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Miguel de Cervantes
Don Quixote, Vol. II

The World's Great Books

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Aldine Edition
Don Quixote de la Mancha

By

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Translated by Henry Edward Watts

With a Critical and Biographical Introduction by Joseph O'Connor

Illustrated
Volume II

New York
D. Appleton and Company
1898
THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE READER: God bless me, and with what eagerness shouldst thou be now awaiting, reader illustrious, or it may be plebeian, this prologue, expecting to find in it retaliations, wranglings, and railings against the author of the second "Don Quixote"! I mean him who they say was begotten at Tordesillas, and born at Tarragona. In truth, then, I am not about to give thee this satisfaction, for though injuries awake anger in the meekest bosoms, in mine the rule should suffer exception. Thou wouldst have me hurl at him "ass," "fool," and "bully"; but I have no thought of doing so. Let his sin be his punishment,—with his bread let him eat it, and there let it be. That which I cannot help feeling is that he charges me with being old and maimed, as though it had been in my power to stop time from passing over me, or as though my deformity had been produced in some tavern, and not on the grandest occasion which ages past or present have seen, or those to come can hope to see. If my wounds do not shine in the eyes of him who looks on them, they are at least honored in the estimation of those who know where they were acquired; for the soldier looks better dead in battle than safe in flight. And so much am I of this opinion, that if now I could devise and bring about the impossible, I would rather be again present in that wonderful action than now be whole of my wounds, without having taken part therein. Those the soldier shows in his face and in his breast are stars which guide others to the heaven of honor and to the coveting of deserved praise; and it should be considered that it is not with gray hairs one writes but with the understanding, which is wont to grow better with years. I have felt, also, his calling me envious, and explaining to me, as to one who is ignorant, what kind of thing envy is; and in very truth, of two
kinds of it there are, I know only the righteous, the noble, and the well-meaning. And this being as it is, I am not likely to persecute any ecclesiastic, above all, if he is a familiar of the holy office to boot; and if he said what he did on account of him for whom he seemed to say it, he is wholly mistaken, for I adore the man's genius, admire his works and his application, continuous and virtuous. But indeed I am grateful to this writer for saying that my "Novels" are more satirical than exemplary, though they are good,—which they could not be if they were not so in everything.

Methinks thou art telling me that I am exercising much self-restraint, and am keeping myself much within the bounds of modesty, from knowing that one should not heap affliction on the afflicted; and that from which this gentleman suffers should doubtless be great since he dares not appear in the open field and under the clear sky—hiding his name and disguising his country as though he had committed some crime of high treason. If perchance thou shouldst come to know him, tell him from me that I am not aggrieved, for I know well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is the putting it into a man's head that he is able to write a book by which he will get as much fame as money, and as much money as fame; and in confirmation of this, I would have thee, in thy pleasant and graceful way, tell him this story.

There was in Cordova a madman, who had a habit of carrying, on top of his head, a piece of marble slab or stone, of no light weight; and when he met with any unwary dog, would go up close to him and let the weight fall plump on top of him. The dog, in a rage, would yelp and howl up three streets without stopping. It so happened that among the dogs on whom he discharged his load was one, the dog of a hatter, whom his master much loved. The stone descended; caught him on the head; the battered beast set up a howl; the master saw it and was enraged. He caught up a yard measure and rushed out after the madman, and left him with not a bone whole, crying out at every blow he gave him: "Rascally hound! My pointer! Didst not see, cruel wretch, that my dog was a pointer?" and repeating the
word "pointer" many times, he sent the madman away beaten to a jelly. The madman took his correction to heart, and went off, and for more than a month did not venture out in public; at the end of which period he returned with his invention and a heavier load. He would go up to where the dog lay, and regarding it very intently, not caring or daring to let the stone fall, he would say: "This is a pointer! Beware!" In short, all the dogs he met, whether mastiffs or turnspits, he averred were pointers, and so let fall his stone no more. So it may be, perhaps, with this story-teller, who will not venture to discharge any more the load of his wit in books, which, as they are bad, are harder than rocks. Let him know also that for his threat to deprive me of my profit by means of his book I care not a doit, for, adapting to myself the famous farce of "La Perendenga," I answer, "Long live the alderman my master and Christ for all!" Long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose Christian charity and well-known liberality maintain me against all the strokes of my scant fortune; and long live for me the supreme benevolence of his Eminence of Toledo, Don Bernardo Sandoval y Rojas, even though there be no more printing-presses in the world, and even though there be printed against me more books than there are letters in the couplets of "Mingo Revulgo." These two princes, without my soliciting them with any adulation of mine or any kind of flattery of them, of their own goodness alone have taken it on themselves to do me kindness and favor, in which I esteem myself luckier and richer than if Fortune had placed me on her highest pinnacle by the ordinary way. The poor man may attain to honor, but not the vicious. Poverty may cloud nobility, but not obscure it wholly. Let but virtue show some glimmer of light, though it be through the chinks and straits of penury, and it comes to be regarded and consequently favored of lofty and noble spirits. And say thou no more to him, nor will I say more to thee than to bid thee to take note that this Second Part of "Don Quixote," which I offer thee, is cut by the same hand and out of the same cloth as the First; and that in it I present thee with Don Quixote at fuller length, and in the end dead and buried, so that no one may presume to raise new testimonies to him, for the past are sufficient;
and sufficient also it is that an honest man should have told the story of these witty follies without caring to go into them afresh; for the abundance of things, be they ever so good, makes them to be of little worth; and scarcity, even of things that are bad, confers a certain value.

I forgot to tell thee that thou mayest look out for the "Persiles," which I am now finishing, and the Second Part of "Galatea."
JUSTITIA PLETATE ARMISTO
TO OGRE SYRACTO
PACIS INAPRESSO SYVOR INC
LITARUMA - TRIUMPHO.
ON sending to your Excellency a few days ago my "Comedies," printed before they were played, I said, if I remember right, that Don Quixote was waiting, with his boots ready spurred, to go and kiss your Excellency's hands; and now I announce that he is booted and on his road; and should he arrive, methinks there will be done to your Excellency some service, for great pressure has been put upon me from many sides to send him off, in order to get rid of the disgust and nausea caused by another Don Quixote, who has run about the world masquerading under the name of the "SECOND PART."

And he who has shown the greatest longing for him is the great Emperor of China, for it will be a month since he wrote to me by an express, asking me, or rather beseeching, that he might be sent to him, for he wished to found a college where the Castilian tongue might be taught, and he wanted that the book to be read should be the "HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE"; in addition to which he told me that I was to be the rector of such college. I questioned the bearer as to whether his Majesty had given him anything for me by way of contribution to the expense. He answered, "No," not even in thought.—Then, brother, said I to him, you can return to your China at ten or at twenty o'clock, or at whatever hour you are despatched, for I am not well enough to undertake so long a voyage; moreover, in addition to being infirm, I am much moneyless, and Emperor for Emperor, and Monarch for Monarch, I hold to the great Conde de Lemos at Naples, who, without so many college diplomas or benefices, sustains me, shelters me, and does me greater favor than I could desire.

With this I dismissed him, and with this I take my leave, offering to your Excellency "The Travels of Persiles and Sigismunda," a book which I shall finish within four months, which has to be either the
worst or the best composed in our language, of books of entertain-
ment; and let me say that I repent of having said the worst, for,
according to the opinion of my friends, it will reach to the extreme
of possible goodness. Let your Excellency come with all the health
we wish you, and Persiles shall be ready to kiss your hands and I
your feet, like a servant as I am of your Excellency.

Your Excellency’s Servant,

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

From MADRID:
The last day of October, 1615.
Complainte

O temps tel morne, tel piteux
Eplorace: c'est qu'un de moi soya
O male, guenon, ne le scuo que si pagon
A montreme un mot, n'ost pas fausse souris:
A cunno de jadis, ne preiz
N'ayez cez n'aimont aut.
T'A fondeur demal et amours:

Temps se men mal, c'esloyez en un doz
Lanciau en aquelle syrens
Quant ne perrez de dosz, mon demez
Aquella mort, demy nos depez
Aquest deillez ma pensal et etez,
Haus es men mal emon [be semblez
En aquest ruis de jepuy xehin

se sant penser, [enial guer, depez
Jus no dozi, que ne sedez
Dem dezz, quante mort, magan
Dem c'este, mespart, guer se met
Putem steurer, ensez que ne tavez:
T al undanent, se fit en temps tantem
Mond quan volan [helez ass ne poe.

Cernade,

Mes par neben, neben il dismuer
Ashunem fell, deu cenni ne seur
Ah m'es so que sib parerez
Meser es be put es deza de ben

Endret,

Marcel ben maude, se gemar
Ah soull es deus, proftar-cres pre
Meser zeliez, des finans ne lead
Que lenamu na la purs ecques:
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DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

PART SECOND

CHAPTER I

Of what passed between the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote respecting the knight's infirmity

CID HAMET BENENGELI, in the Second Part of this history and the third sally of Don Quixote, relates that the priest and the barber remained nearly a month without seeing him, in order not to revive and bring back to his memory the things of the past. They did not on that account, however, refrain from visiting his niece and his housekeeper, whom they charged to be careful to treat him well, giving him to eat such things as were comforting and proper for the heart and the brain, whence they had good reason to believe all his misfortune proceeded. The two women declared that so they had done and would do with all possible care and kindness, for they perceived that their master gave signs at times of being in his right mind; which news the two friends received with great satisfaction, as it seemed to prove them right in their scheme of bringing him away enchanted in the bullock-cart, as is told in the First Part of this no less great than exact history, in the last chapter. So they resolved to pay him a visit and make trial of his amendment, although they thought that to be scarcely possible; and they agreed not to touch on any point of knight-errantry, so as not to run the risk of ripping up wounds which were still so tender.

They paid their visit at last and found him sitting up in his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize and a red Toledo cap, so lean and withered that he looked like a mummy.
They were very well received by him, and, on their asking after his health, he gave an account of it, and of himself, with much intelligence, and in very well-chosen words. In the course of the conversation they came to treat of what are called principles of state and modes of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that; reforming one custom and abolishing another; each one of the three setting up for a modern lawgiver, a modern Lycurgus, or a brand new Solon; and they refashioned the commonwealth in such a manner as though they had cast it into a mold and drawn it out something quite other than they had put in; and on all the subjects that were handled Don Quixote spoke with so much good sense that the two examiners believed beyond all doubt that he was quite well and in his full wits. The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and could not give thanks enough to God for seeing their master so right in his understanding. The priest, however, changing his first purpose, which was not to touch on the subject of chivalries, desired to test thoroughly whether Don Quixote's recovery was real or not; and so, from one thing to another, he went on to tell of some news which had come from the capital, and among other things he said that they had it for certain that the Turk was about to make a descent with a powerful fleet, and that his purpose was not known nor where the mighty tempest would burst; and with this apprehension, which almost every year calls us to arms, all Christendom was on the alert, and that his Majesty had provided for the defense of Naples and Sicily and the island of Malta.

Hereupon Don Quixote said: "His Majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior in providing for the safety of his estates in time, that his enemy might not find him unprepared; but if he would take my advice I would counsel him to adopt one expedient, of which his Majesty at the present moment is very far from thinking."

Scarce did the priest hear this, when he said to himself:—"Now God protect thee, poor Don Quixote! for I perceive that thou art precipitating thyself from the high top of thy madness down to the deep abyss of thy simplicity."

But the barber, who had conceived the same suspicion as
the priest, asked Don Quixote what was the nature of the expedient of which he spoke as being well for them to adopt; perhaps it would prove to be such as might be put in the list of the many impertinent projects which are wont to be brought before princes.

"Mine, master shaver," said Don Quixote, "is not impertinent, but rather very pertinent."

"I do not say that it is," replied the barber; "but experience has shown that all or most of the projects which are presented to his Majesty are either impracticable or absurd, to the hurt either of the king or of the kingdom."

"But mine," answered Don Quixote, "is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, the most fitting, the most subtle and simple which could enter into the imagination of any projector."

"Your worship is slow in telling us of it, Sir Don Quixote," observed the priest.

"I do not wish to tell it here at present, for it to reach to-morrow the ears of the lords of the council and let another carry away the thanks and the reward for my trouble."

"As for me," said the barber, "I give my word, here and before God, that I will not repeat what your worship may tell us to king, or rook, or earthly man,—an oath I learnt from the ballad of the priest, who, in the preface, warns the king against the thief which had robbed him of a hundred doubloons and his ambling mule."

"I know not the story," said Don Quixote, "but I know the oath to be a good one, by the assurance I have that sir barber is an honest man."

"Though he were not," quoth the priest, "in this business I will go bail for him, and engage that he shall not speak more than a dumb man, on pain of suffering whatever punishment the court may award."

"And for your worship, who will vouch for you?" said Don Quixote.

"My profession," replied the priest, "which is to keep secrets."

"Body of me!" then Don Quixote exclaimed, "is there anything more to do than for his Majesty to command by public crier all the knights errant who are wandering about
Spain to assemble in the capital on a day appointed, and though no more than half a dozen should come, one there may be amongst them who singly might suffice to destroy the whole power of the Turk? Let your worships attend and follow me. Is it, perchance, anything new for a single knight errant to annihilate an army of two hundred thousand men, as if all together had but one throat or were made of almond paste? Nay, tell me how many histories are filled with these marvels? Were they alive now (in an evil hour for me, — I will not speak, of any else) the famous Don Belianis or some one of those of the innumerable progeny of Amadis of Gaul! If any of them were living to-day, and were to confront the Turk, i' faith, I could not answer for the consequences. But God will regard His people, and provide some one who, if not so manifold as the knights errant of the past, at least will be no inferior to them in spirit: God understands me, and I say no more.”

“Alas!” cried the niece at this, “may they kill me if my uncle does not want to turn knight errant again!”

To which Don Quixote replied: “A knight errant I have to die, and let the Turk make his descent or ascent whenever he pleases and in as great power as he can; for I say again, God understands me.”

Hereupon spoke the barber: “I beseech you, gentlemen, to give me leave to relate a little story of what happened in Seville, which, fitting in here pat to the purpose, makes me long to tell it.”

Don Quixote gave his leave, and the priest and the others lending him their attention, the barber began as follows: —

“In the madhouse of Seville was a certain man whom his relatives had placed there for losing his wits. He was a graduate in common law of Osuna, but though he had been of Salamanca, as many think, he could not have helped being mad. This said graduate, at the end of some years of confinement, persuaded himself that he was sane and in his right mind, and so imagining he wrote to the archbishop, imploring him earnestly and in very coherent terms to order him to be released from the misery in which he lived, for by God’s mercy he had now recovered his lost reason, though his relations, in order to enjoy his share of the estate, detained
him there, and in spite of the truth would have him to be mad until he died. The archbishop, moved by many sensible and well-reasoned letters which he received, ordered one of his chaplains to inquire of the governor of the madhouse if what that licentiate wrote were true, and to speak with the madman himself, and if it should appear that the man was in his senses, to bring him out and set him free. The chaplain did so, and the governor told him that the man, though mad, oftentimes talked like a person of great intelligence, at the end of which he would break out into follies so great as to match in number and quality all his previous sensible things, as he might make trial by speaking to him. The chaplain wished to do so, and accosting the madman talked with him for an hour or more, during all which time he never uttered a word that was crooked or crazy, but on the contrary spoke so soberly that the chaplain was compelled to believe him sane. Among other things the madman said was that the governor was his enemy, not to lose the presents his relations made him for saying that he was a madman with lucid intervals, and that his greatest cross in his misfortune was his large property, for in order to enjoy it his enemies judged wrongly of him, misdoubting of the mercy of our Lord in turning him from a beast into a man. In short, he spoke in such a way that he made the governor to be suspected and his relatives to appear covetous and inhuman, and himself so rational that the chaplain resolved to take him away with him that the archbishop might see him and find out for himself the truth of the matter. In this excellent belief the good chaplain begged the governor to order them to give the licentiate the clothes in which he had entered there. The governor once more bade him beware of what he was doing, for the licentiate was beyond a doubt still mad. But the words and the warnings of the governor could not prevail upon the chaplain to leave the madman behind; so, seeing it was the archbishop's order, the governor obeyed, putting on the licentiate his own clothes, which were new and decent. The licentiate finding himself divested of his madman's dress, and clothed in the garb of sanity, entreated the chaplain of his charity to give him leave to bid farewell to his companions the madmen. The chaplain told him he would accompany
him and see the lunatics that were in the house; whereupon they went upstairs and with them some who were present. Coming up to a cage in which was a furious madman, though just then quiet and peaceful, the licentiate said to him:—

'Brother, see if you have commands for me, for I am going home, since God of His infinite goodness and mercy has been pleased, without my deserving it, to restore me my senses. I am now whole and sane, for with God's power nothing is impossible. Put great hope and trust in Him, for since He has brought me back to my former state He will also change you if you confide in Him. I shall take care to send you some nice things to eat, and be sure you eat of them, for you must know that I am convinced, as one who has gone through it, that all our madnesses proceed from keeping the stomach empty and the brain full of wind. Take heart! Be of good cheer! For despondency under calamities weakens the health and brings on death.'

"Another madman, who was in a cage in front of the raging lunatic, overheard all these words of the licentiate, and starting up from an old mat on which he lay, naked to the skin, demanded to know who it was that was going away cured and sane. The licentiate answered: 'It is I, brother, who am going, for I have no need to stay here any longer, for which I give infinite thanks to Heaven, who has done me this great favor.'

"'Mind what you say, licentiate,' replied the madman; 'let not the devil deceive you; rest your foot and keep snug in your home, and you will spare yourself the return journey.'

"'I know that I am well,' rejoined the licentiate, 'and shall not have to go the stations again.'

"'You well?' cried the madman; 'good; so be it; God be with you. But I vow by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on this earth, that for this sin alone which Seville is to-day committing in letting you out of this house, and in taking you for a sane one, I will inflict such a chastisement on her as that the memory of it shall endure for ages and ages, Amen. Dost thou not know, thou paltry little licentiate, that I have the power to do it, being, as I say I am, Jupiter Tonans, who hold in my hands the flaming bolts with which I am wont to menace and able to destroy the
world? But with one thing only will I punish this ignorant town, and it is, not to rain upon it, nor in all the district or neighborhood, for three whole years, to be reckoned from the day and moment that this threat is sent forth. Thou free? Thou whole? Thou sane?— And I mad? I disordered? I confined?— I would as soon think of raining as of hanging myself."

"The words and the speech of the madman attracted the attention of the bystanders; but our licentiate, turning to the chaplain and seizing him by the hands, cried: 'Be not concerned, good sir, nor make any account of what this mad fellow has said; for if he is Jupiter and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and the god of waters, shall rain as often as it pleases me and it is necessary.'

"To which the chaplain replied: 'For all that, Master Neptune, it will not be right to anger Master Jupiter. Your worship may remain at home, and another day when we have more time and opportunity, we will come back for your worship.'

"The governor and those present laughed, and at their laughter the chaplain was half ashamed. The licentiate was stripped, and left in the house; and there the story ends."

"This, then, is the story, master barber," quoth Don Quixote, "which coming pat to hand, you were not able to refrain from telling? Ah, master shaver, master shaver! how blind is he who cannot see through a hair-sieve! And is it possible that your worship knows not that comparisons which are made of wit with wit, of valor with valor, and truth with truth, are always odious and ill taken? I, master barber, am not Neptune, the god of the waters; nor do I set up for being a wise man, not being one. I only endeavor to convince the world of the error it falls into in not reviving in itself that most happy time in which the order of knights-errantry flourished; but our depraved age does not deserve to enjoy so great a blessing as those ages enjoyed, in which knights errant took upon themselves and laid upon their shoulders the defense of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of children and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the rewarding of the lowly. Most of the knights which are now in fashion rather love to rustle in the damasks,
brocades, and other rich stuffs they wear than in coats of mail for armor. There are now no knights to sleep in the fields subject to the rigor of the heavens, clad in full panoply from head to heel; there is none now, who, without drawing his feet out of the stirrups, takes a nap as they call it, resting on his lance, as the knights errant used to do; there is none now to enter that mountain, sallying from out this grove, and thence to tread a barren desert shore of the sea, most often stormy and disturbed, and there finding on the beach a little skiff, without oars, sail, mast, or any tackle, with intrepid heart to fling himself into it, committing himself to the implacable waves of the deep sea, which now lift him to the skies, now lower him to the abyss, and exposing his breast to the irresistible tempest, to find himself, when he least reckons upon it, three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked; and, leaping on a remote and unknown land, to have things happen to him worthy of being inscribed, not on parchment but on brass. But now sloth triumphs over industry, idleness over energy, vice over virtue, boasting over bravery, and the theory over the practise of arms, which lived only and flourished in the golden ages, and among knights errant. Nay, tell me, who was more chaste and valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul? Who more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more complaisant and adroit than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who a greater slasher or more slashed than Don Belianis? Who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more ready to face peril than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Or who sincerer than Esplandian? Who more impetuous than Cirongilio of Thrace? Who more bold than Rodamonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more mettlesome than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more high-spirited and courteous than Ruggiero,—from whom are descended to-day the Dukes of Ferrara, according to Turpin's cosmography? All these knights, and many more whom I could name, sir priest, were knights errant, the light and glory of chivalry. Of these, or of such as these, would I have those of my project to be; and were it so, his Majesty would find himself well served, and would save much expense, and the Turk would be left
tearing his beard; and withal I wish to remain at home, since the chaplain is not taking me out of it, and if Jupiter, as the barber has told us, will not rain, here am I who will rain when it pleases me. This I say that Sir Basin may know I understand him."

"In truth then, Sir Don Quixote," cried the barber, "I did not say it for that, and so may God help me, as my meaning was good, and your worship ought not to take it amiss."

"Whether I take it amiss or not," returned Don Quixote, "is best known to myself."

Hereupon said the priest: "Though I have hardly spoken a word till now, I would like to be relieved of a scruple which is scratching and gnawing my conscience, begotten of what Sir Don Quixote hath here told us."

"For other greater things," answered Don Quixote, "Sir Priest has a license, and so he may declare his scruple, for it is not pleasant to go with a conscience scruple-laden."

"With that permission, then," responded the priest, "let me say that my scruple is, that I am unable to persuade myself by any means that the whole crew of knights errant of whom your worship, Sir Don Quixote, has spoken, have been really and truly in the world, persons of flesh and bone. I imagine rather that it is all fiction, fable, and lies,—dreams told by men awake, or rather half asleep."

"That is another error," said Don Quixote, "into which many have fallen, who do not believe that there have been such knights in the world. Often have I, with different people and at divers times, endeavored to drag this almost universal error to the light of truth; but at some times I have not succeeded in my intention, at others I have, maintaining it on the shoulders of the truth, which truth is so assured that I might say I have seen with mine own eyes Amadis of Gaul, who was a man tall of stature, fair of complexion, with a well-cut beard, though black, of an aspect between mild and severe, sparing of words, slow to anger, and quickly appeased. And after the manner in which I have delineated Amadis, I could, to my thinking, paint and describe all the knights errant that are in the world's histories, for by the apprehension I have that they were as their
histories tell, and by the exploits they performed and the
natures they displayed, it is possible, by right philosophy, to
gather their features, their complexions, and their statures."

"How big, in your worship's opinion, Sir Don Quixote,
must the giant Morgante have been?" asked the priest.

"In this matter of giants," answered Don Quixote, "there
are different opinions as to whether they have been or not in
the world, but the Holy Scripture, which cannot fail of the
truth, shows us that there were such, telling us the
story of Goliath, Philistine, who was seven cubits
and a half high, which is a prodigious highness. There have
also been discovered in the island of Sicily shin-bones and
shoulders so large that their size proves the owners of them
to have been giants, and as tall as great towers; geometry
puts this beyond a doubt. Nevertheless, I am unable to say
with certainty what was the size of Morgante, although I
imagine he could not have been so very tall; and I am led to
this opinion by the finding in the history where particular
mention is made of his deeds, that he often slept under a
roof; and since he found houses to contain him, it is clear
that his bulk was not excessive."

"That is true," said the priest, who, delighted at hearing
him utter such nonsense, asked him what were his views
regarding the features of Rinaldo of Montalvan, and of
Orlando and the other Peers of France, for they all were
knights errant.

