Don Quixote
THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

By

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

Adapted by

EDWIN GILE RICH
Author of "Why-So Stories," etc.

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THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE
CHAPTER I

THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF OUR RENOWNED HERO

SEVERAL hundred years ago, so the Spanish writer, Miguel de Cervantes, tells us, there lived down in a village of La Mancha, in Spain, a gentleman who usually kept a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse and a coursing grayhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, eggs 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 homespun, in which he adorned himself on week-days. His family consisted of a housekeeper about 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. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that
his name was Quixana. This is, however, of little importance to our history.

Be it known, then, that the afore-mentioned gentleman, in his leisure moments, which composed the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardor 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 land to purchase books of knight-errantry, collecting as many as he could possibly obtain.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning, who was the greatest knight of chivalry. 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 intellect deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read—of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, 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. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he asserted, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the Knight of the Flaming Sword who, with a single back stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, because at Roncesvalles he slew Roland the Enchanted by availing himself of the stratagem employed by Hercules upon Antæus, whom he squeezed to death within his arms.

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 behooved 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 practice 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 Trebizond by the valor of his arm; and thus wrapped 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 armor 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; this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied by making a kind of vizor of pasteboard, which 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 labor 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 many faults, 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 endeavored 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, a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous and full of meaning.

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 honored by taking its name.

His armor being now furbished, his helmet made perfect,
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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. "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! In a neighboring village a good-looking peasant girl resided. 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 incline and approach toward that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso, a name he thought harmonious, uncommon and expressive — like all the others which he had adopted.

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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, errors to amend, abuses to reform, and debts to discharge! 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, 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 honorable 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
armor, without any device on his shield until he had gained one by force of arms. These considerations made him irresolute whether to proceed; but 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 armor, 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, thus pursuing his way, conversed within himself, saying, as if really in love, "O Dulcinea, my princess! sovereign of this captive heart! greatly do you wrong me by a cruel adherence to your decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of your beauty! Deign, O lady, to think on this enslaved heart, which for love of you endures so many pangs!"

In this wild strain he continued, 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 valor of his powerful arm.

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. He made all the haste he could,
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and reached it at nightfall. There chanced to stand at the door two young women on their journey to Seville, in the company of some carriers who rested there that night. 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 drawbridge, 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 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 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 demeanor 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 to damsels of that exalted rank which your appearance indicates.” The girls stared at him, and were endeavoring to find out his face, which was almost concealed by the sorry vizor; but hearing themselves called damsels, they could not forbear laughing, and to such a degree that Don Quixote was displeased, and said to them: “Modesty well becomes beauty, but excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight cause, is folly: but I say not this to humble or distress you, for my part is no other than to do you service.”

This language, so unintelligible to the ladies, added to the uncouth figure of our knight, increased their laughter; consequently he grew more indignant, and would have proceeded further 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-sorted as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corselet, 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 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, Signor Castellano, anything will suffice, since arms are my ornaments, warfare my repose.” To which the innkeeper 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 keeping awake the whole year,
much more 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 that 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 were disarming: they had taken off the back and breast plates, but endeavored in vain to disengage the helmet, 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 honored by ladies as Don Quixote, after his departure from his native village! Damsels attended upon 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 valor of my arm shall make manifest the desire I have to serve you.” The girls, unaccustomed to such 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. Let it come immediately, for the toil and weight of arms cannot be sustained by the body unless the interior be supplied
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with ailments.” 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 fish, with bread as foul and black as the knight’s armor: but it was a spectacle highly laughable to see him eat; for his hands being engaged in holding his helmet on, he could not feed himself, therefore one of the ladies performed that 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; and all this he patiently endured rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the meantime there came to the inn a swineherd, who, as soon he arrived, blew his pipe of reeds four or five times, which finally convinced Don Quixote that he was now in some famous castle, where he was regaled with music; that the bad fish was trout, the bread of the purest white, the strolling damsels 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.
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 vouchsafe to 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 such language, stood confounded, and stared at him 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, signor, 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 honor 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, who, like myself, are devoted to such pursuits.”
Sancho in the Blanket
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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; and to make sport for the night, determined to follow his humor. 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 demeanor fully testified; that he had himself in the days of his youth followed that honorable profession, and travelled over various parts of the world in search of adventures. Finally he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his revenue and that of others; 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 armor, 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 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 inn-keeper assured him he was mistaken; for, admitting that it was not mentioned in their history, the authors deemed it unnecessary to specify things so obviously requisite as money and clean shirts, yet was it not therefore to be inferred that they had
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none; but, on the contrary, he might consider it 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; for in plains and deserts, where they fought and were wounded, no aid was near unless they had some sage enchanter for their friend, who could give them immediate assistance by conveying in cloud through the air some damsel or dwarf, with a phial of water possessed of such virtue that upon tasting a single drop of it they should instantly become as sound as if they had received no injury. But when the knights of former times were without such a friend they always took care that their esquires should be provided with money, and such necessary articles as lint and salves; and when they had no esquires, which very rarely happened, they carried these things themselves upon the crupper of their horse, in wallets so small as to be scarcely visible, that they might seem to be something of more importance; for except in such cases, the custom of carrying wallets was not tolerated among knights-errant. 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 armor 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
The inukeeper informed all who were in the inn of the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armor, 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 armor for a considerable time. It was now night, but the moon shone with a splendor which might vie even with that whence it was borrowed, so that every motion of our new knight 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 armor from the cistern; who, seeing him advance, exclaimed with a loud voice, “O thou, whomsoever thou art, rash knight! who approachest the armor 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 armor 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 favor 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 armor, 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 armor 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 vigor 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 armor. 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 armor.

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 help 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 armor 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 constable, 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 favor received, as it was his intention to bestow upon her some share of the honor he should acquire by the valor 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 honor him as her lord. Don Quixote, in reply, requested her, for his sake, to do him the
favor henceforth to add to her name the title of don, and call herself Donna Tolosa, which she promised to do. The other girl now buckled on his spurs, 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 don, and style herself Donna 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 horse-back, in quest of adventures. He therefore instantly saddled Rozinante, mounted him, and embracing his host, made his acknowledgments for the favor 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 BEFELL OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE LEFT 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 neighborhood, 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 put 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 favor 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 honorable 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 a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, 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; 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, "Signor 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 on my conscience, he lies."

"Darest thou say so in my presence, vile rustic?" said
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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, I will dispatch and annihilate 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. Don Quixote desired the countryman instantly to disburse them unless he meant to pay it with his life. The fellow, in a fright, answered that on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pairs of shoes he had given him on account.

"All this is very right," said Don Quixote; "but set the shoes against the stripes thou hast given him unjustly, for if he tore the leather of thy shoes, thou hast torn his skin; so that upon this account he owes thee nothing."

"The mischief is, signor cavalier," quoth the countryman, "that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me and I will pay him all."

"I go home with him!" said the lad, "No, sir; I will do no such thing; for when he has me alone he will flay me."

"He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "to keep him in awe, it is sufficient that I lay my commands upon him; and on condition he swears to me by the order of knighthood which he has received, I shall let him go free, and will be bound for the payment."

"Good sir, think of what you say," quoth the boy, "for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood."

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"That is little to the purpose," answered Don Quixote; "there may be knights of his family, more especially as every man is the son of his own works."

"That's true," quoth Andres; "but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labor?" "I do not refuse thee, friend Andres," replied the countryman; "have the kindness to go with me, and I swear by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world I will pay thee all."

"Give him his wages," said Don Quixote, "and I shall be satisfied: and see that thou failest not; or else, by the same oath I swear to return and chastise thee; nor shalt thou escape me, though thou were to conceal thyself closer than a lizard. And if thou wouldst be informed who it is thus commands, that thou mayst feel the more strictly bound to perform thy promise, 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 pronounced." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante and was soon far off.

The countryman eagerly followed him with his eyes, and when he saw him quite out of the wood he turned to his lad Andres and said, "Come hither, child; I wish now to pay what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded."

"So you shall, I swear," quoth Andres; "and you will do well to obey the orders of that honest gentleman who is so brave a man and so just a judge that, if you do not pay me, he will come back and do what he has threatened."

"And I swear so, too," quoth the countryman: "and to
show how much I love thee I am resolved to augment the debt, that I may add to the payment.” Then taking him by the arm, he again tied him to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes that he left him for dead.

“Now,” said he, “Master Andres, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will not easily redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet, for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou saidst just now.”

At length, however, he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the threatened sentence. Andres went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Nevertheless, he departed in tears, leaving his master laughing at him.

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 towards his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying with a low voice, “Well mayest thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful! since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight as is and ever shall be Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, as all the world knows, received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and today has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent and cruelty commit! Today hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, by whom a tender stripling was so undeservedly lashed!”

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He now came to the road, which branched out in four different directions; when immediately those cross-ways 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 going to buy silks. 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 spied 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: "Let the whole world stand, if the whole world 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 mad-
ness 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:

"Signor 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, proud and monstrous as you are: and whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require), or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause."

"Signor cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences by confessing a thing we never saw or heard, and especially being so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, and therewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship contented and pleased. Nay, I verily believe we are so far inclined to your side, that, although her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favor."

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“Base scoundrels!” answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, “she doth not squint, nor is she hunchbacked, but as straight as a spindle; 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, endeavoring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, added to the weight of his antiquated armor. And while he was 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.”

A muleteer of the company, not over goodnatured, 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 armor, he was threshed like wheat. His masters called out, desiring him to forbear; but the lad was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his anger; and, seizing the other pieces of the lance, he completely demolished them upon the unfortunate knight; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, incessantly threatening heaven and earth, and those who to him appeared to be assassins. At length the fellow was tired, [ 29 ]
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and the merchants departed, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belabored knight, who, when he found himself alone, again endeavored 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 imputed the blame to his horse; although to raise himself up was impossible, his whole body was so horribly bruised.
CHAPTER V

HOW OUR KNIGHT RETURNED HOME

As 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 two knights left wounded on the mountain. 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. Just at that instant it so happened that a peasant of his own village, a near neighbor, 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 lamentation? Don Quixote, returned him no answer, but proceeded with the romance, giving an account of his misfortune. The peasant was astonished at his extrava-
gant discourse; and taking off his vizor, now battered all to pieces, he wiped the dust from his face; upon which he recognized him, and exclaimed, "Ah, Signor Quixana" (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 breast-piece of his armor, to examine if he had any wound; but he saw no blood nor sign of any hurt. He then endeavored to raise him from the ground, and with no little trouble placed him upon his ass, as being the easier carriage than Rozinante. 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, so that the peasant was again forced to inquire what ailed him.

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 poorly 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 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,
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Signor 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 armor have been seen these six days past. I am verily persuaded, and it is certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed 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 added, “And you must know, Master Nicholas,” (for that was the barber’s name) “that it had often happened that my honored uncle has continued poring on these wicked books of misadventures two whole days and nights; then, throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword and strike against the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which his labor occasioned, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight; then, after drinking off a large pitcher of cold water, he would be as quiet as ever, telling us that the water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage Esquife, a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, for not informing you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle’s extravagances, that they might have been cured before they had gone so far, by burning all those books, which so justly deserve to be committed to the flames.”

“I say the same,” quoth the priest; “and, in faith, tomorrow shall not pass without holding a public inquisition upon them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may
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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 neighbor’s infirmity, he began to cry aloud, “Open the doors, gentlemen.” Hearing this they all came out; and, immediately recognizing 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. “Get up stairs; 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? I shall set fire to them all before tomorrow 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 extravagances he had uttered, both at the time of finding him and during their journey home; which made the priest 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.

Long and heavy was the sleep of Don Quixote; meanwhile the priest 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 small size. The priest 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 out of the window into the courtyard, 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.

“Into the yard with them all!” said the priest after he had examined a few.

“Of the same opinion am I,” said the barber.

“And I too,” added the niece.
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"Well, then," said the housekeeper, "away with them all into the yard." They handed them to her: and, as they were numerous, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all out of the window.

On a sudden, while they were thus employed, Don Quixote began to call aloud, saying, "Here, here, valorous knights! Here you must exert the force of your powerful arms, for the courtiers begin to get the advantage in the tournament." All rushed out at once to the place whence this noisy exclamation proceeded. On entering Don Quixote's chamber, they found him already out of bed, and continuing his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, and as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and by main force conveyed him again to his bed, where, after he was a little composed, he said, turning again to the priest, "Certainly, my lord Archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the Twelve Peers, to let the knight-courtiers carry off the palm without more opposition, after we the adventurers have gained the prize on the three preceding days."

"Say no more, good sir," said the priest; "it may be Heaven's will to change our fortune, and what is lost today may be won tomorrow. Mind your health for the present; for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded."

"Wounded I am not," said Don Quixote; "but bruised and battered, most certainly; for Don Roldan pounded me with the trunk of an oak; and all out of mere envy, because he sees I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never
more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I can rise from this bed, he pay not dearly for it, in spite of all his enchantments. In the meantime, give me some food, for that is what I am now most in need of, and leave to me the care of avenging myself." They complied with his request, and gave him something to eat; and he then fell fast asleep again, leaving them in astonishment at his madness.

The same night the housekeeper set fire to and burned all the books that were in the yard and in the house. 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 evil one himself has carried all away."

"It was not the evil one," 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 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 is a sage enchanter," quoth Don
Quixote. "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
favors, and shall vanquish him, in spite of his protection. On
this account he endeavors 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,
would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble
about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten?"

"O niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little dost thou
know of the matter!"

Neither of them would make any further reply, for they
saw his anger began to rise. Fifteen days he remained at home
very tranquil, discovering no symptoms of an inclination to
repeat his late frolics, during which time much pleasant con-
versation passed between him and his two neighbors, 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 laborer, a neighbor 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 laborer's name) left his wife and children, and engaged himself as squire to his neighbor. 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, endeavoring 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 honorably at the earliest opportunity, by
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dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He
provided himself also with shirts, and other things, conform-
ably 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, dart-
ing 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, I resolve to outdo them in it: for they, some-
times, and perhaps most times, waited till their squires were
grown old; and when they were worn out in their service, and
had endured many bad days and worse nights, they conferred
on them some title, such as count, or at least marquis, of some valley or province of more or less account: but 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, my wife would come to be a queen!”

“Who doubts it?” answered Don Quixote.

“I doubt it,” replied Sancho Panza; “for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen.”
CHAPTER VI

DON QUIXOTE’S SUCCESS IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED 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 to remove so wicked a generation from 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 seems 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;
The Adventure of the Windmills
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, notwithstanding 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; upon which Don Quixote called out, “Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it.”

Then recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered 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; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whisked it 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 enchanter who stole away my chamber and books, has returned 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, speaking of it to his squire, he said, "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak. I now speak of this because from the first oak we meet I mean to tear a limb, with which I purpose and resolve to perform such feats that thou shalt deem thyself most fortunate in having been thought worthy to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which will scarcely be credited."

"Heaven's will be done!" quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir. But pray set yourself more upright in your saddle, for you seem to me to ride sidelong, owing perhaps, to the bruises received by your fall."

"It is certainly so," said Don Quixote; "and if I do not
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complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever."

They passed that night under the shelter of some trees; and from one of them the knight tore a withered branch, to serve him in some sort as a lance, after fixing upon it the iron head of the one that had been broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not, but ruminated on his lady Dulcinea, conformably to the practice of knights-errant, who, as their histories told him, were wont to pass many successive nights in woods and deserts, without closing their eyes, indulging the sweet remembrance of their ladies.

They discovered the Pass of Lapice 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."

"Your worship," answered Sancho, "shall be obeyed most punctually therein, and the rather as I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brawls and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human laws allow every man to defend himself against whoever would wrong him."

"That I grant," answered Don Quixote; "but with
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respect to giving me aid against knights, thou must refrain, and keep within bounds thy natural impetuosity."

"I say, I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, apparently 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, was a Biscayan lady on her way to join her husband at Seville. 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 endeavors to redress."

"This may prove a worse business than the windmills," said Sancho; "pray, sir, take notice that those are monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Hearken to my advice, sir; have a care what you do."

"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;
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and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice, "Monstrous race! either instantly release the highborn 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 not monstrous, but monks 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 lackeys 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 lackeys, 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
THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

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 as 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. In the meantime Don Quixote 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 robbers 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, after this manner: "Cavalier, begone! If thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeittest 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 am no gentleman!" said the Biscayan. "If thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see how thou liest. Now what hast thou to say?"

"Thou shalt see that presently," 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 hack, 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. 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 armor, he had cleft him down to the girdle.

Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying, "O lady of my soul! Dulcinea, flower of all beauty! succor this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this perilous extremity!" This invocation, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and rushing with fury on the Biscayan, was the work of an instant — resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan perceiving his intention, 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 left, for, being already
jaded, and unaccustomed to such sport, the creature would
not move a step.

Don Quixote, as we before said, now advanced towards the
wary Biscayan, with his uplifted sword, fully determined to
cleave him asunder; and the Biscayan awaited him with his
sword also raised; and guarded by his cushion. All the
bystanders were in fearful suspense as to the event of those
prodigious blows with which they threatened each other.

Don Quixote, 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 nos-
trils, 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 his 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 calm-
ness; 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, bade 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,
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approached him, and earnestly entreated that he would do them the great kindness and favor 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 this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no further hurt, though he well deserves it at my hands."

Before this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the servants of the monks, and stood an attentive spectator during the combat of his master, Don Quixote, hoping he would win the victory, and that he, Sancho, might hereby 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 he had mounted, 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 dread-
ful 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, “Consider, brother Sancho, that 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 armor, 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.
CHAPTER VII

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE
WITH THE GOATHERDS

BEING desirous to seek out some place wherein to rest that night, they made what haste they could to reach some village, 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 befell 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 odor emitted by certain pieces of goat’s flesh that were boiling in a kettle on the 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, “That thou mayest see the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how speedily those who exercise any ministry whatsoever belonging to it may attain honor and estimation in the world, it is my will that thou be seated here by my side, in company with these good people, and become one and the same thing with me, who am thy master and natural lord; that thou eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup from which I drank; 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, and further, to tell you the truth, what I eat in a corner, without compliments and ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other men’s tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, nor do other things which may be done when alone and at liberty.”

“Notwithstanding this,” said Don Quixote, “thou shalt sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself is exalted;” 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, they 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, 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; to provide their ordinary sustenance, no other labor was necessary than to raise their hands and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood liberally inviting them to taste their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains and running streams offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in hollow trees, the industrious and provident bees formed their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without interest, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. All then was peace, all amity, all concord.”

Our knight made this harangue because the acorns they had put before him reminded him of the Golden Age, and led
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him to make that unprofitable 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.

The goatherd sang in an agreeable manner and Don Quixote requested other ballads, but Sancho Panza was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep than to hear song; he therefore said to his master, "Sir, you had better consider where you are to rest tonight; for the labor which these honest men undergo all day will not suffer them to pass the night in singing."

"Lay thyself down where thou wilt," said Don Quixote, "but it is more becoming 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 did as he was desired; and one of the goatherds, seeing the wound, bade him not to be concerned about it, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it; then taking some rosemary leaves he chewed them, and mixed with them a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him that no other salve would be necessary, which indeed proved to be true.

After several days, leave having been taken, as the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, by Don Quixote, of the goatherds, he and his squire entered the wood, and having ranged through it for above two hours they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; in so much that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of mid-day, which now became very oppres-
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sive. 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, being well assured of his disposition, but fortune so ordered it that there were grazing in the same valley a number of Galician ponies belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the noon, with their drove, in places where there is grass and water; and that where Don Quixote then reposed suited their purpose.

Now it so happened that Rozinante conceived a wish to pay his respects to his neighbors, and, changing his natural and sober pace to a brisk trot, and without asking his master's leave, departed to indulge in his inclination. But they being, as it seemed, more disposed to feed than anything else, 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, that the carriers, having witnessed his intrusion, set upon him with their pack-staves, and so belabored him that they laid him along on the ground in 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."

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"What revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "since they are about 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 Yauguesians; 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 Yauguesians, 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 befell Don Quixote, his courage and dexterity availing him nothing; and, as fate would have it, he fell just at Rozinanté's feet, who had not yet been able to rise. The Yauguesians, 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 feeble and plaintive voice cried, "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote!"

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

"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, Don Quixote, "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. On this account, brother Sancho, it is requisite thou shouldst be forewarned of what I shall now tell thee, for it highly concerns the welfare of us both; and it is this: that when we are insulted by low people of this kind, do not stay still till I take up my sword against them, for I will by no means do it; but do thou draw thy sword and chastise them to thy satisfaction. If any knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend thee and offend them with all my might; for thou hast already had a thousand proofs how far the valor of this strong arm of mine extends;” — so arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant Biscayan!

But Sancho Panza did not so entirely approve his master’s instructions as to forbear saying, in reply, “Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, and quiet man, and can forgive any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up; so that, give me leave to tell your worship by way of hint, since it is not for me to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, either against peasant or against knight; and that, from this time forward, I forgive all injuries any one has done or shall do me, or that any person is now doing or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever.”

Upon which his master said, “I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease long enough for me to convince thee, Panza, of thy error. Hark ye, sinner: should the gale of fortune, now so adverse, change in our favor, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may securely and without opposition make the port of some
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one of those islands which I have promised thee, what would become of thee, if, when I had gained it and made thee lord thereof, thou shouldst render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valor nor resolution to revenge the injuries done thee, or to defend thy dominions?" "In this that hath now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valor your lordship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time more fit for plasters than discourses. Try, sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rozinante, whom I took to be as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying that 'much time is necessary to know people thoroughly;' and that 'we are sure of nothing in this life.' Who could have thought that, after such swinging lashes as you gave that luckless adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of cudgel-strokes, which has discharged itself upon our shoulders?"

"Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must, of course, be more sensible to the pain of this unfortunate encounter. And were it not that I imagine — why do I say imagine? — did I not know for certain that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation."

"Since these mishaps," said the squire, "are the natural fruits and harvest of chivalry, pray tell me, whether they
come often, or whether they have their set times in which they happen; for, to my thinking, two such harvests would disable us from ever reaping a third."

"Learn, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the lives of knights-errant are subject to a thousand perils and disasters, but at the same time they are no less near becoming kings and emperors; as experience hath shown us in many and divers knights, with whose histories I am perfectly acquainted. I could tell thee now, if this pain would allow me, of some who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the exalted ranks I have mentioned; yet these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes.

"Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for so I purpose to do; and let us see how Rozinante does, for it seems to me that not the least part of our misfortune has fallen to the share of this poor animal."

"That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also belongs to a knight-errant: but what I wonder at is that my ass should come off scot-free where we have paid so dear."

"Fortune always leaves some door open in misfortune to admit a remedy," said Don Quixote: "this I say because thy beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I account it dishonorable to be so mounted; for I remember to have read that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, was mounted much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass."
“It is likely he rode as your worship says,” answered Sancho; “but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart like a sack of rubbish.”

“The wounds received in battle,” said Don Quixote, “rather give honor than take it away; therefore, friend Panza, answer me no more, but as I said before, raise me up as well as thou canst, and place me as it may best please thee upon thy ass, that we may get hence before night overtakes us in this uninhabited place.” Then Sancho with thirty “alases,” and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on those who had brought him into that situation, endeavored 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 had 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, much 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 ex postulation, entered it with his string of cattle.
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 a 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 neighbors; 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, an Austrian girl, broad-faced, flat headed, with a little nose, one eye squinting, and the other not much better. This agreeable lass now assisted the damsels 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. The bed consisted of four not very smooth boards upon two unequal tressels, and a mattress no thicker than a quilt, and full of knots, 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 plastered him from head to foot. And as the hostess was thus employed, perceiving Don Quixote to be mauled in every part, she said that his bruises seemed the effect of hard drubbing rather than of a fall.

“Not 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
"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 damsels, "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," 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?"

"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 for this long time in the world."

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

"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; today he is the most unfortunate wretch in the world, and tomorrow 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?"
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“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 deserves 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 sell my hopes for the best title in Spain.”

To all this 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, being such a person that, if I say little of myself, it is because, as the proverb declares self-praise depreciates; but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraved on my memory, and be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure.”

The hostess, her daughter, and the good maid 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; and 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.

It happened that there lodged that night at the inn an officer belonging to the Holy Brotherhood of Toledo, who, hearing of the wounded man, seized his wand and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room. And
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Sancho, seeing him enter in his shirt, with a nightcap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a countenance far from well favored, asked his master if it was some enchanted Moor coming to torment them.

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

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 plasters. 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 poor 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."

"It is even so," answered Don Quixote; "and it is to no purpose to regard these affairs of enchantments, or to be out of humor or angry with them; for, being invisible, and mere phantoms, all endeavors to seek revenge would be fruitless. Rise, 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; 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 favor 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 lumps. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them for some time, until he thought the mixture had arrived at the exact point. He then asked for a phial to hold it; but as there was no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a tin oil-flask, of which the host made him a present. 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 flask was filled; and scarcely had he swallowed the potion than he was more ill than before. 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.
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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 he endured such pangs and loathings 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 to 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 he became so ill that not only himself, but all present, thought he was expiring. The pangs lasted nearly 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 the 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.

