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers aloud. "Ill-advised scoundrels!" said he, "set at liberty the person ye keep under oppression in that castle or fortress of yours, whether he be of high or low degree; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom, by Heaven's high destiny, the happy accomplishment of this adventure is reserved." So saying, he drew his sword and began to flourish with it in the air, as if he would smite the millers, who, not understanding his menaces, endeavoured to stop the boat, now on the point of entering into the swift current that rushed under the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees and prayed devoutly to Heaven for his deliverance, which was accomplished by the agility and adroitness of the millers with their poles, —but not without oversetting the boat, whereby the knight and squire were plunged into the water.

Although Don Quixote could swim like a goose, the weight of his armour now carried him twice to the bottom; and, had it not been for the millers who leaped into the river, and hauled them both out, they must have inevitably perished.

After having been dragged on shore, much more wet than thirsty, Sancho again fell on his knees, and long and devoutly prayed that Heaven would thenceforward protect him from the dangers to which he was likely to be exposed through the rash enterprises of his master. Now came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which had been entirely destroyed by the mill-wheels, and loudly demanded reparation for the loss they had sustained, and for that purpose began to strip Sancho, when Don Quixote, with as much unconcern as if nothing had happened, gravely told the millers and fishermen that he would willingly pay for the boat on condition of their delivering up, free and without ransom, the person, or persons, whom they unjustly detained in their castle.

"What persons, or what castles, madman! do you mean?" said one of the millers; "would you carry off those who come to have their corn ground at our mills?"

"There let it rest," thought Don Quixote to himself: "it is only preaching to the desert to endeavour, either by argument or entreaty, to incite these dregs of human kind to a generous action! In this adventure it is manifest that two powerful enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating what the other attempts; the one providing me a bark and the other over-

setting it. Heaven help me! in this world there is nothing but plots and counter-plots, mines and counter-mines!—I can do no more." Then, casting a look of melancholy towards the mills:

"Friends," he said, "whoever ye are that live immured in that prison, pardon me, I beseech you, for not having delivered you from affliction; by your ill fate and mine it is ordained that this adventure should be reserved for some more fortunate knight!" He then compounded with the fishermen, and agreed to give them fifty reals for the boat, which sum Sancho, with much reluctance, paid down, saying:

"A couple more of such embarkations as this will sink our whole capital."

The fishermen and millers stood gazing with astonishment at two figures so far out of the fashion and semblance of other men, and were quite at a loss to find out the meaning of Don Quixote's speeches; but, conceiving their intellects to be disordered, they left them; the millers retiring to their mills, and the fishermen to their cabins; whereupon Don Quixote and Sancho, like a pair of senseless animals, returned to the animals they had left; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

[*The story goes on to tell, among other things, how Sancho obtained his island and how he governed it, how he met a viceroy and a duchess and other great people. But the story of the island is so good that it cannot be sampled but must be read in a complete "Don Quixote," such as the "Everyman" edition.*]

CHAPTER XXVI

DEFEAT OF DON QUIXOTE

ONE morning, Don Quixote having sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points—his favourite custom, for arms, he said, were his ornament, and fighting his recreation—he observed a knight advancing towards him, armed also like himself, and bearing a shield, on which was portrayed a resplendent moon; and when near enough to be heard, in an elevated voice he addressed himself to Don Quixote, saying:

"Illustrious knight, and never-enough-renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, of whose incredible achievements, peradventure, you have heard. I come to engage in combat with you, and to try the strength of your arm, in order to make you confess that my mistress, whoever she may be, is beyond comparison more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso:—a truth which, if you fairly confess, you will spare your own life, and me the trouble of taking it. The terms of the combat I require are, that if the victory be mine, you relinquish arms and the search of adventures for the space of one year, and that, returning forthwith to your own dwelling, you there live during that period in a state of profound quiet, which will tend both to your temporal and spiritual welfare; but if, on the contrary, my head should lie at your mercy, then

shall the spoils of my horse and arms be yours, and the fame of my exploits transferred to you. Consider which is best for you, and determine quickly, for this very day must decide our fate."

Don Quixote was no less surprised at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon than the reason he gave for challenging him; and, with much gravity and composure, he answered, " Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have not as yet reached my ears, I dare swear you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, if so, I am confident you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have convinced you that there never was, nor ever can be, beauty comparable to hers; and, therefore, without giving you the lie, I only affirm that you are mistaken, and accept your challenge; and that too upon the spot, even now, this very day, as you desire. Of your conditions, I accept all but the transfer of your exploits, which being unknown to me, I shall remain contented with my own, such as they are. Choose then your ground, and expect to meet me; and he whom Heaven favours may St. Peter bless! "

In the meantime, the viceroy, who had been informed of the appearance of the stranger knight, and that he was holding parley with Don Quixote, hastened to the scene of action, accompanied by Don Antonio and several others: not doubting but that it was some new device of theirs to amuse themselves with the knight. He arrived just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rozinante about to take the

necessary ground for his career, and perceiving that they were ready for the onset, he went up and inquired the cause of so sudden an encounter. The Knight of the White Moon told him it was a question of pre-eminence in beauty, and then briefly repeated what he had said to Don Quixote, mentioning the conditions of the combat. The viceroy, in a whisper to Don Antonio, asked him if he knew the stranger knight, and whether it was some jest upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio assured him, in reply, that he neither knew who he was, nor whether this challenge was in jest or earnest. Puzzled with this answer, the viceroy was in doubt whether or not he should interpose, and prevent the encounter; but being assured it could only be some pleasantry, he withdrew, saying:

"Valorous knights, if there be no choice between confession and death; if Señor Don Quixote persists in denying, and you, Sir Knight of the White Moon, in affirming, to it, gentlemen, in Heaven's name!"

The knights made their acknowledgments to the viceroy for his gracious permission; and now Don Quixote, recommending himself to Heaven, and (as usual on such occasions) to his lady Dulcinea, retired again to take a larger compass, seeing his adversary do the like; and without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument, to give signal for the onset, they both turned their horses about at the same instant; but he of the White Moon being mounted on the fleetest steed, met Don Quixote before he had run half his career, and then, without touching him with

his lance, which he seemed purposely to raise, he encountered him with such impetuosity that both horse and rider came to the ground; he then sprang upon him, and, clapping his lance to his vizor, he said:

"Knight, you are vanquished and a dead man, if you confess not, according to the conditions of our challenge."

Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his vizor, and as if speaking from a tomb, said in a feeble and low voice:

"Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth, nor is it just that my weakness should discredit this truth; knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have despoiled me of my honour."

"Not so, by my life!" quoth he of the White Moon: "long may the beauty and fame of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso flourish! All I demand of the great Don Quixote is, that he submit to one year's domestic repose and respite from the exercise of arms."

The viceroy, Don Antonio, with many others, were witnesses to all that passed, and now heard Don Quixote promise that, since he required nothing of him to the prejudice of his lady Dulcinea, he should fulfil the terms of their engagement with the punctuality of a true knight.

This declaration being made, he of the White Moon turned about his horse, and bowing to the viceroy, at a half-gallop entered the city, whither the viceroy

ordered Don Antonio to follow him, and by all means to learn who he was. They now raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale, and bedewed with cold sweat, and Rozinante in such a plight that he was unable to stir.

Sancho, quite sorrowful and cast down, knew not what to do or say; sometimes he fancied he was dreaming; at others, that the whole was an affair of witchcraft and enchantment. He saw his master discomfited, and bound, by his oath, to lay aside arms for a whole year! His glory, therefore, he thought was for ever extinguished, and his hopes of greatness scattered, like smoke, to the wind. Indeed he was afraid that both horse and rider were crippled, and hoped that it would prove no worse.