"Of Rinaldo," answered Don Quixote, "I make bold to say
that he was broad in the face, of a bright reddish color,
with rolling eyes somewhat prominent, touchy and choleric
to excess, friendly to robbers and to vagabonds. About
Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando (for by all these names do
his histories call him), I am of opinion, and do assert, that he
was of middle height, broad in the shoulders, somewhat bow-
legged, brown of complexion, red-bearded, hairy of body, with
a threatening look, abrupt of speech, but very polite and well-
bred."

"If Orlando was no more of a gentleman than your worship
has made out," said the priest, "it was no wonder that the lady
Angelica the Fair rejected him and left him for the gaiety,
sprightliness, and grace of the downy-cheeked Moorling, with
whom she took up; and she showed her sense in falling in
love with the softness of Medoro rather than with the rough-
ness of Orlando.”

“That Angelica, sir priest,” answered Don Quixote, “was
a giddy, wanton damsel, and somewhat capricious, and she
left the world as full of her impertinences as of the fame of
her beauty. She spurned a thousand lords,—a thousand
brave and a thousand wise,—and contented herself with
a smooth-faced little chit of a page, with no other fortune or
reputation than that which his character for gratitude to his
friend won for him. The great singer of her beauty, the
famous Ariosto, not daring or not caring to sing of what
happened to this lady after her base surrender (which could
not have been anything overlucky), left her with the lines:

“‘And how she rose to be Cathaya’s queen
Mayhap some bard shall sing with mightier pen.’

And this without doubt was as a prophecy, for poets are
called also ‘vates,’ which means diviners. This truth is plainly
seen, for since then a famous Andalusian poet hath wept and
sung her tears, and another famous and unique Castilian poet
has sung her beauty.”

“Tell me, Sir Don Quixote,” here interposed the barber,
“has there been no poet who has made some satire on this
lady Angelica, among all those who have praised her?”

“I verily believe,” answered Don Quixote, “that if Sacri-
pante or Orlando had been a poet, he would have given the
damsel a trimming, for it is proper and natural to poets who
have been disdained or not accepted by their ladies, either
fictitious or altered from those who had been actually chosen
as the mistresses of their thoughts, to revenge themselves
in satires and lampoons, a vengeance assuredly unworthy of
generous hearts; but hitherto, there have not come to my
knowledge any defamatory verses against the lady Angelica,
who turned the world topsyturvy.”

“A miracle!” quoth the priest. But at this point they
heard the housekeeper and the niece, who had withdrawn
from their conversation, giving voice loudly in the front yard;
and they all ran out to the noise.
CHAPTER II

Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, with other diverting incidents.

The history relates that the voices which Don Quixote, the priest, and the barber heard were those of the niece and the housekeeper, crying out at Sancho Panza, who was pushing his way in to see Don Quixote, while they were holding the door against him:

"What would the little monster in this house? Get away with you to your own, brother, for it is you and no other who seduce and entice my master away, and lead him tramping along those by-roads."

To which Sancho responded: "Housekeeper of Satan! it is myself am enticed away and seduced, and led tramping along the by-roads, and not thy master. He it is who leads me about these wilds, and you are wide of the matter. He wheedled me away from home with his cozening speeches, promising me an isle, which I am still awaiting."

"May the foul isles choke thee, thou accursed Sancho!" answered the niece; "and what are thy isles? Is it anything to eat, glutton,—cormorant that thou art?"

"It is nothing to eat," retorted Sancho, "but to govern and rule, better than any four cities—better than four justices at court."

"For all that," cried the housekeeper, "you don't enter here, bag of mischiefs and sack of villainies. Go and govern your own house, and till your own plot, and give up trying for your isles and wiles."

The priest and the barber were greatly diverted by hearing this colloquy of the three; but Don Quixote, fearing that Sancho would blurt out and let drop a pack of mischievous follies, and touch upon points which might not be wholly to
his credit, called to him and bade the two women hold their tongues and let him enter. Sancho went in, and the priest and the barber took their leave of the knight, of whose health they despaired, seeing how fixed he was in his extravagant fancies and how much wrapped up in the silliness of his perverse chivalries.

And said the priest to the barber: "You will see, gossip, how, when we least think it, our gentleman sallies out once more to range the bush."

"I have no doubt of that," answered the barber; "but I wonder not so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so firmly in that isle as that I am persuaded all the disillusions conceivable will not drive it out of his noodle."

"May God help them," cried the priest; "and let us be on the lookout; we shall see where this tissue of follies, of such knight and such squire, is to end; methinks the pair were cast in one mold, for the eccentricities of the master would not be worth a doit without the fatuities of the man."

"That is true," said the barber, "and I should be very glad to know what the two are talking about just now."

"I dare be sworn," answered the priest, "that the niece or the housekeeper will tell us by and by, for they are not of a disposition to refrain from listening."

Meanwhile Don Quixote was shut up with Sancho; and when they were alone he said to his squire: "It grieves me much, Sancho, that thou hast said, and still sayest, that it was I who took thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I myself stayed not in my house. Together we went out; together we lived, and together we wandered; one and the same fortune, one and the same destiny, has fallen upon us both; if they tossed thee in a blanket once, me they have thrashed a hundred times; and this is where I have the advantage of thee."

"And that is but right," responded Sancho, "for according to what your worship says disasters are rather the knight's perquisites than the squire's."

"Thou art mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "according to that aphorism, 'quando caput dolet,' etc."

"I understand no other tongue but my own," retorted Sancho.
"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches all the other members suffer; and therefore, I being thy master and lord, I am the head and thou a part of me, since thou art my servant, and for this reason the ill which touches me, or shall touch me, should give pain to thee, and thine to me."

"So it should be," answered Sancho, "but when they tossed me as a member in the blanket, my head stood outside the wall looking on me flying through the air without feeling any pain; and seeing the members are forced to smart for the head's pain, that should be made to smart for them."

"Dost thou mean to say now, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that I did not suffer when they were blanketeting thee? And if thou sayest so, thou shouldst not say or think it, for more pain did I feel in my spirit than thou in thy body. But let us set that aside for the present, for a time will come when we may consider this matter and put it on the right footing. Tell me, friend Sancho, what do they say of me in this village here? In what regard do the vulgar hold me? In what the gentry and in what the knights? What do they say of my valor; what of my achievements; what of my courtesy? How do they talk about the business I have undertaken, to revive and restore to the world the now forgotten order of chivalry? In fine, Sancho, I would have thee tell me what has come to thy ears concerning these things; and this thou must tell me without adding to the good or subtracting from the evil one tittle, for it behooves loyal vassals to speak the truth to their lords in its proper form and essence, without enlargement through adulation, or diminution through other idle regard. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if the naked truth reached the ears of princes, without the vestment of flattery, the times would be different; other ages would be held to be more of iron than this of ours, for this in which we live I reckon to be one of gold. Let this be an admonition to thee, Sancho, discreetly and faithfully to commit to my ears the truth as to the things of which thou knowest, concerning which I have inquired of thee."

"That will I do with all my heart, dear sir," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship be not angered at
what I say, since you wish me to speak it all naked, without any other clothes than those in which it comes to my knowledge."

"In no wise shall I be angered," said Don Quixote; "thou canst speak freely, Sancho, and without any circumlocution."

"Then the first thing I say is that the common people take your worship for a mighty great madman, and me for no less of a simpleton. The gentry say that, not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, your worship has turned yourself into a don and jumped up to be a knight, with four vine-stocks and two yokes of land, with a clout behind and another before. The cavaliers say that they don't like the hidalgos to prank themselves up against them,—especially those squires who black their own shoes, and mend their black knitted stockings with green silk."

"That," said Don Quixote, "has nothing to do with me, seeing that I always go well-dressed and never patched. Frayed I may be, but the fraying more from my armor than from time."

"As to what relates," proceeded Sancho, "to valor, courtesy, the feats, and the undertaking of your worship, there are different opinions. Some call you mad but humorous; some valiant but unlucky; others courteous but saucy; and thus they go, looking into so many things that neither to your worship nor to me do they leave a whole bone."

"Observe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that wherever virtue exists in an eminent degree it is persecuted. Few or none of the famous heroes who have lived escaped being slandered by malice. Julius Cæsar, a most high-spirited, prudent, and valiant captain, was branded as ambitious, and not overclean, either in his clothing or in his manners. Alexander, whose exploits achieved for him the name of the Great, they report had certain points of the drunkard. Of Hercules, him of the many labors, it is told that he was lascivious and effeminate. Don Galaor, brother of Amadis of Gaul, was censured as being more than overquarrelsome, and his brother as being a whimperer. Therefore, O Sancho, among the many calumnies against good men, those at my expense may well pass, if there are no more than what thou hast mentioned."
“There’s the rub, body of my father!” replied Sancho.

“Is there anything more, then?” asked Don Quixote.

“There still remains the tail to skin,” said Sancho. “All up to this is tarts and gingerbread; but if your worship wishes to know all about the slanders they put upon you, I will bring one here presently who shall tell you all without bating an ace, for last night arrived the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who comes from studying at Salamanca,—made a bachelor,—and upon my going to give him welcome he said to me that the history of your worship is already put in a book, by the name of the ‘Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha’; and, says he, they mentioned me in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things which passed between us two only, which made me cross myself for wonder to think how the history writer could have learnt what he wrote.”

“Thou mayst be sure, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that the author of our history must be some sage enchanter, for from such nothing is hidden of what they wish to write.”

“But how,” cried Sancho, “can he be sage and enchanter, seeing that, according to what the bachelor Samson Carrasco says (for this is his name of whom I spoke), the author of this history is called Cid Hamet Berengena?”

“That is the name of a Moor,” said Don Quixote.

“So it may be,” replied Sancho, “because for the most part, I have heard say, the Moors are fond of ‘berengenas.’”

“Thou must be in error, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “as to the surname of that Cid, which in Arabic means ‘Lord.’”

“Your worship may be right,” replied Sancho; “but if it is your pleasure that I fetch the bachelor here, I will go fly for him.”

“Thou wilt do me a great favor, friend,” said Don Quixote; “for what thou hast told me makes me anxious, and I shall not eat a mouthful that will do me good until I am informed of everything.”

“Then I go for him,” answered Sancho. And quitting his master he went away to look for the bachelor, with whom he returned after a little while, and there passed between the three a most diverting colloquy.
CHAPTER III

Of the laughable conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco

DON QUIXOTE remained very thoughtful, waiting for the bachelor Samson Carrasco, from whom he expected to hear the news of how he himself had been put into a book, as Sancho had said; nor could he persuade himself that such a history could be, for the blood of the enemies he had slain was scarce yet dry on his sword-blade, and already they would have his high chivalric deeds go forth in print. Nevertheless, he imagined that some sage, either friend or enemy, by his magic art, had given them to the press; if a friend, in order to magnify and exalt them above the most renowned of any knight errant; if an enemy, to belittle them and sink them below the meanest ever written of some low squire,—although, as he said to himself, never were deeds of squires written of. If it were true that such a history there was, being of a knight errant, it must of necessity be grandiloquent, lofty, notable, magnificent, and true. With this he consoled himself a little, but he was discomposed again when he thought that the author was a Moor, according to his name of Cid; and from the Moors he could look for no truth, for they are all impostors, forgers, and schemers. He dreaded lest his love-affairs should be treated with levity, which might tend to the disparagement and prejudice of his mistress's good name, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. For he was desirous that it should be declared that he had always preserved his fidelity and his respect for her, making light of queens, empresses, and damsels of every degree for her sake. Wrapt and absorbed in these and many other such fancies, Sancho and Carrasco found him, whom he received with much courtesy.

The bachelor, for all that he was called Samson, was not
very great in body, though a very great wag; of pale complexion, of a very good understanding, about four-and-twenty years of age, round-faced, with a flat nose and big mouth,—signs, all of them, of a mischievous disposition,—and fond of raillery and jesting, as he showed upon seeing Don Quixote, for he fell on his knees before him, exclaiming:

"Give me your hands, your Mightiness, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha! For by the habit of St. Peter I wear,—though I hold no more than the first four orders,—your worship is one of the most famous of the knights errant that have been or ever shall be in all the rotundity of the world. Blessed be the Cid Hamet Benengeli, who has written the history of your mighty deeds, and thrice blessed the connoisseur who took the pains to have it translated from Arabic into our vulgar Castilian for the universal entertainment of mankind!"

Don Quixote made him rise and said to him: "So then it is true there is a history of me, and that it was a Moor and a sage who composed it?"

"So true is it," said Samson, "that I opine there are to-day in print more than twelve thousand books of the said history. Let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia speak, where they have been printed, and there is even a report that it is being printed in Antwerp, and it is clear to me that there is no nation or language in the world in which it will not be translated."

Thereupon said Don Quixote: "One of the things which should give most pleasure to a virtuous and eminent man is to see himself, while yet living, printed and in the press, with a good name in people's tongues. I say with a good name, for, were it the contrary, no death could be so bad."

"If it goes by good report and good name, your worship singly bears away the palm from all the knights errant, for the Moor in his language, and the Christian in his, have taken care to paint for us, quite to the life, your worship's gallantry, your greatness of soul in encountering perils, your patience in adversity, your fortitude under reverses and wounds, in the loves so platonic of your worship and my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso."

"Never," here broke in Sancho Panza, "have I heard my
lady Dulcinea called ‘Doña,’ but only plain lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and there the history is wrong.”

“That’s no objection of importance,” replied Carrasco.

“No, surely,” said Don Quixote; “but tell me, sir bachelor, what are the deeds of mine which are most extolled in that history?”

“With regard to that,” answered the bachelor, “there are different opinions, as there are different tastes. Some abide by the adventure of the windmills which to your worship looked like Briareuses and Gygeses; others by that of the fulling-mills; one by that of the description of the two armies, which afterwards turned out to be two flocks of sheep; another extols that of the corpse they were carrying to bury at Segovia; one declares that the adventure of the galley-slaves surpasses all; another that none of them equals that of the Benedictine giants and the combat with the valorous Biscayan.”

“Tell me, master bachelor,” cried Sancho, “does the adventure with the Yanguesans come in there?”

“Nothing was left by the sage in the inkhorn,” answered Samson; “he tells everything and touches on every point, even to the capers which the good Sancho cut in the blanket.”

“In the blanket I cut no capers,” retorted Sancho; “in the air I did, and more than I liked.”

“In my judgment,” said Don Quixote, “there is no human history in the world which has not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalries, which can never be all full of prosperous incidents.”

“For all that,” responded the bachelor, “some who have read the history say that they would have been glad had the author of it left out some of the infinite drubbings which were given Don Quixote in his various encounters.”

“There comes in the truthfulness of the story,” observed Sancho.

“Yet they might have kept silence on them in fairness,” said Don Quixote; “for there is no occasion to write down the actions which do not change or affect the truth of the story, if they tend to the lowering of the hero. In faith, Æneas was not so pious as Vergil paints him, nor Ulysses so sagacious as Homer describes.”
“True,” replied Samson; “but it is one thing to write as poet and another as historian. The poet is able to recount or sing things not as they were but as they ought to be. The historian has to write of them, not as they should have been, but as they were, without adding to or subtracting from the truth in anything.”

“Nay, if it is of truths that Master Moor goes for telling,” quoth Sancho, “then, verily, among the drubbings of my master will be found mine,—for they never took the measure of his worship’s shoulders without taking that of my whole body; but there is no matter for wonder in that, for, as this same master of mine says, in the pain of the head the members must share.”

“You are a sly rogue, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote. “Faith, your memory does not fail you when you have a mind to remember.”

“Were I minded to forget the cudgelings they gave me,” said Sancho, “the scars would not let me, for they are still fresh on my ribs.”

“Be silent, Sancho, and do not interrupt the bachelor,” said Don Quixote; “whom I beg that he will proceed to tell me of what they say of me in the history referred to.”

“And of me,” said Sancho, “for they also do say that I am one of the principal presonages in it.”

“Personages, not ‘presonages,’ friend Sancho,” said Samson. “What! have we another trimmer of words?” cried Sancho. “If they go on like that, we shall never end in this life.”

“God send me a bad one,” replied the bachelor, “if you, Sancho, are not the second person in the history, and there are some who prize more the hearing you talk than the bravest there; although there are some also who say that you were overcredulous in taking for truth the governorship of that isle promised you by Sir Don Quixote here.”

“There is still sun on the thatch,” said Don Quixote; “meantime, as Sancho is getting more advanced in age, he will become more apt and able to be a governor, with the experience that years will give him, than he is at present.”

“Ecod, sir, the isle I don’t govern with the years I have I shall never govern with the years of Methusaleem. The mischief is that this said isle keeps itself away I know not
where, and not that I have not brains enough for the govern-
ing of it."

"Commend it to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and all
will be well, and perhaps better than you think, for there stirs
not a leaf on the tree without the will of God."

"That is true," said Samson, "and if God please, there shall
not be wanting to Sancho a thousand isles to govern, much
less one."

"Governors I have seen about here," quoth Sancho, "who,
to my mind, do not come up to the sole of my shoe, for all
that they are called 'Your Lordship,' and served on silver."

"Those are not governers of isles," replied Samson, "but
of other governments more easily handled; those that govern
isles must at least be grammarians."

"The 'gram' I can easily hit off," said Sancho, "but with
the 'marians' I neither take nor pay, for I don't understand it.
But leaving this about the governorship in God's hands, that
may put me where I may best serve Him, I say, Master
Bachelor Samson Carrasco, it has pleased me hugely that the
author of this history should have spoken of me so that the
things told of me give no offense; for on the faith of a good
squire had he mentioned things about me not becoming
an old Christian, as I am, the deaf would be hearing of
them."

"That would be to work miracles," answered Samson.

"Miracles or no miracles," said Sancho, "let each one look
how he speaks or how he writes of a man; and not set down
at random the first thing that comes into his noodle."

"One of the blemishes they find in the said history,"
observed the bachelor, "is that the author has put in it a novel
called 'The Impertinent Curiosity,' not that it is bad or badly
told, but that it is out of place, and has nothing to do with the
story of his worship Don Quixote."

"I'll wager," said Sancho, "that the son of a dog has made
a jumble of the greens and the hampers."

"Now, I say," quoth Don Quixote, "the author of my
history was no sage but some ignorant prater, who set himself
blindly and carelessly to write it, come out what it might, like
Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he
was painting, answered, 'what it might turn out.' Sometimes
he would paint a cock, in such a fashion and so little like one that it was necessary to write beside it in Gothic characters, 'This is a cock'; and so it must be with my history, which will need a commentary for its understanding.'

"Not so," answered Samson, "for it is so plain that there is nothing in it to raise a difficulty. Children finger it; young people read it; grown men are versed in it, and gray-beards delight in it; in a word, so much thumbed, so much read, and so well learnt of all sorts of people is it, that as soon as they see any lean hack they cry out, 'There goes Rozinante.' And they who are the most given to its reading are the pages, for there is no lord's antechamber where you will not find a 'Don Quixote;' when one lays it down another takes it up; some fight for it; some beg for it. In fine, this said history is the most delightful and least dangerous diversion that was ever to this day seen, for in the whole of it is not to be detected even the shadow of an unchaste word nor a thought short of Catholic.'

"To write in other fashion," said Don Quixote, "were not to write truths but lies; and the historians who deal in lies should be burnt like those who coin bad money; but I know not what induced the author to make use of novels and foreign tales, there being so much to write of in mine; no doubt he felt bound by the proverb, 'with straw and with hay,' etc. Verily, had he confined himself to setting forth my imaginations, my sighs, my tears, my righteous designs and my undertakings, he could have made a volume greater than, or as great as, that which all the works of 'El Tostado' make. In fact, the conclusion at which I have arrived, sir bachelor, is that to compose histories and books of any sort whatever there is need of a large judgment and a ripe understanding. To utter humor and to compose pleasancies is the part of great genius. The cunningest character in the piece is that of the fool, for he who would be taken for a simpleton should never be one. History is as a thing sacred, for it has to be truthful, and where the truth is, there God is, so far as concerns truth; but, notwithstanding this, there are some who compound and toss up books as though they were pancakes.'

"There is no book so ill," quoth the bachelor, "but it has some good."
"No doubt of that," replied Don Quixote; "but oftentimes it happens that they who have deservedly reaped and won great fame by their writings, in giving them to the press have lost it all or lessened it somewhat."

"The reason of that is," said Samson, "that printed books being viewed leisurely, their faults are easily seen, and the greater the fame of those who composed them, the more closely they are scrutinized. The men renowned for their genius, the great poets, the illustrious historians, are ever, or more commonly, envied by those who make it their delight and special recreation to scrutinize the works of others, without having brought any of their own into the light of the world."

"That is no wonder," said Don Quixote; "for there are many theologians who are not good in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discovering the faults or excesses of those that preach."

"All that is so, Sir Don Quixote," quoth Carrasco; "but I would that such censors were more merciful and less scrupulous, nor dwell upon the spots in the bright sun of the work they cry down, for if 'aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus,' let them reflect how long he lay awake in order to give the light of his work with the least possible shadow; and perhaps it may be that what they disliked were moles, which sometimes heighten the beauty of the face they mark. And therefore I say that great is the risk he runs who prints a book; it being in all probability impossible to compose one which shall content and please all who read it."

"That which treats of me," said Don Quixote, "must have pleased but few."

"It is rather the contrary, for, as 'stultorum infinitus est numerus,' infinite are they who have relished that history; and there are some who have impugned and arraigned the author's memory, in that he has forgotten to tell us who was the thief who robbed Sancho of his Dapple, for it is not there stated, and it is only from the context that we infer the ass was stolen; and a little while after we find him mounted upon the same ass without its having reappeared. They say, also, that he forgot to state what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which he found in the valise
in the Sierra Morena, for they are never again mentioned, and there are many who wish to know what he did with them and how he spent them, — which is one of the material defects in the work."

"Master Samson," replied Sancho, "I am not now prepared to go into tales and accounts, for I am taken with a spasm in the stomach, which, if I don't mend it with two mouthfuls of the old stuff, will put me on Saint Lucy's thorn. I have it at home; my deary is waiting for me; and when I have had my dinner I will come back and satisfy your worship and all the world about all you would ask, as well about the losing of the ass as of the spending of the hundred crowns." And, without waiting for an answer or saying another word, he went away home.

Don Quixote besought and pressed the bachelor to stop and take pot-luck with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation, stayed, two pigeons were added to the usual fare, they talked knight-errantries at table, Carrasco followed the knight's humor, the banquet was ended, the siesta slept, Sancho returned, and their dialogue was resumed.
CHAPTER IV

Wherein Sancho Panza satisfies the bachelor Samson Carrasco as to his doubts and questions, with other matters worthy of being known and related

SANCHO came back to Don Quixote's house, and resuming the late conversation, said:—

"As to what Master Samson was saying, that he wished to know who stole my ass, and how and when, let me say, in answer to him, that the very night we entered the Sierra Morena, when fleeing from the Holy Brotherhood,—after the luckless adventure with the galley-slaves and that of the corpse they were carrying to Segovia,—my master and I got into a thicket; where my master, resting on his lance, and I on my Dapple, bruised and weary with our past frays, we be-took ourselves to sleep as if it had been on four feather beds. I in particular slept so heavy a sleep that he, whoever he was, had opportunity to come and prop me upon four stakes, which he set under the four corners of the pack-saddle in such a way as to leave me mounted on it, and took from beneath me the Dapple without my feeling it."

"That is an easy thing," said Don Quixote, "and no new occurrence, for the same happened to Sacripante when, being at the leaguer of Albraca, that famous thief called Brunelo, with the same device, took away his horse from between his legs."

"The morning broke," continued Sancho, "and no sooner did I stretch myself than, the stakes giving way, down I fell plump to the ground with a great fall. I looked for my ass, and did not see him. The tears rushed to my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which, if the author of our history has not put in, you may reckon he has not put in a good thing. At the end of I don't know how many days, coming with the lady Princess Micomicona, I spied my ass, and riding upon
him, in the garb of a gipsy, there came that Ginés de Pasmonte, that trickster and biggest of scoundrels, whom my master and I had released from the chain."

"The mistake is not there," replied Samson, "but in that, before the ass was recovered, the author speaks of Sancho going mounted on the same Dapple."

"To that I know not what to answer," said Sancho, "save that the history writer was wrong, or perhaps it was a slip of the printer."

"That's it, without doubt," said Samson; "but what became of the hundred crowns?"