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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. All the people in the inn, above twenty in number, stood gazing at him, and among the rest, the host’s daughter, while he, on his part, removed not his eyes from her, and ever and anon sent forth a sigh which all believed to proceed from pain in his ribs — at least those who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

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 said to him, “Many and great are the favors, Signor Governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I am bound to be grateful to you all the days of my life. If I can make you some compensation, by taking vengeance on any proud miscreant who hath insulted you, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Consider, and if your memory recalls anything of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart’s desire!”

The host answered with the same gravity, “Sir Knight, I have no need of your worship’s avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge when any injury is done 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.

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"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, of whom I certainly know that they never paid for lodging, or anything else, in the inns where they reposed; because every accommodation is legally and justly due to them in return for the insufferable hardships they endure while in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold; subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth."

"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 on Sancho Panza, who said that, since his master would not pay, neither would he pay; for being squire to a knight-errant, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master. The innkeeper, irritated on hearing this, threatened, if he did not pay him, he should repent his obstinacy. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it would cost him
his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have cause to reproach him for not maintaining so just a right.

Poor Sancho’s ill luck would have it that among the people in the inn there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers from the fountain of Cordova, and two neighbors from the market-place of Seville, all merry, good-humored, frolicsome fellows; who, instigated and moved, as it appeared, by the selfsame spirit, came up to Sancho, and having dismounted him, one of them produced a blanket from the landlord’s bed, into which he was immediately thrown; but perceiving that the ceiling was too low, they determined to execute their purpose in the yard, which was bounded upwards only by the sky. Thither Sancho was carried; and being placed in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and divert themselves with him. 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 recognized the voice of the squire: then turning the reins, he galloped back to the inn-door, and finding it closed, he rode round in search of some other entrance; but had no sooner reached the yard-wall, which was not very high, when 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; and therefore, remaining on horseback, he proceeded to vent his rage by uttering many reproaches and invectives against those who were tossing Sancho. But they suspended neither their laughter nor their labor; 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. The compassionate maid, seeing him so exhausted, bethought of helping him to a jug of water, and that it might be the cooler, she fetched it from the well. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth stopped on hearing the voice of his master, who called to him aloud, saying, "Son Sancho, drink not water; do not drink it, son; it will kill thee; behold here the most holy balsam" (showing him the cruse of liquor) "two drops of which will infallibly restore thee."

At these words, Sancho, turning his eyes askance, said in a louder voice, "Perhaps you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight, or you would not have me sick again. Keep your liquor and let me alone."

He then instantly began to drink; but at the first sip, finding it was water, he could proceed no further, and besought the maid to bring him some wine, which she did willingly, and paid for it with her own money.

When Sancho had ceased drinking he clapped heels to his ass, and the inn gate being thrown wide open, out he went, satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had 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. The innkeeper would have fastened the door well after him as soon as he saw him out, but the blanketeers would not let him, being persons of that sort that, though Don Quixote had really been one of the knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

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 confirmed in this from having found that, when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor even alight from Rozinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted; for I swear to thee that if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged thee in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, even though I would have thereby transgressed the laws of chivalry; for as I have often told thee, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in cases of urgent and extreme necessity."

"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
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were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name. So that, sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay not in enchantment, but in something else. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will in the long run bring us into so many misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village.”

“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 honorable a thing it is to follow this profession, for tell me, what greater satisfaction can the world afford, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over an adversary? Undoubtedly none.”

“It may be so,” answered Sancho, “though I do not know it. I only know that since we have been knights-errant, or since you have been one, sir, we have never won any battle, except that of the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear and half a helmet; and from that day to this we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, with my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, and thereby know what that pleasure of overcoming an enemy is which your worship talks of.”

“That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble thee, also, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “but henceforward I
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will endeavor to have ready at hand a sword made with such art that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it; and perhaps fortune may put me in possession of one like that of Amadis, when he called himself Knight of the Burning Sword, which was one of the best weapons that ever was worn by knight; for besides the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor; and no armor, however strong or enchanted, could withstand it."

"Such is my luck," quoth Sancho, "that though this were so, and your worship should find such a sword, it would be of service only to those who are dubbed knights — like the balsam: as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow."

"Fear not, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "Heaven will yet deal more kindly by thee."
CHAPTER VIII

THE ADVENTURES OF THE TWO ARMIES

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 a 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 valor 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 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, extravagances, loves, and challenges detailed in his favorite 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, “favor and assist the weaker side! Thou must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front is led and commanded by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana; the 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 the daughter of Pentapolin, 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.”

“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 a contest it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight.”

“I easily comprehend that,” answered Sancho. “But where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle on a beast of this kind.”

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"Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote; "and thou mayest let him take his chance whether he be lost or not, for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being exchanged. 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 their view been obstructed by the clouds of dust. Seeing, however, in his imagination what did not exist, he began with a loud voice to say: "The knight thou seest yonder with the gilded armor, who bears on his shield a lion crowned, couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge. The other, with the armor flowered with gold, who bears the three crowns argent in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quiracia. The third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Bolíche, lord of the three Arabias. He is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says is one of those belonging to the temple which Samson pulled down when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn thine eyes on this other side, and there thou wilt see, in front of this other army, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, Prince of the New Biscay, who comes clad in armor quartered azure, vert, argent, and or; bearing on his shield a cat or in a field gules,
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with a scroll inscribed MIAU, being the beginning of his mistress's name; who, it is reported, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of Alphenniquen, Duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon powerful steed, whose armor is as white as snow, and his shield also white, without any device, he is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other whom thou seest, with his armed heels pricking the flanks of that fleet piebald courser, and his armor of pure azure, is the mighty Duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian, 'Rastrea mi suerte' ("Thus drags my fortune")."

In this manner he went on naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colors, devices, and mottoes extempore.

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, not 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?"

"I hear nothing," 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, and make things not to appear what they really are; and 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 favor 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, Signor Don Quixote, come back! They are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter! Pray come back. 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 word 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 valor 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 tin vessel, and applying it to his mouth, began to swallow some of the liquor; but before he could take what he thought sufficient, another of those almonds hit him full on the hand and dashed the tin 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 further inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagances; 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 of you, Signor 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; mount thy ass and follow them fairly and softly, and thou wilt find that when they are got a little farther off they will return to their first form, and ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want thy assistance; 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 to cure his master; but not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself again, and resolved in his mind to leave his master, 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 of 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 one man is no more than another, only inasmuch as he does more than another. All these storms that we have encountered are signs that the weather will soon clear up, and things will go smoothly; for 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 befell 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 today, 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 today," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these 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 than all the herbs. But, good Sancho, get upon thy ass and follow me.

"And lead me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice. But reach hither thy hand and feel how many teeth are wanting on the right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain."

Sancho put his finger into his mouth, and feeling about said, "How many teeth had your worship on this side?"

"Four," answered Don Quixote, "besides the eye-tooth, all perfect and sound."

"Think well what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," answered Don Quixote; "for in my whole life I never had a tooth drawn, nor have I lost one."

"Well, then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your wor-
ship has but two teeth and a half; and in the upper, neither half nor whole; all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand.

"Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing these sad tidings from his squire: "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for thou must know, Sancho, that a mouth without teeth is like a mill without a stone, and that a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this we who profess the strict order of chivalry are liable. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee at what pace thou wilt."
CHAPTER IX

THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE HAZARD

WHILE they were discoursing, night overtook them, and they were still in the high-road, without having found any place of reception: and the worst of it was, they were famished with hunger, for with their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions. The night came on rather dark; notwithstanding which they proceeded, as Sancho hoped that, being on the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Driving on his ass before him, he entreated his master to follow. They had not gone far between two hills, when they found themselves in a retired and spacious valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened his beast; and extended on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they despatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, all at once. But there was another misfortune, which Sancho accounted the worst of all; namely, they had no wine, nor even water, to drink, and were, moreover, parched with thirst.

"It is impossible, sir," said Sancho, "but there must be some fountain or brook near, to make these herbs so fresh, and therefore, if we go a little farther on, we may meet with something to quench the terrible thirst that afflicts us, and which is more painful than even hunger itself."
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Don Quixote approved the counsel, and taking Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and stopping to listen whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water; especially 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 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
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whom dangers, great exploits, and 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; and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, Knights of the Sun, and the Belianises, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past; performing, in this age, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms as are sufficient to obscure the brightest ever achieved by them. Trusty and loyal squire, observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the confused sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water which we came hither in search of, and which, one would think, precipitates itself headlong from the high mountains of the moon; that incessant striking and clashing which wounds our ears; all these together, and even each separately, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear, and amazement into the breast of Mars himself; how much more into that of one unaccustomed to such adventures! Yet all I have described serves but to rouse and awaken my courage, and 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 all be well 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
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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. 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, and obtain that cursed and unlucky island which you have so often promised me; now I find myself, in lieu thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worship in a place remote from everything human. 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.” “Be what it may,” answered Don Quixote, “it shall never be said of me, now or at any time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from performing the duty of a knight. All thou hast to do is to girt 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 obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune.”

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This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and 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, and he thus addressed Sancho: “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.

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. 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 furthest, as he had said before, and that if he returned not by that time he might conclude that he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again also repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his 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 he should come off safe and sound from the impending danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island.

Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him till the last moment and termination of this affair. His master was somewhat moved by it; not that he betrayed any weakness; on the contrary, dissembling as well as he could, he 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
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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 his lady and beseeching her to favor him in so terrific an enterprise. 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 further, 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 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 full of laughter, 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 away, especially when he heard him say ironically, “Thou must know, friend Sancho, that I was born 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 further, with much humility said, “Pray, sir, be pacified; I did but jest.”

“Though thou mayest jest, I do not,” answered Don Quixote. “Come hither, merry sir, what thinkest thou? Supposing these mill-hammers had really been some perilous adventure, have I not given proof of the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I obliged, being a knight, as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, those of a fulling-mill, more especially if I had never seen any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast — a pitiful rustic as thou art, who wert born and bred amongst them! But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or all together, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest thou wilt of me.”

“It is enough, good sir,” replied Sancho; “I confess I have been a little too jocose; but pray tell me, now that there is peace between us.”

“I do not deny,” answered Don Quixote, “that what has befallen us may be risible, but it is not proper to be repeated;
for all persons have not the sense to see things in the right point of view."

"But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew how to point your lance aright when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders." "Excuse what is done," quoth Don Quixote, "since thou art considerate; for know that first impulses are not under man's control; and 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. The favors and benefits I promised thee will come in due time; and if they do not come, the wages, at least, thou wilt not lose."

"Your worship says very well," quoth Sancho: "but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favors should not come, and it should be necessary to have recourse to the article of the wages) how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times? and whether they agreed by the month or by the day, like laborers?"

"I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that those squires were retained at stated wages, but they relied on courtesy; and if I have appointed thee any in the will I left sealed at home, it was in case of accidents; for I know not yet how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for trifles; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers."

"It is so, in truth," said Sancho, "since the noise of the
hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and dis-compose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it that henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's concerns, but shall honor you as my master and natural lord."

"By so doing," replied Don Quixote, "thy days shall be long in the land; for next to our parents, we are bound to respect our masters."
CHAPTER X

THE GRAND ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET

About this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho proposed entering the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, 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, when, 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 open.’ I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against what we sought, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now opens wide another, for a better and more certain adventure; in which, if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling-mills or to the darkness of night. 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.”

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"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."

"Away with 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, thou scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray 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 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.
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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 neighborhood, 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. The barber was on his way, between the two villages, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that while upon 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; and he rode on a gray ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances; and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante’s best speed, and couched his lance intending to run him through and through; 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 deer, 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. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet; who, holding it in his hand, said, “The basin is a
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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 upon 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 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 anger.

“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. But,
setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this
dapple-gray steed which looks so much like a gray 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 what-
ever thou wilt have it to be; for when we are gone his owner
will return for him." "Verily," replied Sancho, "the laws
of chivalry are very strict if they do not even allow the swap-
ing 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
authorized, 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 belong-
ing 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 XI

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET AT LIBERTY SEVERAL UNFORTUNATE PERSONS

As they were thus sauntering 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, on a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. 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?”

“So it is,” said Sancho.

“Then,” said his master, “here the execution of my office begins, which is to defeat violence and to succor 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 that they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and on their way to the galleys, which was all he had to say, nor was there anything more to know.

"Nevertheless," replied Don Quixote, "I should be glad to be informed by each of them individually of the cause of his misfortune." To this he added such courteous expressions, entreat ing the information he desired, that the other horseman said, "Though we have here the record and certificate of each of these worthies, this is no time to produce and read them. 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 act, so there was no opportunity for the torture. The trial was short; they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and as a further kindness have sent me for three years to the galleys."

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, "Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony means, in the talk 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 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 con-
fessing and not having the courage to say Nay; for, say they, Nay does not contain more letters than Aye; and think it lucky when it so happens that a man’s life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses; and for my part, I think they are in the right.”

“And 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 the galleys 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 which 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.”

Behind all the rest came a man about thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect, only that his eyes looked at each other. He was bound somewhat differently from the others, 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 villainies 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 Passamonte.”

“Fair and softly, Signor Commissary,” interrupted the slave, “let us not now be spinning out names and surnames. Signor Cavalier,” continued he, “if you have anything to give us, let us have it now, and Heaven be with you, for you tire us with inquiring so much after other men’s lives. If you would know mine, I am Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers.”

“He says true,” said the commissary; “for he himself has written his own history as well as heart could wish.” “What is the title of your book?” demanded Don Quixote.


“And is it finished?” quoth Don Quixote.

“How can it be finished?” answered he, “since my life is not yet finished? What is written relates everything from my cradle to the moment of being sent this last time to the galleys.”
"You seem to be an ingenious fellow," said Don Quixote. "And an unfortunate one, too," answered Gines; "but misfortunes always prosecute genius."

Turning to the whole string, Don Quixote said, "From all you have told me, dearest brethren! I clearly gather that although it be only the punishment of your crimes, you do not much relish what you are to suffer, and that you go to it with ill-will, and much against your inclination. My mind prompts and even compels me to manifest in you the purpose for which Heaven cast me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I thereby made to succor the needy and those oppressed by the powerful. Conscious, however, that it is the part of prudence not to do by force that which may be done by fair means, I will entreat these gentlemen, your guard and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose and let you go in peace, since there are people enough to serve the king from better motives; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you, let every one answer for his sins in the other world; neither doth it become honorable 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 I may have cause to thank you for your compliance; but if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigor 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, signor, and adjust the basin on your noodle, 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 he 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 fire-locks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, he on horse-back 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 endeavoring 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 Passamonte, 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 guard, who fled no less from Passamonte’s gun than from the shower of stones which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

The slaves were in disorder but Don Quixote called them
together and 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. 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 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 Passamonte 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 endeavor to hide ourselves. To tell us to go to Toboso is the same as to expect pears from an elm-tree."

"I vow, then," quoth Don Quixote in a rage, "Don Son of a Rogue, 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!"

Passamonte, 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 hail-storm that poured forth 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 one of the slaves 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 armor, and would have taken more too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took Sancho’s cloak, and after dividing the spoils of the battle they made the best of their way off, each taking a different course.

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; and Don Quixote much chagrined at being so maltreated by those on whom he had conferred so great a benefit.
CHAPTER XII

OF WHAT BEFELL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE MOUNTAINS

*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 police 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, and retire from that fury of which thou art so much in fear; but upon this one condition—that, neither living nor dying, thou shalt ever say that I retired and withdrew myself
from this peril out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compli-
cance with thy entreaties. If thou sayest otherwise, it is a lie; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell thee thou liest, and wilt lie, every time thou shalt either say or think it. Reply not, for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some appearance of danger with it inclines me to remain here."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom when the danger overbalances the hope; and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves today for tomorrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know that, although I am but a clown and a peasant, I yet have some smattering of what is called good conduct; therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozi-
nante if you can, if not I will assist you, and follow me; for my noodle 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 Brown Mountains, which were near; and it was Sancho's intention to pass through them, and there hide themselves for some days among those craggy rocks. 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 got into the heart of the mountains, where Sancho thought it would be well to pass the remainder of the
night, if not some days, or at least as long as their provisions lasted. Accordingly, there they took up their lodging, under the shelter of rocks overgrown with trees. But destiny which guides and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it that Gines de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber (whom the valor and frenzy of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain), took it into his head to hide himself among those very mountains, and in the very place where, by the same impulse Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had taken refuge; arriving just in time to distinguish who they were, although they had fallen asleep. Now, as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity urges desperate measures, and present convenience overbalances every consideration of the future, Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza’s ass — not caring for Rozinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor salable. Sancho Panza slept, the rascal stole his ass, and before dawn of day was too far off to be recovered.

The sun issued forth, giving joy to the earth, but grief to Sancho Panza, who, when he missed his Dapple, began to utter the most doleful lamentations, insomuch that Don Quixote awakened at his cries, and heard him say: — “O my beloved Dapple, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbors, the relief of my burdens, lastly, the half of my maintenance! — for with the money which I have earned every day by thy means have I half supported my family!”

Don Quixote, on learning the cause of these lamentations, comforted Sancho in the best manner he could, and desired him
to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for the three asses out of five which he had left at home. Sancho, comforted by this promise, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he showed him.

Don Quixote's heart gladdened upon entering among the mountains, being the kind of situation he thought likely to furnish those adventures he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and his mind was so absorbed in them that he thought of nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern, now that he thought himself out of danger, than to appease his hunger with what remained of the spoils; and thus, sitting sideways, upon his beast, he jogged after his master, appeasing his hunger while emptying the bag; and while so employed he would not have given two maravedis for the rarest adventure that could have happened.

While thus engaged he raised his eyes, and observed that his master, who had stopped, was endeavoring with the point of his lance to raise something that lay upon the ground; upon which he hastened to assist him, if necessary, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn, but so heavy that Sancho was forced to alight in order to take it up. His master ordered him to examine it. Sancho very readily obeyed, and although the portmanteau was secured with its chain and padlock, he could see through the chasms what it contained, which was four fine Holland [113]
shirts and other linen, no less curious than clean; and in a handkerchief he found a quantity of gold crowns, which he no sooner espied than he exclaimed, "At last one profitable adventure!" Searching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound, which Don Quixote desired to have, bidding him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favor; and taking the linen out of the portmanteau, he put it in the provender-bag. All this was perceived by Don Quixote, who said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains and fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him and brought him to this remote part to bury him."

"It cannot be so," answered Sancho; "for had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here."

"Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote, "and I cannot conjecture what it should be, but stay; let us see whether this pocket-book has anything written in it that may lead to a discovery." He opened it, and the first thing he found was a rough copy of verses to some fair Chloe, and being legible he read them aloud, that Sancho might hear them.

"From these verses," quoth Sancho, "nothing can be collected, unless from the clue there given you can come at the whole bottom."

"What clue is here?" said Don Quixote.

"I thought," said Sancho, "your worship made a clue."

"No, I said Chloe," answered Don Quixote; "and doubtless that is the name of the lady of whom the author of this poem complains; and, in faith, either he is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art." "Pray, sir, read on further,"
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said Sancho; "perhaps you may find something to satisfy us."

Don Quixote turned over the leaf and said, "This is in prose, and seems to be a letter."

"A letter of business, sir?" demanded Sancho. "By the beginning it seems rather to be one of love," answered Don Quixote. "Then pray, sir, read it aloud," said Sancho, "for I mightily relish these love-matters."

The letter being read, Don Quixote said, "We can gather little more from this than from the verses. It is evident, however, that the writer of them is some slighted lover." Then turning over other parts of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible and some not; but the purport was the same in all — their sole contents being reproaches, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikes, favors, and slights, interspersed with rapturous praises and mournful complaints. While Don Quixote was examining the book Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner either in that or in the saddle-cushion which he did not examine, scrutinize, and look into, nor seam which he did not rip, nor lock of wool which he did not carefully pick, that nothing might be lost from want of diligence or through carelessness — such was the cupidity excited in him by the discovery of this golden treasure, consisting of more than a hundred crowns!

The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau; for he concluded, from the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold, and by the fineness of the linen, that it must doubtless belong to some lover of condition, whom the disdain and ill-treat-
ment of his lady had reduced to despair; but as no information could be expected in that rugged and uninhabitable place, he had only to proceed forward, taking whatever road Rozinante pleased (who invariably gave preference to that which he found the most passable), and still thinking that among the rocks he should certainly meet with some strange adventure.

As he went onwards impressed with this idea, he spied on the top of a rising ground not far from him, a man springing from rock to rock with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be almost naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare; he had on breeches of sad-colored velvet, but so ragged as scarcely to cover him; all which particulars, though he passed swiftly by, were observed by the knight. He endeavored, but in vain, to follow him, for it was not given to Rozinante's feebleness to make way over those craggy places, especially as he was naturally slow-footed. Don Quixote immediately conceived that this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and pormanteau, and resolved therefore to go in search of him, even though it should prove a twelvemonth's labor in that wild region. He immediately commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain while he skirted the other, as they might possibly by this expedition find the man who had so suddenly vanished from their sight.

"I cannot do it," answered Sancho, "for the moment I offer to stir from your worship fear is upon me, assaulting me with a thousand kind of terrors and apparitions; and let this serve to advertise you that henceforward I depart not a finger's breadth from your presence."
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"Be it so," said he of the Sorrowful Figure; "and I am well pleased that thou shouldst rely upon my courage, which shall never fail thee, though the very soul in thy body should desert thee. Follow me, therefore, step by step, or as thou canst, and make lanterns of thine eyes; we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may encounter the man we saw, who, doubtless, is the owner of what we have found."

To which Sancho replied, "It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for if we should find him, and he, perchance, prove to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it; and therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to preserve it faithfully until by some way less curious and officious its true owner shall be found; by which time, perhaps, I may have spent it, and then I am free by law."

"Therein thou art mistaken, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for since we have a vehement suspicion of who is the right owner, it is our duty to seek him and to return it; otherwise that suspicion makes us no less guilty than if he really were so. Do not then repine, friend Sancho, at this search, considering how much I shall be relieved by finding him."

Then he pricked Rozinante on, and Sancho followed; when having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows; which confirmed them in the opinion that he who fled from them was owner both of the mule and the bundle.

While they stood looking at the mule they heard a whistle
like that of a shepherd tending his flock, and presently, on their left appeared a number of goats, and behind them, higher up on the mountain, an old man, being the goatherd that kept them. Don Quixote called to him aloud, and beckoned him to come down to them. He as loudly answered, inquiring what had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other beasts that frequented those mountains. Sancho promised in reply, that if he would come down they would satisfy him in everything. The goatherd descended, and coming to the place where Don Quixote stood, he said, "I suppose, gentlemen, you are looking at the dead mule? In truth it has now lain there these six months. Pray tell me, have you met with his master hereabouts?"

"We have met with nothing," answered Don Quixote, "but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far from hence."

"I found it, too," answered the goatherd, "but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and of being charged with theft." "So say I," answered Sancho; "for I also found it, and would not go within a stone's throw of it; there I left it, and there it may lie for all of me."

"Tell me, honest man," said Don Quixote, "do you know who is the owner of these goods?"

"What I know," said the goatherd, "is that six months ago, more or less, there came to a shepherd's hut, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on the very mule which lies dead there, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau that you say you found and
touched not. He inquired of us which part of these mountains was the most rude and unfrequented. We told him it was here where we now are; and so it is truly, for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would never find the way out; and I wonder how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path to lead you to it. The youth, then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule and made towards the part we pointed out, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance and wondering at his question and the haste he made to reach the mountain. From that time we saw him not again until some days after, when he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and without saying a word, struck him and immediately plundered our bread and cheese, and then fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds after this sought for him nearly two days through the most intricate part of these mountains, and at last found him lying in the hollow of a large tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garments torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, convinced us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us courteously, and in few but civil words bade us not to be surprised to see him in that condition, which was necessary in order to perform a certain penance. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but could get no more from him. We also desired him to inform us where he might be found, because when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, we would willingly bring some to him; and if this did not please him, we begged [119]
that at least he would come and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for his past violence, and promised thenceforth to ask for it without molesting anybody. As to the place of his abode, he said he had no other than that which chance presented him wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with so many tears that we who heard him must have been very stones not to have wept with him considering what he was when we first saw him, and what he now appeared; for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and by his courteous behavior showed himself to be well born; which was very evident even to country people like us. Suddenly he was silent, and fixing his eyes on the ground, he remained in that posture for a long time, whilst we stood still in suspense, waiting to see what would be the end of his trance; for by his motionless position and the furious look of his eyes, frowning and biting his lips, we judged that his mad fit was coming on; and indeed our suspicions were quickly confirmed, for he suddenly darted forward and fell with great fury upon one that stood next him, whom he bit and struck with so much violence that, if we had not released him, he would have taken away his life.