Finally, the vanquished knight was conveyed to the city in a chair, which had been ordered by the viceroy, who returned thither himself, impatient for some information concerning the knight who had left Don Quixote in such evil plight.

Don Antonio Moreno rode into the city after the Knight of the White Moon, who was also pursued to his inn by a swarm of boys; and he had no sooner entered the chamber where his squire waited to disarm him, than he was greeted by the inquisitive Don Antonio. Conjecturing the object of his visit, he said, "I doubt not, Señor, but that your design is to learn who I am; and as there is no cause for concealment, while my servant is unarming me, I will inform you without reserve. My name Señor, is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am of the same town with

Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly have excited the pity of all who knew him. I have felt, for my own part, particularly concerned, and, believing his recovery to depend upon his remaining quietly at home, my projects have been solely directed to that end. About three months ago I sallied forth on the highway like a knight-errant, styling myself Knight of the Mirrors, intending to fight and conquer my friend, without doing him harm, and making his submission to my will the condition of our combat. Never doubting of success, I expected to send him home for twelve months, and hoped that, during that time, he might be restored to his senses. But fortune ordained it otherwise, for he was the victor; he tumbled me from my horse, and thereby defeated my design. He pursued his journey, and I returned home, vanquished, abashed, and hurt by my fall. However, I did not relinquish my project, as you have seen this day; and, as he is so exact and punctual in observing the laws of knight-errantry, he will doubtless observe my injunctions. And now, sir, I have only to beg that you will not discover me to Don Quixote, that my good intentions may take effect, and his understanding be restored to him, which, when freed from the follies of chivalry, is excellent."

"O, sir!" exclaimed Don Antonio, "what have you to answer for in robbing the world of so diverting a madman? Is it not plain, sir, that no benefit to be derived from his recovery can be set against the pleasure which his extravagances afford? But I fancy, sir, his case is beyond the reach of your art;

and, Heaven forgive me! for by his cure we should lose not only the pleasantries of the knight, but those of his squire, which are enough to transform Melancholy herself into mirth. Nevertheless, I will be silent, and wait in the full expectation that Señor Carrasco will lose his labour."

"Yet, all things considered," said the bachelor, "the business is in a promising way—I have no doubt of success."

Don Antonio then politely took his leave; and that same day the bachelor, after having his armour tied upon the back of a mule, mounted his charger, and quitted the city, directing his course homewards, where he arrived without meeting with any adventure on the road worthy of a place in this faithful history. Don Antonio reported his conversation with the bachelor Carrasco to the viceroy, who regretted that such conditions should have been imposed upon Don Quixote, as they might put an end to that diversion which he had so liberally supplied to all who were acquainted with his whimsical turn of mind.

During six days Don Quixote kept his bed, melancholy, thoughtful, and out of humour, still dwelling upon his unfortunate overthrow. Sancho strove hard to comfort him:

"Cheer up, my dear master," said he, "pluck up a good heart, sir, and be thankful you have come off without a broken rib. Remember, sir, 'they that give must take'; and 'every hook has not its flitch.' Come, come, sir—a fig for the doctor! you have no need of him. Let us pack up, and be jogging home-

ward, and leave this rambling up and down to seek adventures the Lord knows where—odds bodikins! after all, I am the greatest loser, though mayhap your worship suffers the most; for though, after a taste of governing, I now loathe it, I have never lost my longing for an earldom or countship, which I may whistle for if your worship refuses to be a king, by giving up knight-errantry."

"Peace, friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and remember that my retirement is not to exceed a year, and then I will resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom for myself, nor an earldom for thee."

"Heaven grant it, and sin be deaf!" quoth Sancho; "for I have always been told that good expectation is better than bad possession."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE VANQUISHED KNIGHT BEGINS THE JOURNEY HOMEWARD

As Don Quixote was leaving the city of Barcelona, he cast his eyes to the spot whereon he had been defeated; and pausing, he cried:—"There stood Troy! There my evil destiny, not cowardice, despoiled me of my glory; there I experienced the fickleness of fortune: there the lustre of my exploits was obscured; and, lastly, there fell my happiness, never more to rise!" Upon which Sancho said to him:

"Great hearts, dear sir, should be patient under misfortunes, as well as joyful when all goes well; and in that I judge by myself; for when I was made a governor, I was blithe and merry, and now that I am a poor squire on foot, I am not sad. I have heard say, that she they call Fortune is a drunken freakish dame, and withal so blind that she does not see what she is about; neither whom she raises, nor whom she pulls down."

That night the master and man took up their lodging in the middle of a field, under the spangled roof of heaven; and the next day, while pursuing their journey, they saw a man coming towards them on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin, or half-pike, in his hand—the proper equipment of a foot-post; who, when he had got near them, quickened his pace, and, running up to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh—for he could reach no higher,—and, testifying great joy, he said, "Oh! Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha! how rejoiced will my lord duke be when he hears that your worship is returning to his castle, where he still remains with my lady duchess!"

"I know you not, friend," answered Don Quixote; "nor can I conceive who you are unless you tell me."

"Señor Don Quixote," answered the courier, "I am Tosilos, the duke's lacquey; the same who would not fight with your worship about Donna Rodriguez' daughter."

"Heaven defend me!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "are you he whom the enchanters, my enemies,

transformed into the lacquey, to defraud me of the glory of that combat?"

"Softly, good sir," replied the messenger; "there was neither enchantment nor change in the case. Tosilos the lacquey I entered the lists, and the same I came out. I refused fighting, because I had a mind to marry the girl; but it turned out quite otherwise; for your worship had no sooner left the castle than, instead of a wife, I got a sound banging, by my lord duke's order, for not doing as he would have had me in that affair; and the end of it all is, that the girl is turned nun, and Donna Rodriguez packed off to Castile; and I am now going to Barcelona with a packet of letters from my lord to the viceroy; and if your worship will please to take a little of the dear creature, I have here a calabash full at your service, with a slice of good cheese that will awaken thirst, if it be sleeping."

"I take you at your word," quoth Sancho; "and, without more ado, let us be at it, good Tosilos, in spite of all the enchanters in the Indies."

"In truth, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou art a very glutton, and, moreover, the greatest simpleton on earth, to doubt that this courier is enchanted, and a counterfeit Tosilos. But, if thou art bent upon it, stay, in Heaven's name, and eat thy fill, while I go on slowly, and wait thy coming." The lacquey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, and unwalleted his cheese; and taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the grass, and in peace and good-fellowship quickly despatched the contents,

and got to the bottom of the provision-bag, with so good an appetite that they licked the very packet of letters because it smelt of cheese.

While they were thus employed:

"Hang me, friend Sancho," said Tosilos, "if I know what to make of that master of yours—he must needs be a madman."

"Need!" quoth Sancho; "faith, he has no need! for, if madness pass current, he has plenty to pay every man his own. That I can see full well, and full often I tell him of it; but what boots it!—especially now that it is all over with him; for he has been worsted by the Knight of the White Moon."

Tosilos begged him to relate what had happened to him; but Sancho excused himself, saying it would be unmannerly to keep his master waiting; but that, another time, if they should meet again, he would tell him the whole affair. He then rose up, shook the crumbs from his beard and apparel, and took leave of Tosilos; then driving Dapple before him, he set off to overtake his master, whom he found waiting for him under the shade of a tree.