"They were consumed," answered Sancho; "I spent them for the benefit of my person and that of my wife and my children; and they have been the cause of my wife's putting up in patience with the wanderings and rovings I have gone through in the service of my master, Don Quixote; for if, at the end of all that time, I had returned, without a farthing and without the ass, to my home, I might have looked for a scurvy welcome; and if there is anything more to learn from me, here I am, who will answer to the king himself in person, though it is nobody's business to meddle in, whether I took or didn't take, whether I spent or didn't spend; and if the blows they gave me in those journeys were to be paid for in money, though they rated them at no more than four maravedís apiece, another hundred crowns would not be paying me the half; and let every man keep his hand in his bosom, nor go setting himself to say white is black or black is white, for every one is as God made him, and even worse very often."

"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to advise the author of the history, if he should print it again, not to forget what the good Sancho has said, for he will raise it a good hand's breadth higher than it now is."

"Is there anything else to amend in that legend?" asked Don Quixote.

"Yes, there should be," he answered; "but nothing should be of so much moment as what has been mentioned."

"And does the author perchance promise a second part?" inquired Don Quixote.

"Yes, he promises it," answered Samson; "but he says he has not found it, nor does he know who has it; and so we are
in doubt whether it will come out or not. And therefore on this account, and because some say that second parts are never good, and others that enough has been written about Don Quixote and his affairs, it is doubted whether there will be any second part; though some who are rather of the jovial sort than the satiric cry: 'Let us have more Quixoteries; let Don Quixote fall to and Sancho talk, and come what will, we shall be content with that.'"

"And in what is the author engaged?" asked Don Quixote.

"In what?" replied Samson; "as soon as he has found the history, for which he is searching with extraordinary pains, he will give it at once to the press, influenced rather by the profit he will derive from doing so than by any kind of praise."

On which Sancho said: "Looks the author for money and profit then? It will be a wonder if he gets it, for there will be naught but hurry, hurry, like a tailor on Easter Eve, and works done in haste are never finished so perfectly as they need to be. Let this master Moor, or what he is, look to what he is doing, for I and my master will give him so much stuff to his hand in the matter of adventure and different things that he could make up not only a second part but a hundred. The good man must think that we are asleep here in the straw, but let him lift the foot to the shoeing and he shall see how much we limp. What I mean to say is, that if my master would take my advice we should be even now in the field, undoing wrongs and righting injuries, as is the use and custom of good knights errant."

Sancho had hardly uttered these words when the neighing of Rozinante reached their ears, which neighing Don Quixote took for a very happy omen, and he resolved upon making another sally three or four days thence. Announcing his intention to the bachelor, he sought counsel of him as to the quarter where he should commence the expedition. The other replied that in his opinion it should be the kingdom of Aragon, and to the city of Zaragoza, where in a few days from that time there would be held some solemn jousts at the festival of St. George, in which he might win renown over the Aragonese knights, which would be to win it above all in the world. He commended Don Quixote's resolution as most honorable and valiant, but warned him to go more warily in the encounter-
ing of perils, for the reason that his life was not his own but belonged to all who had need of him for succor and protection in their distress.

"It is that which I swear off," interposed Sancho, "for my master falls to upon a hundred armed men like a greedy boy upon half a dozen water melons. Body of life, master bachelor, aye, there are times to attack and times to retreat, and it is not to be all 'Santiago and close Spain!' And moreover I have heard it said, and by my master himself if I remember right, that between the extremes of cowardice and rashness lies the mean of valor; and if this is so, I would not have him fly without a wherefore nor set on when the odds demand the other thing. But above all I warn my master that if he takes me with him it must be on condition that he is to do all the fighting, and that I am not to be bound to do anything else than look after his person in what concerns his cleaning and victualing, for here I will serve him gaily; but to think that I have to put hand to sword, though it should be against rascally churls with ax and steel cap, is to think of what is vain. And if my master, Don Quixote, in return for my many and good services, should wish to give me some isle of the many his worship says he has to fall in with hereabouts, I shall be much beholden to him for the favor; and if he should not give it me, I am as I was born, and a man must not live in trust of man but of God; more by token that my bread will taste as well, aye, and perhaps better, without a government than as governor. And how do I know but that mayhap in these governorships the devil may have me in some trap in which I may stumble and fall and break my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I look to die. Yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, without trouble or much risk, Heaven should present me with some isle or other like thing, I am not such a fool as to fling it away, for it is also said: 'When they give thee the heifer run with the halter'; and 'When the good time comes take it home with thee.'"

"Brother Sancho," said Carrasco, "you have spoken like a professor. Confide in God and in your master Don Quixote, however, for he shall give you not an isle but a kingdom."

"The greater or the less it is all the same," responded
Sancho; "though I can tell Master Carrasco that the kingdom my master shall give me will not be thrown into a rotten sack, for I have felt my pulse and find me sound enough to rule kingdoms and govern isles; and so I have told my master before now."

"Take care, Sancho," said Samson, "for office changes manners, and maybe, finding yourself governor, you will not know the mother that bore you."

"That may be the case," answered Sancho, "with those who are born in the ditch, but not with those who have four inches of old Christian fat on the soul, as I have. Nay, but look at my disposition, whether I can be ungrateful to any one."

"May God grant it," said Don Quixote; "this will be seen when the governorship comes; which methinks I have already before my eyes."

So saying, he begged the bachelor, if he were a poet, to do him the favor of composing some verses upon his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and to mind to put a letter to her name at the beginning of each line, so that when the verses were complete, by joining the first letters together, they might read "Dulcinea del Toboso."

The bachelor replied that though he was not one of the famous poets of Spain who, as they say, were no more than three and a half, he would not fail to compose such verses, although he found that there was a great difficulty in the composition because the letters the name contained were seventeen, and if he made four stanzas of four lines each, there would be one letter too much, and if of five,—which they call "decimas," or "roundelays,"—there would be three letters short. Nevertheless he would try to shrink one letter as best he could, so as to get the name into four stanzas.

"That must be so in any case," said Don Quixote, "for if the name is not there, plain and manifest, no woman would believe it was for her the verses were made."

This matter was settled, and that the departure should take place within eight days of that time. Don Quixote charged the bachelor to keep it a secret, especially from the
priest and Master Nicholas, and from his niece and his housekeeper, lest they should frustrate his honorable and valorous resolve. All this Carrasco promised and thereupon took his leave, enjoining Don Quixote to keep him informed, whenever he had an opportunity, of his fortunes, good or evil. And so they parted, and Sancho went away to prepare what was needed for their expedition.
CHAPTER V

Of the shrewd and humorous colloquy which passed between Sancho Panza and Theresa Panza, his wife; and other things worthy of happy record

The translator of this history, coming to write this fifth chapter, declares that he takes it to be apocryphal, because therein Sancho Panza talks in a style other than what could be expected of his limited understanding, and says things so subtle as to be beyond the reach of his knowledge; but in order to fulfil the duty he owed to his office, he could not omit to translate it; and therefore he proceeded, as follows:

Sancho came home so blithe and cheerful that his wife was aware of his joy a bow-shot off, so much so as to make her ask him: "What ails you, Sancho friend, that you are so merry?"

To which he replied: "An it pleased God, my wife, I should be right glad to be less happy than I seem."

"I don't understand you, husband," replied she, "and I don't know what you mean to say about being glad, if God pleased, not to be happy; for, fool as I am, I don't know how one can be happy for not being so."

"Look ye, Theresa," answered Sancho, "I am merry because I am minded to take service again with my master Don Quixote, who would be going out a third time to look for adventures, and I am going with him again, for so my needs will have it, joined to the hope which cheers me to think that I may find another hundred crowns like those now spent, though it makes me sad to have to leave thee and my children; and if God were pleased to give me my daily bread dry-shod and at home, without dragging me by by-paths and cross-roads,—and He could do it at small cost, with no more than the willing of it,—of course my joy would be surer and
stronger, for what I have is mixed with the grief of leaving thee; wherefore I said right that I would be glad, if God pleased, were I not so happy."

"Look here, Sancho," answered Theresa; "since you have become a limb of a knight errant you talk so roundabout that there is no understanding you."

"Enough that God understands me, my wife," replied Sancho, "for 'tis He is the understander of all things; and there let it be. But mind you, wife, that you have to look after Dapple during these three days, so that he may be fit to take arms; let his allowance be doubled; see to his packsaddle and the rest of his tackle; for we are not going to a wedding, but round about the world to hold give-and-take with dragons, with hobgoblins,—to hear hissing and roarings, bellowings and yellings; and even all this would be flowers of lavender if we had not to do with Yanguesans and enchanted Moors."

"I can well believe," replied Theresa, "that squires errant don't eat their bread for nothing; and therefore I shall be ever praying to our Lord to free you quickly from all that hard luck."

"I tell you, wife," said Sancho, "that if I did not think to become governor of an isle before very long, I would drop dead upon the spot."

"Not so, husband," cried Theresa; "let the hen live though it be with the pip; live you, and let the devil take all the governorships that are in the world; without a government you were born; without government you have lived till now, and without government you will go or be carried to the grave, when it shall please God. How many in the world are there who live without a governorship, yet for all that do not give up living and being counted in the number of the people! The best sauce in the world is hunger, and since that never fails the poor, they always eat with a relish. But look ye, Sancho, if by chance you do hit upon any governorship, don't ye forget me and your children. Consider that little Sancho is now full fifteen years of age, and it is right he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot means to have him trained for the church. There's your daughter too, Mari-Sancha, will not die if we marry her, and I have an
inkling she longs as much for a husband as you do to see yourself governor; and, in short, better is the daughter ill married than well kept."

"In faith," answered Sancho, "if God lets me have anything of a government, wife, I intend to marry Mari-Sancha so high that they will not reach her without calling her 'Your Ladyship.'"

"Not so," said Theresa; "marry her to her equal, which is the best way, for if from clogs you lift her to high-heeled shoes and out of her serge of hodden-gray to farthingales and silk savoys, and out of 'Molly' and 'Thou' to 'Madame Such-a-one' and 'Your Ladyship,' the lass will not know where she is, but at every step fall into a thousand blunders, exposing her coarse and homespun stuff."

"Hush, fool!" said Sancho; "she has only to practise it for two or three years, and afterwards the quality and the repose will come to her as if she were made for it; and if not, what matters? Let her be 'My Lady,' and come what may."

"Keep in your own station, Sancho," answered Theresa; "don't try to climb to higher, and remember the proverb which says, 'Wipe your neighbor's son's nose, and bring him into your house.' Sure it would be a pretty thing to marry our Molly to some great count or fine cavalier, who, when the humor took him, would look at her again and call her clown, daughter of clodhoppers and hemp-spinners. No, not at my time of life, husband; not for that have I brought up my child, for certain. Do you bring here the money, Sancho, and leave the marrying of her to my charge; and there's Lope Tocho, son of Juan Tocho, a lusty, wholesome lad, and one we know, and I can see he has no unkind eye for the girl; and with him, who is our equal, she will be well matched, and we shall have her always under our eyes, and we shall all be parents and children, and grandchildren, and sons-in-law together, and the peace and blessing of God will go with us all; and no marrying for me now in your courts and grand palaces, where they will neither understand her nor she understand herself."

"Come hither, beast — wife to Barabbas!" replied Sancho; "wherefore wouldst thou hinder me, without rhyme or rea-
son, from marrying my daughter to one who shall give me grandchildren who will be called 'Your Lordships'? Look ye, Theresa, I have always heard my elders say that he who knows not how to enjoy the good luck when it comes, ought not to grumble when it passes him by, and now that it is knocking at our doors it will not be right to shut it out. Let us sail with the fair wind that blows."

(It was this manner of speaking and what Sancho said below, the translator declared, which made him take this chapter for apocryphal.)

"Dost thou not think, animal," pursued Sancho, "that it would be well to fit my body with some comfortable governorship, which shall lift our feet from the mud, and let Mari-Sancha be wed to whom I please?—and thou shalt see how they call thee Doña Theresa Panza, and seat thee in church upon a rug, with pillows and cushions, in spite and in defiance of the ladies of the town. Nay, but you are always for being the same, without growing or lessening, like a figure of tapestry; and let us speak no more of this, for Sanchica has to be a countess, for all you may say."

"Do you know what you are saying, husband?" replied Theresa; "for with all that, I fear that the countessing of my daughter will be the undoing of her. But you do what you please; you will be making her now a duchess or a princess; but let me tell you that won't be with my will and consent. I was always a lover of equality, brother, and I can't bear to see upstartings without foundations; 'Theresa' they wrote me down at my christening, neat and plain, without tags or fringes or ornaments of Dons or Doñas; 'Cascajo' was my father called, and me, as being your wife, they call 'Theresa Panza,' though in good right they should call me 'Theresa Cascajo'; but so the kings go as the laws will; and with this name I am content without their putting a Don on top of it, to weigh more than I can carry; neither would I give them cause to cry, when they see me dressed out like a countess or a governor's wife: 'Look how proud the swineherd goes! Yesterday she was not above stretching a lump of flax, and went to mass with the tail of her gown covering her head, instead of a cloak; and to-day she is in a farthingale, with her buckles and pride, as if we did not know her!' If God
keeps me in my seven, or my five, senses, or as many of them as I have, I don't mean to give them cause to see me in such a pickle. Go and be a government or an isle, brother, and swagger it to your heart's content! For, by the life of my mother, neither my daughter nor I, we don't stir a step from our village; the honest woman is she with the broken leg and in the house, and to the virtuous maiden, doing something is her holiday. Go you with your Don Quixote to your adventures, and leave us to our misventures, which God shall better for us as we be good; and sure I don't know who put the Don upon him, for neither his father nor his grandfather had it."

"I declare now," cried Sancho, "that thou hast some devil in that body of thine. God bless the woman, what a lot of things thou hast strung together, one into another, without head or tail! What has your Cascajo, your buckles, your proverbs, and your pride to do with what I am telling you? Hark ye, dunce and ninny (for so I may call you since you don't understand my meaning, and go flying away from your luck), if I had said that my daughter was to cast herself down from off a tower or go strolling about the world, like Doña Urraca wished to, you would have cause not to fall into my pleasure; but if in a trice, and in less than the twinkling of an eye, I clap upon her back 'Don' and 'Her Ladyship,' and fetch her out of the stubble-field and set her under a canopy and on a pedestal and on an alcove with more velvet cushions than there were Moors in the family of the Almohades of Morocco, — why will you not agree, and wish what I wish?"

"Do you know why, husband?" replied Theresa; "because of the proverb which says: 'Who covers thee, discovers thee.' Over the poor man all pass their eyes quickly; on the rich they fix them; and if such a one, a rich man, was at one time poor, 'tis then is the backbiting and evil speaking and the worse keeping on of the evil-speakers; and about these streets they are in heaps like swarms of bees."

"Look here, Theresa, and hearken to what I would now tell thee; mayhap thou hast never heard it in all the days of thy life; and now I am speaking not out of my own self; for all I am about to say are opinions of the father preacher who preached last Lent in this village, who said, if I mind
me right, that all things present which the eyes look upon, appear, remain, and abide in our memories much better and more strongly than things past." (This is the second speech uttered by Sancho from which the translator says that he judges this chapter to be apocryphal, for it was beyond Sancho's capacity.) "Whence it comes," he proceeded to say, "that when we see any person finely dressed, set off with rich attire, and with a train of servants, it seems to move us perforce and persuades us to pay him respect, though memory may recall to us in that moment some low condition in which we saw such person; which disgrace, whether it come of poverty or of low birth, being passed away, no longer is, and the only thing existing is what we see present. And if he whom fortune drew out of the gutter of his poverty (such were the words the preacher used) to the height of his prosperity were well nurtured, liberal, and courteous with all, and did not set up to rank with those who from old times were noble, be thou assured, Theresa, there will be none to remember what he was, but they will respect what he is, all but the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is safe."

"I don't understand you, husband," answered Theresa; "do what you will, and don't break my head with your fine speeches and flourishes; and if you have revolved to do what you say —"

"Resolved' thou shouldst say, woman," quoth Sancho, "and not 'revolved.'"

"Don't trouble yourself to dispute with me, husband," replied Theresa; "I speak as God pleases I should, and meddle not with fine notions; all I say is, that if you are trusting to get a government, take your son Sancho with you, and learn him henceforth to have government, for it is well that the children should inherit and learn the calling of their parents."

"When I get a government," said Sancho, "I will send for him with all speed, and will send thee money, which I shall not lack; for there is never wanting one to lend it to governors when they have none; and do thou clothe him so as to hide what he is and make him look like what he has to be."

"Do you send the money," said Theresa, "and I will dress him like any palm-branch."
"We are agreed, then," said Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess."

"The day I see her a countess," replied Theresa, "I will reckon I bury her; but again I say do what will please you, for with this load are women born, to be obedient to their husbands be they ever such thickheads."

And with this she began to weep bitterly, as though she saw the little Sancha already dead and buried. Sancho consoled her by saying that though he had to make her a countess, he would put it off as long as possible. So ended their colloquy, and Sancho went again to see Don Quixote, and make arrangements for their departure.
CHAPTER VI

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his niece and his housekeeper; which is one of the most important chapters in all this history

WHILST Sancho Panza and his wife Theresa held the conversation above related, the niece and the housekeeper of Don Quixote were not idle, for by a thousand signs they began to perceive that their uncle and master was desirous of breaking away a third time, returning to the practise,—for them pernicious,—of ill-errant chivalry. They tried by all possible ways to divert him from that unlucky notion, but it was like preaching in the wilderness and hammering on cold iron. Among other many arguments they used, the housekeeper said to him:—

"In truth, my master, if your worship does not keep an even foot and tarry quietly at home, and give up rambling over hill and dale like a troubled spirit, seeking what they call adventures, but which I call mischances, I will have to go and make my plaint with voice and cry to God and the king to find some remedy for it."

To which Don Quixote replied: "I know not, mistress, how God will respond to your complaints, neither what his Majesty may answer. This only I know, that if I were king I would decline to reply to the numberless impertinent memorials which are daily presented to him, for one of the greatest of the many troubles kings have is the being obliged to listen to all and to answer all, and therefore I would not that affairs of mine should give him annoyance."

Whereupon said the housekeeper: "Tell us, master, are there no knights in his Majesty's court?"

"Yes, and many," answered Don Quixote; "and it is right there should be for the enhancement of the grandeur of princes and for the exaltation of the royal dignity."
"Then might not your worship be one of those who serve their king and Lord comfortably as one of his court?" she asked.

"Look here, friend," said Don Quixote, "all knights cannot be courtiers, nor can all courtiers be knights errant, nor ought they to be. There must be some of all kinds in the world; and although we may all be knights, there is much difference between one and another; for the courtiers, without stirring from their chambers or the threshold of the court, travel over all the world by looking at the map, without the expense of a doit, nor suffering cold or heat, hunger or thirst. But we, the true knights errant, in sun, in cold, in the open air, exposed to the inclemencies of the heavens by night and by day, on foot and on horseback, we measure the whole earth with our very feet. Nor is it only painted enemies we know, but in their real body; and at every pass and on all occasions we encounter them without regard to frivolous points or the laws of the duel; whether one carries or does not carry a shorter sword or lance; whether he bears about him relics or some hidden trickery; whether the sun has to be parted and portioned or not; with other ceremonies of this sort which are used in single combats of man with man, about which thou knowest nothing, but I do. And thou hast to know besides that the good knight errant, though he should see ten giants, that with their heads not only touch but top the clouds, and each with two enormous towers serving him for legs, and whose arms are like the masts of huge and mighty ships, and each eye like a great mill-wheel, blazing fiercer than a glass-furnace, he must not be in any wise dismayed at them. Rather, with a gallant air and intrepid heart, he must meet and engage them, and, if it be possible, vanquish and rout them in one little moment, although they should come armored with the shells of a certain fish harder, they say, than adamant, and instead of swords wield trenchant knives of Damascus steel, or clubs shod with spikes of the same, such as I have seen oftener than twice. All this I have said, mistress, that you may see the difference there is between some knights and others; and it were reasonable that there should be no prince who does not more value this second, or, to speak more properly, first, species of knights errant, among
whom, as we read in their histories, are some who have been
the salvation, not of one kingdom only, but of many.

"Ah, dear sir," here cried the niece; "consider that all
that you say about knights errant is fable and lies; and their
histories, if they were not truth, deserved each of them stripes
put on it, or some badge by which it might be known as in-
famous and a corrupter of good manners."

"By the God who sustains me," exclaimed Don Quixote,
"if thou wert not lineally my niece, mine own sister's daughter,
I would inflict such chastisement on thee for the blasphemy
which thou hast uttered that it should resound through all
the world! What! is it possible that a young baggage that
can scarce handle a dozen bobbins of lace should dare to
impugn and disparage the histories of the knights errant!
What would Sir Amadis say if he heard of such a thing?
But in good sooth he would pardon thee, for he was the
meekest and civilest knight of his time, and, moreover, a
great protector of damsels. But some might have heard thee
at whose hands thou wouldst not fare so well, for all are not
courteous nor considerate. Some are ruffians and unman-
erly; nor are all who call themselves so knights in all and
thoroughly; for some are of gold, others of alloy, and all
look like knights, but all are not able to stand the touchstone
of truth. Base fellows there are who puff themselves up to
seem like knights, and proud knights there are who seem to
hanker industriously after appearing like base fellows; those
rise by ambition or by virtue; these fall by weakness or by
vice. And it is necessary to use discernment in order to dis-
tinguish between the two kinds of knights,—so like in name,
so unlike in deed."

"Good God!" cried the niece, "that you should be so
learned, my uncle, that if it were needed you could mount a
pulpit or go a-preaching through the streets, and yet fall into
a blindness so great and a folly so palpable as that you should
persuade yourself you are valiant when you are old, strong
when you are infirm, a righter of wrongs when you are bent
by age, and above all that you are a knight when you are
not one; for though gentlemen can be such, the poor
cannot."

"There is much reason in what thou sayest, niece," replied
Don Quixote; "and I could tell thee things concerning lineages which would astonish thee, but not to mingle the divine with the profane I shall not speak of them. Take note, my friends, and give heed to me. All the lineages in the world can be reduced to four kinds, which are these: those which had humble beginnings and went on extending and rising till they reached supreme greatness; those which had great beginnings and continue to preserve them and do still preserve and uphold them in the original condition; those which, though they had great beginnings, have ended in a point like a pyramid, having dwindled and decayed till they arrived at nothingness like the pyramid's point, which compared to its base or seat is nothing; the last—and they are the most numerous—are those which had neither good beginning nor a respectable middle, and so they will end without name, as does the lineage of plebeian and common people. Of the first, which had a humble origin and mounted to the greatness which they now preserve, the Ottoman house may serve thee as an example, which from the lowly and mean shepherd who gave it being stands on the height we see it. Of the second class, which had its origin in greatness and preserves without augmenting it, there are examples in many princes, which are so by inheritance and maintain themselves therein without increasing or diminishing it, containing themselves peacefully within the limits of their estates. Of those who began great and ended in a point there are thousands of examples, for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Caesars of Rome, with the whole herd (if I may give them that name) of countless princes, monarchs, lords, — Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Barbarians,—all these lineages and lordships have ended in a point and in nothingness, like those who gave them birth, since it would be impossible now to find any of their descendants, and if we could find them it would be in some low and humble station. Of the plebeian race I will say no more than that it serves only to swell the number of those that live, whose great deeds merit no other reward and no other eulogy. From all that I have said I would have you infer, my poor simpletons, that there is great confusion among lineages, and that only those have a claim to be great and illustrious which show it in the
virtue, wealth, and liberality of their owners. I spoke of virtues, riches, and liberality, because the great man who is vicious will be only a great evil-doer, and the rich man who is not liberal will be only a miserly beggar, for the possessor of wealth is not made happy by having but by spending it; — not spending it as he pleases but by knowing how to spend it well. To the poor gentleman there is no other way of showing that he is a gentleman than that of virtue; in being affable, well-bred, courteous, polite, and complaisant; not proud, not arrogant, not censorious, and above all charitable, for with two maravedis which he gives to the poor with a cheerful heart he shall prove himself as liberal as he who gives alms by sound of bell, and there will be no one who sees him adorned with the aforesaid virtues but will hold and judge him, though he know him not, to be of good stock; and it would be a wonder if he were not so, for praise was ever the guerdon of virtue, nor can the virtuous fail to be praised. There are two roads, my daughters, by which men can travel and come to be rich and honored: the one is of Letters, the other of Arms. For me I have more Arms than Letters, and was born, my inclination being to Arms, under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am almost constrained to take that road, and by it I have to travel in spite of the whole world; and it will be vain for you to weary yourselves in persuading me that I should not wish that which the stars wish, fate ordains, and reason demands, and, above all, my heart desires. Knowing as I do of the numberless toils which are attendant on knight-errantry, I know also the infinite benefits which accrue thereby. I know that the path of virtue is very narrow, and the road to vice broad and spacious. I know that their ends and goals are different, for that of vice, wide and ample, ends in death, and that of virtue, narrow and toilsome, in life; nor in life which hath an ending, but in that which shall not end; and I know as our great Castilian poet says:

"'By these rough paths we mount, upon our way
To immortality's exalted seat,
Which none can reach who from that road do stray.'"