"In the midst of his rage he frequently called out, 'Ah traitor, Fernando! now shalt thou pay for the wrong thou hast done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, the dark dwelling of deceit and villainy!' and to these he added other expressions, all pointed at the same Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged our companion from him at last, with no small difficulty; upon which
he suddenly left us and plunged into a thicket so entangled with bushes and briars that it was impossible to follow him. By this we guessed that his madness returned by fits, and that some person whose name is Fernando must have done him some injury of so grievous a nature as to reduce him to the wretched condition in which he appeared. And in that we have since been confirmed, as he has frequently come out into the road, sometimes begging food of the shepherds and at other times taking it from them by force; for when the mad fit is upon him, though the shepherds offer it freely, he will not take it without coming to blows; but when he is in his senses, he asks it with courtesy and receives it with thanks, and even with tears. In truth, gentlemen, I must tell you," continued the goatherd, "that yesterday I and four young men, two of them my servants and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and having found him, either by persuasion or force carry him to the town to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least to learn who he is, and whether he has any relations to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you in answer to your inquiry; by which you may understand that the owner of the goods you found is the same wretched person who passed you so quickly" — for Don Quixote had told him that he had seen a man leaping about the rocks.

Don Quixote was surprised at what he heard from the goatherd; and being now still more desirous of knowing who the unfortunate madman was, he renewed his determination to search every part of the mountain, leaving neither corner nor cave unexplored until he should find him. But fortune
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managed better for him than he expected; for at that very instant the same youth appeared descending towards them, and muttering to himself something which was not intelligible. When the young man came up to them he saluted them in a harsh voice, but with a civil air. Don Quixote politely returned the salute, and alighting from Rozinante with graceful demeanor and address advanced to embrace him, and held him a considerable time clasped within his arms, as if they had been long acquainted. The other, whom we may truly call the tattered knight of the woeful, as Don Quixote was of the sorrowful, figure, having suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and laying his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood contemplating him, as if to ascertain whether he knew him; and perhaps no less surprised at the aspect, demeanor and habiliments of the knight than was Don Quixote at the sight of him.
CHAPTER XII

THE STORY OF CARDENIO

The first who broke the silence after this prelude was the ragged knight who thus addressed himself to Don Quixote: "Assuredly, signor, whoever you are, for I do not know you, I am obliged to you for the courtesy you have manifested towards me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my good-will, which is all that my fate allows me to offer in return for your civility."

"So great is my desire to do you service," answered Don Quixote, "that I had determined not to quit these mountains until I found you and learned from yourself whether your affliction, which is evident by the strange life you lead, may admit of any remedy, and if so, make every possible exertion to procure it; and should your misfortune be of such a kind that every avenue to consolation is closed, I intend to join in your moans and lamentations—for sympathy is ever an alleviation to misery; and if you should think my intention merits any acknowledgment, I beseech you, sir, by the infinite courtesy I see you possess—I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved, or do love most—to tell who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die like a brute beast amidst these solitudes; an abode, if I..."
may judge from your person and attire, so unsuitable to you. And I swear,” added Don Quixote, “by the order of knighthood I have received, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you with all the energy which it is my duty to exert, either in remedying your misfortune, if it admit of remedy, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised.”

The knight of the mountain, hearing him of the Sorrowful Figure talk thus, could only gaze upon him, viewing him from head to foot; and after surveying him again and again, he said to him, “If you have anything to give me to eat, let me have it; and when I have eaten I will do all you desire, in return for the good wishes you have expressed towards me.”

Sancho immediately took from his wallet, and the goatherd from his scrip, some provisions, wherewith the wretched wanderer satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him like a distracted person, so ravenously that he made no interval between one mouthful and another, for he rather devoured than ate; and during his repast neither he nor the bystanders spoke a word. When he had finished he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and having conducted them a short distance to a little green plot, he there laid himself down and the rest did the same.

When the tattered knight had composed himself he said: “If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you, in few words, the immensity of my misfortune, you must promise not to interrupt, by questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for in the instant you do so my narrative will break off.” Don Quixote, in the name of all the rest, promised not
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to interrupt him, and upon this assurance he began in the following manner:

"My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth, one of the best cities of Andalusia; my family noble; my parents wealthy; my wretchedness so great that it must have been deplored by my parents and felt by my relations, although not to be alleviated by all their wealth; for riches are of little avail in many of the calamities to which mankind are liable. In that city there existed Lucinda, a damsel as well born and rich as myself, though more fortunate, and less constant than my honorable intentions deserved. This Lucinda I loved and adored from my childhood; and she on her part loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our attachment, nor was it displeasing to them. How many love notes did I write to her! What charming, what modest answers did I receive! How many sonnets did I pen! How many love-verses indite, in which my soul unfolded all. At length my patience being exhausted, I resolved to demand her of her father for my lawful wife, which I immediately did. In reply, he thanked me for the desire I expressed to honor him by an alliance with his family; but that as my father was living, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand; for without his entire concurrence the act would appear secret, and unworthy of his Lucinda. I returned him thanks for the kindness of his reception; his scruples I thought were reasonable, and I made sure of my father's ready acquiescence. I went, therefore, directly to him, and upon entering his apartment found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word

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saying, 'By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service.' I read the letter, which was so extremely kind that I thought even myself it would be wrong in my father not to comply with its request, which was that I should be sent immediately to the duke, who was desirous of placing me, not as a man-servant, but as a companion, to his eldest son; which honor should be accompanied by such preferment as should correspond with the estimation in which he held me. I was, nevertheless, much perplexed by the letter, and quite confounded when I heard my father say, 'Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall depart, in compliance with the duke's desire; and give thanks for opening you a way to that fortune I know you deserve'; to which he added other paternal admonitions.

"The time fixed for my departure came. I conversed the night before with my Lucinda, and told her all that had passed, and also entreated her father to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired, and she confirmed it with a thousand vows, and a thousand faintings. I arrived, in short, at the residence of Duke Ricardo, who received and treated me with so much kindness that envy soon became active, by possessing his old servants with an opinion that every favor the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interests. But the person most pleased at my arrival was a second son of the duke, called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman, of a most gallant, liberal and lovable disposition, who in a very short time contracted so intimate a friendship with me that it became the subject of general con-
versation; and though I was treated with much favor by his elder brother, it was not equal to the kindness and affection of Don Fernando.

"Now, as unbounded confidence is always the effect of such intimacy, and my friendship for Don Fernando being most sincere, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and particularly a love affair which gave him some disquiet. He told me that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him than to absent himself for some months; this, he said, might be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of purchasing horses in our town, which is remarkable for producing the best in the world.

"No sooner had he made this proposal than, prompted by my own love, I expressed my approbation of it as the best that possibly could be devised; and should have done so even had it been less plausible, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear Lucinda. Thus influenced, I seconded his design, and desired him to put it in execution without delay. The duke consented to this proposal and ordered me to bear him company. We reached our city, and my father received him according to his quality. I immediately visited Lucinda; and unfortunately for me, I revealed my love to Don Fernando; thinking that, by the laws of friendship, nothing should be concealed from him. I expatiated so much on the beauty, grace, and discretion of Lucinda that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such accomplishments. Unhappily
I consented to gratify him, and showed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window where we were accustomed to converse together. He was struck dumb, he lost all sense, he was entranced. I confess, that although I knew what just cause Don Fernando had to admire Lucinda, I was grieved to hear commendations from his mouth. From that time I began to fear and suspect him; for he was every moment talking of Lucinda, and would begin the subject himself, however abruptly, which awakened in me I know not what jealousy; and though I feared no change in Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the future.

"Now, it happened that Lucinda, having desired me to lend her a book of chivalry, of which she was very fond, entitled 'Amadis de Gaul'—"

Scarceley had Don Quixote heard him mention a book of chivalry than he said, "Had you told me, sir, at the beginning of your history that the Lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, no more would have been necessary to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it had she wanted a relish for such savory reading; so that, with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in displaying her beauty, worth, and understanding, since from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. Pardon me, sir, for having broken my promise by this interruption; but when I hear of matters appertaining to knights-errant and chivalry, I can as well forbear talking of them as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. Pray,
therefore, excuse me, and proceed; for that is of most impor-
tance to us at present."

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung
down his head upon his breast, apparently in profound thought;
and although Don Quixote twice desired him to continue his
story, he neither lifted up his head nor answered a word. But
after some time he raised it and said, "I cannot get it out of
my mind, nor can any one persuade me, that Queen Mada-
sima was a wicked woman."

"It is false, I swear!" answered Don Quixote in great
wrath; "it is extreme malice, or rather villainy, to say so.
Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and whoever asserts
that she was not lies like a very rascal; and I will make him
know it, on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night
or by day, or how he pleases."

Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively, and the mad
fit being now upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his
story, neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so much
was he irritated by what he had heard of Madasima.

Cardenio, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar,
villain, with other opprobrious names, did not like the jest;
and catching at a stone that lay close by him, he threw it with
such violence at Don Quixote's breast that it threw him on
his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this
manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the
ragged knight received him in such sort that with one blow he
laid him at his feet and then trampled him to his heart's
content. The goatherd, who endeavored to defend him,
fares little better, and when the madman had sufficiently
vented his fury upon them all he left them, and quietly retired to his rocky haunts among the mountains. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly, and was proceeding to take revenge on the goatherd, telling him the fault was his for not having given them warning that this man was subject to these mad fits; for had they known it they might have been upon their guard.

The goatherd answered that he had given them notice of it, and that if they had not attended to it the fault was not his. Sancho Panza replied, the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking each other by the beard, and coming to such blows that if Don Quixote had not interposed they would have demolished each other. But Sancho still kept fast hold of the goatherd, and said, "Let me alone, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, for this fellow being a bumpkin like myself, and not a knight, I may very safely revenge myself by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honor."

"True," said Don Quixote, "but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened." Hereupon they were pacified; and Don Quixote again inquired of the goatherd whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a vehement desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as before, that he did not exactly know his haunts, but that if he waited some time about that part he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.
CHAPTER XIV

THE STRANGE THINGS THAT BEFELL THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE MOUNTAINS

DON QUIXOTE took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him; which he did very unwillingly. They proceeded slowly on, making their way in the most difficult recesses of the mountain. In the meantime, Sancho was dying to converse with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not disobey his orders. Being, however, unable to hold out any longer, he said to him: "Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing and my dismission; for I will get home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of talking and speaking my mind; for to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes night and day, without suffering me to talk when I want, is to bury me alive. It is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and bangs with stones, and with all this to have his mouth sewed up, not daring to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb."
"I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "thou art impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on thy tongue. Suppose it then removed, and thou art permitted to say what thou wilt, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering amongst these mountains."

"Be it so," said Sancho; "let me talk now, for no one knows what will be hereafter. And now, taking the benefit of this license, I ask what had your worship to do with standing up so warmly for that same Queen Magimasa, or what's her name? for had you let that pass, as you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, the kicks, and above half a dozen buffets."

"In faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if thou didst but know, as I do, how honorable and excellent a lady Queen Madasima was, I am certain thou wouldst acknowledge that I had a great deal of patience in forbearing to dash to pieces that mouth out of which such sayings issued. Cardenio knew not what he spoke, thou mayest remember that when he said it he was not in his senses."

"That is what I say," quoth Sancho; "and therefore no account should have been made of his words; for if good fortune had not befriended your worship and directed the flint stone at your breast instead of your head, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, and Cardenio would have come off unpunished, being insane."

"Against the sane and insane," answered Don Quixote, "it is the duty of a knight-errant to defend women, particu-
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larly a queen of such exalted worth as Queen Madasima.”

"Sir," said Sancho, "is it a good rule of chivalry for us to go wandering through these mountains, without either path or road, in quest of a madman who, perhaps, when he is found will be inclined to finish what he began — not his story, but the breaking of your worship's head and my ribs?"

"Peace, Sancho, I repeat," said Don Quixote; "for know that it is not only the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but an intention to perform in them an exploit whereby I shall acquire perpetual fame and renown over the face of the whole earth; and it shall be such a one as shall set the seal to make an accomplished knight-errant."

"And is this exploit a very dangerous one?" quoth Sancho.

"No," answered the knight; "although the die may chance to run unfortunately for us, yet the whole will depend upon thy diligence."

"Upon my diligence!" exclaimed Sancho.

"Yes," said Don Quixote; "for if thy return be speedy from the place whither I intend to send thee, my pain will soon be over, and my glory forthwith commence; and that thou mayest no longer be in suspense with regard to the tendency of my words, I inform thee, Sancho, that the famous Amadis de Gaul was one of the most perfect of knights-errant. He was the morning star, and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and whom all we who militate under the banners of love and chivalry ought to follow. This being the case, friend Sancho, that knight-errant who best imitates him will be most certain of arriving at pre-eminence in chivalry. And an occasion upon which the knight particularly displayed his
prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy and love, was
his retiring, when disdained by the Lady Oriana, to do penance
on the sterile rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros.
Now, it is easier for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving
giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies,
shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments; and since this
place is so well adapted for the purpose, I ought not to neglect
the opportunity which is now so commodiously offered to me.”

“What is it your worship really intends to do in so remote
a place as this?” demanded Sancho.

“Have I not told thee,” answered Don Quixote, “that I
design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperate, raving
and furious lover?” “It seems to me,” quoth Sancho, “that
the knights who acted in such manner were provoked to it, and
had a reason for these follies and penances; but pray, what
cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained
you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you
that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso has committed folly?”

“There lies the point,” answered Don Quixote, “and in
this consists the refinement of my plan. A knight-errant who
runs mad with just cause deserves no thanks; but to do so
without reason is the point. Therefore, friend Sancho, counsel
me not to refrain from so rare, so happy, and so unparalleled
an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be until thy return
with an answer to a letter I intend to send by thee to my lady
Dulcinea; and if it proves such as I deserve, my madness and
my penance will terminate. But if the contrary, I shall be
mad indeed; and being so, shall become insensible to every-
thing; so that whatever answer she returns, I shall be relieved
of the conflict and pain wherein thou leavest me; for if good, I shall enjoy it in my right senses; if otherwise, I shall be mad, and consequently insensible of my misfortune.

"But tell me, Sancho, hast thou taken care of Mambrino's helmet? for I saw thee take it from the ground when that ungrateful wretch proved the excellence of its quality by vainly endeavoring to break it to pieces."

To which Sancho answered, "Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, I cannot bear with patience some things your worship says: they are enough to make me think that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favors and mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be matter of mere smoke, and all fiction. For to hear you say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and to persist in that error for near about four days, what can one think, but that he who says and affirms such a thing must be crack-brained? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered; and I shall take it home to get it mended for the use of my beard."

"Now I swear," said Don Quixote, "that thou hast the shallowest brain that any squire has, or ever had in the world. Is it possible that notwithstanding all the time thou hast travelled with me, thou dost not perceive that all affairs in which knights-errant are concerned appear chimeras, follies and extravagances, and seem all done by the rule of contraries? Not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who metamorphose and disguise all our concerns, and turn them according to their own pleasure, or according as they are inclined to favor or ruin us. Hence
it is that the thing which to thee appears a barber’s basin, appears to me the helmet of Mambrino, and to another will appear something else; and it was a singular foresight of the sage, my friend, to make that appear to others a basin which really and truly is Mambrino’s helmet; because, being of such high value, all the world would persecute me in order to obtain it; and now, thinking it nothing but a barber’s basin, they give themselves no trouble about it, as was evident to him who, after endeavoring to break it, cast it from him; which, in faith, he would never have done had he known what it was. Take care of it, friend.”

While they were thus discoursing they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, which stood separated from several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from them. Near its base ran a gentle stream, that watered a verdant and luxuriant vale, adorned with many wide-spreading trees, plants, and wild flowers of various hues. This was the spot in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure chose to perform his penance; and while contemplating the scene he thus broke forth in a loud voice: “This is the place which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which I am involved. This is the spot where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of this crystal stream, and my sighs, continual and deep, shall incessantly move the foliage of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O my Dulcinea del Toboso, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, and overruling planet of my fortunes! consider, I beseech thee, to what a condition thy absence hath reduced me, and reward me as my fidelity
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deserves!" Thus saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and in an instant took off his bridle and saddle, and clapping him on the hinder parts, said to him, "O steed, as excellent for thy performance as unfortunate in thy fate! he gives thee liberty who is himself deprived of it. Go whither thou wilt."

Sancho, observing all this, said, "If Dapple were here, I would not consent to his being unpanned, there being no occasion for it, for he had nothing to do with love or despair any more than I, who was once his master. And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if it be so that my departure and your madness take place in earnest, it will be well to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the loss of my Dapple, and save me time in going and coming; for if I walk, I know not how I shall be able either to go or return, being in truth but a sorry traveller on foot."

"Be that as thou wilt," answered Don Quixote, "for I do not disapprove thy proposal; and I say thou shalt depart within three days, during which time I intend thee to bear witness of what I do for her sake that thou mayest report it accordingly."

"What have I more to see," quoth Sancho, "than what I have already seen?"

"So far thou art well prepared," answered Don Quixote; "but I have now to rend my garments, scatter my arms about and dash my head against these rocks; with other things of the like sort, which will strike thee with admiration."

"For goodness' sake," said Sancho, "beware how you give yourself those blows, for you may chance to touch upon some unlucky point of rock that may at once put an end to this new
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project of penance. I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than a diamond.”

“I thank thee for thy good intentions, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “but I would have thee to know that all these actions of mine are no mockery, but done very much in earnest; for to act otherwise would be an infraction of the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to utter no falsehood, on pain of being punished; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying: therefore, blows must be real and substantial, without artifice or evasion. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint for my wounds.”

“With the ass,” answered Sancho; “we lost lint and everything else. As for the three days allowed me for seeing your mad pranks, I beseech you to reckon them as already passed, for I take all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady. Do you write the letter and dispatch me quickly, for I long to come back and release your worship. Let me but once get to Toboso, and into the presence of my lady Dulcinea, and I will tell her such a story of the foolish, mad things which your worship has done and is still doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a tree; and with her answer, all sweetness and honey, will I return through the air, like a witch.”

“But how shall we contrive to write the letter?” asked the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. “Since we have no
paper, we shall do well to write it as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult at present to meet with these as with paper. But now I recollect, it may be as well, or indeed better, to write it in Cardenio's pocketbook, and you will take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper in the first town you reach where there is a schoolmaster; or, if there be none, any clerk will transcribe it for you."

"But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand?" said Sancho.

"The letters of Amadis were never subscribed," answered Don Quixote.

"Very well," replied Sancho, "but the order for the colts must needs be signed by yourself for if that be copied they will say it is a false signature, and I shall be forced to go without the colts."

"The order shall be signed in the same pocketbook, and at sight of it my niece will make no difficulty in complying with it. As to the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus: 'Yours until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.' And it is of little importance whether it be written in another hand; for I remember Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter or writing of mine in her whole life; for during the twelve years that I have loved her more than the light of those eyes which the earth must one day consume, I have not seen her four times; and perhaps of these four times she may not have once perceived that I looked upon her — such is the reserve and seclusion in which she is brought up by her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales!"

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“Heyday!” exclaimed Sancho, “what! the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo! Is she the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?”

“It is even she,” said Don Quixote, “and she deserves to be mistress of the universe.”

“I know her well,” quoth Sancho; “and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the lustiest lad in the parish. Why, she is a lass of mettle, tall, straight, and vigorous, and I warrant can make her part good with any knight-errant. Oh, the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I confess to your worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been hugely mistaken, for I thought for certain that the Lady Dulcinea was some great princess with whom you were in love, or at least some person of such great quality as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well of the Biscainer as of the galley-slaves; and many others from the victories your worship must have gained before I came to be your squire. But all things considered, what good can it do the Lady Aldonza Lorenzo—I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso—to have the vanquished whom your worship sends, or may send, falling upon their knees before her? For perhaps at the time they arrive she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be confounded at the sight of her, and she may laugh and care little for the present.”

“I have often told thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that thou art an eternal babbler, and though void of wit, thy bluntness often stings.”

Don Quixote took out the pocketbook, and stepping aside, began with much composure to write the letter; and
having finished, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, lest he might perchance lose it by the way, for everything was to be feared from his evil destiny.

To which Sancho answered, "Write it, sir, two or three times in the book and give it to me, and I will take good care of it; but to suppose that I can carry it in my memory is a folly, for mine is so bad that I often forget my own name. Your worship, however, may read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be very much to the purpose."

"Listen, then," said Don Quixote: "this is what I have written:

"Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

"'High and sovereign lady — He who is stabbed by the point of absence, and pierced by the arrows of love, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, greets thee with wishes for that health which he enjoys not himself. If thy beauty despise me, if thy disdain still pursue me, although inured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction which is not only severe but lasting. My good squire Sancho will tell thee, O ungrateful fair, and most beloved foe, to what a state I am reduced on thy account. If it be thy pleasure to relieve me, I am thine; if not, do what seemeth good to thee; for by my death I shall at once appease thy cruelty and my own desires. — Until death thine,

"'The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.'"

"By the life of my father," quoth Sancho, after hearing the letter, "it is the finest thing I ever heard. Odds boddikins!"
how choicely your worship expresses whatever you please! and how well you close all with 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure!' Verily, your worship, there is nothing but what you know."

"The profession which I have embraced," answered Don Quixote, "requires a knowledge of everything." "Well, then," said Sancho, "pray clap on the other side of the leaf the order for the three colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight."

"With all my heart," said the knight.

"I rely upon your worship," answered Sancho; "let me go and saddle Rozinante and prepare to give me your blessing, for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the mad frolics you are about to commit; and I will tell quite enough to satisfy her. Now I think of it, sir, how shall I be able to find my way back again to this by-place?"

"Observe and mark well the spot, and I will endeavor to remain near it," said Don Quixote; "and will, moreover, ascend some of the highest ridges to discover thee upon thy return. But the surest way not to miss me or lose thyself, will be to cut down some of the boughs that abound here and scatter them here and there on the way to the plain, to serve as marks and tokens to guide thee on thy return, in imitation of Theseus' clue to the labyrinth."

Sancho Panza followed this counsel; and having provided himself with branches, he begged his master's blessing, and not without many tears on both sides took his leave of him; and mounting upon Rozinante, with especial charge from Don Quixote to regard him as he would his own proper person, he
rode towards the plain, strewing the boughs at intervals, as his master directed him. Thus he departed. He had not gone above a hundred paces when he turned back and said, "Your worship, sir, said right that to enable me to swear with a safe conscience it would be proper I should at least see one of your mad tricks; though, in plain truth, I have seen enough in seeing you stay here."

"Did I not tell thee so?" quoth Don Quixote; "stay but a moment, Sancho."

Then stripping off his clothes in all haste, without more ado he cut a couple of capers in the air, and as many tumbles heels over head. Sancho turned Rozinante about, fully satisfied that he might swear his master was stark mad.
CHAPTER XV

SANCHO'S JOURNEY TO THE LADY DULCINEA

As soon as Sancho had gained the high-road he directed his course immediately to Toboso, and the next day he came within sight of the inn where the misfortune of the blanket had befallen him, and fancying himself again flying in the air, he felt no disposition to enter it, although it was then the hour of dinner and he longed for something warm. This inclination, nevertheless, drew him forcibly towards the inn; and as he stood doubtful whether or not to enter, two persons came out, who immediately recognized him. "Pray, Signor," said one to the other, "is not that Sancho Panza yonder on horseback, who, as our friend's housekeeper told us, accompanied her master as his squire?"

"Truly it is," said the priest; "and that is our Don Quixote's horse."

No wonder they knew him so well, for they were the priest and barber of his village, and the very persons who had tried and passed sentence of execution on the mischievous books. Being now certain it was Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and hoping to hear some tidings of Don Quixote, the priest went up to him, and calling him by his name, "Friend Sancho Panza," said he, "where have you left your master?"
Sancho immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the circumstances and place of Don Quixote’s retreat; he therefore told them that his master was very busy in a certain place about a certain affair of the greatest importance to himself, which he durst not discover for the eyes in his head.

“No, no, Sancho,” quoth the barber, “that story will not pass. If you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we suspect already, that you have murdered and robbed him since you come thus upon his horse. See, then, that you produce the owner of that horse, or woe be to you!”

“There is no reason why you should threaten me,” quoth Sancho; “for I am not a man to rob or murder anybody. My master is doing a certain penance much to his liking in the midst of yon mountains.” He then, very freely and without hesitation, related to them in what state he had left him, the adventures that had befallen them, and how he was then carrying a letter to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso—the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears of love.

They were both astonished at Sancho’s report; and though they already knew the nature of Don Quixote’s derangement, yet every fresh instance of it was to them a new source of wonder. They begged of Sancho Panza to show them the letter he was carrying to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He said it was written in a pocketbook, and that his master had ordered him to get it copied out upon paper at the first town he should arrive at. The priest said if he would show it to him he would transcribe it in a very fair character. Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom to take out the book, but
found it not; nor could he have found it had he searched until this time, for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it to him. When Sancho found he had no book he turned as pale as death; and having felt again all over his body, in great perturbation, without success, he laid hold of his beard with both hands and tore away half of it; and then gave himself sundry cuffs on the nose and mouth, bathing them all in blood. The priest and barber, seeing this, asked him wherefore he treated himself so roughly.