Don Quixote and his squire travelled on till they arrived at the very spot where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote recollecting it, "There, Sancho," said he, "is the meadow where we met the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds who proposed to revive, in this place, another pastoral Arcadia. The project was equally new and ingenious, and if thou thinkest well of it, Sancho, we will follow their example, and turn shepherds: at least for the

term of my retirement. I will buy sheep, and whatever is necessary for a pastoral life; and I, assuming the name of the shepherd Quixotiz, and thou that of the shepherd Panzino, we will range the woods, the hills, and the valleys, singing here and sighing there; drinking from the clear springs, or limpid brooks, or the mighty rivers; while the oaks, with liberal hand, shall give us their sweetest fruit—the hollow cork-trees, lodging—willows, their shade, and the roses, their delightful perfume. The spacious meads shall be our carpets of a thousand colours; and, ever breathing the clear, pure air, the moon and stars shall be our tapers of the night, and light our evening walk; and thus while singing will be our pleasure and complaining our delight, the god of song will provide harmonious verse, and love a never-failing theme—so shall our fame be eternal as our song!"

"'Fore gad!" quoth Sancho, "that kind of life squares and corners with me exactly; and I warrant if once the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, catch a glimpse of it, they will follow us, and turn shepherds too: and Heaven grant that the priest have not an inclination to make one in the fold—he is so gay and merrily inclined."

"Thou sayest well," quoth Don Quixote: "and if the bachelor Sampson Carrasco will make one amongst us, as I doubt not he will, he may call himself the shepherd Sampsonino, or Carrascon. Master Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nomoroso."

"Alas! sir," quoth Sancho, "I am so unlucky that

I shall never see those blessed days! O what neat wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! What curds and cream! what garlands! what pretty nick-nacks! An old dog I am at these trinkums, which though they may not set me up for one of the seven wise men, will get me the name of a clever fellow. My daughter Sanchica shall bring our dinner to us in the field—but hold there: she's a sightly wench, and shepherds are sometimes roguishly given."

They retired, and made a late and scanty supper, much against Sancho's inclination, for it brought the hardships of knight-errantry fresh upon his thoughts, and he grieved to think how seldom he encountered the plenty that reigned in the house of Don Diego de Miranda, at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and at Don Antonio Moreno's; but again reflecting that it could not be always day, nor always night, he betook himself to sleep, leaving his master thoughtful and awake.

The sun seemed to rise earlier than usual to witness their rising, and to enable them to continue their journey. They travelled onward, discoursing together on their prudence in having obtained his deposition of their adventures before a magistrate, and in so full and authentic a form. All that day and the following night they proceeded without meeting with any occurrence worth recording, unless it be that when it was dark Sancho finished his task, to the great joy of Don Quixote, who, when all was over, anxiously waited the return of day, in the hope of meeting his disenchanted

lady; and for that purpose, as he pursued his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he came near, to recognise Dulcinea del Toboso; fully relying on the promises of the sage Merlin.

Thus hoping and expecting, the knight and squire ascended a little eminence, whence they discovered their village; which Sancho no sooner beheld than, kneeling down, he said, "Open thine eyes, O my beloved country! and behold thy son, Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not rich, yet well whipped! Open thine arms, and receive thy son Don Quixote too! who, though worsted by another, has conquered himself, which, as I have heard say, is the best kind of victory! Money I have gotten, and though I have been soundly banged, I have come off like a gentleman."

"Leave these fooleries, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and let us go directly to our homes, where we will give full scope to our imagination, and settle our intended scheme of a pastoral life." They now descended the hill, and went straight to the village.

CHAPTER XXVIII

DON QUIXOTE ARRIVES AT HOME—HIS DEATH

In a field adjoining the village, Don Quixote and Sancho met the curate and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, repeating their breviary. It must here be mentioned that Sancho Panza, by way of sumpter-cloth, had thrown the buckram robe painted with

flames, which he had worn on the night of the Altisidora's revival, upon his ass. He likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple's head,—in short, never was an ass so honoured and bedizened. The priest and bachelor, immediately recognising their friends, ran towards them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted, and embraced them cordially. In the meantime, the boys, whose keen eyes nothing can escape, came flocking from all parts. "Ho!" cries one, "here comes Sancho Panza's ass, as gay as a parrot, and Don Quixote's old horse, leaner than ever!"

Thus surrounded by the children, and accompanied by the curate and the bachelor, they proceeded through the village till they arrived at Don Quixote's house, where, at the door, they found the housekeeper and the niece, who had already heard of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Sancho's wife Teresa, who, half-naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, ran to meet her husband; and seeing him not so well equipped as she thought a governor ought to be, she said: "What makes you come thus, dear husband? methinks you come afoot, and foundered! This, I trow, is not as a governor should look."

"Peace, wife," quoth Sancho, "for the bacon is not so easily found as the pin to hang it on. Let us go home, and there you shall hear wonders. I have got money, and honestly, too, without wronging anybody."

"Hast thou got money, good husband?—nay, then, 'tis well, however it be gotten, for, well or ill, it will have brought up no new custom in the world."

Sanchica clung to her father, and asked him what he had brought her home, for she had been wishing for him as they do for showers in May. Teresa then taking him by the hand on one side, and Sanchica laying hold of his belt on the other, and at the same time pulling Dapple by the halter, they went home, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without waiting for a more fit occasion, immediately took the priest and bachelor aside, and briefly told them of his having been vanquished, and the obligation he had consequently been laid under to abstain from the exercise of arms for the space of twelve months, and which he said it was his intention strictly to observe, as became a true knight-errant. He also told them of his determination to turn shepherd, and during the period of his recess to pass his time in the rural occupations appertaining to that mode of life: that while thus innocently and virtuously employed, he might give free scope to his amorous thoughts. He then besought them, if they were free from engagements of greater moment, to follow his example, and bear him company; adding that it should be his care to provide them with sheep, and whatever was necessary to equip them as shepherds: and, moreover, that his project had been so far matured, that he had already chosen names that would suit them exactly. The priest having inquired what they were, he informed them that the name he proposed to take himself

was the shepherd Quixotiz; the bachelor should be the shepherd Carrascon; and he, the curate, the shepherd Curiambro: and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino.

This new madness of Don Quixote astonished his friends; but, to prevent his rambling as before, and hoping also that a cure might, in the meantime, be found for his malady, they entered into his new project, and expressed their entire approbation of it; consenting also to be companions of his rural life.

"This is excellent!" said the bachelor; "it will suit me to a hair, for, as everybody knows, I am a choice poet, and shall be continually composing amorous ditties and pastorals, to divert us as we range the flowery fields. But there is one important thing to be done, which is, that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate in his verses, and inscribe it on the bark of every tree he comes near, according to the custom of enamoured swains."

"Certainly," said the knight, "that should be done:—not that I have occasion to look out for a name, having the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the flower of beauty, the cream of gentleness, and, lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, however excessive!"

"That is true," said the curate; "but as for us, we must look out shepherdesses of an inferior stamp, and be content. When our invention fails us in the choice of names, we have only to apply to books,

and there we may be accommodated with Phillises, Amarillises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, and Belisardas in abundance, which, as they are goods for any man's penny, we may pick and choose."