"Alas! woe is me!" cried the niece; "for my master is a poet too! Everything he knows; everything he can do! I
will wager, if he wished to be a bricklayer, he would build a house like any cage!"

"I promise thee, niece," said Don Quixote, "that, if these knightly thoughts did not engross all my faculties, there would be nothing I could not do, nor anything rare which could not come from my hands, particularly cages and toothpicks."

There was a call at the gate, and, when the niece asked who was there, Sancho Panza answered that it was he; which the housekeeper no sooner knew than she ran away to hide herself so as not to see him, so much did she hate him. The niece let him in, and his master Don Quixote went to receive him with open arms, and the two shut themselves up in his room, where they held another conversation not inferior to the former.
CHAPTER VII

Of the discussion which Don Quixote held with his squire; with other very notable incidents

The housekeeper no sooner saw that Sancho Panza was closeted with her master than she divined the object of their being together, and, suspecting that the result of their conference would be a project for a third sally, she caught up her mantle, all full of dismay and distress, and went out in search of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, thinking that as he was a well-spoken man and her master’s new friend, he might be able to persuade him to give up so wild a purpose. She found the bachelor walking in the courtyard of his house, and on seeing him fell down at his feet in a flutter of distress. Seeing her demonstrations of grief and dismay, Carrasco said to her:—

“What is this, mistress housekeeper? What has happened to you? For it seems to be rending your soul.”

“It is nothing, Master Samson, only that my master is breaking out,—breaking out, for certain.”

“And whereabouts is he breaking out, madam,” asked Samson; “has he ruptured any part of his body?”

“He is not breaking out,” answered she, “save through the door of his madness. I mean, dear bachelor of my soul, that he wants to go forth again, and this will be the third time, to seek over yonder world for what he calls ventures, though I can’t understand why he gives them that name. The first time they brought him back to us laid across an ass, all battered with blows; the second time he came in an ox-cart, put and shut up in a cage, where he made believe he was enchanted, and he came in such a plight, the poor wretch, that his mother who bore him would not have known him—withered and yellow, his eyes sunk into the furthest corners of his pate, so that to bring him round to something like him-
self I spent more than six hundred eggs, as God knows and all the world, and my hens, that won't let me tell a lie."

"That I can very well believe," said the bachelor, "for they are so good, so plump, and so well-bred, that they would not say one thing for another if they burst for it. In short, mistress housekeeper, is there nothing else, or has any other disaster happened than that which it is feared Don Quixote wishes to bring about?"

"No, sir," answered she.

"Then give yourself no trouble," said the bachelor, "but go you away home in peace, and get me ready something hot for my breakfast, and on the road repeat the prayer of St. Apollonia,—that is, if you know it,—for I will be there presently, and you shall see marvels."

"Dear heart! The prayer of St. Apollonia, say you?" cried the housekeeper; "it would be that, if it was a pain in the teeth my master had, but he has it only in his brains."

"I know what I am saying, mistress housekeeper; go your way, and don't stand disputing with me, for you know that I am a bachelor of Salamanca, and there is no bacheloring it beyond that," replied Samson. Thereupon the housekeeper departed, and the bachelor went at once to look for the priest, to confer with him about what will be told in its due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were shut up together there passed between them a conversation which the history records with much precision and truthful detail. Said Sancho to his master:

"Sir, I have reverted my wife so that she is for letting me go with your worship, whenever you please to take me."

"'Converted,' thou shouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "not 'reverted.'"

"Once or twice, if I rightly remember," responded Sancho, "I have besought your worship not to mend my words, if so be you understand what I mean by them, and when you don't understand them, to say 'Sancho,' or 'Devil, I don't understand thee'; and if I don't make myself clear then, you can correct me, for I am so focile."

"I don't understand thee, Sancho, then," Don Quixote said, "for I know not what 'so focile' means."

"'So focile' means," answered Sancho, "I am so thus."
“I understand thee still less now,” replied Don Quixote.
“Then if you can't understand me,” said Sancho, “I don't
know how to say it; I know no more; God help me.”
“Now I have it,” answered Don Quixote. “Thou wouldst
say thou art so docile, meek, and tractable that thou wilt take
what I say to thee, and act as I shall teach thee.”
“I would bet,” said Sancho, “that from the beginning you
hit and understood my meaning, but wished to bother me in
order to hear me utter other two hundred blunders.”
“Maybe so,” replied Don Quixote; “but come to the point;
what says Theresa?”
“Theresa says,” answered Sancho, “that with your wor-
ship it should be fast bind, fast find; let writing speak and
beards be still; for a bargain's a bargain; one 'take' is bet-
ter than two 'I will give thees'; and, say I, a woman's counsel
is bad, but he who takes it not is mad.”
“And so say I, too,” Don Quixote replied. “Speak, friend
Sancho; go on, for to-day you talk pearls.”
“The case is this,” said Sancho; “as your worship knows
better than I, we are all of us subject to death, and to-day we
are and to-morrow we are not; and as soon goes the lamb as
the sheep; and nobody can permit himself more hours of life
in this world than God pleases to give him; for death is deaf,
and when it comes to knock at our life's door, it is always in
a hurry, and neither prayers nor struggles will make him stay,
neither scepters nor miters, as the common saying and report
is, and as they tell us from the pulpits.”
“All that is true,” remarked Don Quixote; “but I know
not what thou art driving at.”
“What I am driving at,” said Sancho, “is that your worship
should settle some fixed salary, which you will give me each
month the time I serve you,—such salary to be paid me out
of your estate, for I like not being under favors, which come
late, or ill, or never; with mine own let God help me. In
short, I wish to know what I am getting, be it little or much,
for upon one egg set the hen, and many littles make a mickle,
and whilst aught is got naught is lost. If indeed it should
happen (which I neither believe nor expect) that your wor-
ship gave me that isle you have promised, I am not so
ungrateful nor so particular to a hair but that I would con-
sent to have reckoning taken of what the rent of such isle came to, and let it be stopped out of my wages, cat for quantity."

"Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "sometimes cat is wont to be as good as rat."

"I see," returned Sancho; "I bet I ought to have said 'rat' and not 'cat'; but it does not matter, as your worship has understood me."

"And so understood thee," replied Don Quixote, "as to have penetrated to the bottom of thy thoughts and know the mark at which the countless shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Hark ye, Sancho, I would freely name thee a wage, if I could find in any of the histories of the knights errant an instance by which it could be shown and demonstrated, through any small chink, what it was their squires used to get by the month or by the year. But I have read all, or the most part, of the histories, and I do not remember to have read that any knight errant ever allowed his squire a fixed stipend. I only know that they all served on favor, and that when they least expected it, if fortune had gone well with their lords, they found themselves rewarded with an isle or something equivalent, and at the least were left with a title and a lordship. If with these expectations and increments you are pleased, Sancho, to return to my service, you are welcome; but to imagine that I shall move from its stays and hinges the ancient usage of knight-errantry, is to imagine a vain thing. Wherefore, my Sancho, get you back home and declare my resolve to your Theresa; and if she pleases and you please to be on favor with me, bene quidem; if not, we are friends as before, for if the dove-cote lacks not grain it will lack not pigeons; and reflect, Sancho, that a good hope is better than a poor possession, and a good claim more than bad pay. I speak after this manner, Sancho, that you may perceive that I can pour out a stream of proverbs as well as you; and lastly I would say and do say to you, that if you do not wish to come on favor and run the same chance which I run, let God be with you and make a saint of you, for to me there will not be lacking squires more obedient and more careful than you, neither so clumsy nor so garrulous."

When Sancho heard his master's firm resolve the sky be-
came clouded for him and down ducked the wings of his heart, for he had believed that his master would not go without him for all the wealth of the world. As he stood there dejected and moody, there entered Samson Carrasco, and with him the housekeeper and the niece, who were longing to hear with what arguments he was about to dissuade their master from again going in quest of adventures. Samson, that notable wag, went up and embracing him as before said, in a loud voice: "O flower of knight-errantry! O shining light of arms! O honor and mirror of the Spanish nation! May it please God the All-bountiful in His infinite goodness (and so forth, as elsewhere more particularly described), that the person or persons who hinder and obstruct thy third sally may lose their way in the labyrinth of their schemes, nor ever accomplish what they wickedly desire!" And, turning to the housekeeper, he said: "Mistress housekeeper may well give up saying the prayer of St. Apollonia, for I know that it is the positive determination of the spheres that Sir Don Quixote should once more put into execution his lofty and novel designs; and I should grievously burden my conscience if I did not counsel and persuade this knight not to hold any longer coerced and checked the might of his valorous arm and the goodness of his dauntless heart, for by his tardiness he defrauds the wronged of their righting, the orphans of their protection, the widows of their consolation, and the wedded of their support; with other matters of this sort which touch, belong, pertain, and are annexed to the order of knight-errantry. On, then, dear Sir Don Quixote, beautiful and brave! Rather to-day than to-morrow let your worship take the road, and should anything be wanting to put thy design into execution, here I am to supply it with my person and estate, and were it necessary that I should serve your magnificence as squire, I would hold it the happiest good fortune."

"Did I not tell thee," here exclaimed Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, "that there would be squires enough for me and to spare? Take note of who it is that offers to become one,—none other than the never-enough-heard-of bachelor Samson Carrasco, the perpetual diverter and cheerer of the courts of the Salamantine schools; sound in his person, agile
in his limbs, reserved, patient as well of heat as of cold, of hunger as of thirst, with all those parts which are requisite for a squire of knight errant. But Heaven forbid that to follow my pleasure, the pillar of learning, the vessel of science, shall be disabled and shattered,—the soaring palm be cut of the noble and liberal arts. Let the new Samson rest in his own country, and in honoring it do honor at the same time to the white hairs of his aged parents, for as for me I will be content with any sort of squire, now that Sancho deigns not to come with me.”

“Yes, I do deign!” said Sancho, melted, and his eyes full of tears. “It shall never be said of me, dear master,” he continued, “that I left you after eating your bread. Nay, I don’t come of any graceless stock, for all the world knows, and particularly my own village, who the Panzas were from whom I descend; and besides, I have known and learnt by many good works, and by more good words, your worship’s desire to do me kindness, and if I went into the amount of my wages, more or less, it was to please my wife, who, if she once puts her hand to pressing a thing, no mallet tightens the hoops of a cask as she tightens the doing of her desire; but after all a man has to be man, and a woman, woman; and since I am a man anywhere, which cannot be denied, I will even be so in my own house, in spite of who may say me nay. And so there’s no more to do but for your worship to make your will with its codicil in such a manner that it cannot be recooked, and let us take to the road at once, so that Master Samson’s soul may not smart, who says that his conscience dictates him to persuade your worship to sally a third time out into that world, and I again offer to serve you faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all the squires who have served knights errant, in times past and present.”

The bachelor was amazed at hearing the style and purport of Sancho Panza’s speech, for though he had read his master’s first history, he never thought him to be so droll a fellow as is there described; but hearing him now talk of a will and a codicil which could not be recooked, in place of the will and codicil which could not be revoked, he credited all he had read of him, and set him down as one of the most down-
right simpletons of our age, saying to himself that two such lunatics as master and man could not be seen in the world. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho embraced and became friends, and by the advice and with the approval of the great Carrasco, who became henceforth their oracle, it was settled that in three days more they should take their departure, in which interval there would be time to provide the necessaries for the journey and to look up a proper helmet, which, Don Quixote said, he must by all means have. Samson offered him one, for he knew who had it,—a friend of his, who could not refuse it to him, though it was more dingy for rust and mold than clean and bright for polished steel.

The maledictions which the housekeeper and niece hurled at the bachelor cannot be told. They tore their hair; they clawed their faces; they raised a lament, after the fashion hired mourners once used, over the departing, as though it were the death of their master.

The design which Samson had formed in persuading him to sally forth once again was to do what the history relates further on; all by the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had previously communicated.

Finally, in those three days Don Quixote and Sancho provided themselves with what they thought necessary; and Sancho having pacified his wife and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, at nightfall, without being seen of any one but the bachelor, who wished to keep them company half a league from the village, they took the road to El Toboso,—Don Quixote on his good Rozinante, and Sancho on his old Dapple, the wallets stored with things pertaining to provender, and the purse with money, which Don Quixote gave him to meet contingencies. Samson then embraced the knight, and besought him to keep them informed of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice over this or be sad over that, as the laws of friendship required. Don Quixote promised to do so; Samson went back to the village, and the pair set out on the road to the great city of El Toboso.
CHAPTER VIII

Wherein is recounted what happened to Don Quixote on his going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso

"BLESSED be the mighty Allah," says Cid Hamet Benengeli at the beginning of this eighth chapter. "Blessed be Allah," he repeats thrice; and he declares that he utters these benedictions on seeing that he has now got Don Quixote and Sancho in the field, and that the readers of his delightful history may reckon that from this point commence the achievements and humors of Don Quixote and his squire. And he entreats them to forget the past knight-errantries of the ingenious gentleman, and fix their eyes on those that are to come, which from now begin on the road to El Toboso, as the others began in the Plain of Montiel; nor is it much that he asks considering how much he promises; and thus he goes on to say:—

Don Quixote and Sancho were left alone, and they had hardly parted from Samson when Rozinante began to neigh and Dapple to groan, which by them both, knight and squire, was taken for a good sign and a most happy omen, though, to tell the truth, the groans and brays of the ass were more than the neighs of the horse, whence Sancho concluded that his fortune had to surpass and overtop that of his master, though whether he founded his belief on some judicial astrology he had learnt I know not, for the history does not say so; only he has been heard to say, when he tripped or stumbled, he wished he had not left home, for from tripping and stumbling nothing could be got but a torn shoe or broken ribs; and, fool as he was, he was not here very far out of the road.

Said Don Quixote: "Friend Sancho, the night comes on apace, and with more darkness than we want in order to reach El Toboso by daylight, whither I am resolved to go
before undertaking any other adventure, and there I will take the blessing and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I imagine, and I feel sure, that I shall achieve and happily conclude my perilous enterprise, for nothing in this life makes knights errant more valiant than to be assured of their ladies' favor."

"So I believe," responded Sancho; "but I think it will be hard for your worship to have speech with her or to come to be alone with her,—at least, so as to be able to receive her blessing, unless she pitches it over the walls of the yard where I saw her the first time, when I took her the letter in which the news went of the pranks and mad things which your worship was playing up in the heart of the Sierra Morena."

"Walls of a yard did those seem to thee, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "where or through which thou sawest that never-sufficiently-to-be-extolled grace and beauty? They should have been none other than galleries, or corridors, or porticoes, or what they call them, of some rich and royal palace."

"It may be all so," answered Sancho; "but to me they looked like mud walls, unless my memory fails me."

"Nevertheless, let us go thither, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for so that I see her it is the same to me whether it be through walls or windows, or through the chinks and crannies of a garden grating, for any ray which from the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes will illumine my understanding and fortify my heart, so that I shall be unique and without a peer in wisdom and in valor."

"In truth then, sir," said Sancho, "when I saw that sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to be able to send out any rays at all, and it must have been that, as her grace was winnowing that wheat I told you about, the thick dust she raised made a cloud about her face and darkened it."

"What! dost thou still persist, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "in thinking, believing, affirming, and repeating that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat,—that being a function and an employment which is at variance with what is done and ought to be done by persons of station, who are formed
and reserved for other employments and recreations, which denote, a bow-shot off, their rank and quality? Ill dost thou mind thee, O Sancho, of those lines of our poet where he paints for us the tasks which the fair nymphs plied in their crystal abodes, who from their beloved Tagus raised their heads, and sat themselves on the verdant meadow to work those rich stuffs the ingenious poet there describes, which were all of gold, silk, and pearls, worked and interwoven. In this manner must my lady have been employed when thou sawest her, only that the envy which some wicked enchanter seems to show in my affairs changes and turns all which should yield me pleasure into shapes different from their own. And thus I fear that in that history of my exploits which they say is now in print, if haply its author was some sage mine enemy, he may have substituted one thing for another, mingling with one truth a thousand lies, turning aside to relate actions foreign to what the sequence of a truthful history requires. O envy, root of infinite evils and canker-worm of the virtues! Every vice, Sancho, bears some delight with it; but envy bears nothing but loathing, rancor, and rage."

"That's what I say, too," replied Sancho; "and I suspect in that reading or history of which the bachelor Carrasco told us he had seen about ourselves, my reputation goes jolting topsyturvy and twirling here and there, sweeping the streets, as the saying is. Yet, on the faith of an honest man, I never said an ill word of any enchanter, nor have had so much good luck as to be envied; true, I am a little roguish, and have certain touchcs of cunning; but it is all covered and hidden by the broad cloak of my simpleness, always natural and never artful; and were it for nothing else but my believing, as I ever believe, firmly and truly in God and in all that the Holy Catholic and Roman Church holds and believes, and being a mortal enemy, as I am, of the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy on me and treat me well in their writings; but let them say what they please, for naked I was born, naked I am, I neither lose nor win, and if so be I find myself put into books and passed from hand to hand about the world, it does not matter to me a fig—let them say of me what they will."
“That, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “is like what happened to a former poet of this age, who, having composed a malicious satire against all the court ladies, did not name or include in it a certain lady, of whom there was a question whether she were one or not. She, seeing that she was not in the list of the ladies, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her that he did not include her in the number with the rest, and desiring him to enlarge his satire and put her in the supplement, or look to himself. The poet did so, and made her something worse than duennas could tell, and she was satisfied by finding herself with fame, however infamous. Of a piece with this also was that which is told of the shepherd who set fire to and burned down the famous temple of Diana, accounted one of the Seven Wonders of the world, solely that his name might survive to future ages; and though there was an edict to the effect that none should speak of him, nor by word of mouth or writing make mention of his name lest he might attain the object of his ambition, nevertheless it became known that his name was Erostratus. What happened to the great Emperor Charles V. with a certain gentleman in Rome is also to the point. The emperor desired to see that famous temple of the Rotunda, which in ancient times was called the temple of ‘all the gods,’ and now, by a better appellation, bears the name of ‘all the saints,’—the most perfect building which is extant of those which heathendom raised in Rome, and the one which best preserves the fame of the grandeur and magnificence of her founders. It is in the form of half an orange, grand in the extreme, and very well lighted, though the only light which enters is that from one window, or rather a round lantern, at the top, from which the emperor looked down at the edifice. A Roman gentleman stood by his side to point out to him the beauties and the excellences of that great and famous piece of architecture; who, when they had descended from the lantern, said to the emperor: ‘A thousand times, your sacred Majesty, the longing came upon me to clasp your Majesty in my arms and to fling myself down from the lantern, to leave behind an eternal fame of me in the world.’ ‘I thank you,’ replied the emperor, ‘for not having put so ill a design into execution, and henceforth I will give you no opportunity of putting your
loyalty to the proof; and so I command you never to speak to me nor be where I am.’ And with these words he made him a handsome present. My meaning is, Sancho, that this love of winning fame is active in a great degree. What, thinkest thou, cast Horatius from the bridge, clothed in full armor, into the depths of the Tiber? What burned the arm and hand of Mucius? What impelled Curtius to launch himself into the profound burning gulf which opened in the center of Rome? What, contrary to all the auguries which had declared against him, made Caesar pass the Rubicon? And, for examples more modern, what scuttled the ships and left stranded and isolated the valorous Spaniards, guided by the most courteous Cortés, in the new world? All these and other great and various deeds are, were, and shall be works of fame, which mortals covet as the reward and portion of the immortality which their illustrious arts deserve; although we Catholic Christians and knights errant look more to that glory in ages to come which is to last forever in the ethereal and celestial regions than to the vanity of the fame which is achieved in this present fleeting life,—which fame, how long soever it may endure, at last must end with the world itself, which has its own appointed term. Thus, O Sancho, our works must not transgress the limit imposed upon us by the Christian religion we profess. In slaying giants we have to slay pride; we have to slay envy with generosity and a noble spirit; wrath, with composure of mien and serenity of soul; gluttony and sloth, by the spareness of our diet and by much wakefulness; indolence, by traversing all parts of the earth in quest of opportunities which can, and shall, make us famous knights besides being Christians. Thou seest here, Sancho, the means whereby are reached those highest points of praise which a good name confers.”

“All that your worship has said till now,” replied Sancho, “I have understood very well, yet I would wish your worship to resorb a doubt which just now at this moment has come into my mind.”

“‘Resolve,’ thou meanest, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “Speak and welcome, for I will answer as well as I know.”

“Tell me then, sir,” pursued Sancho, “those Julys and
Augusts, and all those venturesome knights you mentioned which are now dead, — where are they now?

"The heathens," answered Don Quixote, "without doubt are in hell; the Christians, if they were good Christians, are in purgatory or in heaven."

"It is well," said Sancho, "but let us know now, — those tombs in which the bodies are of these great lords, — have they silver lamps in front of them, or are the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, grave-clothes, legs and eyes of wax, and if not, how are they adorned?"

Don Quixote answered to this: "The tombs of the heathens were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar's body were placed in a stone pyramid of immense size, which in these days is called 'St. Peter's Needle.' The Emperor Hadrian had for a sepulcher a castle as large as a fair-sized village, which they called 'Moles Hadriani,' which is now the castle of St. Angelo at Rome. The Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb which was esteemed one of the Seven Wonders of the world; but none of these sepulchers nor the many others which the heathen had were adorned with grave-clothes nor the other offerings and tokens which signify that those who were buried in them were holy men."

"I am coming to that," said Sancho; "and now tell me, which is the greater, — to raise a dead man or to kill a giant?"

"The answer is plain," replied Don Quixote; "it is a greater thing to raise the dead man."

"I have caught you now," said Sancho; "then the fame of those who bring the dead to life, who give sight to the blind, straighten the crooked, and heal the sick, and before whose tombs there are lamps burning, and whose chapels are full of devout folk who kneel before their relics, is a better fame for this and the other life than such as all your heathen emperors and knights errant have left or will leave in the world."

"That also I confess to be true," answered Don Quixote.

"Then this fame," continued Sancho, "these favors, these privileges, or what you call them, the bodies and the relics of the saints have who, with the approval and license of our Holy Mother Church, have lamps, candles, winding-sheets,
crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes, legs, whereby they increase devotion and enlarge their Christian reputation. Kings carry the bodies and relics of the saints upon their shoulders, and kiss the pieces of their bones, and enrich and adorn their votive and favorite altars with them."

“What wouldst thou infer, Sancho, for all that thou hast said?” asked Don Quixote.

“I mean to say,” replied Sancho, “that we should turn to being saints, and we shall sooner reach the good reputation we are trying for; and look, sir, yesterday, or the day before (for it is so lately we can speak so), they canonized or beatified two barefooted little friars, whose chains of iron with which they bound them and tortured their bodies it is now held to be good luck to touch and kiss, and they are held in greater esteem, they say, than the sword of Roldan in the armory of our lord the king, whom God preserve. Therefore it is better, dear sir, to be a poor friar of what order soever, than a valiant and errant knight. A couple of dozen switchings are of more avail with God than two thousand lance thrusts, be they given to giants, or hobgoblins, or dragons.”

“All this is so,” Don Quixote made answer; “but we cannot all be friars, and many are the roads by which God carries His own to heaven. Chivalry is a religion; there are sainted knights in glory.”

“Yes,” responded Sancho; “but I have heard tell there are more friars than knights errant in heaven.”

“That is because the number of those of the religious profession is greater than of the knightly,” said Don Quixote.

“Many are the errants,” observed Sancho.

“Many indeed,” answered Don Quixote; “but few who deserve the name of knights.”