"Wherefore?" answered Sancho, "but that I have let slip through my fingers three ass-colts, each of them a castle!"

"How so?" returned the barber.

"I have lost the pocketbook," answered Sancho, "that contained the letter to Dulcinea and the bill signed by my master, in which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home."

This led him to mention his loss of Dapple; but the priest bid him to be of good cheer, telling him that when he saw his master he would engage him to renew the order upon paper in a regular way; for that one written in a pocketbook would not be accepted. Sancho was comforted by this assurance, and said that he did not care for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea as he could almost say it by heart, so that they might write it down, where and when they pleased.

"Repeat it, then, Sancho," quoth the barber, "and we will write it afterwards."

Sancho then began to scratch his head in order to fetch the letter to his remembrance, now he stood upon one foot, and then upon the other, sometimes he looked down upon the
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ground and sometimes up to the sky; then after biting off half the nail of one finger, and keeping his hearers long in expectation, he said, "All I remember of the letter is the beginning; I believe it said, 'High and subterrann lady.'"

"No," said the barber, "not subterrann, but superhuman, or sovereign lady."

"Ay, so it was," said Sancho. "Then, if I do not mistake, it went on, 'the stabbed, and the waking, and the pierced, kisses your honor's hands, ungrateful and most regardless fair'; and then it said I know not what of 'health and sickness that he sent'; and so he went on, until at last he ended with 'thine till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.'"

They were not a little diverted at Sancho's excellent memory, and commended it much, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it, and thrice he added three thousand other extravagances; relating to them also many other things concerning his master, but not a word of the blanket. He informed them likewise how his lord, upon his return with a kind despatch from his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set about endeavoring to become an emperor, or at least a king — a thing that would be very easily done, considering the valor and strength of his arm; and when this was accomplished his master was to marry him (as by that time he should, no doubt, be a widower) and give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honor, heiress to a large and rich territory on the mainland; for as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them.

Sancho said all this with so much gravity, that they were [147]
amazed at the potency of Don Quixote's malady, which had borne along with it the senses also of this poor fellow. They would not themselves take the trouble to convince him of his folly, as it was of a harmless nature, and afforded them amusement. "We must contrive," said the priest at last, "to relieve your master from this unprofitable penance; and therefore let us go in to concert proper measures, and also to get our dinner, which by this time is ready."

Sancho said they might go in, but that he should choose to stay without—he would tell them why another time; he begged them, however, to bring him out something warm to eat and also some barley for Rozinante. Accordingly they left him and entered the inn, and soon after the barber returned to him with some food.

The curate and barber having deliberated together on the best means of accomplishing their purpose, a device occurred to the priest exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humor, and likely to effect what they desired, which was that he should perform himself the part of a damsels-errant and the barber equip himself as her squire; in which disguise they should repair to Don Quixote; and the curate presenting himself as an afflicted and distressed lady, should beg a boon of him, which he as a valorous knight-errant, could not do otherwise than grant; and this should be a request that he would accompany her whither she should lead him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight; entreating him, at the same time, not to desire her to remove her mask, nor make any further inquiries concerning her until he had done her justice on that wicked knight. He made no doubt but that Don Quixote
would consent to any such terms, and they might thus get him away from that place and carry him home, where they would endeavor to find some remedy for this extraordinary malady.

The barber liked the priest's contrivance so well that they immediately began to carry it into execution. They borrowed a petticoat and head-dress from the landlady, and the barber made himself a huge beard of the tail of an ox. The hostess having asked them for what purpose they wanted those things, the priest gave her a brief account of Don Quixote's insanity and the necessity of that disguise to draw him from his present retreat. The host and hostess immediately conjectured that this was the same person who had once been their guest, and the master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between them, without omitting what Sancho had been so careful to conceal. In the meantime the landlady equipped the priest to admiration, she put him on a cloth petticoat laid thick with stripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed; and a bodice of green velvet bordered with satin, which, together with the petticoat, must have been made in the days of the Ark. The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap which he used as a nightcap, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his head, and with the other made a kind of veil which covered his face and beard very well. He then pulled his hat over his face, which was so large that it served him for an umbrella, and wrapping his cloak around him, he got upon his mule sideways like a woman. The barber mounted also, with a beard that
reached to his girdle, of a color between sorrel and white, being, as before said, made of the tail of an ox. They took leave of all, but scarcely had they got out of the inn when the curate began to think he had done amiss, and that it was not right for a priest to be so accoutred, although for so good a purpose; and acquainting the barber with his scruples, he begged him to exchange apparel, as it would better become him to personate the distressed damsel, and he would himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity; and if he would not consent he was determined to proceed no farther, no matter what should happen to Don Quixote. They were now joined by Sancho, who was highly diverted at their appearance. The barber consented to the proposed exchange; upon which the priest began to instruct him how to act his part, and what expressions to use to Don Quixote in order to prevail upon him to accompany them and leave the place of his penance. The barber assured him that without his instructions he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. The dress, however, he would not put on until they came near to the place of Don Quixote’s retreat. The priest then adjusted his beard, and they proceeded forward, guided by Sancho Panza, who on the way related to them their adventure with the madman whom they had encountered in the mountain, but said not a word about the portmanteau and its contents; for with all his folly and simplicity, the rogue was somewhat covetous.
CHAPTER XVI

THE LAST OF THE STORY OF CARDENIO

The next day they arrived at the spot where Sancho had strewed the branches to ascertain the place where he had left his master; and upon seeing them he gave notice that they had entered the mountain pass and would therefore do well to put on their disguise, if that had any concern with the delivery of his master. They had before told him that their disguise was of the utmost importance towards disengaging his master from the miserable life he had chosen, and that he must by no means tell him who they were: and if he should inquire, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, he should say he had; and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth, and commanded the knight, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately upon an affair of much importance; for with this and what they intended to say themselves they should certainly reconcile him to a better mode of life, and put him in the way of soon becoming an emperor or a king. Sancho listened to all this and imprinted it well on his memory, and gave them many thanks for promising to advise his lord to be an emperor. He told them also it would be proper he should go before to [151]
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find him and deliver his lady’s answer; for perhaps that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place without further trouble. They agreed with Sancho, and determined to wait for his return with intelligence of his master. Sancho entered the mountain pass and left them in a pleasant spot refreshed by a streamlet of clear water and shaded by rocks and overhanging foliage.

It was in the month of August, when in those parts the heats are violent about three o’clock in the afternoon; on which account they found the situation very agreeable, and consented the more readily to wait there till Sancho’s return. While they were reposing in the shade a voice reached their ears which, although unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweet and melodious. They were much surprised, since that was not a place where they might expect to hear fine singing; for although it is common to tell of shepherds with melodious voices warbling over hills and dales, yet this is rather poetical fancy than plain truth.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very attentively, in hopes of hearing more; but the music being changed into sobs and lamentations, they went in search of the unhappy person whose voice was no less excellent than his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far when, turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and appearance that Sancho had described Cardenio to them. The man expressed no surprise at the sight of them, but stood still, without again raising his eyes from the ground. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, went up to him and in a few but
impressive words entreated him to forsake that miserable kind of life and not hazard so great a misfortune as to lose it in that inhospitable place.

Cardenio was then perfectly tranquil; he likewise appeared to be sensible that the persons who now accosted him were unlike the inhabitants of those mountains: he was still more surprised to hear them speak of his concerns; and he replied, "It is very evident to me, gentlemen, whoever you are, that you are sent to persuade me to leave this place. If you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any further in your prudent counsel I beseech you to hear my sad story; for then you will probably spare yourselves the trouble of endeavoring to find consolation for an evil which has no remedy."

The two friends being desirous of hearing his own account of himself, entreated him to indulge them, assuring him they would do nothing but what was agreeable to him, either in the way of remedy or advice. The unhappy young man began his melancholy story almost in the same words in which he had related it to Don Quixote and the goatherd some few days before, when, on account of Don Quixote's zeal in defending the honor of knight-errantry, the tale was abruptly suspended; but Cardenio's sane interval now enabled him to conclude it quietly. On coming to the circumstance of the letter which Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of Amadis de Gaul, he said he remembered it perfectly well.

"This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those which pleased Don Fernando so much. It was this letter, also, which
made him determine upon my ruin before my design could be effected. I told Don Fernando that Lucinda's father expected that the proposal should come from mine, but that I durst not mention it to him lest he should refuse his consent; not that he was ignorant of Lucinda's exalted merits, which might ennoble any family of Spain, but because I had understood from him that he was desirous I should not marry until it should be seen what Duke Ricardo would do for me. In short, I told him that I had not courage to speak to my father about it, being full of vague apprehensions and sad forebodings. In reply to all this Don Fernando engaged to induce my father to propose me to the father of Lucinda. Who could have thought that Don Fernando, noble and generous, obliged by my services, and secure of success wherever his inclinations led him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my loved one.

"Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the execution of his design, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which he bought merely for a pretence to get me out of the way that he might the more conveniently execute his purpose. Could I foresee such treachery? Could I even suspect it? Surely not; on the contrary, well satisfied with his purchase, I cheerfully consented to depart immediately. That night I had an interview with Lucinda, and told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and myself, assuring her of my hopes of a successful result. She, equally unsuspicious of Don Fernando, desired me to return speedily, since she believed the completion of our wishes was only deferred until proposals should be made
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to her father by mine. I know not whence it was, but as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat prevented her saying another word. I set out upon my journey sad and pensive, my soul full of gloomy thoughts and fears.

"I executed my commission to Don Fernando's brother, by whom I was well received, but not soon dismissed; for to my grief, he ordered me to wait eight days, and to keep out of his father's sight, because his brother had desired that a certain sum of money might be sent to him without the duke's knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false Fernando; and I felt disposed to resist the injunction, as it seemed to me impossible to support life so many days absent from Lucinda, especially having left her in such a state of dejection. Nevertheless, I did obey, like a good servant, although at the expense of my health. But four days after my arrival a man came in quest of me with a letter, which, by the superscription, I knew to be from Lucinda. I opened it with alarm, convinced that it must be something extraordinary that had induced her to write. Before I read it I made some inquiries of the messenger. He told me that in passing accidentally through a street in the town a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him in great agitation, 'Friend, I beg of you to carry this letter with all expedition to the place and person to whom it is directed; in so doing you will perform an act of charity; and to supply you with the necessary expense, take what is tied up in this handkerchief.' 'So saying, she threw the handkerchief out of the window, which contained a hundred reals and this gold ring, with the letter I have given
you. She saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief, and assure her by signs that I would do what she commanded, and she then quitted the window. Finding myself so well paid for the trouble, and knowing by the superscription it was for you, I resolved to trust no other person, but deliver it with my own hands; and within sixteen hours I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues.' While the grateful messenger thus spoke I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so that I could scarcely stand. At length I opened the letter, which contained these words:

"'The promise Don Fernando gave you to intercede with your father he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, sir, that he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando possesses over you, has accepted this proposal so eagerly that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and with so much privacy that few of our own family are to witness it. Conceive my situation! and think whether you ought not to return. Whether I love you or not the event will prove. May this come to your hand before mine be compelled to join his who breaks his promised faith!'

"I set out immediately, without waiting for any other answer or the money; for now I plainly saw it was not the purchase of horses that had induced Don Fernando to send me to his brother. My rage against Don Fernando, and the fear of losing the rich reward of my long service and affection, gave wings to my speed; and the next day I reached our town at the moment favorable for an interview with Lucinda. I went privately, having left my mule with the honest man who
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brought me the letter; and fortune was just then so propitious that I found Lucinda at the gate, the constant witness of our loves. We saw each other — but how? As soon as Lucinda saw me she said, 'Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit; they are now waiting for me in the hall — the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my wedding. Be not afflicted, my friend; but endeavor to be present at this sacrifice, which, if my arguments cannot avert, I carry a dagger about me, which can oppose a more effectual resistance, by putting an end to my life, and will give you a convincing proof of the affection I have ever borne you.'

"I answered with confusion and precipitation, 'Let your actions, madam, prove the truth of your words. If you carry a dagger, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself, if fortune proves adverse.' I do not believe she heard all I said, being hastily called away, for the bridegroom waited for her. I was irresolute whether to enter her house, and seemed bereaved of the power to move; but recollecting how important my presence might be on that occasion, I exerted myself and hastened thither. Being perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole household engaged, I escaped observation, and concealed myself in the recess of a window in the hall, behind the hangings, where two pieces of tapestry met, whence I could see all that passed.

"The bridegroom entered the hall, in his usual dress, accompanied by a cousin of Lucinda; and no other person was present, except the servants of the house. Soon after, from a dressing-room came forth Lucinda, accompanied by her
mother and two of her own maids, adorned in the extreme of courtly splendor. The agony and distraction I endured allowed me not to observe the particulars of her dress: I remarked only the colors, which were carnelion and white, and the precious stones that glittered on every part of her attire — surpassed, however, by the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, in the splendor of which the brilliance of her jewels and the blaze of the surrounding lights seemed to be lost.

"Being all assembled in the hall, the priest entered, and having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions, when he came to these words: 'Will you, Signora Lucinda, take Signor Don Fernando, who is here present, for your lawful husband?' I thrust out my head and neck through the tapestry and with attentive ears and distracted soul awaited Lucinda's reply.

"The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who paused for a long time; and when I thought she would draw forth the dagger or make some declaration which might redound to my advantage, I heard her say in a low and faint voice, 'I will.' Don Fernando said the same, and the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble bond. The bridegroom approached to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her heart, fainted in the arms of her mother.

"I was totally confounded. On Lucinda's fainting, all were in confusion; and her mother, trying to assist her, found a folded paper, which Don Fernando instantly seized, and read it by one of the candles; after which he sat himself down in a chair, apparently full of thought, and without attending to the exertions made to recover his bride.
"During this general consternation I departed, indifferent whether I was seen or not; but determined, if seen, to act so desperate a part that all the world should know my just indignation by the chastisement of the false Don Fernando and of the fickle though swooning traitress. But my fate, to reserve me for greater evils, if greater can possibly exist, ordained that at that juncture I had the use of my understanding, which has since failed me; and instead of seizing the opportunity to revenge myself on my cruel enemies, I condemned myself to a more severe fate than I could have inflicted on them. In short, I quitted the house; and returning to the place where I had left the mule, I mounted and rode out of the town, not daring to look behind me.

"In the utmost perturbation of mind, I journeyed on the rest of the night, and at daybreak reached these mountains over which I wandered three days more, without road or path until I came to a valley not far hence; and inquiring of some shepherds for the most rude and solitary part, they directed me to this place, where I instantly came, determined to pass here the remainder of my life. Among these crags my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or, what is more probable, to be relieved of so useless a burden; and thus was I left, extended on the ground, famished and exhausted, neither hoping nor caring for relief. How long I continued in this state I know not; but at length I got up, without the sensation of hunger, and found near me some goatherds, who had undoubtedly relieved my wants. They told me of the condition in which they found me, and of many wild and extravagant things that I had uttered, clearly proving the derange-
ment of my intellect; and I am conscious that since then I have not been always quite right, but have committed a thousand extravagances, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and repeating in vain the name of my beloved. When my senses return I find myself so weary and bruised that I can scarcely move. My usual abode is in the hollow of a tree, large enough to enclose this wretched body. The goatherds charitably supply me with food, laying it on the rocks, and in places where they think I may find it. At other times, as they have informed me in my lucid intervals, I come into the road and take from the shepherds by force those provisions which they would freely give me. Thus I pass my miserable life, waiting until it come to an end.

"This, gentlemen, is my melancholy tale. Trouble not yourselves, I beseech you, to counsel or persuade me; for it will be of no more avail than to prescribe medicines to the patient who rejects them."
CHAPTER XVII

THE STORY OF DOROTHEA

As the priest was preparing to say something consolatory to Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice uttering these mournful accents:

"Oh, have I then at last found a place which may afford a secret grave for this wretched body? Here I may die in peace. Here at least I may freely pour forth my lamentations, and shall be less wretched than among men, from whom I should in vain seek counsel, redress or consolation."

These words being distinctly heard by the curate and his companions, they rose up to seek the mourner whom they, knew by the voice to be near them, and they had not gone many paces when they spied a youth dressed like a peasant sitting under an ash-tree at the foot of a rock. They could not at first see his face, as he was stooping to bathe his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently that he did not hear them, and while he continued thus employed they stood in admiration at the beauty and whiteness of his feet which looked like pure crystal among the pebbles of the brook, and did not seem formed for breaking clods or following the plough, as might have been expected from the apparel of the youth. The curate, who went foremost, made a sign to the
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others to crouch down and conceal themselves behind some fragments of a rock, whence they might watch his motions. He was clad in a drab-colored jacket, girded closely round his body with a piece of white linen; his breeches, gaiters, and his cap were all of the same color. After bathing his feet he wiped them with a handkerchief which he drew from under his cap; and in doing this he displayed a face of such exquisite beauty that Cardenio said to the priest in a low voice, “Since it is not Lucinda, this can be no human creature.”

The youth then took off his cap, and shaking his head, a profusion of hair that Apollo himself might envy fell over his shoulders — and showed them the figure was a woman, and the most beautiful one that two of the party had ever beheld. Cardenio declared that Lucinda alone could be compared to her. Her long and golden tresses covered not only her shoulders, but nearly her whole body; and her snowy fingers served her for a comb. Her beauty made the three spectators impatient to find out who she was, and they now determined to accost her. The lovely maiden looked up on hearing them approach, and with both her hands putting her hair from before her eyes, she saw the intruders; upon which she hastily rose and snatched up a bundle, apparently of clothes, which lay near her; and without staying to put on her shoes or bind up her hair, she fled with precipitation and alarm; but had scarcely gone six paces when, her tender feet being unable to bear the sharp stones, she fell to the ground.

The priest now addressed himself to her. “Do not fly madam, I entreat you; for we only desire to serve you; indeed there is no reason why you should attempt so inconvenient
a flight.” Surprised and confounded, she made no reply. The priest then, taking her hand, went on to say: “Your hair reveals to us, madam, what your habit would conceal; and it is manifest that no slight cause has induced you to disguise your beauty in such unworthy attire, and brought you to a solitude like this, where it has been our good fortune to find you; and I hope, dear madam, or, if you please, dear sir, that you will dismiss every alarm on our account and give us an opportunity of rendering you some assistance.”

When the priest thus addressed her the distinguished maiden stood like one stupefied, her eyes fixed on them, without answering one word. At length, after the priest had said more to the same purpose, she heaved a deep sigh, and breaking the silence, said, “Since even these retired mountains have failed to conceal me, and my hair has betrayed me, I can no longer attempt to disguise myself. Indeed, gentlemen, I feel very grateful for your kind offers to serve me, but such is my unfortunate situation that commiseration is all I can expect; nevertheless, that I may not suffer in your opinion from the strange circumstances under which you have discovered me, I will tell you the cause without reserve. whatever pain it may give me.” She spoke with so much grace, and in so sweet a voice, that they were still more charmed with her, and repeated their kind offers and solicitations for her confidence. Having first put on her shoes and stockings, and gathered up her hair, she seated herself upon a flat stone, her three auditors placing themselves around her; and after some efforts to restrain her tears, she began her story:

“There is a town in the province of Andalusia, from which
a duke takes his title, that makes him a grandee of Spain. This duke has two sons: the elder heir to his estate; the younger heir to I know not what, unless it be to treachery and deceitfulness. My parents are vassals of this nobleman, and are very rich, though of humble birth, otherwise I should not be in this wretched state; for their want of rank is probably the cause of all my misfortunes. Not, indeed, that there is anything disgraceful in the condition of my family — they are farmers, simple, honest people.

"But what they prized above rank or riches was their daughter, sole heiress of their fortune; and I was always treated by them with the utmost indulgence and affection. I was the light of their eyes, the staff of their old age, and the sole object of all their hopes. And as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of all they possessed. To me they entrusted the management of the household, through my hands passed the accounts of all that was sown and reaped, the oil-mills, the wine-presses, the numerous herds, flocks, and the bee-hives — everything. in short, was entrusted to my care. I was both steward and mistress and always performed my duties to their satisfaction. The leisure hours that remained I passed in sewing, spinning, or making lace, and sometimes in reading good books; or, if my spirits required the relief of music, I had recourse to my harp. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and I have not been so particular in describing it out of ostentation, but that you may know how undeservedly I have been cast from that happy state into my present misery. Thus I passed my time, constantly occupied and in retirement, seen only, as I imagined, by our own servants. Yet the eyes
of love, or rather of idleness, discovered me. Don Fernando, the younger son of the duke whom I mentioned to you”—she had no sooner named Don Fernando than Cardenio’s color changed, and he was so violently agitated that the priest and the barber were afraid that he would be seized with one of those paroxysms of frenzy to which he was subject. But he remained quiet, fixing his eyes attentively on the maid, well conjecturing who she was; while she, not observing the emotions of Cardenio, continued her story. “No sooner had he seen me than (as he afterwards declared) he conceived for me a violent affection. Nobody could sleep for serenades. All his efforts I resisted, not that the gallantry and solicitations of Don Fernando were displeasing to me; for I confess that I felt flattered and gratified by the attentions of a gentleman of his high rank. I maintained the utmost reserve towards Don Fernando, and never gave him the least encouragement either by look or word.

“Months passed away, and in vain I watched for his coming; yet he was in the town, and every day amusing himself with hunting. I long strove to hide my tears, and so to guard my looks that my parents might not see and inquire into the cause of my wretchedness; but suddenly my forbearance was at an end, with all regard to delicacy and fame, upon the intelligence reaching me that Don Fernando was married, in a neighboring village, to a beautiful young lady, of some rank and fortune, named Lucinda.” — Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda at first only with signs of indignation, but soon after a flood of tears burst from his eyes. Dorothea, however, pursued her story, saying: “When this sad news
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reached my ears, my heart, instead of being chilled by it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage that I could scarcely forbear rushing into the streets and proclaiming the baseness and treachery I had experienced. But I became more tranquil after forming a project, which I executed the same night. I borrowed this apparel of a shepherd swain in my father’s service, whom I entrusted with my secret, and begged him to attend me in my pursuit of Don Fernando. He assured me it was a rash undertaking; but finding me resolute, he said he would go with me to the end of the world. Immediately I packed up some of my own clothes, with money and jewels, and at night secretly left the house, attended only by my servant and a thousand anxious thoughts, and travelled on foot to the town where I expected to find Don Fernando; impatient to arrive, if not in time to prevent his perfidy, to reproach him for it.

"I inquired where the parents of Lucinda lived; and the first person to whom I addressed myself told me more than I desired to hear. He directed me to the house, and gave me an account of all that had happened at the young lady’s marriage. He told me, also, that on the night Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the fatal Yes, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom, in aiding to give her air found a paper written by herself, in which she affirmed that she could not be wife to Don Fernando because she was already betrothed to Cardenio (who, as the man told me, was a gentleman of the same town), and that she had pronounced her assent to Don Fernando merely in obedience to her parents. The paper also revealed her intention to kill herself as soon as
the ceremony was over, which was confirmed by a poniard they
found concealed upon her. Don Fernando was so enraged to
find himself thus mocked and slighted, that he seized hold of
the same poniard, and would certainly have stabbed her had
he not been prevented by those present; whereupon he imme-
diately quitted the place. When Lucinda revived, she confessed
to her parents the engagement she had formed with Cardenio,
who, it was suspected, had witnessed the ceremony, and had
hairstened from the city in despair; for he left a paper expressing
his sense of the wrong he had suffered, and declaring his resolu-
tion to fly from mankind forever.

“All this was publicly known, and the general subject of
conversation; especially when it appeared that Lucinda also
was missing from her father’s house—a circumstance that
overwhelmed her family with grief, but revived my hopes.

“In this situation, undecided what course to take, I heard
myself proclaimed by the public crier, offering a great reward
for discovering me, and describing my person and dress. It
was also reported that I had eloped from my father’s house.
Urged by the fear of discovery, I instantly left the city, and at
night took refuge among these mountains. I engaged myself
in the service of a shepherd, and have lived for some months
among these wilds, always endeavoring to be abroad, lest I
should betray myself. Yet all my care was to no purpose, for
my master at length discovered that I was not a man. I sought
security in flight, and have endeavored to hide myself among
these rocks. Here, with incessant sighs and tears, I implore
pity, and alleviation of my misery or an end to my life in this
desert, that no traces may remain of so wretched a creature.

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"This, gentlemen," added Dorothea, "is my tragical story; think whether the sighs and tears which you have witnessed have not been more than justified. My misfortunes, as you will confess, are incapable of a remedy; and all I desire of you is to advise me how to live without the continual dread of being discovered."

Here she was silent. Her auditors were much affected by her tale, and the curate was just going to address her, when Cardenio interrupted him, saying, "You, madam, then, are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo?" Dorothea started at hearing her father named by such a miserable-looking object, and she asked him who he was since he knew her father.