No sooner had his friends left him than the housekeeper and niece, who had been listening to their conversation, came to him. "Bless me, uncle!" cried the niece, "what has now got into your head? When we thought you were coming to stay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you are about to entangle yourself in new mazes, and turn shepherd, forsooth!—in truth, uncle, 'the straw is too hard to make pipes of.'" Here the housekeeper put in her word:

"Lord, sir! how is your worship to bear the summer's heat and winter's pinching cold, in the open fields? And the howling of the wolves—Heaven bless us! No, good sir, don't think of it; that is the business of stout men who are born and bred to it:—why, as I live, your worship would find it worse even than being a knight-errant. Look you, sir, take my advice—which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head—stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor; and, if any ill come of it, let it lie at my door."

"Peace, daughters," answered Don Quixote, "for I know my duty; only help me to bed, for methinks I am not very well: and assure yourselves that whether a knight-errant or a shepherd-errant, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by

experience." The two good creatures—for they really were so—then carried him to bed, where they brought him food, and attended upon him with all imaginable care.

D.289 As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, ever advancing from their beginning to their decline and final termination, and as Don Quixote was favoured by no privilege of exemption from the common fate, the period of his dissolution came—and when he least thought of it. Whether that event was hastened by the melancholy occasioned by the recollection of his defeat, or that his destined hour was come, true it is that he was seized with a fever, which, after six days' confinement to his bed, terminated his mortal course. During that time he was often visited by his friends the priest, the bachelor, and the barber; and his trusty squire Sancho Panza never quitted his bedside.

Supposing that the mortification of being vanquished, and the disappointment of his hopes as to the restoration of Dulcinea, were the causes of his present malady, they endeavoured by all possible means to revive his spirits. The bachelor bid him be of good courage and to think soon of beginning their pastoral life; telling him that he had already composed an eclogue on the occasion, which would eclipse all that Sannazarius had written, and that he had also bought of a shepherd of Quintanar two excellent dogs, to guard the flock, the one called Barcino and the other Butron. Nevertheless, Don Quixote's dejection still continued: it was therefore

thought necessary to send for a physician, who, perceiving some unfavourable symptoms in his pulse, advised his patient to look to his soul's health, for that of his body was in danger. Don Quixote heard this admonition with more tranquillity than those about him; for his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, began to weep as bitterly as if he were already dead and laid out before their eyes. Grief and other troublesome cares, the doctor told them, had brought him to this pass.

Don Quixote now feeling an inclination to sleep, desired that he might be left alone. They complied, and he slept full six hours at a stretch (as it is termed), so that the niece and housekeeper thought he would never awake more. At the end of that time, however, he awaked, and immediately exclaimed in an audible voice:

"Praised be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a blessing!—Boundless are His mercies; nor can the sins of men either lessen or obstruct them!"

The niece listened attentively to her uncle's words; for she thought she had perceived in him, especially since his illness, more consistency than usual, and she said to him:

"What is it you say, sir? Has anything extraordinary happened? What mercies and what sins do you speak of?"

"My good niece," replied Don Quixote, "the mercies I mean are those which God hath, in this instance, been pleased to show me, though my sins

are so many. My judgment is now clear, and freed from the dark clouds of ignorance with which the continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. I now see their extravagance and folly, and am only grieved that this discovery happens so late as to leave me no time to profit by such books as might improve and enlighten my soul. I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would fain wash away the stain of madness from my character; for though in my life I have been deservedly accounted a lunatic, I earnestly desire that the truth thereof shall not be confirmed at my death. Go, therefore, dear child, and call hither my good friends the priest, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber; for I would fain make my confession and my will."

Fortunately, at that moment, his three friends entered. As soon as Don Quixote saw them, he exclaimed:

"Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, the same whom the world, for his fair and honest life, was pleased to surname the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul and all his generation. Now the senseless and profane histories of knight-errantry are to me disgusting and odious; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceive the danger into which I was led by reading them; and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear-bought experience, I abhor them."

When his three friends heard him speak thus,

they imagined that some new frenzy had seized him. "What! Señor Don Quixote," said the bachelor, "now that we have news of the lady Dulcinea being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate? And now that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to sing and live like princes, would you turn hermit? Think not of it—be yourself again, and leave these idle stories."

"Such, indeed," replied Don Quixote, "were the stories that to me have proved so baneful: but my death, with Heaven's assistance, shall convert them to my good. I feel, good sirs, that death advances fast upon me; let us then be serious, and bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw up my will: for a man in my state must not trifle with his soul. Let the notary be sent for, I beseech you, while my friend here, the priest, is taking my confession."

They looked at each other in surprise at his expressions, and though still dubious, they were inclined to believe him, and could not but regard as a fatal symptom this sudden change from madness to sanity. He then conversed again in so rational and Christian a manner, that no doubt remained of the perfect restoration of his intellects. The priest desired all the rest to leave the room, and when alone, he received his confession. The bachelor went for the notary, and presently returned with him, followed by Sancho Panza, who having learned from the bachelor of the hopeless situation of his master, and seeing the niece and housekeeper in tears, also began to weep like the rest. The priest,

having taken his dying friend's confession, came out of the room, and told them that the good Alonzo Quixano was near his end, and certainly in his right senses; he therefore advised them to go in, as it was full time that his will should be made. This sad intelligence opened still wider the sluices of grief, and torrents of tears issued from the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, his niece, and Sancho Panza his trusty squire, and from the bottom of their aggrieved hearts a thousand sighs and groans; for, in truth, as it hath been said before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quixano, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition, and kind and affable in his behaviour: so that he was beloved, not only by those of his own family, but by all that knew him.

The notary now entered the room with the others, and after the preamble of the will had been written, and Don Quixote had disposed of his soul in the usual Christian forms, coming to the distribution of his worldly goods he directed the notary to write as follows: namely—"Item, it is my will that, in regard to certain monies which Sancho Panza, whom in the wildness of my folly I called my squire, has in his custody, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts, and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them; but if, after he has paid himself, there should be any overplus, which will be but little, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him; and if, as in my distracted state I procured

him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it: for the simplicity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings, well deserve it." Then turning to Sancho, he said, "Forgive me, friend, for perverting thy understanding, and persuading thee to believe that there were, and still are, knights-errant in the world."

"Alas! good sir," replied Sancho, "do not die, I pray you; but take my advice, and live many years: for the greatest folly a man can commit in this world, is to give himself up to death, without any good cause for it, but only from melancholy. Good your worship, be not idle, but rise and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do; and who knows but behind some bush or other we may find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart can wish? If you pine at being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed because I had not duly girthed Rozinante's saddle; and your worship must have seen in your books of chivalry that nothing is more common than for one knight to unhorse another, and that he who is vanquished to-day may be the conqueror to-morrow."

"It is so, indeed," quoth the bachelor; "honest Sancho is very much in the right."

"Gentlemen," quoth Don Quixote, "let us proceed fair and softly; look not for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; I am now sane: I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; I am now, as

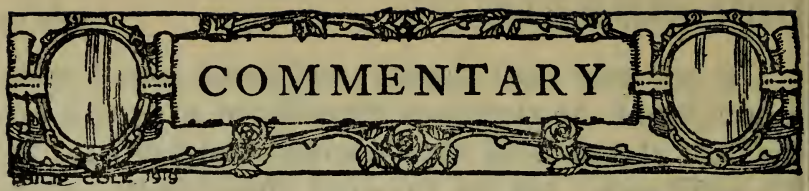
formerly, styled Alonzo Quixano the Good, and may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me!—now let the notary proceed."

"Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quixano, my niece, here present, all my estate, real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies; and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my housekeeper for the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats besides for a suit of mourning.