In these and such discussions they passed that night and the following day, without meeting with anything worth mention, at which Don Quixote was not a little annoyed. At last, on the next day, at nightfall, they descried the great city of El Toboso, at sight of which Don Quixote’s spirits were much cheered and Sancho’s depressed, for he knew not where Dulcinea lived, nor in all his life had he ever seen her, any more than his master,—so that they were both troubled, one
to see her and the other because he had not seen her; nor could Sancho conceive what he should do when his master sent him into El Toboso.

Eventually Don Quixote decided to enter the city when the night had closed in, and until that time arrived they rested among some oaks which grew about El Toboso; and when the appointed moment came they made their entrance into the city, where there happened to them some things which were things indeed.
CHAPTER IX

Wherein is recounted what shall therein be seen

T WAS on the stroke of midnight, a little more or less, when Don Quixote and Sancho quitted the wood and entered El Toboso. The village lay wrapt in profound silence, for all the inhabitants were asleep,—reposing "at full stretch," as they say. The night was tolerably clear, though Sancho wished it had been quite dark, so that in the darkness he might find an excuse for his knavery. No sound was heard throughout the village but the barking of dogs, which stunned Don Quixote's ears and troubled Sancho's heart. Now and then a jackass brayed, pigs grunted, and cats mewed, whose voices of various sound were heightened in the stillness of the night. All this the enamored knight took for an evil augury; nevertheless he said to Sancho:

"Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea; mayhap we shall find her awake."

"Body o' the sun, to what palace shall I lead on," responded Sancho, "when what I saw her highness in was none but a very small house?"

"She must have retired, then," said Don Quixote, "to some little apartment of her royal castle, to solace herself alone with her maidens, as is the custom and wont of exalted ladies and princesses."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "though your worship will have it, in spite of me, that the lady Dulcinea's house is a castle, is this, perchance, an hour to find the gate open? And will it be decent for us to be knocking for them to hear us and open to us, putting all the people into uproar and confusion?"

"Let us first at any rate find the castle," Don Quixote replied, "and then I will tell thee, Sancho, what it were right for us to do. And look, Sancho; for either mine eyes fail me or that vast mass and shadow which are yonder revealed should be the palace of Dulcinea."
“Then let your worship lead on,” answered Sancho; “perhaps it may be so, though even were I to see it with mine eyes and touch it with my hands, I would believe it as much as I believe it is now daylight.”

Don Quixote led the way, and, having gone some two hundred paces, he came upon the pile which caused the shadow, and saw a great tower, and then knew the building to be no castle, but the principal church of the place. Said he: “We have come upon the church, Sancho.”

“I see it,” answered Sancho, “and God grant we have come not upon our burying, for it is no good sign strolling among graveyards at such hours,—I having told you, moreover, if I remember right, that this lady’s house is in a blind alley.”

“God’s curse on thee, blockhead,” cried Don Quixote; “where hast thou found that castles and palaces are built in blind alleys?”

“Sir,” answered Sancho, “every land has its customs. Perhaps it is the custom here in El Toboso to build palaces and grand buildings in blind alleys. I pray you, therefore, let me search among these streets and alleys I see before me, and maybe that in some corner I may tumble across this palace, which may I see the dogs swallow for dragging us into this plaguy hunt!”

“Speak with respect, Sancho, of what belongs to my lady,” said Don Quixote; “let us keep our feast in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket.”

“I’ll bridle myself,” answered Sancho; “but with what patience shall I listen to your worship telling me that you want me, who only once have seen my lady’s house, to know it always and find it in the middle of the night, when your worship can’t find it, who must have seen it thousands of times!”

“Thou wilt drive me desperate, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote. “Look ye, heretic, have I not told thee a thousand times that in all the days of my life I have never seen the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace; and that I am enamored solely by hearsay, and through the great reputation she bears for beauty and wit?”
"I hear it now," replied Sancho; "and say I, that as you have not seen her neither have I."

"That cannot be," said Don Quixote, "for thou hast told me, at any rate, that thou sawest her winnowing wheat when thou broughtest back an answer to the letter which I sent her by thee."

"Don't stand at that, sir," answered Sancho, "for I would have you know that my seeing her and bringing an answer back were also upon hearsay, for I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is than I can give a slap to the sky."

"Sancho, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "there are times for jesting, and times when jests are unseasonable and unseemly. Not because I say that I have neither seen nor spoken to the mistress of my soul, must thou too say that neither hast thou spoken with her nor seen her; the contrary is the case, as thou knowest."

While the two were holding this discourse, they perceived a man with a pair of mules approach to pass by that way, and, from the noise made by the plow which he dragged along the ground, they judged him to be a laborer who had risen early before daybreak to go to his work; and such was the case. The peasant came along singing that ballad which ran:

"Ill day it was for Frenchmen,
The chase of Roncesvalles."

"May they slay me, Sancho," exclaimed Don Quixote, "on hearing him, if any good thing will happen to us to-night. Dost thou not hear what the clown comes singing?"

"Aye, I hear," answered Sancho; "but what has the chase of Roncesvalles to do with our affair? So he might be singing the ballad of Calainos, for it would be all one, in regard to the happening of good or ill in our business."

Here the peasant coming up, Don Quixote inquired of him: "Can you tell me, good friend, and may God speed you, where hereabouts are the palaces of the peerless Doña Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"Sir," answered the man, "I am a stranger, and I have been but a few days in this place, in the service of a rich farmer, working in the fields. In that house fronting you dwell the priest and the sacristan of the village, and both or
either of them can give your worship an account of that lady princess, for they have a list of all the inhabitants of El Toboso; though for my part I do not believe that any princess lives in all the place, though there are many ladies, indeed, of quality, and one such may be a princess in her own house."

"Then it will be among those, friend," said Don Quixote, "that she must be for whom I am inquiring."

"Maybe so," said the youth; "God be with you, for here is the day coming." And, urging on his mules, he stayed for no further questioning.

Sancho, who saw that his master was bewildered and somewhat out of humor, said to him:—

"Sir, the day is coming on apace, and it will not be prudent to let the sun find us still in the street. It will be better for us to go out of the town, and for your worship to lie hid in some bush about here, and I will return by day and not leave a corner in all this place unsearched for the house, castle, or palace of my lady; and it shall be hard luck but I find it, and on finding it I will speak with her grace, and tell her where and how your worship stays, expecting her to give you order and direction how you may see her without damage to her honor and reputation."

"Thou hast spoken a thousand sentences, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in the compass of a few brief words. I like, and receive with very good will, the counsel thou hast now given me. Come, child, let us go seek where I may ensconce myself; and thou shalt return, as thou sayest, to find, to see, to accost my mistress, from whose discretion and courtesy I look for favors more than miraculous."

Sancho was eager to get his master out of the village, so that his lie might not be detected about the answer which he had brought back to the Sierra Morena, on Dulcinea's part, and therefore he hurried out at once; and two miles from the town they found a forest or thicket, in which Don Quixote lay in ambush, whilst his squire returned to the city to obtain speech of Dulcinea, in which embassage there happened to him things which demand new attention and fresh credence.
CHAPTER X

Wherein is related the device which Sancho adopted to enchant the lady Dulcinea; with other passages as laughable as they are true

COMING to the narration of what in this chapter he relates, the author of this great history declares that he had wished to pass it over in silence, fearing he would not be credited, for the delusions of Don Quixote here reach a term and height the greatest to be imagined, and even surpass those greatest by two bow-shots. But he wrote them down finally, though not without fear and hesitation, just as they were enacted, without adding to or taking from the history one atom of the truth, and without heeding aught which might be laid against him for a liar; and he was right, for the truth, though it may run thin, never breaks, and ever goes over the lie as oil over water. And so, proceeding with his story, the author says:—

As soon as Don Quixote had retired into the forest, or wood, or clump of oaks, near the grand El Toboso, he bade Sancho go back into the city and not to come into his presence again without having first spoken to his mistress on his behalf, beseeching her to be so good as to allow herself to be seen by her captive knight, and to deign to bestow on him her blessing, so that he might hope to attain thereby the happiest issues from all his arduous enterprises. Sancho undertook to do as he was commanded, and to bring back as good an answer as he had brought the first time.

"Go, son," said Don Quixote, "and be not troubled when thou findest thyself before the light of that sun of beauty thou goest to seek. Happy thou, above all the squires in the world! Bear in thy mind and let it not escape therefrom, how she receives thee; if she changes color whilst thou art giving her my message; if she is disquieted and disturbed on hearing my name; if she stay not on her cushion,—
shouldst thou by chance find her sitting in the rich alcove proper to her dignity; and if she be standing, mark whether she rests now on one foot, now on another; whether she repeats the answer she gives thee twice or thrice over; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from austere to amorous; whether she lifts her hand to her hair to smooth it, though it be not disordered. In fine, my son, observe all her actions and movements, for if thou shalt relate them to me as they were, I shall gather what she holds concealed in the recesses of her heart in regard to what concerns the subject of my passion. For I would have thee know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not, that between lovers the outward actions and movements they exhibit when their loves are treated of are very sure messengers which carry the news of what passes in the interior of the soul. Go, friend, and may a better star than mine guide thee, and send thee better success than that which I await betwixt fear and hope in this bitter solitude where thou leavest me.

"I will go and come back quickly," said Sancho; "and let your worship, master mine, cheer up that little heart, which should be now no bigger than a hazelnut, and think of what they say,—that a good heart breaks bad luck; and where there are no flitches there are no hooks; and they say, too, the hare leaps up where it is least looked for. I say this because, if to-night we did not find the palaces or castles of my lady, now that it is day I look to find them where I least think, and once found, leave me to manage her."

"Verily, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou dost bring in thy remarks so much to the purpose of our business that so may God send me better luck in what I long for!"

This said, Sancho turned about and gave Dapple the stick, while Don Quixote remained on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, filled with sad and troubled fancies; where we will leave him while we go with Sancho Panza, who parted from his master no less troubled and thoughtful than he, insomuch that, as soon as he had emerged from the wood, he turned round, and finding that Don Quixote was out of sight, he alighted from the ass, and seating himself at the foot of a tree began to commune with himself and to say:
"Now let us know, brother Sancho, where is your worship going? Go you to look for some ass you have lost? Nay, forsooth. Then what go you to seek? I go to seek, as one would say, naught,—a princess, and in her the sun of beauty and all heaven together. And where do you think to find what you speak of, Sancho? Where? In the great city of El Toboso. 'Tis well. And on whose behalf do you go to look for her? On behalf of the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, he that righteth wrongs, who giveth meat to them that thirst, and drink to them that hunger. All this is very well. And do you know her house, Sancho? My master says it will be some royal palaces or proud castles. And have you ever seen her by any chance? Neither I nor my master has seen her. And would you think it right and proper were the people of El Toboso, if they knew you were here with the design of enticing away their princesses and disturbing their ladies, to come and pound your ribs with sheer cudgelings and leave you never a whole bone? Indeed, they would be much in the right, if so be they did not consider that I am under orders, and that—

"'A messenger, my friend, you be,
From blame and penalty you're free.'

Never trust to that, Sancho, for the Manchegan folk are as hot-tempered as they are honest, and won't put up with jokes from any one. God's my life! if they smell you, you are in for an ill stroke of luck. Drop it, you thief; the bolt shall fall yonder! No; let me not go looking for three feet in a cat for another's pleasure—more by token that looking for Dulcinea up and down El Toboso will be like looking for little Maria in Ravenna, or the bachelor in Salamanca. 'Tis the devil,—the devil himself who has put me into this business,—and no one else."

This colloquy Sancho held with himself, and the upshot of it was to say to himself again:—

"Well, now, there's a remedy for everything but death, under whose yoke we have all to pass, whether we like it or not, by the ending of life. This master of mine I have seen by a thousand tokens is a lunatic fit to be tied up,—nay, I also am not much behind him, for I am more fool than he,
for I follow and serve him, if the proverb is true which says, 'Tell me what company you keep and I will tell you what you are'; and the other one, 'Not with whom you are bred, but with whom you are fed.' Being then mad, as he is, and of a madness which most times takes one thing for another, white for black and black for white, as was seen when he said the windmills were giants and the friars' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many other things to the same tune, it will not be very hard to make him believe that a peasant wench, the first I meet about here, is the lady Dulcinea; and should he not believe it, I will swear, and if he swears, I'll swear again, and if he sticks to it, I'll stick to it more, so that, come what will, my word shall be over the mark. Mayhap by this holding out I shall have done with his sending me again on such errands, seeing what ill answers I bring back out of them; or perhaps he will fancy, as I think he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those who he says mislike him, has changed her shape to do him a bad turn."

With these cogitations Sancho Panza quieted his conscience, reckoning his business to be as good as settled. He stayed there till the afternoon, so as to let Don Quixote believe there had been time for him to go to El Toboso and back; and all fell out so happily that when he rose to mount Dapple he saw coming towards him from El Toboso three peasant girls seated upon three ass colts or fillies,—for the author does not make it clear which, though the belief is rather that they were young she asses, such being the ordinary mount of village women;—but as there is not much in this, there is no need to stop in order to verify the point. To be brief, as soon as Sancho perceived the peasant girls, he went back at a hand-gallop to look for his master Don Quixote, and found him sighing and pouring forth a thousand amorous plaints. Don Quixote, on seeing him, cried: "What cheer, friend Sancho? Am I to mark this day with a white stone or with a black?"

"Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red earth, as they do the college lists, to be more plainly seen by those who look."

"In that case," said Don Quixote, "thou bringest good news."
"So good," replied Sancho, "that your worship has no more to do than clap the spur to Rozinante and go out into the open to see the lady Dulcinea, who, with two others, her maidens, comes to visit your worship."

"Blessed God! What is it thou sayest, friend Sancho?" exclaimed Don Quixote. "Look thou dost not deceive me, nor seek by feigned joys to cheer my real sadness."

"What should I get by deceiving your worship," answered Sancho; "especially when you are so near to the finding out of my truth? Spur on, sir, and come, and you shall see the princess, our mistress, coming arrayed and adorned,—in short, such as she is. Her maidens and she are one blaze of gold, all cobs of pearls, all diamonds and rubies, all brocade of more than ten plaits; the hair loose over their shoulders like so many sunbeams which go playing with the wind; and more than all, they come a-horseback on three piebald hackneys, the finest can be seen."

"'Hackneys' thou wouldst say, Sancho."

"There is little difference," replied Sancho, "between hackneys and hackneys; but let them come on what they may, they come the bravest ladies one could wish for; especially the Princess Dulcinea, my lady, who stuns the senses."

"Let us on, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "and in largess for these as unlooked-for as welcome news I devote to thee the best spoil I shall win in the first adventure we have; and if this doth not content thee, I bequeath to thee the fillies which my three mares will give me this year, who thou knowest are left to foal on our town common."

"I stick to the fillies," said Sancho; "for as to the spoils of the first adventure being good ones, it is not quite certain."

By this they had come out of the wood, and descried the three village girls close at hand. Don Quixote cast his eye along all the road to El Toboso, and, seeing none but the three wenches, was all troubled, and inquired of Sancho whether he had left the ladies outside the city.

"How outside the city?" Sancho answered; "has your worship eyes at the back of your head, perchance, that you see not that these are they who come here, shining like the very sun at noonday?"
"I see none, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "but three laboring women upon three jackasses."

"Now God deliver me from the devil," responded Sancho; "and is it possible that three hackneys, or what you call them, white as the driven snow, should seem to you jackasses? As the Lord liveth, may they pluck me out my beard if that be true!"

"But I tell thee, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that it is as true that they are jackasses, or jinny-asses, as that I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza,—at least, to me they appear so."

"Hush, sir!" cried Sancho; "say not such a word, but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and do homage to the lady of your thoughts, who now draws nigh."

And saying this he went forward to receive the three village wenches, and alighting from Dapple laid hold of the bridle of the ass which one of them rode, and sinking on both knees to the ground exclaimed:—

"Queen and princess and duchess of beauty! May your loftiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good liking your captive knight, who stands there, turned into marble stone,—all troubled and scant of nerve at finding himself before your magnificent presence! I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is the downtrodden knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Figure."

By this time Don Quixote had placed himself on his knees beside Sancho, and was staring, with eyes starting out of his head and a puzzled gaze, at her whom Sancho called "queen" and "lady"; and seeing in her nothing but a village wench, nor very well favored, for she was round-faced and flat-nosed, he stood bewildered and amazed, without venturing to open his lips. The lasses, too, were astonished at seeing those two men, so unlike in appearance, down upon their knees, who would not let their companion pass on. But she whom they had stopped, breaking silence, cried out roughly and angrily:—

"Get out of the road, with a mischief, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry."

To which Sancho replied: "O princess and eminent lady
of El Toboso! And is not your magnanimous heart softened by seeing the pillar and prop of knight-errantry before your sublimated presence?"

Hearing this, one of the other two exclaimed: "Whoa then till I currycomb thee, my father-in-law's ass! Look ye, how these small gentry come to make fun of us village girls, as if we did not know how to crack jokes as well as they! Go your road, and let us go ours, you had better!"

At this Don Quixote said: "Arise, Sancho, for I perceive that fortune, unsated with the ill done to me, hath barred all the ways by which any comfort could come to this miserable soul I bear in my carcass. And thou, O highest perfection of all worth that can be desired! Summit of human gentleness! Unique relief of this afflicted heart which adores thee! Now that the malignant enchanter persecutes me and has set clouds and cataracts in mine eyes, and for them only and none else hath changed and transformed thy unrivaled loveliness and feature into the semblance of a poor laborer-girl, if so be that he has not at the same time turned mine also into that of some specter, to make it loathsome in thine eyes, refuse not to look on me softly and lovingly, perceiving in this submission and knee-bending which I make to thy deformed beauty the humility with which my soul adores thee."

"There—tell that to my grandfather!" replied the wench. "I care little for your love-jabber. Be off with you! and let us go, and we will say thank-ye."

Sancho moved aside and let her pass, highly pleased with having come so well out of his entanglement. As soon as she found herself free, the girl who had played the part of Dulcinea prodded her "nackney" with a sharpened stick she carried, and set off at a gallop across the field. The ass, feeling the point of the goad, which hurt her more than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a way as to bring the lady Dulcinea to earth. Don Quixote, seeing this, ran up to raise her, and Sancho to adjust and girth on the packsaddle, which had slipped under the ass's belly. The saddle being fixed, Don Quixote would have lifted his enchanted mistress in his arms and put her upon the beast; but she, getting up from the ground, spared him that trouble, for
stepping a little back, she took a short run, and, planting her
two hands upon the ass's crupper, she sprang into the saddle
as lightly as a hawk and sat astride like a man.

"By Roque!" cried Sancho at this, "but the lady our
mistress is nimbler than a falcon, and can teach the cleverest
Cordovan or Mexican how to mount jennet-wise! At one
jump she has sprung over the crupper of the saddle, and
without spurs makes the pony run like a zebra, and her
damsels are not much behind her, for they are all flying like
the wind!"

And such was the truth, for, Dulcinea being mounted,
they all pricked after her and darted away at full speed,
without turning their heads behind them, for the space of
more than half a league!

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when he
saw them disappear he said, turning to Sancho: "Sancho,
what thinkest thou? How I am disliked by enchanters!
And look how far their malice and hatred of me extend,
since they have sought to deprive me of the happiness I
should have enjoyed on seeing my mistress in her very per-
son! In truth I am born for an ensample of the unfortu-
nate, and to be a mark and a target at which the arrows of
adversity may aim and shoot. And thou hast to note, more-
ever, Sancho, that they are not content, these traitors, with
having changed and transformed my Dulcinea, but they have
transformed and changed her into a shape so base and ill-
favored as that of yonder village wench, and they have de-
prived her withal of what is proper to ladies of quality, which
is the perfume they derive from going always among sweet
amber and flowers. For thou must know, Sancho, that when
I went up to mount Dulcinea upon her hackney (as thou
sayest it was, though to me it appeared a she ass) she gave
me such a whiff of raw garlic as stifled me and poisoned my
very soul."

"O vile crew!" here cried Sancho; "O wretched, spite-
ful enchanters, whom I would like to see strung by the gills
like pilchards upon a rush! Much you know, much you can
do,—much evil you do! Enough it were for you, rascals,
to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-tree
galls, and her hair of purest gold into bristles of a red bul-
lock's tail, and, in short, all her features from good to bad,—without touching her in the smell, for thereby at least we might have gathered what was hidden under that ugly skin; though, to tell the truth, I never perceived her ugliness but only her beauty, which was pointed and perfected by a mole which she had on her right lip, like a mustache, with seven or eight red hairs like threads of gold, and more than a span long."

"In accordance with that mole," said Don Quixote, "from the correspondence which those of the face have with those of the body, Dulcinea must have another corresponding to the side on which she has a mole on her face; but hairs of the length thou hast indicated are very long for moles."

"But I can tell your worship," said Sancho, "that they were, as though born with her."

"I believe it, friend," replied Don Quixote, "for nothing did nature put on Dulcinea which is not perfect and well finished; and so, if she had a hundred moles such as thou speakest of on her, they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars. But tell me, Sancho, that which to me looked like a pack-saddle, which thou didst adjust—was it a plain pad or a side-saddle?"

"It was nothing but a jennet-saddle, with a field-covering worth half a kingdom, it was so rich."

"And that I should not have seen all this!" cried Don Quixote; "and now again I say, and shall say it, a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men."

The rogue Sancho had enough to do to dissemble his mirth on hearing the ravings of his master, so finely deceived. In the end, after much other talk had passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Zaragoza, which they expected to reach in time to be present at a solemn festival which is wont to be held every year in that illustrious city. But before they arrived there things happened to them, so many, so important, and so novel, as to deserve to be recorded and read, as will be seen farther on.
CHAPTER XI

Of the strange adventure which happened to the valorous Don Quixote with the car or cart of the Assembly of Death

DON QUIXOTE went on his way very much downcast, musing on the cunning trick which the enchanters had played him in turning his lady Dulcinea into the foul shape of a village girl; nor could he think of any means to adopt in order to restore her to her original state. And these thoughts took him so far away from himself that unconsciously he slackened Rozinante’s reins, who, feeling the liberty given him, lingered at every step to crop the green herbage in which those plains abounded. Sancho Panza woke him from his reverie, saying:—

“Sir, griefs were made not for beasts but for men, but if men feel them overmuch they turn into beasts. Let your worship pull yourself together and return to yourself, and gather up Rozinante’s reins; cheer up and rouse you, and show that lightheadedness which knights errant ought to have. What is this, in the name of all the devils? What mopeishness is this? Are we here or in France? Nay, let the devil take all the Dulcineas there are in the world; for the well-being of one single knight errant is more than all the enchantments and transformations on earth.”

“Peace, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, in a voice not very faint; “peace, I say, and utter no blasphemy against that enchanted lady, for of her misfortune and calamity I alone bear the blame; of the envy which the wicked have for me has her ill-faring come.”

“So say I,” responded Sancho; “who saw her then and sees her now, what is the heart but must weep?”

“Thou mayst well say that, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “for thou sawest her in the full integrity of her loveliness,
when the enchantment did not extend to the troubling of thy vision or the concealing of her beauty. Against me alone and against my eyes was directed the force of its venom. Yet nevertheless, Sancho, I mind me of one thing, and it is that thou didst ill paint her beauty, for if I remember rightly thou saidst that she had eyes of pearl, and eyes that look like pearl are rather of a sea-bream than of a lady. In my belief those of Dulcinea must have been verdant emeralds, large and full, with two rainbows which served her for eyebrows; and as for those pearls, take them from her eyes and pass them on to her teeth, for doubtless, Sancho, thou hast changed it about, taking the eyes for the teeth.”

“Maybe so,” answered Sancho, “for her beauty put me out as her ugliness did your worship; but let us leave it all in the hands of God, for ‘tis He who is knowing in the things that happen in this vale of tears—in this wicked world of ours, in which there is scarce anything to be found which is without mixture of mischief, lying, and roguery. About one thing I am troubled, dear master, more than all the rest, which is to think what means have to be taken when your worship should conquer any giant or other knight, and should order him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where is he to find it, that poor giant, or that poor, wretched, conquered knight? I think I see them wandering all over El Toboso, turned into staring idiots, seeking my lady Dulcinea; and even though they met her in the middle of the street they will know her no more than my father.”