"I am that hapless Cardenio," he replied, "who also suffers from the author of your misfortunes, reduced, as you now behold, to nakedness and misery — deprived even of reason! Yes, Dorothea, I heard that fatal Yes pronounced by Lucinda, and unable to bear my anguish, I fled precipitately from her house. Amidst these mountains I thought to have terminated my wretched existence; but the account you have just given has inspired me with hopes that happiness may still be in store for us. Lucinda has vowed herself to be mine, and therefore cannot wed another; Don Fernando, being yours, cannot have Lucinda. Let us, then, my dear lady, indulge in the hope that we may both yet recover our own, since it is not absolutely lost. Indeed, I swear to you that your claims will I assert; nor will I leave you until I have obliged Don Fernando, either by argument or my sword, to do you justice."
CHAPTER XVIII

THE PLEASANT PLAN TO PERSUADE DON QUIXOTE NOT TO CONTINUE HIS PENANCE

They were now interrupted by the voice of Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he left them, began to call out loudly; they went instantly to meet him, and were eager in their inquiries after Don Quixote. He told them that he had found him feeble, wan, and half dead with hunger, sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and though he had informed him that it was her express desire that he should leave that place and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was that he positively would not appear before her beauty until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favor; if his master, he added, persisted in that humor, he would run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as in honor bound; so they must consider what was to be done to get him away. The priest begged him not to give himself any uneasiness on that account, for they should certainly contrive to get him out of his present retreat.

The priest then informed Cardenio and Dorothea of their plan for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which Dorothea said she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber,
especially as she had apparel with which she could perform it to the life; and they might have reliance upon her, as she had read many works of chivalry, and was well acquainted with the style in which distressed damsels were wont to beg their boons of knights-errant.

"Let us, then, hasten to put our design into execution," exclaimed the curate, "since fortune seems to favor all our views."

Dorothea immediately took from her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of green silk; and out of a casket a necklace and other jewels, with which she quickly adorned herself, in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and noble lady. They were charmed with her beauty, grace and elegance, and agreed that Don Fernando must be a man of little taste since he could slight so much excellence. But her greatest admirer was Sancho Panza, who thought that in all his life he had never seen so beautiful a creature; and he earnestly desired the priest to tell him who this beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts.

"This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is to redress a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant; for it is the fame of your master’s prowess which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him."

"Now, a happy seeking and a happy finding!" quoth Sancho Panza; "especially if my master is so fortunate as to redress
that injury, and right that wrong, by killing the rascally giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But do prevent my master from taking it into his head to be an archbishop, and advise him to marry this princess out of hand; for then, not being qualified to receive archiepiscopal orders, he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes; for I have considered the matter well, and find by my account it will not suit me for my master to be an archbishop, as I am unfit for the Church, being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding Church living, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. The whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand—not knowing her grace, I cannot call her by name."

"The Princess Micomiconia is her name," said the priest; "for as her kingdom is named Micomicon, of course she must be called so, and as to your master's marrying this princess, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With which assurance Sancho was no less satisfied than the priest was amazed at his simplicity in thus entering into the extravagant fancies of his master.

Dorothea having now mounted the priest's mule, and the barber fitted on the ox-tail beard, they desired Sancho to conduct them to Don Quixote, cautioning him not to say that he knew the priest or the barber, since on that depended all his fortune. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them; the latter, that he might not remind Don Quixote of the dispute which he had had with him; and the priest, because his
presence was not then necessary; so the others, therefore, went on before, while they followed slowly on foot.

Having proceeded about three-quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote in a wild, rocky recess clothed, but not armed. Dorothea now whipped on her palfrey, attended by the well-bearded squire; and having approached the knight, the squire leaped from his mule to assist his lady, who, lightly dismounting, went and threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, where, in spite of his efforts to raise her, she remained kneeling as she thus addressed him:

"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honor and glory of your person, and to the lasting benefit of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if the valor of your powerful arm correspond with the report of your immortal fame, you are bound to protect an unhappy wight, who, attracted by the odor of your renown, is come from distant regions to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes."

"It is impossible for me to answer you, fair lady," said Don Quixote, "while you remain in that posture."

"I will not arise, signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "until your courtesy shall vouchsafe the boon I ask."

"I do vouchsafe and grant it to you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance be of no detriment to my king, my country, or to her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty."

"It will not be to the prejudice of either of these, dear sir," replied the afflicted damsel.
Sancho, now approaching his master, whispered softly in his ear: "Your worship may very safely grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere trifle — only to kill a great lubberly giant; and she who begs it is the mighty Princess Micomiconia, Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia."

"Whosoever the lady may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall act as my duty and my conscience dictate, in conformity to the rules of my profession;" then addressing himself to the damsel, he said, "Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask."

"My request, then, is," said the damsel, "that your magnanimity will go whither I shall conduct you, and that you will promise not to engage in any other adventure until you have avenged me on a traitor who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom."

"I grant your request," answered Don Quixote, "and therefore, lady, dispel that melancholy which oppresses you and let your fainting hopes recover fresh life and strength; for by my powerful arm, you shall soon be restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants who would oppose it; and therefore we will instantly proceed to action, for there is always danger in delay."

The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands, but Don Quixote, who was in every respect a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to look after Rozinante's girth and to assist him to arm. Sancho took down the armor from [ 173 ]
a tree, where it hung like a trophy; and having got Rozinante ready, quickly armed his master, who then cried, "Let us hasten to succor this great lady."

The barber was still upon his knees, and under much difficulty to forbear laughing, and keep his beard from falling, but seeing that the boon was already granted, and that Don Quixote prepared to fulfil his engagement, he got up and took his lady by the other hand, when they both assisted to place her upon the mule, and then mounted themselves. Sancho alone remained on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple; but he bore it cheerfully; reflecting that his master was now in the right road, and just upon the point of becoming an emperor; for he made no doubt but that he was to marry that princess, and be at least King of Micomicon. One thing only troubled him, which was that his kingdom being held in the land of negroes, his subjects would all be blacks.

Cardenio and the priest, concealed among the bushes, had observed all that passed, and being now desirous to join them, the priest, who had a ready invention, soon hit upon an expedient; for with a pair of scissors which he carried in a case he quickly cut off Cardenio's beard, then gave him his own black cloak, which so changed Cardenio's appearance that had he looked in a mirror he would not have known himself. Although the others had in the meantime been proceeding onward, they easily gained the high-road first, because the narrow passes between the rocks were more difficult to horse than to foot travellers. They waited in the plain until Don Quixote and his party came up; whereupon the curate, after

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gazing for some time earnestly at him, at last ran towards him with open arms, exclaiming aloud, "Happy is this meeting, O thou mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman, Don Quixote de la Mancha! the flower and cream of gentility — the protector of suffering mankind — the quintessence of knight-errantry!" Having thus spoken, he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg.

The knight was surprised at this address; but after attentively surveying the features of the speaker he recognized him, and would immediately have alighted; but the priest would not suffer it.

"You must permit me to alight, Signor Licentiate," answered Don Quixote; "for it would be very improper that I should remain on horseback while so reverend a person as you were travelling on foot."

"I will by no means consent to your dismounting," replied the priest, "since on horseback you have achieved the greatest exploits this age has witnessed. As for myself, an unworthy priest, I shall be satisfied if one of these gentlemen of your company will allow me to mount behind him; and I shall then fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a zebra."

"I did not think of that, dear Signor," said Don Quixote; "and I know her highness the princess will for my sake order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double."

"I believe she will," answered the princess; "and I know it is unnecessary for me to lay my commands upon my squire, for he is too courteous and well-bred to suffer a priest to go on foot when he may ride."
"Most certainly," answered the barber; and alighting in an instant, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which he accepted without much persuasion. But it unluckily happened that as the barber was getting upon the crupper the animal, which was vicious, threw up her hind legs twice or thrice into the air, and had they met with Master Nicholas's breast or head he would have wished his rambling after Don Quixote elsewhere. He was, however, thrown to the ground and so suddenly that he forgot to take due care of his beard, which fell off; and all he could do was to cover his face with both hands, and cry out that his jaw-bone was broken.

Don Quixote, seeing such a mass of beard without jaws and without blood, lying at some distance from the face of the fallen squire, exclaimed, "What a miracle! His beard has fallen as clean from his face as if he had been shaven."

The priest, seeing the danger they were in of discovery, instantly seized the beard and ran to Master Nicholas, who was still moaning on the ground; and going up close to him with one twitch replaced it, muttering over him some words which he said were a specific charm for fixing on beards, as they should soon see; and when it was adjusted, the squire remained as well bearded and as whole as before. Don Quixote was amazed at what he saw, and begged the priest to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion that its virtue could not be confined to the refixing of beards, because it was clear that where the beard was torn off the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be valuable upon other occasions. The priest said that his surmise was just, and promised to take the first opportunity
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of teaching him the art. They now agreed that the priest should mount first, and that all three should ride by turns until they came to the inn, which was distant about two leagues.
CHAPTER XIX

THE JOURNEY TO THE INN

DON QUIXOTE, the princess, and the priest, being thus mounted, attended by Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza on foot, Don Quixote said to the damsel, “Your highness will now be pleased to lead on in whatever direction you choose.”

Before she could reply, the priest, interposing, said, “Whither would your ladyship go? To the kingdom of Micomicon, I presume, or I am much mistaken.”

She, being aware that she was to answer in the affirmative, said, “Yes, signor, that kingdom is indeed the place of my destination.”

“If so,” said the priest, “we must pass through my native village; and thence you must go straight to Carthagena where you may embark; and if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in somewhat less than nine years you will get within view of the great Lake of Meona — which is not more than a hundred days’ journey from your highness’s territories.”

“You are mistaken, good sir,” said she; “for it is not two years since I left it; and although I had very bad weather during the whole voyage, here I am, and I have beheld what so
ardently I desired to see — Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; the fame of whose valor reached my ears the moment I set foot in Spain and determined me upon seeking him, that I might appeal to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valor of his invincible arm.”

“Cease, I pray, these encomiums,” said Don Quixote; “for I am an enemy to every species of flattery; and even this, if it be not such, still are chaste ears offended at this kind of discourse. All that I can say, dear madam, is that my powers, such as they are, shall be employed in your service, even at the forfeit of my life. But waiving these matters for the present, I beg the Signor to tell me what has brought him into these parts alone, unattended, and so lightly apparelled.”

“I can soon satisfy your worship,” answered the priest; “our friend, Master Nicholas, and I were going to Seville to receive a legacy left me by a relation in India, and no incon siderable sum; and on our road yesterday we were attacked by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner that the barber thought it expedient to put on a false one; and for this youth here” (pointing to Cardenio) “you see how they have treated him. It is publicly reported here that those who robbed us were galley-slaves, set at liberty near this very place by a man so valiant that, in spite of the commissary and his guards, he released them all; but he certainly must have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as any of them, since he could let loose wolves among sheep, foxes among poultry, and wasps among the honey; for he has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting
against his lawful authority. He has, I say, disabled the galleys of their hands; in a word, he has done a deed by which his body may suffer."

Sancho had communicated the adventure of the galley-slaves, so gloriously achieved by his master; and the priest laid it on thus heavily to see what effect it would have upon Don Quixote, whose color changed at every word, and he dared not confess that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. "These," said the priest, "were the persons that robbed us."

Laughing in his sleeve, Sancho said, as soon as the priest had done speaking, "By my truth, Signor, it was my master who did that feat; not but what I gave him fair warning, and advised him to mind what he was about, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the galleys for being most notorious villains."

"Blockhead!" said Don Quixote, "knights-errant are not bound to inquire whether the afflicted, fettered and oppressed whom they meet upon the road are brought to that situation by their faults or their misfortunes. It is their part to assist them under oppression, and to regard their sufferings, not their crimes. I encountered a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and acted towards them as my profession required of me. As for the rest, I care not; and whoever takes it amiss, saving the dignity of the signor, and his reverend person, I say he knows but little of the principles of chivalry, and lies in his throat; and this I will maintain with the edge of my sword!" So saying, he fixed himself firmly in his stirrups and lowered his vizor; for Mambrino's helmet, as he
called it, hung useless at his saddle-bow, until it could be repaired of the damage it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea was possessed of too much humor and sprightly wit not to join with the rest in their diversion at Don Quixote's expense; and perceiving his wrath, she said, "Sir Knight, be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, and that you are thereby bound not to engage in any other adventure, however urgent; therefore assuage your wrath; for had the signor known that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bitten his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship."

"By my faith I would!" exclaimed the priest; "or even have plucked off one of my mustaches."

"I will say no more, madam," said Don Quixote; "and I will repress that just indignation raised within my breast and quietly proceed until I have accomplished the promised boon. But in requital, I beseech you to inform me of the particulars of your grievance, as well as the number and quality of the persons on whom I must take due, satisfactory and complete revenge."

"That I will do most willingly," answered Dorothea, "if a detail of my afflictions will not be wearisome to you."

"Not in the least, my dear madam," replied the knight. "Well then," said Dorothea, "you have only to favor me with your attention."

Cardenio and the barber now walked by her side, curious to hear what kind of story she would invent. Sancho, who
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was as much deceived as his master, did the same; and after a hem or two, and other preparatory airs, with much grace she thus began her story:

"In the first place, you must know, gentlemen, that my name is —" here she stopped short, having forgotten the name the priest had given her; but he came to her aid, saying, "I am not at all surprised at your highness's emotion upon this recurrence to your misfortunes; for affliction too often deprives us of the faculty of memory; even now, your highness seems to forget that you are the great Princess Micomiconia."

"True, indeed!" answered Dorothea; "but I will command my distracted thoughts and proceed in my true tale of sorrow.

"My father, Tinacrio, the Wise, was very learned in the magic art, and foresaw by it that my mother, the Queen Xaramilla, would die before him; that he must soon after depart this life, and that I should be thus left an orphan. But this, he said, did not trouble him so much as the foreknowledge he had that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island bordering upon our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect — for it is averred that although his eyes stand in their proper place, he always looks askew, as if he squinted; and this he does of pure malignity, to scare and frighten those he looks at — my father foresaw, as I said before, that this giant would take advantage of my orphan state, invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me without leaving me the smallest village wherein to hide my head; but that it was in my power to avoid all this ruin and misery by marrying him, although he could not imagine that I would consent to the match — and he was in the right, for I could never think of
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marrying this nor any other giant, however huge and monstrous. My father’s advice was that when, upon his decease, Pandafilando invaded my kingdom, I should not make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but to avoid death and the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was voluntarily to quit the kingdom, since it would be impossible for me to defend myself against the terrible power of the giant, and immediately set out, with a few attendants, for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress in a knight-errant whose fame about that time would extend all over that kingdom; and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Axote, or Don Gigsote.”

“Don Quixote, you mean, madam,” quoth Sancho Panza, “otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.”

“You are right,” said Dorothea. “He said further that he was to be tall and thin-visaged; and on his right side, under the left shoulder, or thereabouts, he was to have a gray mole, with hair like bristles.”

Don Quixote, hearing this, said to his squire, “Come hither, Sancho; help me to strip, that I may know whether I am the knight alluded to in the prophecy of that sage king.”

“You need not strip,” said Sancho; “I know you have exactly such a mole on the ridge of your back — a sure sign of strength.”

“That is sufficient,” said Dorothea; “for we must not stand upon trifles. It matters not whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone. And doubtless I am perfectly right in recommending myself to Signor Don Quixote; for he must be the knight whom my father meant, since it is proved [ 183 ]
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both by his person, and his extraordinary fame, not only in Spain, but over all La Mancha; for I was hardly landed in Ossuna before I heard of so many of his exploits that I felt immediately assured that he must be the very person whom I came to seek."

"But, dear madam, how came you to land at Ossuna," said Don Quixote, "since that is not a seaport town?"

Before Dorothea could reply, the priest, interposing, said, "Doubtless the princess would say that after she had landed at Malaga, the first place where she heard news of your worship was Ossuna."

"That is what I meant to say," said Dorothea. "Nothing can be more clear," rejoined the priest. "Please your Majesty to proceed."

"I have little more to add," replied Dorothea, "but that having now had the good fortune to meet with Signor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he out of his courtesy and generosity has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me wherever I please to conduct him; which shall be only into the presence of Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may slay him and restore to me that which has been so unjustly usurped. Nor is there the smallest reason to doubt but that all this will come to pass according to the prophecy of the wise Tinacrio, my good father; who, moreover, left an order, written either in Chaldean or Greek, that if this knight in his prophecy, after cutting off the giant's head, should desire to marry me, I must immediately submit to be his lawful wife and give him possession of my kingdom."

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"Now what thinkest thou, friend Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Dost thou hear that? Did I not tell thee so? See whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry!" "So it is," cried Sancho, and so saying, he cut a couple of capers and exhibited other tokens of delight. Then laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule, and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress.

With difficulty could the rest of the party restrain their laughter at the madness of the master and the simplicity of the man. Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom when again she was in possession of it. Sancho returned her thanks in expressions which served to increase their mirth.

"This, gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is my history. I have only to add that of all the attendants I brought with me from my kingdom, I have none left but this well-bearded squire; for the rest were all drowned in a violent storm which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by a miracle; and indeed the whole progress of my life is a miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. And if I have exaggerated, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, ascribe it, I entreat you, to what the reverend gentleman said at the beginning of my narrative, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferer even of memory."

"Mine shall never fail me, O most worthy and exalted lady!" cried Don Quixote, "whatever I may be called upon
to endure in your service. And again I confirm my engagement, and swear to accompany you to the remotest regions of the earth until I shall meet and grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head, by my strong arm, I will cut off with the edge of this sword — thanks be to Gines de Passamonte, who carried off my own.” These last words he uttered in a lower tone; then again raising his voice he proceeded to say, “Having severed it from his body, and replaced you in peaceable possession of your dominions, the disposal of your person will be at your own discretion, since, while my memory is engrossed, my heart enthralled, and my mind subjected to her who — I say no more — it is impossible I should prevail upon myself even to think of marrying.”

Don Quixote’s last declaration was so displeasing to Sancho, that in a great fury he exclaimed, “I vow and swear, Signor Don Quixote, your worship cannot be in your right senses! How else is it possible you should scruple to marry so great a princess? Do you think that fortune is to offer you at every turn such good luck as this? Is my lady Dulcinea more beautiful? No indeed, not by half! nay, I could almost say she is not worthy to tie this lady’s shoe-string. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms at the bottom of the sea! Marry, marry at once, and take this kingdom that drops into your hand; and when you are a king, make me a marquis or a lord-lieutenant!”

Don Quixote, unable to endure such blasphemies against his lady Dulcinea, raised his lance, and without word or warning let it fall with such violence upon Sancho that he was laid
flat on the ground; and had not Dorothea called out, entreat- ing him to forbear, the squire had doubtless been killed on the spot.

"Thinkest thou," said Don Quixote to him, after a short pause, "base varlet! that I am always to stand with my arms folded, and that there is to be nothing but transgression on thy side and forgiveness on mine? Expect it not, wretch! for so thou surely art, having presumed to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Tell me, scoffer! what, thinkest thou, has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made thee a marquis but the valor of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her exploits? She fights, she vanquishes in me; in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O base-born villain! what ingratitude, when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised thee!"

Sancho was not so much hurt but that he heard all his master said to him; and getting up nimbly, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey; and thus sheltered, he said to him, "Pray, sir, tell me — for if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours — what favors then will you be able to bestow on me? That is what I complain of. Marry this queen, sir, once for all, now we have her, as it were, rained down upon us from heaven. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; but if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the Lady Dulcinea."

"How! never saw her, traitor!" said Don Quixote; "hast thou not just brought me a message from her?"
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“I say I did not see her so leisurely,” said Sancho, “as to take particular notice of her features piece by piece; but, take her altogether, she looks well enough.”

“Now I pardon thee,” said Don Quixote; “and do thou excuse my wrath towards thee; for first emotions are not in our power.”

“So I find,” answered Sancho; “and in me the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering at once whatever comes to my tongue’s end.”

“Nevertheless,” quoth Don Quixote, “take heed, Sancho, what thou utterest; for ‘the pitcher that goes often to the well’ — I say no more.”

“Let there be no more of this,” said Dorothea, “go, Sancho, and kiss your master’s hand, and ask his pardon. Henceforward be more cautious in your praises and dispraises; and speak no ill of that Lady Toboso of whom I know no more than that I am her humble servant.” Sancho went with his head hanging down, and begged his master’s hand, who presented it to him with much gravity; and when he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave him his blessing; he then begged that he would walk on before with him, as he wished to put some questions to him, and to have some conversation on affairs of great importance.

Having both advanced a little distance before the rest, they saw a man coming towards them mounted upon an ass, and as he drew near he had the appearance of a gipsy. But Sancho Panza, who, whenever he saw an ass, followed it with eyes and heart, had no sooner got a glimpse of the man than he recognized Gines de Passamonte, and by the same clue was
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directed to his lost ass; it being really Dapple himself on which Gines was mounted; for in order to escape discovery, and sell the animal, he had disguised himself like a gipsy, as he could speak their language, among many others, as readily as his native tongue.

Sancho immediately called out aloud to him, "Ah, rogue Ginesillo! leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my comfort, quit my sweetheart, leave my delight! — fly, rascal, fly! — get you gone, thief! and give up what is not your own!"

So much railing was not necessary; for at the first word Gines dismounted in a trice, and taking to his heels, was out of sight in an instant. Sancho ran to his Dapple, and embracing him, said, "How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" Then he kissed and caressed him as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be thus kissed and caressed by Sancho without answering him one word. They all came up and wished him joy on the restoration of his Dapple; especially Don Quixote, who at the same time assured him that he should not on that account revoke his order for the three colts; for which he had Sancho's hearty thanks.

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CHAPTER XX

THE CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA

DON QUIXOTE proceeded on his way with Sancho.

"Let us forget, friend Panza, what is past; and tell me now, all rancor and animosity apart, where, how, and when didst thou find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What didst thou say to her? What answer did she return? How did she look when she read my letter? Who transcribed it for thee? Tell me all that is worth knowing, inquiring, or answering. Inform me of all, without adding or diminishing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "to say the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me, for I carried no letter at all."

"Thou sayest true," quoth Don Quixote, "for I found the pocketbook in which I wrote it two days after thy departure, which troubled me exceedingly; and I thought thou wouldst return for it."

"So I should have done," answered Sancho, "had I not got it by heart when your worship read it to me; and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish clerk, who wrote it down so exactly that he said, though he had read many letters, he had never in all his life seen or read so pretty a letter."

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"And hast thou it still by heart, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"No, sir," answered Sancho; "for after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no further use, I forgot it on purpose. If I remember anything, it is 'subterran,' I mean 'sovereign lady,' and the conclusion, 'thine until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure'; and between these two things I put above three hundred hearts, and lives, and dear eyes."

"This is very well — proceed," said Don Quixote. "On thy arrival, what was that queen of beauty doing? I suppose thou foundest her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight?"

"No, faith!" answered Sancho; "I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back yard of her house."

"Then be assured," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And didst thou observe, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or of the ordinary sort?"

"It was neither," answered Sancho, "but of the reddish kind."

"Rely upon it, however," quoth Don Quixote, "that when winnowed by her hands it made the finest bread. But go on. When thou gavest her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter? — or what did she do?"

"When I was going to give it to her," answered Sancho, "she was so busy winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat that she said to me, 'Lay the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it until I have done what I am about.' "

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"Discreet lady!" said Don Quixote; "this was assuredly that she might read and enjoy it at leisure. Proceed, Sancho; while thus employed what discourse had she with thee? — what did she inquire concerning me? And what didst thou answer? Tell me all; omit not the slightest circumstance."

"She asked me nothing," said Sancho; "but I told her how your worship was doing penance for her service among these rocks, just like a savage; sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, weeping, and cursing your fortune."

"In saying that I cursed my fortune, thou saidst wrong," quoth Don Quixote: "I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso."

"So high, indeed," answered Sancho, "that in good faith she is a hand taller than I am."

"Why, how! Sancho," said Don Quixote, "hast thou measured with her?" "Yes," answered Sancho; "for as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass we came so close together that I noticed she was taller than I by more than a full span."

"True," replied Don Quixote; "and is not this uncommon stature adorned by millions of intellectual graces? She has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do when she had read the letter?"

"The letter," quoth Sancho, "she did not read; for she said that she could neither read nor write; so she tore it to pieces, saying she would not give it to anybody to read, that her secrets might not be known all over the village; and that
what I had told her by word of mouth concerning your worship's love, and all you were doing for her sake, was enough; and she bid me tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she would rather see you than write to you; so begged and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit these brakes and bushes, and leave off these foolish pranks, and set out immediately for Toboso, if business of more consequence did not prevent you; for she wished mightily to see your worship. She laughed heartily when I told her how you called yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. I asked her whether the Biscayan had been there with her; she told me he had, and that he was a very good kind of fellow. I asked her also after the galley-slaves, but she had not seen any of them."

"All this is well," said Don Quixote; "but tell me, what jewel did she present thee with at thy departure, in return for the tidings thou hadst brought her? for it is an ancient and universal custom among knights and ladies-errant to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs who bring them news of their mistresses or knights, as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome intelligence."