"I appoint for my executors Señor the priest and Señor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present. Item, it is also my will that, if Antonia Quixano, my niece, should be inclined to marry, it shall be only with a man who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry; and, in case it appear that he is acquainted with such books, and that my niece, notwithstanding, will and doth marry him, then shall she forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses as they think proper. And finally, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that if haply they should come to the knowledge of the author of a certain history, dispersed abroad, entitled, 'The Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha,' they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and such gross absurdities as are contained in that book; for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience, for having caused the publication of so much folly."

The will was then closed; and being seized with a fainting-fit, he stretched himself out at length on the bed, at which all were alarmed and hastened to his assistance; yet he survived three days: often fainting during that time in the same manner, which never failed to cause great distress in the house: nevertheless, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza consoled himself—for legacies tend much to moderate the grief that nature claims for the deceased. At last, after receiving the sacrament, and making all such pious preparations, as well as expressing his abhorrence, in strong and pathetic terms, of the wicked books by which he had been led astray, Don Quixote's last moment arrived. The notary was present, and protested he had never read in any book of chivalry of a knight-errant dying in his bed in so composed and Christian a manner as Don Quixote, who passed away amidst the plaints and tears of all present.

This was the end of that extraordinary gentleman of La Mancha, whose birthplace Cid Hamet was careful to conceal, that all the towns and villages of that province might contend for the honour of having produced him, as did the seven cities of Greece for the glory of giving birth to Homer.



DON QUIXOTE AND CHIVALRY

THE fourteenth century in Spain saw the growth of a national spirit in that country, and the warlike atmosphere of the age was propitious to the growth of an heroic literature. Spanish literature has always been rich in ballads: the national hero, the Cid, was sung in many different forms and his praise was celebrated in a variety of popular songs and poems, so that the ground was ready for the seed of the stories of romantic chivalry which conquered Spanish literature at this time. There were several events which aided the growth. Pedro the Cruel of Castile had quarrelled with his brother Henry and dethroned him, but Henry called in the help of the greatest French knight of the age, Bertrand du Guesclin, who came into Spain with a large following of famous cavaliers. Pedro invited the Black Prince to come to his aid and promised him so great a reward that the English knights accepted his invitation, and out of the promised proceeds of their invasion began to build themselves castles in Spain and make other anticipatory arrangements. Thus there were in Spain the greatest figures in chivalry of that time, and the combats between them were so homeric that their deeds passed almost into the realms of the supernatural.

The national feeling, too, was roused by the establishment of the military-religious orders of Calatrava, Santiago, Alcántara, and the Temple, and from this chivalrous sentiment in Spain sprang the *Libros de Caballería*, or Books of Knightly Deeds. The story of Lancelot, Merlin and other figures in the Arthurian legend was well known in Spain, and side by side with this there grew up other similar tales. The Spaniards firmly believed in knights-errant, forlorn damsels, dragons, giants, wizards, enchanted castles, and seriously accepted these characters in their romances, in which chivalry was portrayed not as a vision or an ideal, but a definite standard of conduct to which they tried in all sincerity to live.

The one story which was the basis for all the books on chivalry was *Amadis of Gaul.* The author is not definitely known, but it is attributed to Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese nobleman, and to Garcia Ordoñez de Montalvo, a gentleman of Leon. The date of the work is better known, for it springs almost directly from the Spanish enthusiasm at the conquest of Granada which took place in 1492.

The story of *Amadis* is as follows: The hero is the son of Perion, the king of the visionary country of Gaul, and of his queen Elizena, princess of England. The son is abandoned on the sea-shore and is there discovered by a Scottish knight who takes him first to England and then to Scotland. In this country Amadis becomes enamoured of the "peerless light of perfection," Oriana, daughter of Lisarte, King of England. Meanwhile Perion and Elizena have had

another son, Galaor, who sets out to find his brother, and the two, on meeting, decide to seek their fortune in France. From there they travel to England, Germany, Turkey, Russia and other enchanted countries, and sustain many adventures and combats with other knights, giants, magicians and powerful dwarfs. Their wonderful adventures conclude with the marriage of Amadis with Oriana.

The great favour with which *Amadis* was received is accounted for by the warrior and hero-worshipping instincts of the time, but the book is attractive by its bright characterisation, vividness, religious enthusiasm and that pure note of chivalry, personal courage and respect for womankind. Most mediæval heroes have no descendants, but *Amadis* was so successful that he was given a successor. The adventures of his son Esplandian were embodied in one book, those of his nephew Florisando in another, and so on until twelve books in Spanish recounted the wonderful feats of the members of his family. In addition to Amadis and his relatives, there arose a rival family of the Palmerin stock, whose most famous member was Palmerin of England. A noteworthy mark of all the books on Chivalry is the nomenclature of the characters. High-sounding names, Cadragante, Meleadao, Polinarda, Angriote de Estravaus, Queen Pintiquinestra, the Giant Famongomadan and Primaleon are typical of those borne by the personages who stride through their pages uttering challenges to all and sundry, rescuing the oppressed, slaying the oppressor, and never (if

the hero) owning defeat. These novels were often of tremendous length, but readers in those days did not object to lengthy books. What they demanded was adventures, and provided that these were present in abundance, nought else mattered. For a time, when Spain was passing through a period of adventure and combat, these books gave to the Spaniards just what they needed, and helped to cultivate a taste for reading which was to stand the nation in good stead later; and it must be admitted that much of this type of literature, poor though we may consider it, was very much superior to the "bloods" beloved by many boys of to-day, and to the impossible creations of some novelists who have achieved fame in this country.

Cervantes, in *Don Quixote*, wrote that his book was meant to destroy the credit of those romances whose reading was pernicious to the taste and morals of the age in which he lived. But in his day the age of chivalry was passing and people were already disposed to laugh at the impossible perfection of the heroes of chivalrous romances. Cervantes' statement is more than half-humorous. The novels of chivalry were already out of the public esteem and the picaresque novel, the parent of the modern story of adventure, had taken its place. The chivalrous novels had wearied the wide circle of readers with monotony and the growing impossibility of the characters, language and events. The writers of these novels followed *Amadis*, and merely exaggerated incident, language and story. There was always a hero son of

a king, a perfect knight with a less perfect brother. Amadis knows no peer; Oriana is the loveliest of all women; Galaor is frivolous, but a loyal comrade; Amadis wins his way to fortune scorning all obstacles, singing the praises of his lady as he fights; in fact, we have the same features here as in the legend of Arthur. But the imitators hid their imitation by exaggeration. With them the combats are battles, the giants are more than gigantic, the swords are tree trunks, and if the heroes do not sing the name of their lady before laying their lance in rest, they make impassioned speeches full of long-winded exalted sentiments. The chivalric novels were natural at the beginning; they were unnatural and unnecessary at the end.

The age of chivalry in Spain was dying when Don Quixote appeared, and it would have died without the help of Cervantes. Cervantes would never have killed chivalry for he was too much of the "verray parfit, gentil knight" himself. It was not chivalry but the foolish extravagant perversions which he wished to destroy, and he did so in so effective a manner that none appeared after 1604.

Don Quixote is a romance of chivalry in itself. Throughout we notice how sympathetic Cervantes shows himself with all true ideals. Cervantes does indeed ridicule foibles and vices, but they are those common to all ages and not only to the age of chivalry. Don Quixote, even in his madness, is actuated by high motives and a keen sense of duty; Sancho Panza is not entirely selfish, but is often moved to

action by his affection for his master. What Cervantes shows us is that idealism is of no avail without reason, and that selfishness is blameworthy and bestial. The lesson we may learn from Cervantes and his noble work is that the perfect man has the noble ideals of Don Quixote and the reasoned judgment of Sancho Panza. He who seeks to do great things, and who has discovered the truly great things to do, is on a fair way to accomplish them, but the mind and the heart must work in unison.