“Perhaps, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the enchantment will not be extended to the depriving of the vanquished and presented giants and knights of the power of recognizing Dulcinea, and on one or two of the first I conquer and send to her we will make the experiment, whether they see her or not, by commanding them to return and give me report of what may have happened to them in this matter.”

“What your worship has said,” replied Sancho, “seems to me to be good; and by this plan we shall come to learn what we want to know; and if so be as that she is disguised for your worship only, the misfortune will be more yours than hers; but since the lady Dulcinea is well and happy, we here-about will make it out as well as we can, looking for our
advantages and leaving time to do with hers, for it is the best doctor for these and other greater ailments."

Don Quixote would have replied to Sancho Panza, but he was interrupted by a cart which came out across the road, freighted with divers of the strangest shapes that could be conceived. He who drove the mules and acted as charioteer was a hideous demon. The wagon itself was open to the sky, without tilt or covering. The first figure that presented itself before Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death himself with a human face; next to him was an angel with large painted wings. At one side was an emperor with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At the feet of Death was the god whom they call Cupid, without the bandage over his eyes, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight armed cap-a-pie, except that he wore no helmet or head-piece, but a hat decked with plumes of divers colors. With these were other persons, of various attire and visage. All this, beheld of a sudden, discomposed Don Quixote in some measure and struck terror into the heart of Sancho; but presently Don Quixote was gladdened, believing that some new and perilous adventure was being presented; and in this conceit, and with a soul disposed to encounter any danger soever, he planted himself in front of the cart, and cried out in a loud and menacing voice:—

"Charioteer, driver, or devil, or what thou art! Delay not to tell me who thou art, whither thou goest, and who are the people thou art carrying in thy coach, which looks rather like the bark of Charon than the ordinary cart."

To which the devil, stopping his cart, politely replied:—

"Sir, we are players of Angulo el Malo's company, and have been acting this morning in a village which lies beyond yon hill,—for it is the Octave of Corpus Christi,—the piece of the 'Assembly of Death,' and we have to perform this evening in that village which you see from here; and because it is close at hand, and to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing again, we go attired in the costumes we play in. That youth there goes as Death; the other as an angel; that woman, who is the manager's wife, is the queen; another one is a soldier; that one is an emperor, and I am the devil; and I am one of the principal characters in the
play, for in this company I take the leading parts. If there is anything else your worship wishes to know about us, inquire of me, and I will be able to answer with all exactness, for, being the devil, I am up to everything."

"By the faith of a knight errant," replied Don Quixote, "when I saw this cart I imagined that some great adventure presented itself to me, and now I affirm that one must touch appearances with the hand to be undeceived. Go ye in God's name, good people, and hold your festival; and look ye, if you require anything wherein I may be useful to you, I will do it gladly and with a good heart, for from my boyhood I was ever a lover of masks, and in my youth had much longing for comedy."

While they were thus discoursing, fortune so willed that one of the company came up, clad in motley, hung about with many bells, who bore on the point of a wand three ox-bladders full blown; which Jack-pudding approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with his stick and to beat the ground with his bladders, skipping about to the sound of the bells. This dreadful apparition so alarmed Rozinante that, taking the bit between his teeth so that Don Quixote had no power to stop him, he set off at a gallop across the plain, with greater speed than the bones of his anatomy ever promised. Sancho, thinking that his master was in danger of being thrown, jumped off Dapple and ran in all haste to assist him; but when he came up Don Quixote was already on the ground and Rozinante beside him, having fallen with his master,—the usual end and upshot of his exploits and of Rozinante's gambols. But hardly had Sancho left his own beast to go to Don Quixote's help when the dancing devil with the bladders jumped upon Dapple, and slapping him with them, the terror and the racket more than the smart of the blows made him fly across country towards the village where they were going to hold the festival. Sancho, beholding the flight of Dapple and the fall of his master, knew not to which of the two calls first to attend; but at last, like a good squire and good servant, he let his love for his master prevail over his concern for his ass, though every time he saw the bladders rise in the air and descend upon Dapple he felt the terrors and torments of death, and he had rather that those blows fell upon the apples
of his eyes than upon the least hair of his ass's tail. In this state of perplexed tribulation he came up to where Don Quixote lay, in a sorrier plight than he could wish, and helping him upon Rozinante, said: "Sir, the devil has carried away Dapple."

"What devil?" asked Don Quixote.

"He with the bladders," answered Sancho.

"Then I will recover him," said Don Quixote, "even if he were shut up in the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, for the cart goes leisurely, and the mules shall pay for the loss of Dapple."

"There's no need to take that trouble," said Sancho; "let your worship moderate your anger, for, as I see, the devil has already let Dapple go, who is coming back to his nest."

And so indeed it was, for the devil having stumbled with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, made off on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his master.

"Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it would be well to visit the devil's incivility upon one of those in the wagon, even though it were the emperor himself."

"Let your worship put that out of your head," replied Sancho, "and take my advice, which is never to meddle with play-actors, for they are a favored folk. I have seen a stroller taken up for a couple of murders, and get off scot-free. Know, your worship, that they are merry people and of pleasure; everybody sides with them, everybody favors, helps, and regards them, and especially those who are of the king's companies and with a charter, who all, or mostly, in their dress and make-up look like princes."

"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that player-devil shall not go off applauding himself, though he were favored by the whole human race."

Saying this he turned to the wagon, which was very near to the village, calling out loudly as he rode: "Stay! halt! ye merry and festive crew! I would teach you how to treat the asses and animals which serve for the mounts of knights errants' squires!"

So loud were Don Quixote's outcries that they were heard and understood by the people in the wagon, and divining by the words the purpose of him who uttered them, Death in a
moment leapt from the cart, and after him the emperor, the
driver-devil, and the angel, nor did the queen and the god
Cupid stay behind; and they all loaded themselves with
stones and placed themselves in a row, waiting to receive
Don Quixote on the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote,
seeing them ranged in that gallant array, their arms raised
in act to discharge a formidable shower of stones, checked
Rozinante's rein, and fell to considering how to encounter
them with the least peril to his person. As he halted Sancho
came up, and seeing him in a posture to assail that well-
ordered battalion, said to him: —

"It were sheer madness to attempt such an enterprise.
Let your worship reflect, master dear, that against that soup
from the brooks, and plenty of it, there is no defensive armor
in the world unless you ensconce and hide yourself in a brass
bell; and you should consider besides that it is rather fool-
hardiness than bravery for a single man to attack an army
where death is, and emperors fight in person, and which good
and bad angels help; and if this consideration does not move
you to remain quiet, let it move you the knowing for certain
that among all these yonder, though they look like kings,
princes, and emperors, there is never one knight errant."

"Now, indeed," said Don Quixote, "thou hast hit upon the
point which can and should turn me from my determination.
I neither can nor should draw sword, as many a time and oft
I have said to thee, against one who is not a dubbed knight.
To thee, Sancho, it pertains, if thou wouldst take vengeance
for the injury which has been done to the ass, and I from
here will aid thee with wise and salutary counsel."

"There is no call, sir," said Sancho, "to take vengeance on
any one, for it is not the part of a good Christian to take it
for wrongs, more by token that I shall persuade my ass to
place his wrong into the hands of my will, which is to live
peacefully all the days of life that Heaven may give me."

"Since that is thy determination," replied Don Quixote,
"good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, guileless
Sancho,—let us leave these phantoms and return to the quest
of better and more substantial adventures, for I perceive this
country to be of a sort that there will not fail us many and
very wonderful ones therein."
Then he turned rein, Sancho went to catch his Dapple, Death and all his flying squadron went back to their cart and pursued their journey; and thus happily ended the fearful adventure of the wagon of Death, thanks to the wholesome counsel which Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the next day there happened another adventure, with a love-stricken errant knight, worthy of not less interest than the last.
CHAPTER XII

Of the strange adventure which happened to the valorous Don Quixote with the brave Knight of the Mirrors

The night following the day of the encounter with Death, Don Quixote and his squire passed beneath some tall and shady trees, the former, at Sancho’s persuasion, sitting down to eat of what was carried in Dapple’s store. Whilst they were at supper, Sancho said to his master: “Sir, what a fool I should have been had I chosen for my largess the spoils of the first adventure achieved by your worship rather than the produce of the three mares! Indeed, indeed, a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture on the wing.”

“Still, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “if thou hadst let me attack as I wished, there would have fallen to my share as spoil the emperor’s golden crown and Cupid’s painted wings at least, for those I would have plucked off, in spite of their teeth, and put them into thy hands.”

“The scepters and crowns of play-emperors,” observed Sancho, “are never of real gold, but of tinsel or brass-foil.”

“That is true,” replied Don Quixote, “for it were not right that the ornaments of comedy should be real, but only counterfeit and seeming, as is comedy itself; towards which, Sancho, I would that thou wert favorably disposed, and as a consequence towards those who represent and compose them, for they are all instruments in effecting a great good to the commonwealth, holding before us at every step a mirror wherein are seen, livelily portrayed, the actions of human life; nor is there any portraiture which depicts more vividly what we are and what we should be than the drama and the players. Prithee, tell me, hast thou not seen some comedy played wherein are introduced kings, emperors, pontiffs, knights, ladies, and divers other personages? One
plays the bully, another the knave; one the merchant, one the soldier, others the witty fool and the foolish lover; and, the comedy ended, and their apparel put off, all the players remain equal."

"Yes, marry have I," answered Sancho.

"But the same," pursued Don Quixote, "happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, wherein some play the emperors, others the pontiffs; in short, all the parts that can be introduced into a drama; but on reaching the end, which is when life is done, death strips all of the robes which distinguished them, and they remain equal in the grave."

"A brave comparison!" cried Sancho, "though not so new but that I have heard it many and divers times, like that of the game of chess,—how, so long as the game lasts, each piece has its particular office, and the game being finished, they are all mixed, shuffled, and jumbled, and put away into a bag, which is much like putting away life in the grave."

"Every day, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou becomest less simple and more wise."

"Yea, for some of your worship's wisdom must stick to me," answered Sancho; "lands that are of themselves dry and barren, by mucking and tilling they come to bear good fruit. I mean to say that your worship's talk has been the rain which has fallen upon the barren soil of my dry wit, the time of my service and commune with you being the tillage, and, with this, I expect to bear fruit of me, which may be a blessing such as may not disgrace me, nor slide from the paths of good breeding you have given to this parched-up understanding of mine."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected phrases, and perceived that what he said about his amendment was true, for now and then Sancho spoke in a manner to surprise his master; though always, or mostly, when Sancho spoke in argument, and in a high-flown style, his speech ended by precipitating itself from the steep of his simplicity into the abyss of his ignorance. Where he showed his eloquence and his memory the most was in his use of proverbs, whether they came pat to the subject or not, as will have been seen, and must have been noted, in the course of this history.
In such conversation they spent a great part of the night, when to Sancho there came a longing to let fall the hatches of his eyes, as he was wont to say when he wanted to sleep; so, unharnessing Dapple, he left him to graze freely and abundantly. He did not take the saddle off Rozinante, for it was his master's express command that, during such time as they passed in the open country, or when they slept not under cover, Rozinante was not to be unsaddled, — it being an ancient usage established and observed by knights errant to take off the bridle and hang it on the saddle-bow; but take the saddle off the steed? Never! Sancho so did, and gave him the same liberty as to Dapple, whose friendship for Rozinante was so singular and so close that there is a tradition handed down from father to son that the author of this truth-ful history wrote some especial chapters thereon, but in order to preserve the propriety and harmony which to so heroical a story were due, he did not put them in: although sometimes he forgets this determination of his and writes that, as soon as the two animals were together, they would set to scratch-ing one another, and how, when they were tired or contented, Rozinante would stretch his neck across Dapple's more than half a yard, and, fixing their eyes intently on the ground, the two were wont to remain in that position for three days,—or at least all the time they were left undisturbed, and until hunger compelled them to seek for food. The author, I am told, has left it recorded that he likened their friendship to that of Nisu and Euryalus, and of Pylades and Orestes; and, if this be so, it can be seen how strong must have been the friendship between the two pacific animals, for an uni-versal wonder and for the confusion of the humankind, who can so ill-preserve friendships one for another; for which reason it is said:

"Friend to friend no more is there,  
Playful reed is turned to spear."  

And that other which is sung:

"From friend to friend the bug," etc.

And let no one think that the author went out of his way when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of men, for from the beasts have men received many lessons,
and learnt many things of value, as from storks the clyster, from dogs gratitude, from the crane vigilance, from the ants thrift, from the elephants chastity, and from the horse loyalty.

Finally, Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote dozed under a stately oak. But a short time only had elapsed when he was awakened by a voice which he heard behind him, and, rising with a sudden start, he disposed himself to look and to listen whence the voice proceeded, when he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop from the saddle, said to the other:—

"Dismount, friend, and take the bridles off the horses, for methinks this spot is rich in grass for them, and in the silence and solitude which are needed for my amorous meditations."

To say this and to stretch himself on the ground was the work of a moment; and as he flung himself down the armor in which he was clad rattled — proof palpable by which Don Quixote knew him to be a knight errant. So going up to Sancho, who was still sleeping, he seized his squire by the arm, and arousing him with no small difficulty, said to him in a low voice:—

"Brother Sancho, we have here an adventure."

"God send us a good one," answered Sancho; "and where is she, dear sir,—her grace, Madam Adventure?"

"Where, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote; "turn thine eyes and look, and thou wilt see stretched there a knight errant who, as I conjecture, cannot be overcheerful, for I saw him fling from the horse and cast himself on the ground with sundry tokens of displeasure, and in falling his armor rattled."

"But how does your worship make out that this is an adventure?" said Sancho.

"I would not say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is wholly an adventure, but it is the commencement of one, for thus it is that adventures begin. But list! — for he appears to be tuning a lute or a viol, and by his spitting and clearing of his throat he should be preparing to sing something."

"I' faith it is so," replied Sancho, "he must be a knight in love."
"There is none of the errants who is not," said Don Quixote. "Let us listen to him, for if he sings, by that thread we shall reach the clue of his thoughts, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Sancho would have replied to his master, but the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very bad nor very good, stopped him; and the two, listening attentively, heard him sing this song:

"Deign, cruel mistress, me to show
Some token of thy sovereign will,
Which as my goal I may pursue,
And keep within the boundary still.

"If thou wouldst wish my suit were dead,
In death my anguish I will drown;
Or say, wouldst have me speak, I'll plead
Till Love itself the strain shall own.

"Of softest wax and diamond made,
My soul to either opposite
Is turned as thy command is laid,
The ordinance of love to fit.

"Or soft or hard my heart I'll lay
Within thy hands, to do with me,
To grave or print it, as you may;
For thine it is eternally."

With a "heigh-ho!" which seemed to be wrung from the bottom of his heart, the Knight of the Wood brought his singing to an end; and after a little pause he exclaimed in a sorrowful and pitiful voice: "O fairest, and most ungrateful woman upon earth! And is it possible, serenest Casilda de Vandalia, that thou sufferest this thy captive knight to be consumed and to perish in perpetual wanderings and in harsh, unkind toils? Is it not enough that I have caused thee to be confessed for the most beautiful in the world by all the knights of Navarre, all of Leon, of Tartesia, of Castile, and, in fine, by all the knights of La Mancha."

"Not so," exclaimed Don Quixote at this; "for I am of La Mancha, and have never so confessed, nor could I, nor ought I, to confess a thing so much to the prejudice of the beauty of my mistress. This knight, as thou seest, Sancho, raveth. But let us listen; perhaps he will declare himself further."
"Aye will he," replied Sancho, "for he looks like the sort to bemoan a month at a stretch."

It was not so, however, for the Knight of the Wood, having overheard this talk so near him, proceeded no farther with his lamentation, but started to his feet, and in a loud but courteous voice called out: "Who goes there? Who are you? Are ye by chance of the number of the blessed or of the afflicted?"

"Of the afflicted," responded Don Quixote.

"Then come hither to me," said he of the Wood, "and count upon coming to very sorrow and to affliction's self."

Don Quixote, when he found that he was answered so delicately and politely, went over to him, and Sancho also. The plaintiff knight took Don Quixote by the arm and cried: "Sit ye here, sir knight, for to know that you are one and of the number of those who profess errantry, it is enough for me to have found you in this spot, where solitude and the night dews keep you company,—the natural couch and proper habitation of knights errant."

To which Don Quixote made response: "A knight I am of the order of which you speak, and though in my soul sorrows, miseries, and disasters hold their seat, nevertheless they have not scared away thence my compassion for the misfortunes of others. From what you were just now singing, I have gathered that yours are amorous ones,—I mean to say, born of the love you bear to that beautiful ingrate whom in your plaints you named."

While this passed they were seated together upon the hard ground in peace and good-fellowship, as if they had not, at break of day, to break each other's heads.

"Perchance you also, sir knight," inquired he of the Wood, "are in love?"

"Per-mischance I am," answered Don Quixote; "although the sufferings which spring of fancies well placed should rather be held as favors than misfortunes."

"That is true," replied he of the Wood, "if disdain did not unsettle the reason and the understanding, for when it is excessive it looks like revenge."

"Never was I disdained of my mistress," said Don Quixote.

"No, i' faith," cried Sancho, who stood close by, "for my lady is as meek as a yearling ewe and softer than any butter."
"Is this your squire?" asked he of the Wood.
"Yes, he is," answered Don Quixote.
"Never have I seen squire," replied he of the Wood, "who dared to speak where his master spoke. At least, yonder is mine, who is as big as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking."
"Then, faith," cried Sancho, "I have spoken and am able to speak before another as good, and even—but let it be, for it will be worse for stirring."

The Squire of the Wood took hold of Sancho by the arm and said: "Come, let us two go where we can speak in squirely fashion of all that we have a mind to, and leave these gentlemen, our masters, to butt at each other, telling the stories of their amours, for I warrant me the day will catch them at it, and then they will not have done."

"So let it be, and willingly," said Sancho; "and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether I am in the running with your most talkative squires."

Thereupon the two squires went aside, and between them there passed a colloquy as droll as that which passed between their masters was serious.
Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood, with the shrewd, novel, and delicate colloquy which passed between the two squires

The knights and the squires were separated into two parties,—these telling of their lives and those of their loves; but the history tells first of the conversation between the servants, and then follows that between the masters. And thus it proceeds, that he of the Wood, drawing a little apart from the others, said to Sancho:

"A toilsome life is this we lead and live, sir, those of us who are squires to knights errant. We truly eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses which God laid upon our first parents."

"It may be said, too," Sancho added, "that we eat it in the chill of our bodies, for who suffers more heat and more cold than your miserable squires of knight-errantry? Nay, and it would not be so bad if we did eat, for woes are lesser if there's bread; but sometimes it is a day or days we pass without breaking fast except it be on the wind that blows."

"All that can be borne and forborne," quoth he of the Wood, "through the hope we have of reward; for unless the knight errant whom he serves is particularly unlucky, at the least, the squire will find himself in a little rewarded with a handsome government of some isle, or some decent countship."

"I have told my master already," said Sancho, "that I am content with the governorship of some isle, and he is so noble and so generous that he has promised it to me many and many times."

"I," replied he of the Wood, "shall be satisfied with a canonry for my services; and my master has already bespoken one for me."
"Belike, then, your worship's master," said Sancho, "must be a knight in the ecclesiastical line, and can do these favors for his good squires. Mine is merely a layman, though I recollect when there would counsel him some clever persons—though to my thinking of ill intent—to try and be made an archbishop, but he would be none but emperor; and I was in a trouble then lest it should come into his fancy to belong to the church, not feeling myself sufficient to hold benefices in it; for I would have you know that though I look like a man I am a very beast for the church."

"Indeed, but your worship is wrong," said he of the Wood, "for the reason that insulary governorships are not all of a good sort; some are crooked, some poor, some melancholic, and, indeed, the most high-flown and whole-some of them carries with it a plaguey load of cares and discomforts, which the unhappy wight to whose lot it falls has to bear on his shoulders. Far better were it that we who profess this cursed service should retire to our own homes, and there employ ourselves in exercises more agreeable, as who should say in hunting and fishing; for what squire is there in the world so poor as to want a hack, a couple of greyhounds, and a fishing-rod, with which to amuse him in his own village?"

"For me, I lack nothing of that," answered Sancho. "True, I have no hack, but I have an ass, who is worth twice as much as my master's horse. God send me a bad Easter, and let it be the next that comes, if I would swap him for the other, though they gave me four bushels of barley to boot. Your worship may take for a joke the value I put on my Dapple,—for dapple is the color of my ass. As for greyhounds, they will not be wanting, for they are over-plentiful in my village, and that is the pleasantest hunting which is done at another's cost."

"Really and truly, sir squire," replied he of the Wood, "I am resolved and bent upon quitting these tipsy freaks of your knights errant, and returning to my village, and bringing up my little ones, for it is three I have, like three Orient pearls."

"Two have I," said Sancho, "whom I could present to the pope in person; especially a girl, whom I am rearing
to be a countess, please God — though in spite of her mother."

"And what age is that lady who is being brought up for a countess?" asked he of the Wood.

"Fifteen years, more or less," answered Sancho; "but she is as tall as a lance, and as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter."

"Those are parts, indeed," replied he of the Wood, "to fit her, not only for a countess, but a nymph of the Greenwood."

"My wife and children," said Sancho, "for all they do and say are so superexcellent as to deserve the like praise, and that I may see them again, I pray to God to deliver me from mortal sin, which is the same as to deliver me from this perilous business of squire into which I have fallen for the second time, lured and tempted by a purse with a hundred ducats in it, which I found one day in the heart of the Sierra Morena; and it is the devil is always putting before my eyes, here, there, and everywhere, a bag full of doubloons which, me-thinks, at every step I am turning it with my hand, and hugging it, to carry it home, to make investments, and settle rents, and live like a prince; and the while I think on this the toils are made easy and light to me, which I endure with this ninny of a master of mine, whom I know to be more of a madman than a knight."

"Therefore it is that they say that covetousness bursts the bag," quoth he of the Wood; "and if it is them we come to talk of, there is not another greater in the world than my master; for he is one of those of whom the proverb runs: 'Care for his neighbor kills the ass'; for, in order that another knight may regain the wits he has lost, he makes of himself a lunatic and goes about seeking for what, if found, may hap hit him on the snout."

"And is he in love, by chance?"

'Yes," said he of the Wood, "with one Casildea of Vandalia, the cruelest and best-cooked lady to be found in all the world; but it is not upon the leg of the cruelty that he halts, for he has other greater schemes rumbling in his bowels, which he will speak of before many hours."

"There is no road so straight but has some rut or hollow," said Sancho. "In other houses they cook beans but in mine
whole coppers full: folly will have more companions and messmates than wisdom; but if it be true, as commonly said, that to have company in troubles is good for their relief, I shall be able to console me with your worship, since you serve a master as foolish as mine."

"Foolish, but stout," replied he of the Wood; "and more roguish than foolish or stout."

"That is not mine," said Sancho; "I mean he has none of the rogue; rather has he a soul as clean as a pitcher. He can do no harm to any one, but good to all, nor has he any malice at all; a child might persuade him it is night at noonday; and it is for this simpleness I love him like my heart-strings, and cannot be handy at leaving him, for all the pranks he plays."

"With all that, sir and brother," said he of the Wood, "if the blind lead the blind, both are in danger of falling into the ditch. It is better for us to turn about and retire to our dens, for they who seek for adventures do not always find good ones."

Sancho kept spitting frequently, which being observed and noted by the charitable Squire of the Wood, he said: "Methinks our tongues have stuck to our palates with our talk, but I carry a loosener hanging from my saddle-bow, which is a pretty good one."

And getting up, he came back in a short time with a large bottle of wine and a pasty half a yard long, which is no exaggeration, for it held a whole rabbit so big that Sancho in handling it took it to be a goat, nor a little one either; at sight of which he exclaimed: "And does your worship take such as this along with you, sir?"

"What then did you think?" quoth the other. "Am I perchance some bread-and-water squire? I carry better provender on my horse's crupper than a general takes with him on the march."

Sancho fell to without being asked, and swallowed large lumps at a mouthful in the dark, observing: "Your worship is indeed a squire trusty and loyal, right and sound, magnificent and grand, as this banquet shows, which if it has not come here by enchantment, looks like it at least; and not as I am, mean and miserable, who only carry in my wallets a
bit of cheese so hard that you could brain a giant with it, and a few dozen carob-beans and other few filberts and nuts,—thanks to the closest of my master and the idea he has and the rule he keeps about knights errant not having to maintain and feed themselves except on dry fruit and the herbs of the field."