"Very likely," quoth Sancho, "and a very good custom it was; but it must have been in days of yore, for now-a-days the custom is to give only a piece of bread and cheese, for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me, over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me; and, by the way, the cheese was made of sheep's milk."

"She is extremely generous," said Don Quixote, "and if she did not give thee a jewel, it must have been because she had none about her. I shall see her, and all will then be rectified.
"But I marvel at one thing, Sancho, which is, that thou must have gone and returned through the air; for thou hast been little more than three days in performing this journey, although the distance between this place and Toboso is more than thirty leagues; whence I conclude that the sage enchanter who has the superintendence of my affairs must have expedited thy journey; for there are sages who will take up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and without his knowing anything of the matter, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. Indeed, were it otherwise, it would be impossible for knights-errant to succor each other, as they often do, in the critical moment of danger. A knight for instance, happens to be fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some dreadful monster, or fierce goblin, or doughty knight; he has the worst of the combat, and is just on the point of being killed, when suddenly another knight, his friend, who perhaps a moment before was in England, comes upon a cloud, or in a fiery chariot, and rescues him from death; and on the same evening he finds himself in his own chamber, with a good appetite for supper, after a journey of two or three thousand leagues. And all this is effected by the diligence and skill of those sage enchanters. So that, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing that thou hast really performed the journey in that short time; having, doubtless, been borne unconsciously through the air by some friendly power. But waiving this subject for the present, what thinkest thou I should do respecting my lady's orders that I should wait upon her? I am bound to obey her commands; yet how is it possible on account of the boon I have promised
to the princess? The laws of chivalry oblige me to consider my honor rather than my pleasure. On the one hand, I am incited by glory to the accomplishment of this enterprise. My best plan, I believe, will be to travel with all possible expedition, cut off the giant’s head, replace the princess on her throne, and then instantly return to that sun which illumines my senses, who will pardon a delay which was only to augment her fame and glory; since all my victories, past, present, and to come, are but emanations from her favor.”

“Alack!” cried Sancho, “your worship must needs be downright crazy! Tell me, pray, do you mean to take this journey for nothing? And will you let slip such a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom which, they say, is above twenty thousand leagues round, and abounding in all things necessary for the support of life and bigger than Portugal and Castile together? Talk no more in this manner, but follow my advice, and be married at the first place where there is a priest. And please to recollect, I am old enough to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you; for a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and he that will not when he may, when he would, he shall have nay.”

“Hear me, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote: “if thou advisest me to marry, only that I may have it in my power to reward thee, be assured that I can gratify thy desire without taking such a measure; before the battle I will make an agreement to possess part of the kingdom without marrying the princess; and when I have it, to whom dost thou think I shall give it but to thyself?”

“No doubt,” answered Sancho; “but pray, sir, I would
not have your worship trouble yourself now about seeing my lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for I verily believe it will bring us much honor and profit.”

“Thou art in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and I shall follow thy counsel, and accompany the princess before I visit my lady Dulcinea. But I beg thou wilt say nothing on the subject of our conference, not even to our companions; for since Dulcinea is so reserved that she would not have her thoughts known, it would be improper in me or in any other person to reveal them.”

While they were thus talking, Master Nicholas called aloud to them to stop, as they wished to quench their thirst at a small spring near the road. Don Quixote halted, much to the satisfaction of Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping; for although he knew Dulcinea was a peasant-girl of Toboso, he had never seen her in his life. Meanwhile, Cardenio had put on the clothes worn by Dorothea in her disguise, being better than his own. They alighted at the fountain, and with the provisions which the curate had brought from the inn they all appeased their hunger. While they were thus employed a lad happened to pass that way, who, after looking earnestly at the party, ran up to Don Quixote, and embracing his knees, began to weep, saying, “Ah, dear sir! does not your worship know me? Look at me well; I am Andres, the lad whom you delivered from the oak, to which I was tied.”

Don Quixote recollected him, and taking him by the hand, he thus addressed the company: “To convince you of the
importance of knights-errant in the world, in order to redress the wrongs and injuries committed by insolent and wicked men, know that some time since, as I was passing a wood, I heard certain cries, and the voice of some person in affliction and distress. Prompted by my duty, I hastened towards the place whence the voice seemed to come, and I found, tied to an oak, this lad whom you see here. I am rejoiced to my soul that he is present, for he will attest the truth of what I tell you. He was bound, I say, to an oak-tree, and a country-fellow, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was lashing him with a bridle. I immediately demanded the reason of so severe a chastisement. The clown answered that he was his servant, whom he was punishing for neglect, proceeding rather from knavery than simplicity. ‘Sir,’ said the boy, ‘he whips me only because I ask him for my wages.’ The master, in reply, made many speeches and excuses which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I compelled him to unbind the youth and made him swear to take him home and pay every real, perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andres? Didst thou not observe with what authority I commanded, and with what humility he promised, to do whatever I enjoined, notified, and required of him? Answer boldly; relate to this company what passed, that they may see the benefits resulting from the vocation of knights-errant."

“All that your worship has said is very true,” answered the lad; “but the business ended quite contrary to what your worship supposes.”

“How contrary?” replied Don Quixote: “did not the rustic instantly pay thee?”
"He not only did not pay me," answered the boy, "but as soon as your worship was out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me many fresh lashes; and at every stroke he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship, which, if I had not felt so much pain, would have made me laugh. In short, he laid on in such a manner that I have been ever since in a hospital, to get cured of the bruises that cruel fellow then gave me; for all of which your worship is to blame; for had you gone on your way, and not come when you were not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two lashes, and then would have loosed me and paid me my due. But as your worship abused him so unmercifully, and called him so many bad names, his wrath was kindled; and not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him than he discharged such a tempest upon me that I shall never be a man again while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my departing before I had seen you paid; for I should have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word if he finds it to his interest to break it. But thou mayest remember, Andres, that I swore if he paid thee not I would hunt him out although he were concealed in a whale's belly."

"That is true," quoth Andres, "but it signifies nothing."

"Thou shalt see," said Don Quixote, and so saying, he started up and ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was grazing. Dorothea asked him what he intended to do. He told her he was going in search of the rustic, to chastise him
for his base conduct, and make him pay Andres to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would recollect that, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure until hers had been accomplished; and as no one could be more sensible of this than himself, she entreated him to curb his resentment until his return from her kingdom.

"You are right," answered Don Quixote; "and Andres must, as you say, madam, have patience until my return; and I again swear not to rest until he is revenged and paid."

"I do not think much of these oaths," said Andres; "I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville than all the revenges in the world. If you have anything to give me to eat, let me have it, and heaven be with your worship, and with all knights-errant, and may they prove as lucky errants to themselves as they have been to me."

Sancho pulled out a piece of bread and cheese, and giving it to the lad, said to him, "Here, brother Andres, we have all a share in your misfortune."

"Why, what share have you in it?" said Andres. "This piece of bread and cheese which I give you," answered Sancho, "I may want it myself; for I would have you know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger and ill-luck, and other things, too, which are better felt than told."

Andres took the bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody else gave him anything, he made his bow and marched off. It is true he said at parting, to Don Quixote, "For the love of heaven, Signor Knight-Errant, if you ever meet me again
though you see me beaten to pieces, do not come with your help, but leave me to my fate which cannot be so bad but that it will be made worse by your worship, whom God confound, together with all the knights-errant that ever were born!"

So saying, he ran off with so much speed that nobody attempted to follow him. Don Quixote was much abashed at this affair of Andres, and his companions endeavored to restrain their inclination to laugh, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

After having made a hearty repast, they forthwith mounted, and without encountering any adventure worth relating, arrived the next day at the inn so much the dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who now, much against his will, was obliged to enter it. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and the maid, seeing Don Quixote and his squire, went out to meet and welcome them. The knight received them with a grave but approving countenance desiring them to prepare a better bed than they had given him before; to which the hostess answered, that provided he would pay better than he did before, she would get him a bed for a prince.

Don Quixote having satisfied them by his promises, they provided him with a tolerable bed, in the same apartment which he had before occupied; and being so much shattered both in body and brains, he immediately threw himself down upon it. He was no sooner shut into his chamber than the hostess fell upon the barber, and taking him by the beard said, "By my faith, you shall use my tail no longer for a beard; give me my tail again, for my husband's comb is so thrown about that it is a shame."
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The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the priest told him that he might give it to her; for as there was no further need of that artifice, he might now appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote that, being robbed by the galley-slaves, he had fled to this inn; and if he should ask for the princess’s squire, they should say she had dispatched him before, with intelligence to her subjects of her approach with their common deliverer. Upon which the barber willingly surrendered the tail to the hostess, together with the other articles she had lent them in order to effect Don Quixote’s enlargement.

All the people at the inn were struck with the beauty of Dorothea and the comely person of Cardenio. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded, and the host, hoping to be well paid, quickly served up a decent supper. Don Quixote still continued asleep, and they agreed not to awaken him, for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than food.
CHAPTER XXI

WHAT BEFELL AT THE INN

During the supper, at which the host and his family were present, as well as the strangers who happened to be then at the inn, the discourse turned upon the extraordinary derangement of Don Quixote and the state in which he had been found in the mountain. The hostess, seeing that Sancho was not present, related to them his adventure with the carrier, and also the whole story of the blanket, at which they were not a little diverted.

The priest happening to remark that the books of chivalry which Don Quixote had read had turned his brain, the innkeeper said, "I cannot conceive how that can be; for really, in my opinion, there is no choicer reading in the world. I have three or four of them by me, with some manuscripts, which in good truth have kept me alive, and many others, for in harvest time, among the reapers who take shelter here during the noon-day heat, there is always some one able to read, who will take up one of these books; and above thirty of us place ourselves around him and listen to him with so much pleasure that it keeps away a thousand gray hairs; at least I can say for myself that when I hear of those furious and terrible blows which the knights-errant lay on, I long to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night."
"I wish you did," quoth the hostess; "for I never have a quiet moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; for you are then so besotted that you forget to scold."

"I listen, too," said the daughter, "and though I do not understand, I take some pleasure in hearing. Yet truly these blows and slashes which please my father so much are not to my mind. I like the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their loves; and really sometimes they make me weep for pity."

"Well, well," said the priest; "but pray, landlord, let us see those books."

"With all my heart," answered the host; and going into his chamber, he brought out an old trunk, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a very fair character.

"Here, landlord, take your books," said the priest at last, "and if you will not trust my word, you must settle the point of their truth or fiction as you please. Much good may they do you; and may they not place you on the same foot as your guest, Don Quixote."

"Not so," answered the innkeeper: "I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant; for I know very well that times are altered since those famous knights wandered about the world."

Sancho entered during this conversation, and was much confounded at hearing that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; he therefore secretly resolved to wait the event of
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his master's present expedition, determined, if it was not successful, to leave him and return home to his wife and children and to his accustomed labor.
CHAPTER XXII

THE STRANGE ENCHANTMENT OF THE UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT

The supper being over, the cloth was removed, and the ladies retired to the best apartments. Don Quixote offered his services to guard the castle, lest some giant or other miscreant errant, tempted by the treasure of beauty there enclosed, should presume to make an attack upon it. His friends thanked him and took occasion to amuse the judge with an account of his strange frenzy. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at sitting up so late. However, he was better accommodated than any of them, upon the accoutrements of his ass. Don Quixote, according to promise, sallied out of the inn to take his post at the castle-gate.

Profound silence now reigned over the whole house, all being asleep except the innkeeper’s daughter and her maid, who, knowing Don Quixote’s weak points, determined to amuse themselves by playing him some trick while he was keeping guard without doors. There was no window on that side of the house which overlooked the field, except a small opening to the straw-loft, where the straw was thrown out. At this hole the pair of girls planted themselves, whence they
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commanded a view of the knight on horseback, leaning on his lance, and could hear him ever and anon heaving such deep and mournful sighs that they seemed torn from the very bottom of his soul. They could also distinguish words, uttered in a soft, soothing tone, such as "O my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso! perfection of all beauty, quintessence of discretion, treasury of wit, and pledge of modesty! what may now be thy sweet employment? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils for thy sake? O thou moon, bring me swift tidings of her! Perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she walks through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leans over some balcony, considering how she may, without offence to her dignity, assuage the torment which this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her, or meditating on what glory she shall bestow on my sufferings, what solace to my cares, or recompense to my long services! And thou, O sun! who must now be preparing to harness thy steeds, to come forth and visit my adorable lady, salute her, I entreat thee, in my name; but beware thou dost not kiss her face, for I shall be more than jealous of thee."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his soliloquy, when the innkeeper's daughter softly called to him, saying, "Pray, sir, come a little this way."

Don Quixote turned his head, and perceiving by the light of the moon, which then shone bright, that some person beckoned him towards the spike-hole, which to his fancy was a window with gilded bars, suitable to the rich castle he conceived the inn to be; and his former visions again recurring,
he concluded that the fair damsel of the castle, irresistibly in love with him, had now come to repeat her visit. Unwilling, therefore, to appear discourteous or ungrateful, he approached the aperture, and replied, "I lament, fair lady, that you should have placed your affections where it is impossible for you to meet with that return which your great merit and beauty deserve; yet ought you not to blame an unfortunate knight whom love has already enthralled. Pardon me, dear lady; retire, and do not by any further disclosure of your sentiments make me appear yet more ungrateful; but if I can repay you by any other way than a return of love, I entreat that you will command me; and I swear, by that sweet absent enemy of mine, to gratify you immediately, though you should require a lock of Medusa's hair, which was composed of snakes, or the sunbeams enclosed in a phial."

"Sir," quoth the maid, "my lady wants none of these."

"What then doth your lady require, discreet duenna?" answered Don Quixote.

"Only one of your beautiful hands," quoth Maritornes, "whereby partly to satisfy that longing which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her, that if her lord and father should know of it he would whip off at least one of her ears."

"Let him dare to do it!" cried Don Quixote; "fatal should be his punishment."

The maid not doubting that he would grant the lady's request, hastened down into the stable, and brought back the halter belonging to Sancho's Dapple, just as Don Quixote had got upon Rozinante's saddle to reach the gilded window.
at which the damsel stood; and giving her his hand, he said: "Accept, madam, this hand, or, rather this scourge of the wicked: accept, I say, this hand, which that of woman never before touched, not even hers who has the entire right of my whole person. I offer it not to be kissed, but that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may infer what must be the strength of that arm which belongs to such a hand."

"We shall soon see that," quoth the maid, Maritornes. Then, making a running-knot in the halter, she fixed it on his wrist, and tied the other end of it fast to the staple of the hay-loft door.

Don Quixote, feeling the harsh rope about his wrist, said, "You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand: pray do not treat it so roughly, since it is not to blame for my adverse inclination; nor is it just to vent your displeasure thus: indeed, this kind of revenge is very unworthy of a lover." But his expostulations were unheard; for as soon as Maritornes had tied the knot, they both went laughing away, having fastened it in such a manner that it was impossible for him to get loose.

Thus he remained standing upright on Rozinante, his hand close to the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, and in the utmost alarm lest Rozinante should move on either side, and leave him suspended. He durst not, therefore make the least motion; though, indeed, he might well have expected, from the sobriety and patience of Rozinante, that he would remain in that position an entire century. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself thus situated and the ladies gone,
concluded that it was an affair of enchantment, like others which had formerly happened to him in the same castle. He was angry with himself for having entered it a second time, since he might have learnt from his chivalry that when a knight was unsuccessful in an adventure, it was a sign that its accomplishment was reserved for another, and that second trials were always fruitless.

He made many attempts to release himself, though he was afraid of making any great exertion, lest Rozinante should stir; but his efforts were all in vain, and he was compelled either to remain standing on the saddle or to tear off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had power, and now he cursed his fortune. Sometimes he expatiated on the loss the world would sustain during the period of his enchantment; other moments were devoted to his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; and some to his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched on his ass's pannel and buried in sleep, was dreaming of no such misfortune. Thus the morning found him, roaring like a bull with despair; for he expected no relief with the dawn, fearing his enchantment was eternal; and he was the more induced to believe it, as Rozinante made not the least motion; and he verily thought himself and his horse must remain in the same posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until the evil influence of the stars had passed over, or some more powerful sage should disenchant him.

But he was mistaken; for it was scarcely daylight, when four men on horseback stopped at the inn, well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging on their saddle-bows. Not
finding the inn-door open, they called aloud and knocked very hard, upon which Don Quixote called out from the place where he stood sentinel, in an arrogant and loud voice, "Knights, or squires, or whatever ye are, desist from knocking at the gate of this castle; for at this early hour its inmates are doubtless sleeping — at least they are not accustomed to open the gates of their fortress until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon. Retire until brighter daylight shall inform us whether it be proper to admit you or not."

"What fortress or castle is this," quoth one of them, "that we are to observe all this ceremony? If you are the innkeeper, make somebody open the door, for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses and go on, as we are in haste."

"What say ye, sirs! — do I look like an innkeeper?" said Don Quixote.

"I know not what you look like," answered the other; "but I am sure you talk preposterously to call this inn a castle."

"A castle it is," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in the whole province; and at this moment contains within its walls persons who have had crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands."

"You had better have said the reverse," quoth the travellers; "the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand. But perhaps some company of strolling players are here, who frequently wear such things: this is not a place for any other sort of crowned heads."

"Your ignorance must be great," replied Don Quixote, "if you know not that such events are very common in chivalry."
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The other horseman, impatient at the dialogue, repeated his knocks with so much violence that he roused not only the host, but all the company in the house.

Just at that time it happened that the horse of one of the travellers was seized with an inclination to smell at Rozinante, who, sad and spiritless, was then supporting his distended lord; but, being in fact a horse of flesh, although he seemed to be one of stone, he could not be insensible to the compliment, nor refuse to return it with equal kindness. But scarcely had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote’s feet slipped from the saddle, and he remained suspended by the arm, in so much torture that he fancied his wrist or his arm was tearing from his body.
CHAPTER XXIII

FURTHER EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES IN THE INN

Exerting his lungs to the utmost, Don Quixote roared so loudly that the host opened the inn-door, in great alarm, to discover the cause of the outcry. Maritornes, being awakened by the noise, and guessing the cause, went to the straw-loft and privately untied the halter which held up Don Quixote, who immediately came to the ground. Without answering a word to the many inquiries that were made to him by the innkeeper and travellers, he slipped the rope from off his wrist, and springing from the earth, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half gallop, saying, “Whoever shall dare to affirm that I was fairly enchanted, I say he lies; and provided my sovereign lady, the Princess Micomiconia, gives me leave, I challenge him to single combat.”

The newcomers were amazed at Don Quixote’s words, till the innkeeper explained the wonder, by telling them that he was disordered in his senses.

Don Quixote, finding that the four travellers regarded neither him nor his challenge, was furious with rage; and,
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could he have found a precedent among the ordinances of chivalry for engaging in a new adventure after he had pledged his word to forbear until the first had been accomplished, he would now have fiercely attacked them all, and compelled them to reply; but reflecting that he was bound in honor first to reinstate the princess on her throne, he endeavored to tranquillize himself.

Now a great uproar was heard at the inn-door, which was occasioned by two guests who had lodged there that night, and who, seeing everybody engaged, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning; but the host, being more attentive to his own business than to that of other people, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their evil intention, that they were provoked to return him an answer with their fists, and so much to the purpose that the poor innkeeper was forced to call for help.

The hostess and her daughter seeing none more proper to give him succor than Don Quixote, applied to him. "Sir Knight," said the daughter, "I beseech you, by your valor, to come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating without mercy."

Don Quixote, very leisurely and with much courtesy, replied, "Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from engaging in any other adventure until I have accomplished one for which my word is already plighted; all that I can do in your service is to advise you to go and desire your father to maintain the fight as well as he can, and by no means allow himself to be
vanquished; in the meantime I will request permission of the Princess Micomiconia to relieve him in his distress, the which if she grant me, rest assured I will forthwith deliver him."

"As I am a sinner," quoth Maritornes who was present, "before your worship can do all that, my master may be gone into another world."

"Suffer me, madam, to obtain that permission," answered Don Quixote; "and if I procure it, it matters not though he be in the other world; for thence would I liberate him, in spite of the other world itself — or at least I will take such ample revenge on those who sent him hither, that you shall be entirely satisfied."

Then without saying another word, he approached Dorothea, and throwing himself on his knees before her, in chivalrous terms he entreated that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to succor the governor of the castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess very graciously consented; when, bracing on his target and drawing his sword, he proceeded to the inn door, where the two guests were still maltreating the poor host; but before he came there, he suddenly stopped short and stood irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed helping their master.

"I delay," said Don Quixote, "because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against plebeians; but call hither my squire, Sancho Panza, for to him doth this matter more properly belong."

In the meantime the conflict at the door of the inn continued without intermission, very much to the disadvantage of the innkeeper, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and
her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to see the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury done to their lord and master.

But the innkeeper and his guests at last made peace, more through the persuasions and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats; and the reckoning was paid. At this time the very barber entered the inn who had been deprived of Mambriño'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 selfsame 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 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 endeavoring 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 certainly mine. 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 handled, that cost me a crown."

Here Don Quixote could not forbear interposing; 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, Mambriño'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 packsaddle."

"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 XXIV

THE DISPUTE CONCERNING MAMBRINO’S HELMET AND THE PANNEL IS DECIDED

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, “Signor 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
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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 priest, who perceived his friend the barber's design; and Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions all confirmed the same.

"Mercy on me!" quoth the astonished barber, "how is it possible that so many honorable gentlemen should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet? This would be enough to astonish a whole university, be it ever so wise. 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 Signor Don Quixote; for in matters of chivalry all these gentlemen and myself submit to his judgment." "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 very 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. As to the question whether this be a basin or a helmet, I have already answered: but with regard to the pannel, gentlemen, not daring myself to pronounce a definitive sentence, I refer it to your wisdom to decide. 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 Signor 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. As for the barber, he was quite raving to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes, and he made no doubt that 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 go to heaven!" exclaimed the barber, "if your worship are not all mistaken. 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." One of the officers of justice had overheard the dispute and 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.

The innkeeper ran instantly for his wand and sword, to support the officers. 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. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter wept, Maritornes roared, Dorothea was alarmed, Lucinda stood amazed, and fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and pummelled the barber. Don Fernando got one of the troopers down, and laid on his blows most unmercifully; while the innkeeper bawled aloud for help: 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 Don Quixote suddenly conceived that he was involved over head and ears, 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!"
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His vehemence made them desist, and he went on, saying, "Did I not tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must inhabit it? Behold the confirmation of what I said! Mark with your own eyes how discord is amongst us!—there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet; we all fight, and no one understands another. Let, then, the priest come forward and restore us to peace; for 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. The innkeeper, still refractory, insisted that the insolence of that madman ought to be chastised, who was continually turning his house upside down. 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 on hearing the quality of their opponents, retreated from the fray, thinking that, whatever might be the issue, they were likely be losers. But
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one of this body 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 his warrant with the lines of his physiognomy. Finding them exactly to correspond, and being convinced that he was the very person therein described, he held out the warrant in 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, 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, 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.

"Methinks!" 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 windpipe of the other. Nevertheless, the troopers persisted in claiming their prisoner; declaring that the king's service required it; and 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 succor 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! Tell me, ye rogues in a troop! — not troopers, but highway marauders under license — tell me, who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight as I am? Who was he that knew not that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, valor their privilege, and their own will their edicts? Who was the madman, I say again, who knew not that there is no patent of gentility which contains
so many privileges and exemptions as are required by the knight-errant on the day he devotes himself to the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid custom, tax, subsidy, rent, porterage or ferryboat? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor that lodged him in his castle ever made him pay for his entertainment? What king did not seat him at his table? Finally, what knight-errant ever did or shall exist, who has not courage, with his single arm, to bestow a hundred blows on any four hundred troopers who shall dare to oppose him?"

Thus eloquently did Don Quixote harangue the officers, while at the same time the priest endeavored 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 superiors; 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 endeavor to make peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great rancor. 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 XXV

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE GOOD KNIGHT

Thus were these important contests decided, and fortune seemed to smile on all the heroes and heroines of the inn. The innkeeper, observing the recompense the priest had made the barber, claimed also the payment of his demands upon Don Quixote, with ample satisfaction for the damage done and swore that neither Rozinante nor the ass should stir out of the inn until he had been paid the uttermost farthing. The priest, however, endeavored to soothe him; and, what was more, Don Fernando settled the knight’s account, although the judge would fain have taken the debt upon himself. Peace, therefore, was entirely restored.