CERVANTES

A GREAT book is generally the reflection of a great man, and is a picture not only of the life and ideals of the author, but also of the spirit of his time and aspirations of his age. Don Quixote and his squire, Sancho Panza, have become so great as to pass into our everyday life, and the author of their being, the creator of these two lovable people, must have been a very likeable man in himself. You have just finished reading some extracts from this work, and since the knowledge of the period in which the book was written, and also a knowledge of the life of the writer both add so much to our interest and appreciation, would it not be to our advantage to know something of Cervantes, his life, his struggles and his final triumph?

As with Homer, seven cities have claimed the honour of having been the birthplace of Miguel de

Cervantes Saavedra, but it is now definitely proved that he was born in Alcalá de Henares on October 9th, 1547. In this small town, which boasted a fine university, since removed to Madrid, Rodrigo Cervantes, a scion of a noble family had settled as a surgeon, and during his stay there his son was born. It is doubtful whether Cervantes ever attended the university, for his father, despairing of earning a living in Alcalá moved to Valladolid and then finally to Madrid. In the capital of Spain, Cervantes received the elements of learning and obtained a grounding in classical literature. The slender resources of his parents did not allow of his receiving a lengthy education, but of the early life of Cervantes there is one definite fact: we know that he studied under the famous teacher Lope de Hoyos in his School of Humanities, because the learned professor refers to him as "my dear, beloved pupil." It was not, however, in class-rooms and lecture-halls that he received his knowledge of life. The many and varied wanderings of his family in Alcalá, Seville, Madrid, Valladolid, and other places had enabled him to sharpen his wits and to develop his intelligence in that best of all universities—Life. The travels through the plains of La Mancha, the mule caravans, the company at the fireside of the inn where they passed the night, gave him an insight into humanity which served him so well later in life.

He travelled the well-beaten tracks, and in wayside taverns jostled elbows with every kind of traveller: royal officials on their way to the Indies, adventurers

returning laden with wealth (you remember the treasure fleets which came back from America burdened with riches), soldiers of fortune, mule drivers, students in their threadbare tunics, priests, scholars, actors, gangs of prisoners on their way to the galleys; and in this busy and varied world he was enabled to glance over so wide an expanse of Spain that the fruit of his observation, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, is a wonderful product of the genius of any man.

From his earliest years, his parents had wished him to be able to be sufficiently educated to follow a useful and remunerative career, but Cervantes was carried away by a love for poetry. His first poetic effort consisted of a sonnet and an elegy on the death of Isabel de Valois, wife of Philip II. He was only twenty-one years old at the time.

His stay in Madrid had made him acquainted with Mateo Vazquez, who read his poems and who was to help him later. He got to know also the great dramatist, Lope de Rueda, whose plays were amusing the Madrileños at that time.

There were, at that period, but three careers open to a gentleman, the sea (America still held men's imaginations), the Church, and the service of State. Mateo Vazquez was a friend of Cardinal Espinosa, who had seen some verses of Cervantes. The cardinal presented the latter to the papal legate, Cardinal Acquaviva, who, interested in the writer, took him into his service. Acquaviva was young, gay, handsome, and, as a true disciple of the Renaissance, was interested in literature. In Madrid he

frequented the haunts of the leading men of letters, and his further knowledge of Cervantes made him charmed with the writer. With the legate he went to Italy and his impressionable mind was greatly influenced by that country, while the effects of his journey can be traced through all his works.

Cervantes was not born, however, to be a servant in a peaceful capacity. Selim II. of Turkey was pressing on, so as to threaten even the powerful city of Venice. A league was formed against him, and Philip II. of Spain, who had married Queen Mary of England, joined the Pope and Venice to repel the invader. Cervantes took up arms as a simple soldier in the army of Don John of Austria, the commander of the forces of the league. The great fleet prepared by the Christians lay in the shelter of Corfu harbour when the news of the Turkish fleet reached Don John. Cervantes was serving in the *Marquesa* galley, but a fever had kept him below for several days. The noise of the preparations for battle roused him, and when the fleet sailed out to meet the Turks, the warlike atmosphere, shouting of soldiers, rolling of cannon and smell of powder brought Cervantes, still weak, to his feet. He refused to stay below, and said that he "would rather die fighting for his country than for his life." Cervantes begged the captain to place him in the most dangerous situation in the ship, for there he wished to remain and, if necessary, to die as a soldier should." He was allowed to be in the forefront of the battle, and the galley, attacked by the Turks, soon was in the thick

of the fray. The shouts of the fighters and the cries for help of the galley slaves, chained to the heavy oars, soon mingled with the groans of the wounded and the moans of the dying. In a fight to repel boarders Cervantes was wounded in the left hand, but he continued to fight until another shot from a Turkish galley wounded him in the breast. This was ever a memorable day in the life of Cervantes, and in his latter days, poor and attacked by literary enemies, he would console himself with recollections of this battle. Don John of Austria had noted the courageous behaviour of Cervantes, and ordered that his pay should be raised and that special care should be taken of him.

His wounds were so serious as to deprive him of the use of his left hand, and the winter of 1571 saw him in hospital at Messina. His fiery spirit could not brook inactivity, and, although his injuries were not yet healed, he so anxiously sought an opportunity for rejoining the fleet that he was given permission to serve again under Don John, who was preparing an expedition into the Levant. He took part in the campaigns at Navarino and Corfu, and when the league broke up and his master turned to attack the Barbary coasts, Cervantes was with him in the assaults on the Goletta and Tunis. Five years had passed since his departure from Spain, and the glamour of warfare had worn off. Cervantes now longed to return to Spain to a life of peace, in which he might pursue his literary avocation. "Blessed are those ages," he wrote, "which knew not those

devilish instruments cannon, and when men sought peace not war."

To ensure a favourable reception for him in Spain, Don John gave him strong letters of recommendation, and the Duke of Sessa wrote in flattering terms describing him as " a soldier, as deserving as he was unfortunate, who by his noble and generous bearing had won the esteem of all who had known him."

When he was in sight of the Spanish coast, the galley which carried him was captured by Arnaute Mami, the most feared of the Algerine corsairs, and Cervantes was taken to Algiers. Here he became the slave in turn of a renegade Greek, who proved himself a cruel master, a renegade Venetian, Arnaute Mami and the Dey.

One shudders to think of the horrors the Christian captives suffered at the hands of their masters. They were compelled to labour like animals, and were given pestiferous holes in which to lay to rest their wearied bodies, heavy with chains. They were sold or exchanged at will, and for their ransom sums were exacted which were almost impossible for the families of the captives to raise. The distinguished appearance of Cervantes and the letters of recommendation he bore from such distinguished persons led his captors to believe him an important personage, and his captivity was made more rigorous in the hope that his sufferings would make his family the more anxious to rescue him. They managed to raise what was for them a very large sum, but Arnaute Mami deemed it insufficient and refused to accept it.

In spite of punishments, Cervantes made repeated efforts to escape. To further his plans, he proposed to some other captives that they should strive to ransom one of their companions named Viana, who was to go to Spain and return with a ship to take away the rest. The plan bristled with difficulties, but for two years the captives worked to secure the ransom and to construct a cave wherein they might hide while awaiting the arrival of Viana. Within a month of his departure Viana returned with a boat, but as he was about to land he was recognised by some Moors, who raised an alarm. Viana fled and did not return. The captives in the cave became dispirited, and the damp atmosphere made them ill. Cervantes, who had attended to their wants himself, fell sick, and the man whom he deputed to go in his place to purchase provisions turned traitor and led soldiers to the hiding-place. When the captives were taken before the Dey, he promised to spare their lives if they would yield the name of the prime mover in the scheme. Cervantes immediately stepped forward and cried, "I alone am the man; kill me, but spare my companions." The Dey, moved by this action, pardoned them all.