"By my faith," replied he of the Wood, "but I have no stomach made for your thistles or your choke-pears, nor for roots from the forest. Let our masters have them, with their ideas and their laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. For me, I carry my panniers and this leather bottle hung from my saddle-bow, when I am so disposed, and I am so strongly attached and loving to it, that few minutes pass without my giving it a thousand kisses and hugs."

And so saying he put it into Sancho's hands, who lifting it up pressed it to his mouth, and remained gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour. Having finished his draft, he dropped his head on one side, and heaving a deep sigh cried: "Tell me, sir, by the life you love best, is this wine of Ciudad Real?"

"O rare judge!" cried he of the Wood; "in faith it is of no other growth, and has a few years of age in it."

"Let me alone for that," said Sancho; "don't think it escaped me to take note of its quality. Is it no good gift I have, sir squire, in having an instinct so fine and so natural in this knowing of wines, that in only giving me one to smell I can hit upon the country, the kind, the flavor, and the age, the changes it will go through, with all other details pertaining to the wine? But there is nothing to marvel at, since I had in my family on my father's side the two most excellent tasters that La Mancha has known for many long years; for proof of which I will relate what happened to them. Some wine from a cask was given them to try, they being asked its condition, quality, goodness or defect. The one tested it with the tip of his tongue, the other did no more than lift it to his nose. The first said the wine tasted of iron; the second that it had rather a flavor of leather. The owner declared that the cask was a clean one, and the wine had no blending whence it could have taken a taste of either iron or leather.
Nevertheless, those two famous wine-tasters stuck to what they had said. Time went by; the wine was sold; and on clearing out the cask they found in it a small key hanging to a thong of leather. Now you may see whether one who comes of this stock is able to give an opinion in such like cases."

"Therefore say I," quoth he of the Wood, "let us give up going about seeking for adventures, and seeing we have loaves let us not look for tarts, but return to our cribs, for God will find us there if He will."

"I will serve my master till he gets to Zaragoza, and after that we will come to an understanding."

In the end they talked so much and drank so much, the two good squires, that they had need of sleep to tie up their tongues and moderate their thirst, for to quench it was impossible. And so with the nearly empty bottle held between them, and their morsels half chewed in their mouths, they fell asleep; where we will leave them for the present, to relate what passed between the Knight of the Wood and him of the Rueful Figure.
CHAPTER XIV

Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood

The history tells us that among sundry speeches which passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood, he of the Wood said to Don Quixote:

"In fine, sir knight, I would have you know that my destiny, or to speak more precisely my choice, led me to be enamored of the peerless Casildea, of Vandalia. I call her without peer, for none has she, either in the greatness of her stature or the excellency of her state and beauty. This said Casildea then, I am telling you, repaid my honest inclinations and my gentle desires by employing me, as his stepmother did Hercules, in many and divers perils, promising me at the end of each that, with the end of the next, I should reach the end of my hopes; but my labors have gone on increasing link by link in such wise that they have passed count, nor do I know which is to be the last to initiate the accomplishment of my honorable desires. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge that famous giantess of Seville, called the Giralda, who is as mighty and valiant as though made of brass, and though never stirring from one spot is the most changeable and volatile woman in the world. I came, I saw, and I conquered her; and I forced her to be still and keep to one point (for none but north winds blew for more than a week). Time was, also, when she bade me go and weigh those ancient stones, the mighty Bulls of Guisando; an undertaking fitter to be recommended to porters than to knights. Another time she ordered me to fling myself down into the cavern of Cabra,—a peril unheard-of and terrible,—and bring her back a particular account of what is contained in that obscure abyss. I arrested the motion of the Giralda; I weighed the Bulls of Guisando; I descended into the cavern and dragged to light what was hidden in its depths; and still
my hopes are more than ever dead, her commands and her disdains more than ever lively. To conclude, she has laid upon me finally her mandate to course through all the provinces of Spain and force all the knights errant who rove through them to confess that she is the most excellent in beauty of all who are alive this day, and that I am the most valiant and enamored knight on the earth; on which commission I have already traversed the greater part of Spain, and have vanquished many knights therein who have dared to gainsay me. But that on which I most value and pride myself is the having conquered in single combat that knight so famous, Don Quixote of La Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is lovelier than his Dulcinea; and in this one conquering I reckon that I have conquered all the knights in the world, for the aforesaid Don Quixote has conquered all of them, and I having conquered him, his glory, his renown, and his honor have been transferred and passed on to my person.

"'And still the victor's glory grows the more,
By all the fame the vanquished had before.'"

So the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are set down to my credit and are become mine."

Don Quixote was astounded at what he heard from the Knight of the Wood, and a thousand times he was on the point of telling him that he lied, and had "thou liest" on the tip of his tongue; but he restrained himself as well as he could, so as to make the other confess his lie out of his own mouth and therefore he said to him composedly:—

"As to your worship, sir knight, having conquered most of the knights of Spain, and even of the world, I say nothing; but that you have conquered Don Quixote of La Mancha I take leave to doubt. It may be it was some one else who resembled him, though there are few like him."

"How, not conquered him?" replied he of the Wood; "by the heaven which covers us, but I fought with Don Quixote, and vanquished him, and forced him to yield; and he is a man tall of stature, gaunt of visage, lanky and shriveled of limb, grizzly-headed, the nose aquiline and a little crooked, with large mustaches, black and drooping.
He takes the field under the name of the Knight of the Rueful Figure, and has for squire a laboring-man called Sancho Panza. He cumbers the loins and rules the rein of a famous steed called Rozinante; and, lastly, he has for the mistress of his affections one Dulcinea del Toboso, once known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo,—just as mine, whose name being Casildea, and coming from Andalusia, I call Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens do not suffice to confirm the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall compel incredulity itself to give credence to it."

"Be easy, sir knight," said Don Quixote, "and listen to what I would say to you. You have to know that this Don Quixote of whom you speak is the greatest friend I have in the world, insomuch that I can say that I regard him in the place of my very self, and, by the tokens so particular and precise you have given me of him, I cannot doubt but that he is the same whom you conquered. On the other hand, I see with my eyes and feel with my hands the impossibility of his being the same; were it not that, inasmuch as he has many enemies among the enchanters,—especially one who is generally persecuting him,—some one of them may have taken his shape in order to let himself be vanquished, to defraud him of the fame which his lofty chivalric deeds have won and reaped for him over all the human earth. And for a confirmation of this, I would have you know, moreover, that, no more than two days since, the said enchanters, his adversaries, transformed the shape and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into a vile and low village girl; and in like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. And if all this does not suffice to convince you of the truth of what I say, here stands Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it with his arms, on foot or on horseback, or in whatever fashion shall please you."

So saying, he rose to his feet, and, grasping his sword, awaited the decision of the Knight of the Wood; who, in a voice equally composed, replied: "To the good paymaster pledges give no pain. He who was once able to vanquish you, Sir Don Quixote, transformed, may well hope to overcome you in your own proper person. But, seeing it is not well that knights should perform their deeds of arms in the
dark like highwaymen and bullies, let us wait for the day, so 
that the sun may look upon our works. And it shall be a 
condition of our battle that the vanquished shall be at the 
will of the victor, to do all that he may wish, provided that 
what is enjoined shall not be unbecoming a knight.”

“I am more than satisfied with that condition and agree-
ment,” replied Don Quixote.

And so saying they went to their squires, whom they found
snoring, and in the same posture as when sleep overtook them. 
They were awakened and commanded to get the horses ready, 
for at sunrise the two knights had to engage in a bloody and
arduous single combat, at which intelligence Sancho was as-
tounded and stupefied, trembling for the safety of his master,
because of the prowesses he had heard the Squire of the
Wood tell of his; but, without speaking, the two squires went
to look for their cattle, for the three horses and Dapple had
smelt each other out and were all together. On the way, he
of the Wood said to Sancho: “You must know, brother, that
the fighting men of Andalusia have a custom when they are
seconds in any battle, not to stand idle with their hands folded
while their principals are engaged. I say so to remind you
that while our masters are fighting, we, too, must have a tus-
sle and knock each other to splinters.”

“That custom, sir squire,” answered Sancho, “may run and
hold good out there with the bullies and fighting men you
speak of, but not with the squires of knights errant at all.
At least, I have not heard my master speak of such custom,
and he knows all the rules of the knight-errantry by heart.
But, granted that I allow it to be true, and an express rule
for the squires to fight while their masters are fighting, yet
would I not comply with it, but rather pay such penalty as
might be imposed on peaceful-minded squires like myself, for
I am sure it will not be more than a couple of pounds of wax.
I would rather pay that, for I know it will have to come to
less than the lint I shall be at the cost of in the healing of
my head, which I reckon already to be cloven and split into
two pieces,—more by token that fighting to me is impossi-
ble, since I have no sword nor ever in my life carried one.”

“For that I know an excellent remedy,” said he of the
Wood. “I have here two linen bags of the same size; let
you take one and I the other, and we will have a bout at bag-blows with equal arms."

"So let it be and welcome," answered Sancho, "for such a fight will serve rather to dust than to hurt us."

"It shall not be so," replied the other, "we will put into the bags, so that the wind may not take them, some half-dozen nice smooth pebbles, of the same weight, in each; and in this fashion we shall be able to bag one another without doing any harm or hurt."

"Body of my father!" cried Sancho, "look what onion skins, what balls of carded cotton, does he put in the bags so as not to bruise our skulls and crush our bones to powder! But were they filled with silkworm pods, I tell ye, my dear sir, there's no fighting for me. Let our masters fight, and make the best of it; but let us ourselves eat and drink, for time takes care enough to shorten our lives without our going to seek for fillips to finish them off before their time and season, for they will drop off when ripe."

"For all that," replied he of the Wood, "we have to fight, if it is only for half an hour."

"Not so," said Sancho; "I will not be so uncivil or so ungrateful as to have any quarrel, however small, with one with whom I have eaten and drunk. Besides, how the devil should I manage to fight in cold blood, without anger or ire?"

"For that," said he of the Wood, "I will provide a sufficient remedy, and it is this: before we begin the fight I will come up to your worship and give you three or four buffets which shall lay you at my feet, whereby I shall awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse."

"Against that trick I know another," said Sancho, "which is at least as good. I will take a thick stick, and before your worship shall reach me to wake my choler, I will put yours to sleep with cudgelings in such a fashion as that it will not awake but in the next world, where I am known for a man who does not suffer his face to be handled by any one; and let every man mind his own bolt, though the better way would be for every one to let his choler sleep, for no one knows the heart of another, and a man is wont to go for wool and come back shorn; and God blessed peace and cursed
quarrels; for if a baited cat, shut in and hard pressed, turns a lion, I, who am a man, God knows what I shall turn into; and from this time forth I give you notice, sir squire, that I shall put to your account all the mischief and damage that may come out of our quarrel."

"'Tis well," replied he of the Wood; "God send us daylight and we shall thrive."

And now a thousand kinds of little painted birds began to warble in the trees and with their varied sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the new-risen Aurora, who already, through the portals and balconies of the East, was showing the beauty of her face, — shaking from her locks a myriad liquid pearls, bathed in whose dulcet moisture the plants seemed also to bud and rain a shower of white small pearls; the willows distilled sweet manna, the springs laughed, the streams murmured, the woods rejoiced, and all the meadows were flushed with glory at her coming.

As soon as the light of day allowed him to see and to distinguish objects, the first thing which presented itself to Sancho Panza's eyes was the nose of the Squire of the Wood, which was so large as almost to overshadow his whole body. It is told, indeed, that it was of an extraordinary bigness, hooked in the middle, and all full of warts of a mulberry color, like that of the egg-fruit, descending two fingers' length below the mouth; whose size, color, warts, and crookedness made up a face so hideous that Sancho, on seeing it, began to quake in all his limbs, like a child with an epilepsy, and he made up his mind to let them give him two hundred buffets sooner than his choler should be roused to fight that demon. Don Quixote surveyed his antagonist and found him with helmet already on and vvisor down, so that he could not see his face, but he noted him to be a man well-limbed, though not very tall of stature. Over his arms he wore a surcoat or cassock of some stuff which looked like the finest gold, sprinkled all over with little plates of glittering looking-glass, which gave him a most gallant and splendid appearance. Above his helmet there fluttered a great bunch of green, yellow, and white plumes; his lance, which was leaning against a tree, was very long and stout, and armed with more than a hand's breadth of steel.
All this being discovered and noted by Don Quixote, he judged from what he saw and marked that the said knight was one of great powers; nevertheless, he feared not, as Sancho Panza did, but with a graceful mien accosted the Knight of the Mirrors, saying: “If your great desire for battle, sir knight, hath not spent your courtesy, I would, in its name, beseech you to raise your vizor a little that I may see whether the bravery of your countenance corresponds with that of your proportions.”

“Whether you come off vanquished or victor from this emprise, sir knight,” responded he of the Mirrors, “you will have time and opportunity more than enough for seeing me. If I do not comply with your request now, it is because me-thinks I am doing grievous wrong to the beautiful Casilda in wasting the time while I am stopping to raise my vizor ere I force you to confess what you know I demand.”

“But while we are mounting our steeds,” said Don Quixote, “you might tell me whether I am that Don Quixote you said you had vanquished.”

“To that we make answer to you,” said he of the Mirrors, “that you resemble, as one egg resembles another, the knight whom I conquered; but as you say that enchanters persecute you I dare not affirm that you are the aforesaid.”

“That suffices,” said Don Quixote, “to make me believe in your deception; but to deliver you from it at all points let our horses be brought, and in less time than you might waste in raising your vizor, if God, my lady, and my right arm stand me now in stead, I shall see your face, and you shall see that I am not the vanquished Don Quixote you take me to be.”

Thereupon, cutting short their speeches, they mounted on horseback, and Don Quixote turned Rozinante’s rein in order to take up the necessary ground for running a course with his adversary, while he of the Mirrors did the same; but Don Quixote had not gone away twenty paces when he heard himself called by him of the Mirrors, who said to him, each having returned half-way: “Remember, sir knight, that the condition of our battle is that the vanquished, as I have afore said, shall remain at the discretion of the victor.”

“I am aware of it,” answered Don Quixote, “with the pro-
visor that what is commanded and imposed upon the vanquished shall be things such as do not transgress the bounds of chivalry."

"That is understood," replied he of the Mirrors.

At this moment the extraordinary nose of the squire presented itself to Don Quixote's view, and he wondered to see it no less than Sancho had done; so much so as to take him for some monster or a new species of man, uncommon in the world. Sancho, when he saw his master go off to fetch a course, cared not to remain alone with the nosey one, fearing that with one flick of that nose on his own his fighting would be ended, leaving him stretched on the ground with the blow or with the fright; and so he ran after his master, holding on to one of Rozinante's stirrup-leathers, and when he thought it was time to turn about, he said: "I pray your worship, master dear, before you go back to the charge, help me to get up on that cork-tree, where I may behold more comfortably than from the earth the gallant encounter you are going to have with this knight."

"Rather, I believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art inclined to climb and mount the scaffold, to see the bulls without danger."

"To tell the truth," answered Sancho, "the outrageous nose of that squire astounds me and fills me with dread, nor dare I stay near him."

"It is such a one," quoth Don Quixote, "that were not I such as I am it would frighten me. So come; I will help thee to mount to where thou sayest."

While Don Quixote stopped to let Sancho climb into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much ground as he deemed necessary, and thinking that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet or other signal to prompt them, turned his horse's rein (who was no swifter or better looking than Rozinante), and at the top of his speed, which was a moderate trot, rode forward to encounter his enemy; but seeing him occupied in mounting Sancho, he drew rein and halted in mid-career, for which his horse, who was unable to go, was most grateful. Don Quixote, imagining that his adversary was coming down upon him flying, dug his spurs vigorously into Rozinante's lean flanks
and made him spring forward in such style that for this once, as the history relates, was he known to have galloped a little, for at all other times it was plain trotting; and with this never-before-seen fury he came down upon him of the Mirrors where he stood driving the Spurs into his horse up to the buttons, without being able to stir him one inch from the spot where he had come to a standstill in his career. At this fair time and conjuncture did Don Quixote find his adversary, embarrassed with his horse and busied about his lance, which either he could not succeed in putting, or had not time to put, in the rest. Don Quixote, who never heeded these embarrassments, much at his ease, without any risk, assailed him of the Mirrors with so much force that, despite of himself, he bore him to the ground over the horse’s crupper, giving him such a fall that, not stirring hand or foot, he lay to all appearance dead. As soon as Sancho saw him unhorsed he slid down from the cork-tree and ran at the top of his speed to where his master was, who, alighting from Rozinante, stood over the Knight of the Mirrors, and unlacing his helmet to see if he were dead, and, if by chance he were living, to give him air, he saw—who shall say what he saw without begetting wonder, astonishment, and awe in the hearers?—he saw, the history says, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy, the very picture, of the bachelor Samson Carrasco. As soon as he saw it he called out loudly: “Run, Sancho, and behold what thou hast to see, and not to believe. Quick, my son, and look at what magic can do,—of what the wizards and enchanters are capable.”

Sancho came up, and when he saw the face of the bachelor Carrasco, he began crossing himself a thousand times and blessing himself as many more. In all this time the prostrate knight gave no signs of being alive, and Sancho said to Don Quixote:—

“I am of opinion, my master, that in any case you should thrust and put your sword into the mouth of this one that looks like the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and perhaps in him you will kill one of your enemies the enchanters.”

“Thou sayest not amiss,” quoth Don Quixote; “for of enemies the fewer the better.” As he drew his sword to put Sancho’s advice and suggestion into effect, the squire of him
of the Mirrors ran up, now without the nose which had made him so hideous, and cried out in a loud voice:—

"Look what you do, Sir Don Quixote, for he whom you have at your feet is the bachelor Samson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire."

"And the nose?" said Sancho, seeing him without his late deformity.

"I have it here in my pocket," the other replied. And clapping his hand to his right one, he drew out a nose of pasteboard and varnish, like a mask, of the make we have described. Sancho, looking at him more and more closely, exclaimed in a loud and wondering voice: "Holy Mary and bless my soul! Is not this Tomé Cecial, my neighbor and gossip?"

"And what if I am?" answered the now un-nosed squire. "Tomé Cecial I am, gossip and friend Sancho Panza: and I will tell you presently of the means, the tricks, and the schemes through which I am here come, and meanwhile I pray and beseech your master not to touch, maltreat, wound, or kill the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he has at his feet, for beyond any doubt he is the venturesome and ill- advised bachelor Samson Carrasco, our compatriot."

Hereupon he of the Mirrors came to himself, which Don Quixote seeing, he clapped the point of his naked sword to his face and said:—

"You are a dead man, knight, if you confess not that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso surpasses in beauty your Casildea of Vandalia, and more than this you have to promise, if you emerge with life out of this combat and downfall, that you will go to the city of El Toboso and present yourself before her on my behalf, in order that she may do with you what best she may please; and if you are left to your own inclination you will also return and seek for me (for the trail of my exploits shall serve as a guide to conduct you to where I shall be), and tell me of what has passed between her and you,—conditions which, in accordance with those we fixed before our combat, do not transgress the terms of knight-errantry."

"I confess," said the fallen knight, "that the tattered and dirty shoe of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is better than
the ill-combed though clean beard of Casildea, and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you a whole and particular account of what you ask of me."

"You have also to confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight whom you conquered was not, nor could be, Don Quixote of La Mancha, but some other who looked like him, just as I confess and believe that you, though you appear to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, are not he, but another like him, and that my enemies have set you before me in his shape in order that I may restrain and moderate the impetuosity of my wrath, and that I may humanely use the glory of my victory."

"I confess, hold, and think everything even as you confess, hold, and think it," answered the crippled knight. "Let me rise, I pray you, if the shock of my fall will permit, for it has got me in a sore plight."

Don Quixote helped him to rise, with his squire Tomé Cecial, off whom Sancho could not take his eyes, asking him about things, the answers to which afforded him clear proof that he was really Tomé Cecial as he said. But he was so possessed by what his master had said about the enchanters having changed the figure of the Knight of the Mirrors into that of the bachelor Carrasco, as not to be able to give credit to the truth which his eyes beheld. In fine, both master and man remained in this delusion; and he of the Mirrors and his squire, out of humor and ill at ease, took themselves off from Don Quixote and Sancho, with the intention of looking for some place where the knight’s ribs might be plastered and strapped. Don Quixote and Sancho once more proceeded on the road to Zaragoza; where the history leaves them to tell who the Knight of the Mirrors was and who his well-nosed squire.
CHAPTER XV

Wherein is told and account given of who were the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire

Right proudly, joyfully, and loftily did Don Quixote ride on, extremely well pleased with himself for having achieved a victory over a knight so valiant as he conceived him of the Mirrors to be, on whose knightly word he waited to learn whether the enchantment of his mistress went on, for it was obligatory on the said vanquished knight, on pain of ceasing to be one, to return and give him a report of what passed between himself and her. But Don Quixote was thinking of one thing and he of the Mirrors of another, inasmuch as just then the latter had no other thought than to find some place where he might be plastered, as has been said. For the history says that when Samson Carrasco counseled Don Quixote to return to the pursuit of his past chivalries, he had previously held a conference with the priest and the barber upon the measures to be taken to induce Don Quixote to stay at home quietly and peacefully, without troubling himself about his plaguy quest of adventures; of which consultation the result was an unanimous vote, at Carrasco's special instance, that Don Quixote should be allowed to sally out, seeing that it was impossible to stop him, and that Samson should take the road as a knight errant, and join battle with him, nor would a pretext be wanting, and vanquish him, — which they took for an easy matter, — and that it should be agreed and preconcerted that the conquered should be at the mercy of his conqueror. And Don Quixote, being thus vanquished, should be commanded to go back to his village and not leave it for the space of two years, or until some other command was laid upon him, with which it was certain that Don Quixote would comply, so as not to contravene and bring to naught the laws of chivalry; and it might so happen
that during the period of his seclusion he would forget his vain conceits, or means might be found to procure for his madness some fitting remedy.

Carrasco undertook the task, and a neighbor and gossip of Sancho Panza's, Tomé Cecial, a merry, harebrained fellow, offered to be his squire. Samson armed himself, as has been described, and Tomé Cecial, that he might not be recognized by his gossip when seen, fitted upon his natural nose the false masking one which has been mentioned. And so they followed the same road which Don Quixote had taken, and very nearly came up with them in the adventure of the wagon of Death; and finally encountered them in the wood, where there happened the things of which he that is wise hath read. And had it not been for the extraordinary imaginations of Don Quixote, who was persuaded the bachelor was not the bachelor, sir bachelor would have been forever incapacitated from graduating as licentiate, all through not finding nests where he thought to find birds.

Tomé Cecial, seeing how badly their schemes had turned out and what an ill end their expedition had come to, said to the bachelor: "Sure, Master Samson Carrasco, we have met with our deserts. 'Tis easy to plan and set about an enterprise, but most times it is difficult to come well out of it. Don Quixote mad, we sane,—he comes out sound with the laugh while your worship is left sore and sorrowful. Let us know now who is the greater madman, he that is so that cannot help himself, or he that is so of his own will?"

To which Samson replied: "The difference there is between the two kinds of madman is, that he who is so perforce will be one forever, and he who is so of his own will, can leave off being mad when he pleases."

"Then in that case," said Tomé Cecial, "I of my own will was mad when I consented to be your worship's squire, and of the same will I wish to leave off being so and go back home."

"That you may do yourself," answered Samson, "but to think that I shall return home until I have given Don Quixote a beating, is to imagine a vain thing; and it is not the desire of restoring him to his wits that will prompt me now to go in quest of him, but that of vengeance, for the
sore pain in my ribs does not let me form more charitable purposes."