Don Quixote, now finding himself disengaged, thought it was time to pursue his journey, and accomplish the grand enterprise for which he had been elected. Accordingly, he approached the princess, and threw himself upon his knees before her; but she would not listen to him in that posture; and therefore, in obedience to her, he arose, and thus addressed her: “Most exalted lady, because our abode in this castle seems no longer necessary, and may, indeed, be prejudicial; for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret spies, get intelligence of my approach, and thus gain time to fortify
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himself in some impregnable fortress, against which my vigilance and the force of my indefatigable arm may be ineffectual? Therefore, sovereign lady, that his designs may be prevented by our diligence, let us depart quickly, in the name of that good fortune which will be yours the moment I come face to face with your enemy."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and with dignified composure awaited the answer of the beautiful Princess, who, with an air of majesty, and in a style corresponding with that of her knight, thus replied: "I am obliged to you, Sir Knight, for the zeal you testify in my cause, so worthy of a true knight whose office and employment it is to succor the orphan and distressed. As to my departure, let it be instantly; for I have no other will but yours. Dispose of me entirely at your pleasure; for she who has committed the defence of her person and the restoration of her dominions into your hands must not oppose what your wisdom shall direct."

"I will not lose the opportunity of exalting a lady who thus humbleth herself," exclaimed Don Quixote. "I will replace her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart immediately, for the ardor of my zeal makes me impatient; nor hath Heaven created nor earth seen aught of danger that can daunt or affright me. Sancho, let Rozinante be saddled; get ready thine own beast, and also her majesty's palfrey: and let us take our leave of the governor of the castle and these nobles, that we may set forth instantly."

Sancho, who had been present all the time, shook his head, saying, "Ah, master of mine! there are more tricks in the town than are dreamt of; with all respect be it spoken."
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“What tricks can there be to my prejudice in any town or city in the world, thou bumpkin?” said Don Quixote.

“If your worship puts yourself into a passion,” answered Sancho, “I will hold my tongue, and not say what I am bound to say as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant.”

“Say what thou wilt,” replied Don Quixote; “but think not to intimidate me, for it is thy nature to be faint-hearted — mine to be proof against all fear.”

“As I am a sinner,” answered Sancho, “I mean nothing of all this; I mean only that I am sure and positively certain this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother.” Dorothea’s color rose at Sancho’s remark and as she could not contradict Sancho, she remained silent, and suffered him to continue his remarks. “I say this, sir, because, supposing after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many bad nights and worse days, one who is now enjoying himself in this inn should chance to reap the fruit of our labors, there would be no use in my hastening to saddle Rozinante, or to get ready the ass and the palfrey; therefore we had better be quiet. Let us to dinner.”

Great was the indignation of Don Quixote on hearing his squire speak in terms so disrespectful! It was so great that, with a faltering voice and stammering tongue, while living fire darted from his eyes, he cried, “Scoundrel! unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, impudent, murmuring, and back-biting villain! how darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies? How darest thou to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy con-

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fused imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceit, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and foe to all the honor due to royalty! Begone! appear not before me on pain of my severest indignation!" And as he spoke he arched his eyebrows, swelled his cheeks, stared around him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the ground; plainly indicating the fury that raged in his breast.

Poor Sancho was so terrified by this storm of passion, that he would have been glad if the earth had opened that instant and swallowed him up. He knew not what to say or do; so he turned his back, and hastened out of the presence of his furious master.

But the discreet Dorothea, perfectly understanding Don Quixote, in order to pacify his wrath, said, "Be not offended, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, at the impertinence of your good squire, for perhaps he has not spoken without some foundation; nor can it be suspected, considering his good sense, that he would bear false witness against anybody; it is possible that since, as you affirm yourself, Sir Knight, the powers of enchantment prevail in this castle, Sancho may, by the same diabolical illusion, have seen what he has affirmed."

"I swear," quoth Don Quixote, "your highness has hit the mark: — some evil apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and represented to him what it was impossible for him to see any other way; for I am perfectly assured of the simplicity and innocence of the unhappy wretch, and that he is incapable of slandering any person living."

"So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando: "there-
fore, Signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him and restore him to your favor before these illusions turn his brain.'

Don Quixote having promised his forgiveness, the priest went for Sancho, who came in with much humility, and on his knees begged his master's hand, which was given to him; and after he had allowed him to kiss it, he gave him his blessing, adding, "Thou wilt now, son Sancho, be thoroughly convinced of what I have often told thee, that all things in this castle are conducted by enchantment."

"I believe so too," quoth Sancho, "except the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way."

"Believe not so," answered Don Quixote; "for in that case I would have revenged thee at the time, and even now; but neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to resent the injury."

To gratify the curiosity which this remark had excited, the innkeeper gave account of Sancho Panza's excursion in the air, which, though it entertained the rest, would have distressed the feelings of the squire, if his master had not given him fresh assurances that it was all a matter of enchantment. However, Sancho's faith was never so strong but that he shrewdly suspected it to be a downright fact, and no illusion at all, that he had been tossed in a blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and by no visionary phantoms.

This illustrious company had now passed two whole days in the inn; and thinking it time to depart, they considered how the priest and barber might convey the knight to his home without troubling Dorothea and Don Fernando to accompany them; and for that purpose, having first engaged a wagoner
who happened to pass by with his team of oxen, they proceeded in the following manner: They formed a kind of cage, large enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease; then, by the direction of the priest, Don Fernando and his companions, with Don Louis's servants, the officers and the innkeeper covered their faces, and disguised themselves so as not to be recognized by Don Quixote. This done, they silently entered the room where the knight lay fast asleep, reposing after his late exertions, and secured him with cords; so that when he awoke he stared about in amazement at the strange visages that surrounded him, but found himself totally unable to move.

His disordered imagination, operating as usual, immediately suggested to him that these were goblins of the enchanted castle, and that he was entangled in its charms, since he felt himself unable to stir in his own defense — a surmise which the curate, who projected the stratagem, had anticipated. Sancho alone was in his proper figure; and though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's infirmity, yet he was not ignorant who all these counterfeit goblins were; but he thought it best to be quiet until he saw what was intended by this seizure and imprisonment of his master. Neither did the knight utter a word, but submissively awaited the issue of his misfortune. Having brought the cage into the chamber, they placed him within it, and secured it so that it was impossible he could make his escape. In this situation he was conveyed out of the house; and on leaving the chamber a voice was heard, as dreadful as the barber could form (not he of the pannel, but the other), saying, "O Knight of the Sorrowful
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Figure! let not thy present confinement afflict thee, since it is essential to the speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which thy great valor hath engaged thee. And thou, O the most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt, beard on face, and smell in nostrils, be not dismayed nor afflicted to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes; for ere long, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated as not to know thyself; and thus will the promises of thy valorous lord be fulfilled. Be assured, moreover, that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee. Follow, therefore, the valorous and enchanted knight, for it is expedient for thee to go where ye both may find repose. More I am not permitted to say. I now go — I well know whither!” As he delivered this solemn prediction, the prophet first raised his voice high, then gradually lowered it to so pathetic a tone, that even those who were in the plot were not unmoved.

Don Quixote was much comforted by this prophecy, quickly comprehending the whole significance thereof. Upon the strength of this conviction, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, “O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to intercede in my behalf with the sage enchanter who hath charge of my affairs, that he suffer me not to perish in the prison wherein I am now enclosed, before these promises of joyful and heavenly import are fulfilled. Let them but come to pass, and I shall glory in the pains of my imprisonment, enjoy the chains with which I am bound, and imagine this hard couch whereon I lie a soft bed of down. On the affectionate attachment of my squire, Sancho Panza, I have too much reliance to think that he will
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desert me, whatever be my fortunes; and though it should even happen, through his or my evil destiny, that I were unable to give him the island, or something equivalent, according to my promise, at least he shall not lose his salary; for in my will, which is already made, I have settled that point; not, indeed, proportionate to his many and good services, but according to my own ability.”

Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master’s hands; for one alone he could not, as they were both tied together. The goblins then took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the wagon.

The knight and squire were discoursing together when Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho should see into the whole of their plot, being already not far from it, resolved to hasten their departure; and, calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rozinante and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition. In the meanwhile the priest engaged to pay the troopers to accompany Don Quixote home to his village. Cardenio fastened the buckler on one side of the pommel of Rozinante’s saddle, and the basin on the other; then, after placing the two troopers with their carbines on each side of the wagon, he made signs to Sancho to mount his ass, and lead Rozinante by the bridle. But before the car moved forward, the hostess, her daughter, and Mari-tornes came out to take their leave of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears for grief at his misfortune.

“Weep not, my good ladies,” said the knight, “for disasters of this kind are incident to those of my profession; and if such calamities did not befall me, I should not account
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myself a distinguished knight-errant; for these events never occur to the ignoble, but to those whose valor and virtue excite the envy of princes and knights, who seek by evil machinations to defame whatever is praiseworthy and good. I beseech you to pray Heaven for my deliverance from my present thraldom; and if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favors you have done me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and repute them as they deserve."

While this passed between the ladies of the castle and Don Quixote, the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain, and of all the ladies, now supremely happy. Don Fernando requested the priest to give him intelligence of Don Quixote, assuring him that nothing would afford him more satisfaction than to hear of his future proceedings.

The cavalcade was arranged in the following order: In front was the car, guided by the owner, and on each side the troopers with their matchlocks; then came Sancho upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear the priest and his friend Nicholas, mounted on their stately mules; and thus the whole moved on with great solemnity, regulated by the slow pace of the oxen. Don Quixote sat in the cage, with his hands tied and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars as silently and patiently as if he had been not a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone. In this manner they travelled about.

At the end of six days they 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 wagon passed. Everybody ran to see who was in it, and were not a little surprised when they recognized 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 wagon 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 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."
"Heaven grant 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. "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 honorable 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 a 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 in castles, lodging in inns, all at pleasure, and nothing to pay."
CHAPTER XXVI

THE NOTABLE QUARREL BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER

LOOKING out of the window one day shortly after these pleasant occurrences, Don Quixote, the priest, and the barber saw the niece and housekeeper engaged in defending the door against Sancho Panza, who had come 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." "It is I that am led astray," retorted Sancho, "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 islands choke thee, wretch!" answered the niece; "and pray what are islands? Are they anything eatable?"

"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!"

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, neighbor," 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."

"Heaven help them!" cried the priest. "However, let us watch their motions; the knight and the squire seem both to be cast in the same mould, and the madness of the one without the folly of the other would not be worth a rush."

"I should like to know what they are now conferring about," said the barber.

"We shall soon hear that from the niece or housekeeper," replied the priest; "for, I lay my life, they will not refrain from listening."

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

Sancho went home in such high spirits that his wife observed his gayety 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 dry, dry-shod 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. And do you hear, wife, it behooves 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.”

“Do not trouble yourself to mend my words,” answered
Teresa; “If you hold still in the same mind of being a gov-
ernor, take your son Sancho with you, and train him up to your
calling, for it is right that sons should learn their fathers’ trade.”

“When I have a government,” quoth Sancho, “I will send
for him by the post; and also money to you, which I shall
have in abundance, for people are always ready enough to lend
their money to governors; and mind you clothe the boy so
that he may look, not like what he is, but what he will be.”

“Send you the money,” quoth Teresa, “and I will make
him as fine as a palm branch.”

“We are agreed then,” quoth Sancho, “that our daughter
is to be a countess?”

“The day that I see her a countess,” answered Teresa,
"I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave; but I say again you must do as you please, for to this burden women are born — they must obey their husbands if they are ever such blockheads." And then she began to weep as bitterly as if she already saw little Sancho dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised that, though he must make her a countess he would put it off as long as possible. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went to pay his master another visit, in order to confer on the subject of their departure.

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 endeavored, by all possible means, to divert him from his unhappy purpose; but it was all preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron.

Don Quixote and Sancho were now perfectly reconciled and they agreed 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.

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. 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.
CHAPTER XXVII

OF THE FAMOUS 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.

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 succor 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
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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, or where his aid is required. This bark, therefore, O Sancho, must be placed here for that sole purpose, as certainly as it is now day; haste, then, before it is spent, tie Dapple and Rozinante together, and the hand of Providence be our guide! for embark I will, although holy friars themselves should entreat me to desist."

"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 food.

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

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"Longitude," replied Don Quixote, "means length; — but no-wonder thou dost not understand it, for thou art not bound to know Latin; though there are some 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 endeavoring 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? Who pursues, who annoys thee? Or what dost thou want, poor wretch, in this abundance? Peradventure thou art trudging bare-foot over the mountains? No, seated like an archduke, thou art gently gliding down the stream of this charming river, whence in a short space we shall issue out into the boundless
ocean, which doubtless we have already entered, and must have gone at least seven or eight hundred leagues. If I had but an astrolabe here, to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee what distance we have gone; though, if I am not much mistaken, we are already past, or shall presently pass, the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the world in equal halves."

"And when we come to that line your worship speaks of," quoth Sancho, "how far shall we have travelled?"

"A mighty distance," replied Don Quixote, "for of the three hundred and sixty degrees into which the terraqueous globe is divided, according to the system and computation of Ptolemy, the greatest of all geographers, we shall at least have travelled one-half when we come to that line."

"My goodness!" quoth Sancho, "your worship has brought a pretty fellow to witness, that same Tolmey — how d' ye call him? with his amputation, to vouch for the truth of what you say.

"I know," said Sancho, "that we have crossed no line since I see with mine own eyes that we have not got five yards from the bank, for yonder stand Rozinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them; and, from points which I now mark, I vow we do not move an ant's pace."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "make the trial, and take no further care: thou knowest not what colors are, nor the lines, parallels, zodiacs, eclipsits, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, and other points and measures of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed; for if thou knowest all these things, or but a part of them, thou wouldst
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plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left behind us, and are just now leaving.” “We have not yet arrived where your worship says — no, not by many leagues,” said Sancho.

At this 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 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 enchanter 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.”

The boat, having now got into the current of the river, was carried on with more speed than before; and, as it approached the mill, the laborers 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 be torn to pieces by the wheels?”

“Did I not tell thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that [247]
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we should certainly arrive where it would be necessary for me to display the valor of my arm? Look, what assassins and hobgoblins come out to oppose us! See these 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, for whom 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, endeavored 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 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 armor 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 inevitably have 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 castle, 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 endeavor, 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 oversetting it. In this world there is nothing but plots and counterplots, mines and countermines! — 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 fisher-
men 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 themselves, returned to the animals they had left; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

Low-spirited, wet, and out of humor, the knight and squire reached their cattle; Sancho more especially was grieved to the very soul to have encroached so much upon their stock of money; all that was taken thence seemed to him as so much taken from the apples of his eyes. In short, they mounted, without exchanging a word, and silently quitted the banks of that famous river: Don Quixote buried in amorous meditations, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which seemed at that moment to be very dim and remote; for, dull as he was, he saw clearly enough that his master's actions were for the most part little better than crazy, and he only waited for an opportunity, without coming to accounts and reckonings, to steal off and march home. But fortune was kinder to him than he expected.
CHAPTER XXVIII

MANY AND SUNDRY EVENTS

It happened on the following day, near sunset as they were issuing from a forest, that Don Quixote espied sundry persons at a distance, who, it appeared, as he drew nearer to them, were taking the diversion of hawking; and among them he remarked a gay lady mounted on a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. Her own attire was also green, and so rich and beautiful that she was elegance itself. On her left hand she carried a hawk; whence Don Quixote conjectured that she must be a lady of high rank, and mistress of the hunting-party (as in truth she was), and therefore he said to the squire, "Hasten, Sancho, and make known to the lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, the Knight, humbly salute her highness, and, with her gracious leave, would be proud to kiss her fair hands, and serve her to the utmost of my power and her highness's commands; but take especial care, Sancho, how thou deliverest my message, and be mindful not to interlard thy embassy with any of thy proverbs."

"So, then," quoth Sancho, "why this to me? as if this forsooth, were the first time I had carried messages to high and mighty ladies!"

"Excepting that to the Lady Dulcinea," replied Don
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Quixote, "I know of none thou hast carried — at least, none from me."

"That is true," answered Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety; and where there is plenty, dinner is soon dressed: I mean, there is no need of schooling me; for I am prepared for all, and know something of everything."

"I believe it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "go, then, and Heaven direct thee."

Sancho set off at a good rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and went up to the fair huntress; then alighting, and kneeling before her, he said, "Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, is my master, and I am his squire, Sancho Panza by name. That same Knight sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to give leave that, with your liking and good-will, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says and I believe, are no other than to serve your exalted beauty, which if your ladyship grant, you will do a thing that will redound to the great benefit of your highness; and to him it will be a mighty favor and satisfaction."

"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message with all the circumstances which such embassies require. Rise up, I pray; for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight as he of the Sorrowful Figure, of whom we have already heard much in these parts, should remain upon his knees. Rise, friend, and desire your master, by all means, to honor us with his company, that my lord duke and I may pay him our respects at a rural mansion we have here, hard by."
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Sancho rose up, no less amazed at the lady’s beauty than at her affability and courteous deportment, and yet more that her ladyship should have any knowledge of his master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure!

"Pray," said the duchess, "is not your master the person of whom there is a history in print, called ‘The ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha’?"

"The very same," answered Sancho; "and that squire of his, called Sancho Panza, am I."

"I am much delighted by what you tell me," quoth the duchess; "go to your master, and give him my invitation and hearty welcome to my house; and tell him that nothing could happen to me which would afford me greater pleasure."

Sancho, overjoyed at this gracious answer, hastened back to his master, and repeated to him all that the great lady had said to him; extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her extraordinary beauty and courteous behavior. Don Quixote seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his vizor, enlivened Rozinante’s mettle, and assuming a polite and stately deportment, advanced to kiss the hand of the duchess. Her grace in the meantime having called the duke her husband, had already given him an account of the embassy she had just received; and, as they were aware of the extravagant humor of Don Quixote, they waited for him with infinite pleasure and the most eager desire to be acquainted with him, determined to indulge his humor to the utmost, and, while he remained with them, to treat him as a knight-errant, with all the ceremonies described in books of chivalry, which they took pleasure in reading.

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Don Quixote now arrived, with his beaver up; and signifying his intention to alight, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but unfortunately, in dismounting from Dapple, his foot caught in one of the rope-stirrups in such a manner that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself, and he hung by it, with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote who was not accustomed to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking that Sancho was already there to do his office, threw his body off with a swing of his right leg, that brought down Rozinante's saddle; and the girth giving away, both he and the saddle, to his great shame and mortification, came to the ground, where he lay, muttering between his teeth many a heavy execration against the unfortunate Sancho who was still hanging by the leg. The duke having commanded some of his attendants to relieve the knight and squire, they raised Don Quixote, who, though much discomposed by his fall, and limping, made an effort to approach and kneel before the lord and lady. The duke, however, would by no means suffer it; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he immediately went up and embraced him, saying, "I am very sorry, Sir Knight, that such a mischance should happen to you on your first arrival on my domains; but the negligence of squires is often the occasion of even greater disasters."

"The moment cannot be unfortunate that introduces me to your highness," replied Don Quixote, "and had my fall been to the centre of the deep abyss, the glory of seeing your highness would have raised me thence. My squire is better at letting loose his tongue to utter impertinence than securing
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a saddle; but whether down or up, on horseback or on foot, I shall always be at the service of your highness, and that of my lady duchess your worthy consort — the sovereign lady of beauty, and universal princess of all courtesy.” “Softly, dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha,” quoth the duke; “for while the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso exists, no other beauty can be named.”

Sancho Panza had now got freed from the noose, and being near, before his master could answer, he said, “It cannot be denied — nay, it must be declared, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is a rare beauty; but her highness there comes not a whit behind my mistress, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.”

Don Quixote here turned to the duchess, and said, “I assure your grace, never any knight-errant in the world had a more conceited and troublesome prater for his squire than I have; of this he will give ample proof, if it please your highness to accept of my service for some days.”

“I am glad to hear that my friend Sancho is conceited,” replied the duchess; “it is a sign he has good sense; for wit and gay conceits, as you well know, Signor Don Quixote, proceed not from dull heads; and, since you acknowledge that Sancho has wit and pleasantry, I shall henceforth pronounce him to be wise —”

“And a prater,” added Don Quixote. “So much the better,” said the duke; “for many good things cannot be expressed in a few words; and, that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of your distinction,
and as the duchess and I are accustomed to receive all knights-errant who honor us with their society."

By this time, Sancho having adjusted and well-girded Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote remounted, and thus he and the duke, who rode a stately courser, with the duchess between them, proceeded towards the castle. The duchess requested Sancho to be near her, being mightily pleased with his arch observations; nor did Sancho require much entreaty, but, joining the other three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who looked upon themselves as highly fortunate in having to introduce such guests to their castle, and the prospect of enjoying the company of such a knight-errant and such an errant squire.

Sancho's joy was excessive on seeing himself, as he thought, a favorite with the duchess, not doubting but that he should find in her castle abundance, for good cheer was the delight of his heart, and therefore he always took care to seize by the forelock every opportunity to indulge that passion. Now before they came to the rural mansion or castle of the duke, his highness rode on before, and gave directions to his servants in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote; therefore, when he arrived with the duchess at the castle-gate, there immediately issued out two lackeys or grooms, clad in a kind of robe or gown of fine crimson satin reaching to their feet; and, taking Don Quixote in their arms, they privately said to him, "Go, great sir, and assist our lady the duchess to alight."

The knight accordingly hastened to offer his services, which, after much ceremony and many compliments, her
grace positively declined, saying that she would not alight from her palfrey, but into the duke's arms, as she did not think herself worthy to charge so great a knight with so unprofitable a burden. At length the duke came out and lifted her from her horse; and on their entering into a large inner court of the castle, two beautiful damsels advanced and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet, and in an instant all the galleries of the courtyard were crowded, with men and women, the domestic household of his grace-crying aloud, "Welcome the flower and cream of knights, errant!" Then they sprinkled whole bottles of sweet-scented waters upon the knight, and also upon the duke and duchess, all which Don Quixote observed with surprise and pleasure; being now for the first time thoroughly convinced that he was a true knight, and no imaginary one, since he was treated just like the knights-errant of former times.

They ascended the great stairs, and conducted the knight into a spacious hall, sumptuously hung with cloth of gold and rich brocade. Six damsels attended to take off his armor and serve as pages, all tutored by the duke and duchess in their behavior towards him, in order to confirm his delusion. Don Quixote, being now unarmed, remained in his straight breeches and chamois doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his cheeks shrunk into his head; making such a figure that the damsels who waited on him had much difficulty to restrain their mirth, and observe in his presence that decorum which had been strictly enjoined by their lord and lady.

Don Quixote then retired to dress himself for the coming meal, girt on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his
shoulders, put on a green satin cap which the damsels had given him, and thus equipped, marched out into the great saloon, where he found the damsels drawn up on each side in two equal ranks, and all of them provided with an equipage for washing his hands, which they administered with many reverences and much ceremony. Then came twelve pages with the major-domo, to conduct him to dinner, the lord and lady being now waiting for him; and, having placed him in the midst of them with great pomp and ceremony, they proceeded to another hall, where a rich table was spread out with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, accompanied by a grave ecclesiastic. After a thousand courtly compliments mutually interchanged, Don Quixote advanced towards the table, between the duke and duchess, and, on preparing to seat themselves, they offered the upper end to Don Quixote, who would have declined it but for the pressing importunities of the duke. The ecclesiastic seated himself opposite to the knight, and the duke and duchess on each side.

Sancho was present all the while, in amazement to see the honor paid by those great people to his master; and whilst the numerous entreaties and ceremonies were passing between the duke and Don Quixote, before he would sit down at the head of the table, he said, “With your honor’s leave I will tell you a story of what happened in our town.”

Don Quixote immediately began to tremble, not doubting that he was going to say something absurd. Sancho observed him, and understanding his looks, he said, “Be not afraid, sir, of my breaking loose, or saying anything that is not pat
to the purpose. I have not forgotten the advice your worship
gave me about talking much or little, well or ill.”

“I remember nothing, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote;
say what thou wilt, so thou sayest it quickly.”

“What I would say,” quoth Sancho, “is very true, for
my master, Don Quixote, who is present, will not suffer me
to lie.”

“Lie as much as thou wilt for me, Sancho,” replied Don
Quixote; “I shall not hinder thee; but take heed what thou
art going to say.”

“So, then,” said the ecclesiastic, “you, I suppose, are the
same Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom it is said your
master has promised an island?”

“I am that Sancho,” replied the squire, “and deserve it
too, as well as any other he whatever. I have leaned and
stuck close to a good master these many months, and shall
be such another as he, if it be God’s good pleasure; and if he
lives, and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor
I islands to govern.”

“That you shall not, friend Sancho,” said the duke, “for
in the name of Signor Don Quixote, I promise you the govern-
ment of one of mine now vacant, and of no inconsiderable
value.”

“Kneel, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and kiss his excel-
ency’s feet, for the favor he has done thee.

At length, Don Quixote being pacified and calm, and the
dinner ended, the cloth was removed; whereupon four damsels
entered, one with a silver ewer, another with a basin, also of
silver, a third with two fine clean towels over her shoulder,
and the fourth with her sleeves tucked up to her elbows, and in her white hands a ball of soap. The damsel who held the basin now respectfully approached the knight, and placed it under his beard; while he, wondering at the ceremony, yet believing it to be the custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands, obediently thrust out his chin as far as he could; whereupon the ewer began to rain upon his face, while the damsel of the soap lathered his beard with great dexterity, covering with a snow-white froth, not only the beard, but the whole face of the submissive knight, even over his eyes, which he was compelled to close. The duke and duchess, who were not in the secret, were eager to know the issue of this extraordinary ablution. The barber damsel having raised a lather a span high, pretended that the water was all used, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, telling her that Signor Don Quixote would stay till she came back. Thus he was left, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable, to the gaze of all that were present; and, seeing him with his neck half an ell long, more than moderately swarthy, his eyes half-shut, and his whole visage under a covering of white foam, it was marvellous, and a sign of great discretion, that they were able to preserve their gravity.