This failure did not damp the ardour of Cervantes. He made four more fruitless attempts to escape, and finally conceived the wild plan of inciting a revolution in Algiers. The plot was discovered, but, strange to relate, Cervantes was not punished, and the Dey bought Cervantes from his master, for," said he, "if only I can keep that crippled

Spaniard safe and secure, I shall consider my capital safe."

Finally in 1580, after five years of captivity, he wrote to the King of Spain imploring protection and help for his many services, and his ransom was paid by the Trinity Fathers. In the "Story of the Captive" in *Don Quixote*, Cervantes gives a vivid account of his life in Algiers. On his return to Spain, he found his father dead and his family in the direst poverty. To earn some money, he volunteered under the Marquis de Santa Cruz in Portugal, but ill-luck dogged him, and he returned to seek some other means of livelihood. With Santa Cruz he had taken part in the great battle of Terceira, and had distinguished himself, but Philip II. had no liking for his brother Don John, and it was in vain that Cervantes urged his services under that great general in favour of promotion.

He now began to cultivate his talent for romance, and in 1584 appeared his prose pastoral *Galatea*. In this book the characters talk in high-flown language and are wooden puppets after the style of the *Diana Enamorada* of Gil Polo, from which it was copied. Cervantes himself scorned it, for in *Don Quixote*, one of the characters is looking through the library of our hero, and asks, "What book is that?" "The *Galatea* of Cervantes," replies the barber. "'Tis many years since the author has been a friend of mine, and I know he is better skilled in sorrow than in poetry. The book has some purpose, but it proposes something and concludes nothing."

In this year, too, Cervantes married and worked strenuously to support his fresh responsibilities. He began to write dramas, but as the payment which he received for these was as poor as his Elizabethan contemporaries received in England, he sought a government position, and was appointed "agent for a royal commissary for the fleets arriving from America and collector of monies due to the government or private persons." In this capacity he had to assist in the furnishing of the great Armada, and in his travels to secure stores, he had to traverse the greater part of Andalusia. His remuneration was poor, and during these years he suffered poverty, rags, misery, and even hunger. He held his position for some years and repeatedly petitioned the king for some office in the Indies, but in vain. In 1595, the English fleet, under the Earl of Essex, sacked Seville, and Cervantes wrote a sonnet ridiculing the behaviour of the Spanish commander who appeared to attack the English after they had departed.

Owing to the failure of a friend to whom he had entrusted some money, he was unable to meet his dues to the king and was cast into prison. He was soon released and continued his literary work, but although he was now famous and enjoyed the friendship of his most famous countrymen, his imagination was mostly concerned in the provision of daily bread sufficient for his family; he was so poor that his wife and sister were compelled to take in needlework.

He lived from hand to mouth, yet it was in these years that *Don Quixote* was conceived and brought

to light. In 1605 it was published, and although there were certain sneers from jealous rivals, it achieved extraordinary popularity, and five editions were called for in the first year. Since the invention of printing no book up to that date had so many readers. The simple yet deep humour, the charming grace, the wisdom, the style, the fine feeling portrayed throughout the book were new and delightful to the Spaniards who enjoyed to the full the pictures of national character and life.

The success of *Don Quixote* did not add much to the riches of Cervantes. In 1605 he was still living at Valladolid, where his usual ill-luck followed him.

A young noble of the court who had earned an unsavoury reputation was found seriously wounded outside Cervantes' house. True to his nature, Cervantes took him in, but in spite of his care the noble died. Because of this the author, his sister and daughter were thrown into prison, because the law implicated those who were in the company of the dead man at the moment of death. Of course Cervantes was exculpated, but his enemies did not spare him their gibes.

He returned to Madrid and was elected a member of a very exclusive society known as the Brotherhood of the Holy Sacrament, to which only men of great distinction were admitted. He still continued his arduous labours as the wolf was ever at the door, and in 1613 he published the *Exemplary Novels*, in each of which he strove to drive home a moral. They were very popular at the time.

Having endured the sneers of his rivals for many years, in 1614 Cervantes turned, and in the *Viage del Parnaso* he did not spare either himself or any of his contemporaries. Lope de Vega was so incensed that he persuaded the players to accept no further dramas from Cervantes. In this year appeared the spurious Second Part of *Don Quixote*, of which it is believed that the instigator was Lope de Vega. The book was a poor imitation and Cervantes, who was leisurely preparing his Second Part, hastened his preparations, so that this volume appeared in 1615. Its success was so great that the spurious Second Part disappeared to be heard of no more.

Cervantes realised that his life, which had been so full, could not last much longer. His early sufferings had undermined his health, and he felt his end approaching. The Duke of Lemos had been very kind to him in adversity, and Cervantes showed his gratitude in the dedication to that nobleman in *Persiles and Sigismunda*, published only four days before his death. "Here I am," he wrote, "with one foot in the stirrup, waiting the call of Death." He died on April 23rd, 1616 (nominally the same date on which Shakespeare died), with a calmness that was to be expected of a man who had shown such great courage and nobility during the sixty-four years of his life.

In the history of literature Cervantes stands out as the man least affected by his misfortunes. No great author had so hard a life and none showed in the face of adversity such courage, good humour, cheerfulness and hope, yet no author has conceived of a

more pleasant companion than *Don Quixote*. He suffered much, but his suffering made him; for it cannot be thought that wealth or prosperity would have enabled him to mould his character so well as did poverty.

The age of Shakespeare was the age of Cervantes, and nobody at that time in the world of letters, except a successful dramatist, could live by literature. Had Cervantes been successful in his early years in obtaining an official position, he would probably have written second-rate poetry all his life. Cervantes had to suffer that *Don Quixote* might go forth to the world. It was not until he was fifty-eight that the First Part of *Don Quixote* appeared, and in the book is the spirit of the man who smiled in the face of adversity. Every Spaniard is more or less of a fatalist, and most Spaniards are poor. Yet Spain is a land of courage and calm, and there is no yielding to despair in adverse circumstances. In the Prologue to the *Exemplary Tales* Cervantes writes: "My ambition is great, but I content myself with little." His captivity had taught him the virtue of patience, and he bore no grudge against Life.

Cervantes was a smiling satirist and there is no bitterness in his writings, and there was no frown on his face as he looked at his fellow-men. In the main he proclaims that this is not so bad a world, and he knew that his own part had been no ignoble one. He had lived a full life and he died wishing his friends farewell, "for I am dying, but I hope to see you all contented and happy soon in another life."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Describe any horses that you have read of or have seen, and justify the names given to them.

2. Write a letter from Don Quixote to the *Times* complaining of the lack of courtesy in the world.

3. Describe any castle that you have seen. Picture it as it was in its greatest glory and describe the reception of a visiting knight.

4. When Don Quixote reached the inn, he saw two girls at the gate. Let one of them relate the arrival of the knight.

5. Describe the meal at the inn, (*a*) from the point of the innkeeper, (*b*) from the view of Don Quixote. Use appropriate language.

6. What do you know of the Cid, Bayard, Roland? (Consult BREWER'S Readers' Dictionary.)

7. Describe the appearance of a knight fully armed.

8. Why are long and difficult words used in the writing of *Don Quixote*? What other authors have adopted this form of humorous writing?