The damsels concerned in the jest gazed steadfastly on the ground, not daring to look at their lord or lady, who were divided between anger and mirth, not knowing whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the amusement their device had afforded. The water nymph returned, and the beard-washing was finished, when she who was charged with the towels performed the office of wiping
and drying with much deliberation; and thus the ceremony being concluded, the four damsels at once, making him a profound reverence, were retiring, when the duke, to prevent Don Quixote from suspecting the jest, called the damsel with the basin and said, "Come and do your duty, and take care that you have water enough."

The girl, who was shrewd and active, went up, and applied the basin to the duke's chin in the same manner she had done to that of Don Quixote; and with equal adroitness, but more celerity, repeated the ceremony of lathering, washing, and, wiping; and the whole being done, they made their courtesies and retired. The duke, however, had declared, as it afterwards appeared, that he would have chastised them for their pertness, if they had refused to serve him in the same manner.
CHAPTER XXIX

THE INSTRUCTIONS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SANCHO PANZA BEFORE HE WENT TO HIS GOVERNMENT

The duke and duchess being so well pleased were encouraged to proceed with other projects, seeing that there was nothing too extravagant for the credulity of the knight and squire. The necessary orders were accordingly issued to their servants and vassals with regard to their behavior towards Sancho in his government of the promised island. After the duke bid Sancho prepare and get himself in readiness to assume his office, for his islanders were already wishing for him as for rain in May.

Sancho made a low bow, and said, "My desire to be a governor has partly cooled; for what mighty matter is it to command on a spot no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed? Where is the majesty and pomp of governing half a dozen creatures no bigger than hazel-nuts? If your lordship will be pleased to offer me some small portion of heaven, though it be but half a league, I would jump at it sooner than for the largest island in the world."

"Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "what it is in my power to give, I give you with all my heart; and the
island I now present to you is ready made, round and sound, well proportioned, and above measure fruitful, and where, by good management, you may yourself, with the riches of the earth, purchase an inheritance."

“Well, then,” answered Sancho, “let this island be forthcoming, and it shall go hard with me but I will be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, heaven will take me in. Nor is it out of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage and aspire to greater things, but the desire I have to taste what it is to be a governor.”

“If once you taste it, Sancho,” quoth the duke, “you will lick your fingers after it; so sweet it is to command and be obeyed. And certain I am when your master becomes an emperor, of which there is no doubt, as matters proceed so well, it would be impossible to wrest his power from him, and his only regret will be that he had it not sooner.”

“Faith, sir, you are in the right,” quoth Sancho; “it is pleasant to govern, though it be but a flock of sheep.”

“Let me be buried with you, Sancho,” replied the duke, “if you know not something of everything, and I doubt not you will prove a pearl of a governor. But enough of this for the present; tomorrow you surely depart for your island, and this evening you shall be fitted with suitable apparel and with all things necessary for your appointment.”

“Clothe me as you will,” said Sancho, “I shall still be Sancho Panza.”

“That is true,” said the duke; “but the garb should always be suitable to the office and rank of the wearer.”

At this time Don Quixote came up to them, and hearing
how soon Sancho was to depart to his government, he took him by the hand, and, with the duke’s leave, led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice respecting his conduct in office; and having entered, he shut the door, and, almost by force, made Sancho sit down by him, and with much solemnity addressed him in these words:

"I am thankful to Heaven, friend Sancho, that even before fortune has crowned my hopes, prosperity has gone forth to meet thee. I, who had trusted in my own success for the reward of thy services, am still but on the road to advancement, whilst thou, prematurely, and before all reasonable expectation, art come into full possession of thy wishes. Some must bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they desire; whilst another comes, and without knowing how, jumps at once into the preferment for which so many had sued in vain. It is truly said that ‘merit does much but fortune more.’ Thou, who in respect to me art but a very simpleton, without either early rising or late watching, without labor of body or mind, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on thee, findest thyself the governor of an island, as if it were a trifle, a thing of no account!

"All this I say, friend Sancho, that thou mayest not ascribe the favor done thee to thine own merit but give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposeth things so kindly; and, in the next place, acknowledge with gratitude the inherent grandeur of the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being disposed to believe what I have now said to thee, be attentive, my son, to me, thy Cato, who will be thy counsellor, thy north star,
Sancho as Governor
and thy guide, to conduct and steer thee safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea upon which thou art going to embark, and where thou wilt be in danger of being swallowed up in the gulf of confusion.

"Consider what thou art, and endeavor to know thyself, which is the most difficult study of all others. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity, and the fate of the frog that foolishly vied with the ox will serve thee as a caution; the recollection, too, of having been formerly a swineherd in thine own country will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock."

"It is true," said Sancho, "that I once kept swine; but I was only a boy then; when I grew towards man I looked after geese, and not hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose, for all governors are not descended from kings."

"That I grant," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore those who have not the advantage of noble descent should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear with gentleness and modesty, which, when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmurs which few situations in life can escape.

"Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants; for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous humble man than a lofty sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities; and of this truth I could tire thee with examples.

"If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days will
be long and thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquillity; and when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with their tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes."

During the whole of this private conference, Sancho listened to his master with great attention, and endeavored so to register his counsel in his mind, that he might thereby be enabled to bear the burden of government, and acquit himself honorably.

Don Quixote, in the evening of the day in which Sancho had received his admonitions, gave him a copy of them in writing, that he might get them read to him occasionally; but they were no sooner delivered to Sancho than he dropped them, and they fell into the duke's hands, who communicated them to the duchess. That very evening, in prosecution of their merry project, they dispatched Sancho, with a large retinue, to the place which to him was to be an island. The person who had the management of the business was steward to the duke; a man of much humor, and who had, besides, a good understanding. He was so well tutored by his lord and lady as to his behavior towards Sancho, he performed his part to admiration.

At length Sancho set out with a numerous train. He was dressed like one of the long robe, wearing a loose gown of sad-colored camlet, and a cap of the same. He was mounted upon a mule, and behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple adorned with shining trappings of silk, which so
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delighted Sancho that every now and then he turned his head to look upon him, and thought himself so happy that he would not have changed conditions with the Emperor. On taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands; at the same time he received his master’s blessing, not without tears on both sides.

It was related, then, that, immediately after Sancho’s departure, Don Quixote began to feel the solitary state in which he was now left, and had it been possible for him to have revoked the commission, and deprived Sancho of his government, he would certainly have done it.
CHAPTER XXX

HOW THE GREAT SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND

Sancho, then, with all his attendants, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, which was one of the largest and best the duke had. They gave him to understand that it was called the island of Barataria. On his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the municipal officers came out to receive him. The bells rung, and, with all the demonstrations of a general joy, and a great deal of pomp, the people conducted him to the great church to give thanks. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented him the keys of the town, and constituted him perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness and shortness of the new governor, surprised all who were not in the secret, and, indeed, those who were, who were not a few. In fine, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair. The duke’s steward then said to him, “It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is obliged to answer a question put to him, which is to be somewhat intri-
cate and difficult. By his answer the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair, and, being unable to read, he asked what that writing was on the wall. He was answered, "Sir, it is there written on what day your honor took possession of this island. The inscription runs thus: 'This day, such a day of the month and year, Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island. Long may he enjoy it.'"

"Pray who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?" demanded Sancho.

"Your lordship," answered the steward; "for no other Panza, besides him now in the chair, ever came into this island."

"Take notice, then, brother," returned Sancho, "that I am called plain Sancho Panza; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather was a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of other title whatever. On with your question, Master Steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry or rejoice."

About this time two men came into the court, the one clad like a country fellow, and the other like a tailor with a pair of shears in his hand; and the tailor said, "My lord governor, I and this countryman come before your worship by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (saving your presence, I am a tailor), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me, 'Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap?"
I, measuring the piece, answered 'Yes.' Now he, thinking that doubtless I had a mind to steal some of the cloth, basing his idea upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion of tailors, bade me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. Persisting in his knavish intentions, my customer went on increasing the number of caps, and I still saying, Yes, till we came to five caps. A little time ago he came to claim them. I offered them to him, but he refuses to pay me for the making, and insists I shall either return him his cloth or pay him for it."

"Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho.

"Yes," answered the man; "but pray, my lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me."

"With all my heart," answered the tailor; and pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying, "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade."

All present laughed at the number of the caps and the novelty of the suit. Sancho reflected a moment, and then said, "I am of opinion there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably offhand. Therefore I pronounce that the tailor lose the making and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that."

This sentence of Sancho caused the laughter of all the bystanders.

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The history relates that Sancho Panza was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where in a great hall he found a magnificent entertainment prepared. He had no sooner entered than his ears were saluted by the sound of many instruments, and four pages served him with water to wash his hands, which the governor received with becoming gravity. The music having ceased, Sancho now sat down to dinner in a chair of state placed at the upper end of the table; for there was but one seat, and only one plate and napkin. A personage who, as it afterwards appeared, was a physician, took his stand at one side of his chair with a whalebone rod in his hand. They then removed the beautiful white cloth, which covered a variety of fruits and other eatables. Grace was said by one in a student’s dress, and a laced bib was placed by a page under Sancho’s chin. Another, who performed the office of waiter, now set a plate of fruit before him; but he had scarcely tasted it, when, on being touched by the wand-bearer, it was snatched away, and another, containing meat, instantly supplied its place. Yet, before Sancho could make a beginning, it vanished, like the former, on a signal of the wand.

The governor was surprised at this proceeding, and, looking around him, asked if this dinner was only to show off their sleight of hand.

“My lord,” said the wand-bearer, “your lordship’s food must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to watch over the governor’s health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may
know how to restore him when sick; and therefore think it incumbent on me to pay especial regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I may imagine may be prejudicial to his health or offensive to his stomach. It was for that reason, my lord," continued he, "I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot, and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to provoke thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the moisture which is the fuel of life."

"Well, then," quoth Sancho, "that plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, I suppose, will do me no manner of harm?"

"Hold," said the doctor; "my lord governor shall not eat them while I live to prevent it."

"Pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms, 'All repletion is bad, but that from partridges the worst.'"

"If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye, Signor Doctor, over all these dishes here on the table, and see which will do me the most good or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whisking it away with your conjuring-stick; for as Heaven shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food — let Signor Doctor say what he will — is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short."

"Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician, "and therefore I am of opinion you should not
eat of these stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that veal, indeed, you might have taken a little, had it been neither roasted nor stewed; but as it is, not a morsel. What I would at present advise my lord governor to eat, in order to corroborate and preserve his health, is about a hundred small rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit upon the stomach and help digestion.”

Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, looking at the doctor from head to foot very seriously asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered, “My lord governor, my name is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera lying between Caraquel and Almododobar del Campo, on the right hand, and I have taken my doctor’s degrees in the university of Ossuna.”

“Then, hark you,” said Sancho, in a rage, “Signor Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almododobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant! or I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with your carcass, will so belabor all the physic-mongers in the island, that not one of the tribe shall be left! I say again, Signor Pedro Rezio, begone! or I shall take the chair I sit on, and comb your head to some tune; and, if I am called to an account for it when I give up my office, I shall prove that I have done a good service, in ridding the world of a bad physician, who is a public executioner. Body of me! give me something to eat, or let them take back their government; for an office that will not find a man in victuals is not worth two beans.”
"Indeed, my lord governor," quoth the waiter, "your lordship is much in the right in all you have said; and I dare engage, in the name of all the inhabitants of this island, that they will serve your worship with all punctuality, love, and good-will; for your gentle way of governing leaves us no room to do or think anything to the disadvantage of your worship."

"I believe as much," replied Sancho, "and they would be little better than fools if they did or thought otherwise; therefore I tell you, once again, it is my pleasure that you look well to me and my Dapple in the article of food; for that is the main point; and when the hour comes, we will go the round, as my intention is to clear this island of all manner of rubbish, especially vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers; for I would have you know, friends, that your idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are like drones in a bee-hive, which devour the honey that the laboring bees gather. My design is to protect the peasants, maintain the gentry in their privileges and reward virtue. What think you of this my good friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brains to no purpose?"

"My lord governor speaks so well," replied the steward, "that I am all admiration to hear one devoid of learning like your worship utter so many notable things, so far beyond the expectation of your subjects, or those who appointed you. But every day produces something new in the world; jests turn into earnest, and the biters are bit."

The governor having supped by license of Signor Doctor Rezio, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with
the secretary, the steward, the waiter, and the historiographer, who had the charge of recording his actions, together with sergeants and notaries: altogether forming a little battalion. Sancho, with his rod of office, marched in the midst of them, making a goodly show. Seven days after, his government ended.

The governor being in bed on the seventh night of his administration, and just at the moment when sleep, in despite of hunger, was closing his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bells and voices that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He started up in his bed, and listened with great attention, to find out, if possible, the cause of so alarming an uproar; but far from discovering it, his confusion and terror were only augmented by the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums being added to the former noises. Quitting his bed, he put on his slippers, and opened his chamber-door and saw more than twenty persons coming along a gallery with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud, “Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm! — a world of enemies have got into the island, and we are undone forever, if your conduct and valor do not save us.”

Thus advancing, with noise and disorder, they came up to where Sancho stood, astonished and stupefied with what he heard and saw. “Arm yourself quickly, my lord,” said one of them, “unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you.”

“What have I to do with arming,” replied Sancho, “who know nothing of arms or fighting? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will dispatch
them and secure us in a trice; for I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlys."

"How, Signor Governor!" said another; "what faint-heartedness is this? Here we bring you arms and weapons — harness yourself, my lord, and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, which, as governor, you ought to be." "Why, then, arm me," replied Sancho: and instantly they brought two large old targets, which they had provided for the occasion, and, without allowing him to put on other garments, clapped them over his shirt, the one before and the other behind. They thrust his arms through holes they had made in them, and bound them so fast together with cords, that the poor commander remained cased and boarded up as stiff and straight as a spindle, without power to bend his knees or stir a single step. They then put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned to keep himself up; and thus accoutred, they desired him to lead on and animate his people; for he being their north-pole, their lantern, and their morning star, their affairs could not fail to have a prosperous issue.

"How should I march — wretch that I am!" said the governor, "when I cannot stir a joint between these boards, that press into my flesh? Your only way is to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart or set me upright, at some gate which I will maintain either with my lance or my body."

"Fie, Signor Governor!" said another, "it is more fear than the targets that hinders your marching. Hasten and exert yourself, for time advances, the enemy pours in upon us, and every moment increases our danger."
The unfortunate governor, thus urged and upbraided, made efforts to move, and down he fell, with such violence that he thought every bone had been broken; and there he lay. Though they saw his disaster, those jesting rogues had no compassion; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they renewed the alarm, and, with terrible noise trampled over his body, and bestowed numerous blows upon the targets, insomuch that, if he had not contrived to shelter his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor, who, pent up within his narrow lodging, and sweating with fear, prayed from the bottom of his heart for deliverance from that horrible situation. Some kicked him, others stumbled and fell over him, and one among them jumped upon his body and there stood as on a watch-tower, issuing his orders to the troops.

“There, boys, there! that way the enemy charges thickest! defend that breach! secure yon gate! down with those scaling ladders! this way with your kettles of melted pitch, resin, and flaming oil; quick! fly — get woolpacks, and barricade the streets!”

In short, he called for all the instruments of death, and everything employed in the defence of a city besieged and stormed. All this while Sancho, pressed and battered, lay and heard what was passing, and often said to himself, “Oh that this island were but taken, and I could see myself either dead or delivered out of this den!” Heaven at last heard his prayers, and, when least expecting it, he was cheered with shouts of triumph. “Victory! victory!” they cried; “the enemy is routed. Rise, Signor Governor, enjoy the conquest,
and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valor of that invincible arm!"

"Raise me up," quoth Sancho, in a woful tone; and when they had placed him upon his legs, he said, "All the enemies I have routed may be nailed to my forehead. I will divide no spoils; but I beg and entreat some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught to keep me from choking with thirst."

They untied the targets, wiped him, and brought him drink; and, when seated upon his bed, such had been his fatigue, agony, and terror, that he fainted away. Those concerned in the joke were now sorry they had laid it on so heavily, but were consoled on seeing him recover. He asked them what time it was, and they told him it was daybreak. He said no more, but proceeded in silence to put on his clothes, while the rest looked on, curious to know what were his intentions.

At length, having put on his clothes, which he did slowly and with much difficulty, from his bruises, he bent his way to the stable, followed by all present, and going straight to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on his forehead. "Come hither," said he, with tears in his eyes, "my friend, and the partner of my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other care but mending thy furniture, and feeding that little carcass of thine, happy were my hours, my days, and my years; but since I forsook thee, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand toils, a thousand torments, and ten thousand tribulations, have seized and worried my soul."

While he thus spoke, he fixed the pannel upon his ass without interruption from anybody, and when he had done, with
great difficulty and pain he got upon him, and said to the
steward, the secretary, and the doctor, Pedro Rezio, and many
others who were present, "Make way, gentlemen, make way,
and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me seek the life
I have left, that I may rise again from this grave. I was not
born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from
enemies that break in upon them. I understand better how
to plough and dig, to plant and prune vines, than to make
laws and to take care of provinces and kingdoms. In my
hand a sickle is better than a sceptre. Heaven be with you,
gentlefolks; I neither win nor lose; for without a penny came
I to this government, and without a penny do I leave it.
Make way, gentlemen, I beseech you, that I may go and
plaster myself, for I verily believe all my ribs are broken —
thanks to the enemies who have been trampling over me all
night long."

"It must not be so, Signor Governor," said the doctor, "I
will give your lordship a draught, good against all kinds of
bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health
and vigor; and as to your food, my lord, I promise to amend
that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you desire."

"Your promises come too late, Mr. Doctor," quoth Sancho;
"I will as soon turn Turk as remain here. These tricks are not
to be played twice. 'Fore Heaven, I will no more hold this
nor any other government, though it were served up to me in
a covered dish. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are made
of stubborn stuff; and if they once cry, 'Odds! odds' it shall
be, come of it what will. Here will I leave the flimsy wings;
and be content to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot;
for though it be not adorned with pink shoes, it will not wait
for hempen sandals, so let me be gone, for it grows late."

"Signor Governor," said the steward, "we would not
presume to hinder your departure, although we are grieved
to lose you, but your lordship knows that every governor
before he lays down his authority is bound to render an
account of his administration. Be pleased, my lord, to do so
for the time which you have been amongst us; then peace be
with you."

"Nobody can require that of me," replied Sancho, "but
my lord duke; to him I go, and to him I shall give a fair and
square account." "The great Sancho is in the right," said
the doctor, "and I am of opinion we should let him go; for
without doubt his highness will be glad to see him."

They all agreed, therefore, that he should be allowed to
depart, and also offered to attend him and provide him with
whatever was necessary or convenient for his journey. Sancho
told them he wanted only a little barley for Dapple, and half
a cheese and half a loaf for himself; that having so short a
distance to travel, nothing more would be needful. Hereupon
they all embraced him, which kindness he returned with tears
in his eyes, and he left them in admiration both of his good
sense and unalterable firmness.
ONE morning, as the knight was riding out to exercise, now urging, now checking the mettle of his steed, it happened that Rozinante, in one of his curvetings, pitched his feet so near the brink of a deep cave that had not Don Quixote used his reins with all his skill, he must inevitably have fallen into it. But having escaped that danger, he was curious to examine the chasm, and as he was earnestly surveying it, still sitting on his horse, he thought he heard a noise issuing from below like a human voice; and listening more attentively, he distinctly heard these words: "Ho! above there! is there any one that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity on a sinner buried alive—a poor governor without a government."

Don Quixote thought it was the voice of Sancho Panza; at which he was greatly amazed, and raising his voice as high as he could, he cried, "Who are you below there? Who is it that complains?"

"Who should be here, and who complains?" answered the voice, "but the most wretched soul alive, Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and evil-errantry, of the island of Barataria, and late squire to the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha."
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On hearing this, Don Quixote’s wonder and alarm increased; for he conceived that Sancho Panza was dead; and in this persuasion, he said, “I conjure thee to tell me who thou art.”

“Surely,” answered the voice from below, “it is my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who speaks to me—by the sound of the voice it can be no other!”

“Don Quixote I am,” replied the knight, “he whose profession and duty it is to relieve and succor the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me, then, who thou art, for I am amazed at what I hear. If thou art really my squire, Sancho Panza, tell me.” “Why, then,” said the voice, “I will swear by whatever your worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire, Sancho Panza, and that I never died in the whole course of my life; but that, having left my government for reasons and causes that require more leisure to be told, I fell last night into this cavern, where I now am, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie; and as further proof, here the good creature stands by me.”

Now it would seem the ass understood what Sancho said, and willing to add his testimony, at that instant began to bray so lustily that the whole cave resounded.

“A credible witness!” quoth Don Quixote; “that bray I know as well as if I myself had brought it forth; and thy voice, too, I know, my dear Sancho—wait a little and I will go to the duke’s castle and bring some people to get thee out of this pit into which thou hast certainly been cast for thy sins.”

“Pray go,” quoth Sancho, “and return speedily; for I
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cannot bear any longer to be buried alive, and am dying with fear.”

Don Quixote left him and hastened to the castle to tell the duke and duchess what had happened to Sancho Panza; at which they were not a little surprised, though they readily accounted for his being there, and conceived that he might easily have fallen down the pit, which was well known, and had been there time out of mind; but they could not imagine how he should have left his government without their having been apprised of it. Ropes and pulleys were, however, immediately sent; and with much labor and many hands, Dapple and his master were drawn out of that gloomy den to the welcome light of the sun.

Now Don Quixote thought it full time to quit so inactive a life as that which he led in the castle, deeming himself culpable in living thus in indolence, amidst the luxuries prepared for him, as a knight-errant, by the duke and duchess; and he believed he should have to account for this neglect of the duties of his profession. He therefore requested permission of their graces to depart, which they granted him, but with every expression of regret.

That same evening Don Quixote took leave of the duke and duchess, and early the next morning he sallied forth, completely armed, into the great court, the surrounding galleries of which were crowded with the inmates of the castle, all eager to behold the knight; nor were the duke and duchess absent on that occasion. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, his wallets well furnished, and himself much pleased; for the duke’s steward had given him, unknown to Don Quixote,
a little purse with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the occasions of the journey.

The knight pursued his journey homewards. At last at the entrance of the village, Don Quixote observed two boys standing on a threshing-floor, disputing with each other. "You need not trouble yourself, Perquillo," said one of them, "for you shall never see it again."

Don Quixote hearing these words, said, "Dost thou mark that, Sancho? Hearest thou what he says? 'You shall never see it again!'

"Well, and what then?" said Sancho.

"What!" replied Don Quixote, "dost thou not perceive that, applying these words to myself, I am to understand that I shall never more behold my Dulcinea?"

In a field adjoining the village, they met the curate and a bachelor Sampson Carrasco repeating their breviary. It must be mentioned that Sancho Panza, by way of sumpter cloth, had thrown a buckram robe painted with flames upon his ass. He likewise clapped a mitre on Dapple's head — in short, never was an ass so honored and bedizened. The priest and bachelor, immediately recognizing their friends, ran towards them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted and embraced them cordially. In the meantime the boys came flocking from all parts. "Ho!" cries one, "here come 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 priest 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 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. “Let us go home, and there you shall hear wonders. I have money, and honestly too, without wronging anybody.” “Hast thou money, good husband? — nay, then, ’tis well.”

Teresa then taking him by the hand 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 adventures.

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?”

“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 not, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience.” The two good creatures then carried him to bed, where they brought him food, and attended upon him with all imaginable care.
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, so that the niece and housekeeper thought he would never wake more. At the end of that time, however, he awaked, and immediately exclaimed in an audible voice, "I feel, good sirs, that death advances fast upon me; let us, then, be serious, and bring me a notary to draw up my will."

They looked at each other in surprise at his expressions and, though still dubious, they were inclined to believe him. The bachelor went for the notary, and presently after returned with him, followed by Sancho Panza, who having learned from the bachelor the hopeless situation of his master, and seeing the niece and housekeeper in tears, he also began to weep like the rest.

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 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. Good your worship, be not idle, but rise and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, and who knows but behind some bush or other we may find the Lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart can wish?"

The will was then closed; and being seized with a fainting-fit, he stretched himself out at length in 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 much confusion in the house: nevertheless, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza consoled himself — for legacies tend much to moderate grief that nature claims for the deceased. At last, after 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, amidst the plaints and tears of all present, resigned his breath — I mean to say, he died. This was the end of that extraordinary gentleman of La Mancha.