9. Write in the form of dialogue the conversation between Don Quixote and the innkeeper, when the latter is asked to confer the honour of knighthood upon his guest.

10. Replace the words in italics by more simple forms:

The carrier *heeded* not the *admonition.*

He fell *prostrate* in so *grievous a plight* that there appeared to be no *opportunity for recourse to medical aid.*

Your *infamous perfidy* overwhelms me.

He *disclaimed any concurrence* in the *insolent conduct* of the *rabble* who were well *chastised* for their *presumption.*

11. Put in verse of four lines of iambic pentameter the appeal of Don Quixote to his lady Dulcinea.

12. Put into direct speech the passage beginning:

He repeated to him . . . induced to spare.

13. Form sentences to include the following phrases:

With alacrity and discretion; renewing his proffers; in quest of; in terms so extraordinary; it behoved; communicate intentions; worthy of recital.

14. Give synonyms for:

Never-till-then-seen, terms, meagre visage, perusal, infatuated, furbished, sally, combat, lineage, annals, descried, portals.

15. Collect ten similes and ten metaphors from the passages that you have read.

16. "A knight-errant without tender passion was like a tree without fruit." Construct other similes on:

A soldier, a judge, a ship, a church, a book, a journey, roast pork, a room, pictures, an inn.

17. Punctuate:

O thou rash knight whosoever thou art who approachest this armour beware of what thou dost and touch it not unless thou wouldst yield thy life as the forfeit of thy temerity the carrier heeded not this admonition but seizing hold of the straps he threw the armour some

distance from him which Don Quixote perceiving he raised his eyes to heaven and addressed his lady saying assist me O lady to avenge this first insult offered to your breast.

18. These are examples of balanced sentences:

Since arms are my ornaments, warfare my repose.
War is my pleasure, peace is my bane.

Compose other balanced sentences on:

i. pain; ii. vice; iii. valour; iv. toil; v. liberality; vi. hope.

19. Rewrite the following sentences to form a complete paragraph:

He turned the horse towards the village. The horse was aware of his master's intentions. He began to push on with alacrity. His feet hardly touched the ground. He heard cries from a thicket. The thicket was by the roadside. It sounded as though someone was complaining.

20. Correct the following sentences:

These are the cries of a distressed person who stand in need of my assistance.

My wages, which is due to me, is owing.

Don Quixote challenged him to see which was the best man.

The ass was the mildest beast of the two.

He is the most prodigious knight of all the rest.

21. Give synonyms of:

Disburse, transcendent, couched, dastardly, extravagant, discourse, exploits, prodigious, tutored, choler.

22. Compose sentences to illustrate the following phrases:

Impute the blame; had recourse to; had no resource, they acquiesced; conformably to; accommodate himself.

23. Write in reported speech the passage:
"It was not the devil . . . what is decreed by heaven."

24. Correct where necessary:
He came to seriously threaten you.
He wished to quietly stay at home.
His choler began to quickly rise.
He would have wished to have met the enchanter.
They shall like to obey me.
I will go immediately if you so wish me to.
He asked what he was doing of.

25. Make a statement about:
Sancho Panza. The curate. The housekeeper. Rozinante. The muleteer. The niece. Sancho Panza's wife. Dulcinea.

26. Suppose you are a merchant who had met Don Quixote on the road. Write a letter to a friend recounting your adventure.

27. Imagine that you have discovered a paragraph in an old newspaper recounting the adventure of Don Quixote and his belabouring by the muleteer. Reproduce the paragraph.

28. Describe the early morning scene which Sancho Panza and his master encountered when they stole forth from the house.

29. Compose a dialogue between Don Quixote and his housekeeper on the Books of Chivalry.

30. What preparations did the knight make before his second departure?

31. Sancho Panza's greatest desire was to be a governor. What is yours?

32. The peasant who finds Don Quixote in the road recounts the fact to the housekeeper. In what terms?

33. At the beginning of Chapter V. is a verse of four lines. Compose eight more lines in the same measure to complete the plaint of the knight.

34. Describe Rozinante's feelings when Don Quixote fell to the ground.

35. Compose sentences to include the following phrases:

Versed in; he discerned; metamorphosis; ruminated; precept; redress; presumption; base jargon; invocation; earnestly entreated; disconsolate and terrified.

36. Choose ten obsolete words from the early chapters and compose sentences to include their modern equivalents.

37. Punctuate:

i am no gentleman said the biscayan i swear by the great god thou liest as i am a christian if thou wilt throw away thy lance and draw thy sword I swear thou wilt soon repent willingly replied the knight.

38. Draw a map of Spain inserting twelve places mentioned in the early chapters of *Don Quixote.*

39. Recount the story of the windmill adventure as related by the miller to his wife.

40. The monks write an account of their adventure to their ecclesiastical superior. In what terms?

41. Write a letter, as from one of the monks, to the newspaper, complaining of the unprotected condition of the main road.

42. Draw up a notice of a reward offered by the government for the apprehension of one Don Quixote, for having maliciously waylaid one of His Catholic Majesty's lieges upon the high road.

43. What would you have done in Sancho's place when Don Quixote attacked the monks? Give reasons for your answer.

44. Write in full ten proverbs gathered from *Don Quixote*, and use them in illustrative sentences.

45. Write a short paragraph on "Gratitude."

46. Write the report of the commissary in charge of the galley-slaves on their escape from custody.

47. Who were the Holy Brotherhood? Do you know of any similar body of men?

48. Make a sketch of Mambrino's helmet.

49. Describe a conversation between Dapple and Rozinante.

50. Put in direct speech the conversation between Don Quixote, Gines de Pasamonte and the commissary.

51. Correct the following sentences:

(*a*) The laws of chivalry is very strict if it does not allow me to take him.

(*b*) It is not my custom to plunder those that I overcome.

(*c*) My duties as a knight-errant is to succour the afflicted.

(*d*) He was a student which had been a coiner.

(*e*) He questioned him like he had done the other.

(*f*) Justicy and mercy is two different things.

52. Compose sentences to include the following phrases:

Fair and softly; admirable conceit; in quest of the delinquents; a desperate expedient; evil plight; evil apprehension; metamorphosis.

53. Explain the following words by writing sentences to illustrate their meaning:

Cruse, lucre, caparisons, abhorrence, vilify, redeem, ingenious, ingenuous, passive, solicitous.

54. What do you suppose to have been the conversation between Sampson Carrasco and the curate?

55. Recount in the form of a dialogue the conversation between Teresa Panza and her husband during Don Quixote's illness.

56. Write a letter as from Don Quixote to the King, offering his services against the Turks.

57. Give an account of the various weapons in use at this time.

58. Quote ten proverbs in Chapters XXI.–XXIV. and illustrate their meaning in modern English.

59. Put in dramatic form the chapter on the Brayers.

60. Compose sentences to show the meaning of:

Encroached, conjectured, interline, sumptuous, penury, petulence, delineate, artifice, function, indolate.

61. Write an apology as spoken by Don Quixote for Sancho Panza's behaviour at the banquet.

62. Put into indirect speech the rebuke of the ecclesiastic and the reply of Don Quixote.

63. Describe the joke played upon the knight by the damsels after the feast.

64. "The chase is an image of war." Write a paragraph on hunting.

65. Write a verse of eight lines in the same measure as that on p. 42 as written by Sancho to explain his office.

66. Write a letter from Teresa Panza to her absent husband.

67. Recount Sancho's journey through Spain.

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