The two thus discoursed until they reached a town where by good luck they found a bone-setter, who attended the luckless Samson. Tomé Cecial turned back and left him brooding on his vengeance; and of him the story will speak again in its time, but now it must follow and disport itself with Don Quixote.
CHAPTER XVI

Of what befell Don Quixote with a sensible gentleman of La Mancha

WITH the joy, delight, and exultation we have described, Don Quixote pursued his journey, imagining himself, by his late victory, to be the most valiant knight which the world held in that age. He took all adventures which could happen to him henceforth to be already achieved and brought to a happy termination. He held the enchanters and their enchantments for naught; and he remembered no more the innumerable beatings which in the course of his chivalries had been given him, nor the stoning which had robbed him of half his teeth, nor the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the insolence of the Yangesans and their shower of stakes. In fine, he said to himself that if he could discover art, device, or mode how to disenchant his lady Dulcinea, he should not be envious of the best good fortune which the most fortunate knight errant of past ages ever attained or could attain. He was riding along all absorbed in these fancies, when Sancho said to him:

"Is it not strange, sir, that I have still before my eyes the monstrous and beyond all measure huge nose of my gossip, Tomé Cecial?"

"And dost thou believe, perchance, Sancho, that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire Tomé Cecial, thy gossip?"

"I don't know what to say to that," answered Sancho; "I only know that the tokens he gave me about my home, my wife, and my children, none else but himself could give; and the face, taking the nose off, was Tomé Cecial's own, for I have seen him often in my town, for there was but a wall between his and my house; and the tone of his voice was all the same."

"Come, let us be reasonable, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "how can it possibly be conceived that the bachelor Samson
Carrasco should come as a knight errant armed with arms offensive and defensive, to fight with me? Have I ever, by any chance, been his enemy? Have I ever given him cause to cherish a grudge against me? Am I his rival, or does he make profession of arms that he should envy me the fame I have acquired through them?]

"But, what shall we say then, sir," answered Sancho, "about that knight, whoever he be, looking so like the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire like my gossip, Tomé Cecial? And if that be enchantment, as your worship has said, were there not other two in the world for them to take on the likeness of?"

"'Tis all artifice," responded Don Quixote, "and a trick of the malignant magicians who persecute me, who, foreseeing that I was to come out victor from the conflict, provided that the vanquished knight should disclose the countenance of my friend the bachelor, in order that the friendship I bear him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigor of my arm, and temper the just indignation of my heart; and by these means he might save his life who by treachery and fraud sought to rob me of mine. For a proof of which, Sancho, thou knowest, by experience, which will not let thee lie nor deceive thee, how easy it is for enchanters to change some faces into others, making the beautiful ugly and the ugly beautiful, for it is not two days since thou sawest with thine own eyes the beauty and elegance of the peerless Dulcinea in their whole perfection and native consistence; while I saw her in the foul and base guise of a coarse country wench, with bleary eyes and a stinking breath in the mouth. If, then, the perverse enchanter dared to effect a transformation so wicked, it is no wonder for him to have effected that of Samson Carrasco and of thy gossip, in order to snatch the glory of that victory out of my hands. Nevertheless, I am consoled, for after all, whatever may be the shape he took, I was conqueror of mine enemy."

"God knows the truth of all," observed Sancho. For knowing as he did that the transformation of Dulcinea had been a trick and imposture of his own, his master's wild theories did not satisfy him; but he forbore to reply, that he might not, by any word, reveal his own knavery.
They were thus discoursing when they were overtaken by a man who was coming the same road behind them, mounted on a very handsome fleabitten mare, and dressed in a traveling-coat of fine green cloth slashed with tawny velvet, with a hunting-cap of the same. The mare's trappings were after the country fashion and for riding jennet-wise, also of murrey and green. He wore a Moorish simitar hanging by a broad baldric of green and gold; his buskins were of the same make as the baldric; his spurs were not gilt but green lacquered, so bright and burnished that, matching the rest of his apparel, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold.

When the traveler came up with them he saluted them courteously and, spurring his mare, would have passed on ahead; but Don Quixote accosted him, saying: "Sir gallant, if so be that your worship is going the same road with ourselves, and haste is of no consequence to you, I should esteem it a favor that we went in company."

The traveler drew rein, regarding with wonder the figure and the countenance of Don Quixote, who was riding without his helmet, which Sancho carried, like a valise, on the pommel of Dapple's saddle; and if he in Green regarded Don Quixote closely, much more closely did Don Quixote regard him in Green, taking him for a man of merit. His age seemed to be about fifty years; his gray hairs few; his countenance aquiline; his aspect between cheerful and grave; in fine, his dress and his appearance bespoke him a man of great endowments. What he in Green thought of Don Quixote was that he had never seen a man of that kind and shape. He was struck by the tenuity of his horse, the tallness of the rider, the lean-ness and yellowness of his visage, his armor, his equipment, and his deportment,—a figure and picture for many long years unseen in that land. Don Quixote noted well the attention with which the traveler was regarding him, and read his thoughts in his hesitation; and being, as he was, so courteous and inclined to oblige everybody, before he could be asked the question he met it on the way by saying:—

"This figure of me which your worship looks at, being so novel and so out of the common, I should not wonder if you wondered at; but you will cease to do so when I tell you, as
I tell you now, that I am a knight of those who, the folks vulgarly say, go to their adventures. I have left my native country; I pledged my estate; I forsook my comfort; and delivered myself over into the arms of Fortune, to take me where she will. I wished to revive the now extinct knight-errantry, and for some time past,—stumbling here, falling there, flung down in one place, and raised up in another,—I have been carrying out a great part of my design, in succoring widows, protecting maidens, and relieving wives, orphans, and young children,—the proper and natural office of knights errant; and so by my many valorous and Christian deeds I have been found worthy of being put in print among almost all, or at least most, of the nations of the earth. Thirty thousand volumes have been imprinted of my history, and it is on the road to be printed thirty thousand thousand times, if Heaven does not prevent. In fine, to sum up all in a few words, or in one word, I may tell you that I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise styled 'The Knight of the Rueful Figure.' And though praises of one's self deprecate, I am compelled sometimes to sound my own,—it being understood when there is no one present to sound them. Therefore, gentle sir, neither this horse, nor this lance, nor this shield, nor the squire, nor all these arms together, nor the sallowness of my face, nor my attenuated meagerness, should astonish you henceforth, being now informed who I am, and of the profession to which I belong.

So saying, Don Quixote paused, and he in Green delayed so long answering him that he seemed to be unable to reply; but after a while he said:—

"You were right, sir knight, in guessing my thoughts from my amazement, but you have not succeeded in removing the wonder which the sight of you causes in me; for, though you say, sir, that to learn who you are should remove it, it has not been so, but rather, now that I know, I am the more perplexed and astonished. What! Is it possible that there are knights errant to-day in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I cannot persuade myself that there is any one to-day upon earth who favors widows, supports maidens, honors wives, and succors orphans, and I would not have believed it had I not seen it in your worship
with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven! for with that history which your worship speaks of as printed, of your noble and truthful chivalries, there shall be cast into oblivion the innumerable books of the feigned knights errant with which the world is filled, so much to the detriment of good morals, and to the damage and discredit of good stories."

“There is much to be said,” observed Don Quixote, “on the point of whether the stories of knights errant are feigned or not.”

“But is there any one who doubts that such histories are false?” said he in Green.

“I doubt it,” answered Don Quixote, “but let that rest now. If our journey lasts, I hope, by God’s grace, to convince your worship that you have done wrong in going with the stream of those who hold them for a certainty not to be true.”

From this last remark of Don Quixote, the traveler began to have an inkling that he was some crazy fellow, and waited for something further to confirm him in that suspicion; but before they could turn to any other subject Don Quixote besought him to say who he was, since he had told him so much of his own state and way of life. To which he of the Green Coat replied:—

“I, Sir Knight of the Rueful Figure, am a gentleman, native of a village where, please God, we shall go to dine to-day. I am more than moderately rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my life with my wife, my children, and my friends. My pursuits are those of hunting and fishing, but I keep neither hawk nor hounds, only a quiet pointer and a saucy ferret or two. I have about six dozen of books, some in our mother tongue and some in Latin, some of history, some of devotion. Those of chivalries have never even entered the threshold of my doors. I study the profane more than the devotional, so long as they are of honest entertainment, which delight by their style and please and attract by their invention, though of these there are but very few in Spain. Sometimes I dine with my neighbors and friends, and often they are my guests; my table is clean and well set out, and nothing stinted. I have no taste for idle slander, and allow none in my presence. I peer not into my neighbors’ lives nor pry into other men’s business. I hear
mass every day; I share my goods with the poor, without making a boast of my good works, so that I may not give entry in my bosom to hypocrisy and vainglory, fores which subtly obtain hold of the wariest heart. I strive to make peace between those I know to be at variance; I am devoted to Our Lady, and trust ever in the infinite mercy of God Our Lord."

Sancho listened very attentively to this relation of the gentleman's life and occupations, and thinking it to be a good and holy life, and that he who led it must be able to work miracles, flung himself off from Dapple, and went in all haste and eagerly laying hold of the gentleman's right stirrup, devoutly and almost with tears kissed his feet again and again. Upon this the gentleman asked: "What doest thou, brother? Why these kisses?"

"Leave me to kiss," answered Sancho, "for methinks your worship is the first saint on a jennet-saddle I have seen in all the days of my life."

"I am no saint," said the gentleman, "but a great sinner. 'Tis you, brother, must be a good fellow, as your simplicity betokens."

Sancho regained his saddle, after forcing a laugh out of his master's deep melancholy, and causing new wonder in Don Diego. Don Quixote then asked the gentleman how many children he had, and observed that one of the things in which the philosophers of old, who were devoid of the true knowledge of God, placed the summum bonum, was in the gifts of nature, in those of fortune, in the having many friends and many and good children.

"I, Sir Don Quixote," answered the gentleman, "have one son, and if I had him not, perhaps I should deem myself happier; and not because he is a bad one, but because he is not so good as I should wish. He is eighteen years of age, six of which he has been at Salamanca, learning the Greek and Latin languages; and when I wished him to proceed to the study of other sciences I found him so besotted with poetry (if it can be called a science), that I cannot get him to turn kindly to that of the law, which I wanted him to study, nor to that of theology, the queen of all. I would like him to be an honor to his family, for we live in an age when our princes do highly reward virtuous
and worthy letters, for letters without virtue are pearls on a dunghill. All his day is passed in discussing whether Homer said well or ill in such and such verse of the 'Iliad'; whether Martial was indecent or not in some epigram; whether such and such lines of Vergil are to be understood in this way or in that. In short, all his converse is with the books of the said poets, and those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, for of the modern writers in Spanish he makes little account; yet for all the disrelish he seems to have for the poetry of the mother tongue, his thoughts are now absorbed in the making of a gloss upon four lines which they have sent him from Salamanca relating, as I think, to some literary joust.

To all this Don Quixote made reply: "Children, sir, are part and parcel of their parents' bowels, and, therefore, we have to love them, be they good or bad, as we love the souls that give us life. It is the duty of their parents to conduct them from infancy along the paths of virtue, of good breeding, and of good Christian manners, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their parents' old age and glory of their posterity. And as for forcing them to study this or that science, I hold it not prudent, although there may be no harm in persuading them; and when they have no need to study to earn their bread,—the student being so fortunate as to be endowed by Heaven with parents who save him from that,—my advice would be to leave them to pursue that science to which they seem most inclined; and, although that of poetry is less useful than it is pleasurable, it is not one of those which are wont to dishonor their votary. Poetry, gentle sir, I may liken, methinks, to a maiden, tender and of few years, and of all perfect beauty, whom it is the study of many other maidens, —to wit, all the other sciences,—to enrich, polish, and endow; and she has to be served of all, and all have to exalt her luster. But this maiden cares not to be handled nor trailed about the streets, nor be made public in the market-corners, nor in the purlieus of palaces. She is formed of an alchemy of such virtue that he who knows how to treat her will transmute her into purest gold of inestimable price. He who possesses her must keep her within bounds, not letting her run into base lampoons or impious sonnets;
she must be in no wise vendible, unless it be in heroic poems, in doleful tragedies, or in merry and artful comedies. She must not suffer herself to be handled by mountebanks, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or of valuing the treasures which in her are enshrined. And think not, sir, that I call the vulgar here only plebeian and humble people, for every one who is ignorant, let him be lord or prince, can and should be included in the category of the vulgar; so he who, with the qualifications I have named, shall take up and treat poetry, shall become famous, and his name be held in esteem among all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, sir, of your son not appreciating the poetry of our tongue, I am persuaded he is not right there, and the reason is this: the great Homer wrote not in Latin, for he was a Greek; and Virgil wrote not in Greek, because he was a Latin. In brief, all the ancient poets wrote in the tongue which they sucked in with their mothers' milk, nor did they go forth to seek for strange ones to express the greatness of their conceptions; and this being so, it should be a reason for the fashion to extend to all nations; and that the German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, who writes in his. But your son, sir, as I conceive, does not dislike the poetry of the vulgar tongue, but only the poets who are mere Spanish, who know no other tongues or other sciences to adorn and to awaken and assist their natural inspiration; and yet even in this he may be mistaken, for, according to a true belief, the poet is born one,—that is to say, the poet by nature comes out a poet from his mother's womb; and with that impulse that Heaven has given him, without more study or art, composes things which prove him true, as he who said: 'Est deus in nobis,' etc. Let me say also that the poet by nature who shall avail himself of art will be much greater and more excellent than the poet who would be one only from knowing the art. The reason is clear: for art doth not better nature but perfects her. So nature combined with art, and art with nature, will produce the most perfect poet. To conclude my discourse, your worship, gentle sir, should let your son go whither his star calls him, for being so good a
student as he should be, and having already mounted happily the first step of the sciences, which is that of the languages, by them he will ascend of himself the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes a gentleman at ease, and adorns, honors, and exalts him as much as miters do bishops or robes the learned jurists. Let your worship chide your son should he write lampoons to the prejudice of the characters of others, and punish him and tear them up; but if he writes satires wherein vices in general are reprehended, after the manner of Horace, and elegantly as he did, commend him, for it is lawful to the poet to write against any and to speak harshly of the envious in his verses, and of other vices, too, so that he does not designate any person withal; though there be poets who, in exchange for the utterance of one piece of malice, would run the risk of being banished to the Isles of Pontus. If the poet is chaste in his morals, he will be chaste also in his verses. The pen is the tongue of the soul; as are the thoughts engendered there, so will be the things written. And when kings and princes behold this marvelous science of poesy in subjects wise, virtuous, and sober, they honor, esteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with the leaves of the tree which the lightning doth not assail, as though in token that none shall assail them who with such crowns are honored and adorned."

He of the Green Coat was lost in amazement at Don Quixote's argument, so much so that he was for altering the opinion he had formed as to his craziness. But in the middle of this discourse, which was not much to his taste, Sancho had gone off the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking their ewes close by; and, just as the gentleman was about to renew the conversation,—being greatly pleased with Don Quixote's discernment and excellent good sense,—the knight, lifting his head, saw, coming along the road by which they were traveling, a wagon covered with the king's colors; and, imagining this to be some new adventure, he cried loudly to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, left the shepherds and, spurring on Dapple, came up in all haste to where his master was, to whom there befell a stupendous and fearful adventure.
CHAPTER XVII

Wherein is set forth the highest point and extreme to which the never-before-heard-of courage of Don Quixote reached or could reach; with the happily achieved adventure of the lions

The history tells that Sancho, when Don Quixote called for his helmet, was buying some curds of the shepherds, and in his perturbation at his master's hurried call knew not what to do with them or how to carry them; so in order not to lose what he had now paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet; and having thus made shift he turned back to see what Don Quixote wanted, who, on his coming up, cried: "Give me that helmet, friend, for I know little of adventure or that which I descry yonder is one which should require, and does require, me to take to arms."

He of the Green Coat, hearing this, turned his eyes every way, but saw nothing but a cart which came towards them with two or three little flags, which made him think that it must be carrying the king's treasure, and so he told Don Quixote. But the knight would not credit it, always supposing and imagining that all which happened was adventures, and still adventures; and so he replied:—

"Forewarned is forarmed; nothing is lost by taking precaution, for I know by experience that I have enemies visible and invisible, nor know I when, nor where, nor in what moment, nor in what shape, I have to encounter them."

And turning to Sancho he asked for his helmet, which the squire, not having an opportunity of relieving it of the curds, was compelled to hand to him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without giving a look to what it contained, clapped it on his head in all haste; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to pour over all Don Quixote's face and beard, from which he got such a fright that he said to Sancho:—
"What is this, Sancho? For methinks my skull is softening, or my brains are melting, or I sweat from feet to head. And if it is that I am sweating, truly it is not from fear. Without doubt I believe this is terrible, the adventure that now means to befall me. Give me something, if you can, with which to wipe myself, for this copious sweat doth blind my eyes." Sancho held his tongue and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off the helmet to see what it was which seemed to chill his head, and finding the white clots within his head-piece, held them to his nose and smelling them, cried: —

"By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, but these are curds thou hast put here,—thou traitor! villain! brazen-faced squire!"

To which with much deliberation and command of countenance Sancho replied: —

"If they are curds give them to me, your worship, and I will eat them; but let the devil eat them, for it must be he who put them there. I to dare soil your worship's helmet! You must know who it is that's so bold. In faith, sir, as God reads my mind, I too must have enchanters who persecute me as a creature and limb of your worship; and they will have put that nastiness there to move your patience to anger, and make you baste my ribs as you are wont to do; but, in truth, this time they have jumped wide of the mark, for I rely on my master's good judgment, who will consider that I have neither curds nor milk about me nor anything like; and if I had I would rather put it into my stomach than in the helmet.".

"It may be all so," quoth Don Quixote. And the gentleman in the Green Coat, who noted all, was utterly amazed, especially when after Don Quixote had wiped dry his head, face, beard, and helmet, he put it on again, and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, reaching for his sword, and grasping his lance, exclaimed: —

"Now come what may, for here I stand to do battle with Satan himself in person."

The cart with the flags now approached, in which was nobody but the carter upon one of the mules and a man
seated in front. Planting himself before it, Don Quixote exclaimed:

"Whither go ye, my brethren; what cart is this? What do you carry therein? And what flags are these?"

To which the carter replied: "The cart is mine; what go in it are two bold lions in a cage, which the general is sending from Oran to the capital as a present to his Majesty; the flags are the king's, our master, in token that something of his goes here."

"And are they large, the lions?" asked Don Quixote.

"So large," answered the man at the door of the van, "that none larger or so large has ever passed from Africa to Spain. I am the lion-keeper, and have carried many, but none like these. They are male and female; the male goes in the first cage, and the female in the one behind, and they are now very hungry, for they have not eaten to-day; and so let your worship stand aside, for we must needs reach quickly the place where we are to give them their dinner."

On which said Don Quixote, with a little smile: "Lion-whelps to me? To me, lion-whelps? And at this time of day? Then by Heaven, those gentlemen who send them here shall see whether I am a man who is frightened of lions. Alight, good fellow, and since you are the lion-keeper, open these cages, and turn me out these beasts, for in the middle of this open field I will teach them to know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in defiance and despite of the enchanters who send them to me."

"So, so," said he of the Green Coat to himself at this; "our good knight gives us a proof of what he is; the curds i' faith have softened his skull and mellowed his brain."

Here Sancho came up to him, and exclaimed: "For God's sake, sir, mind that my master, Don Quixote, does not fight with these lions, for if he fights them all we here will be torn to pieces."

"But is your master so mad," the gentleman answered, "that you fear and believe that he will fight with animals so fierce?"

"Not mad is he," replied Sancho, "but headstrong."

"I will make him desist," said the gentleman. And coming up to Don Quixote, who was pressing the keeper to open
the cage, he said: "Sir knight, knights errant have to engage in adventures which hold out some prospect of a good issue from them, and not in those that are wholly devoid of it, for the valor which enters within the bounds of temerity has more of madness than of fortitude; moreover, these lions come not against you nor do they dream of doing so, but are going as a present to his Majesty, and it will not be right to detain them or hinder their journey."

"Get you gone, sir country squire," replied Don Quixote, "and look after your quiet pointer and your saucy ferret, and leave every one to do his duty; this is mine, and I know whether they come against me or not, these gentlemen the lions." And turning to the keeper, he said:—

"I swear, Don Rascal, that if you do not open the cage at once, instantly, I will pin you to the cart with this lance."

The carter, seeing that armed phantom's determination, said to him:—

"Be pleased, dear sir, for charity, to let me unyoke the mules and place myself and them in safety before the lions are let loose, for if they are killed I shall be utterly ruined, for I have no other property but this cart and these mules."

"O man of little faith!" replied Don Quixote, "get down and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, for soon thou shalt see that thou toilst in vain, and mightest spare thyself these pains."

The carter alighted and in great haste unyoked, and the keeper cried in a loud voice: "Be witnesses as many as are here, how against my will and on compulsion I open the cages and let loose the lions, and that I protest to this gentleman that all the evil and damage these beasts shall do will run and go to his account, with my wages and dues besides. Let you, sirs, make yourselves safe before I open; for myself, I am sure they will do me no harm."

Once more Don Diego entreated the knight not to commit such an act of madness, for to engage in such a freak were a tempting of Providence, to which Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was doing. The gentleman pressed him again to look well to it, for that he was surely mistaken.

"Nay, sir," quoth Don Quixote, "if your worship would not bear witness to this, which in your opinion is about to be a tragedy, spur your gray and put yourself in safety."
Sancho, on hearing this, prayed his master with tears in his eyes to desist from such an enterprise, compared to which that of the windmills, and the fearful one of the fulling-mills, and, in short, all the deeds his master had attempted in the course of his life were but pleasing and junketing.

"Look, sir," quoth Sancho, "here there is no enchantment or anything like it, for I have seen through the chinks and bars of the cage a claw of a real lion, and I gather from it that such a lion, to have such a claw, is bigger than a mountain."

"Fear at least," said Don Quixote, "will make it seem bigger to thee than half the earth. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I die here, thou knowest our old compact; thou wilt betake thee to Dulcinea — I say no more."

Other words he added to these which took away all hope of his giving up proceeding with his insane purpose. He of the Green Coat would have resisted him in it, but he saw himself unequal in arms, and judged it not wise to fight with a madman, for such he now appeared to him to be at all points. Don Quixote once more pressing the keeper and repeating his threats, caused the gentleman to urge his mare, and Sancho Dapple, and the carter his mules,—all trying to get away from the cart as far as possible before the lions broke loose. Sancho wept over the death of his master, for this time he verily believed it had come, from the lion's claws; he cursed his fortune, and called it a fatal hour when it came into his mind once more to serve Don Quixote; but for all his weeping and lamenting he did not cease from cudgeling Dapple to get him farther from the cart. The lion-keeper, seeing now that those who had fled were well away, again entreated and warned Don Quixote as he had entreated and warned him before; but the knight replied that he heard him, and that he cared for no more warnings and entreaties, which would be fruitless, and bade him despatch. Whilst the keeper was engaged in opening the first cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would be better to have the battle on foot or on horseback, and finally he decided to have it on foot, fearing lest Rozinante should be startled at the sight of the lions. Therefore, he leapt from his horse, threw away his lance, and buckling his shield and unsheathing his sword, leisurely, with a marvelous intrepidity and valiant heart,
advanced to post himself in front of the cart, commending his soul to God and then to his lady Dulcinea.

And it is to be known that, coming to this passage, the author of this truthful history breaks out into this exclamation, saying:

"O brave and beyond all commendation courageous Don Quixote of La Mancha! mirror wherein all the valiant may behold themselves, a second and new Don Manuel de Leon, who was the honor and glory of Spanish knights! In what words shall I recount this dread exploit, or by what argument make it credible to future ages? What praises can there be unfitting and unmeet for thee, be they ever such hyperboles upon hyperboles? Thou on foot, thou alone, thou fearless, thou great-hearted; with thy simple sword, and that not one of your trenchant dog blades; with a shield of no very bright and shining steel, standest watching and waiting for two of the fiercest lions that ever the African forests engendered! Let thy deeds themselves, valorous Manchegan, extol thee, for here I leave them at their height, failing words to glorify them."

Here the author breaks off from his apostrophe, and proceeds to take up the thread of his history, saying:

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his position, and that it was impossible to avoid letting loose the male lion, without falling under the resentment of the rageful and dauntless knight, opened wide the door of the first cage, where, as has been said, was the male lion, who looked to be of extraordinary size and of a hideous and terrible aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in his cage, and to extend his claws and stretch himself to his full length. Then he opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely, and with about two hands' breadth of tongue which he put out, he licked the dust from his eyes and bathed his face. This done he put his head out of the cage, and gazed all about with eyes blazing like live coals, a spectacle and attitude to instil dread into daring itself. Don Quixote alone looked at him intently, longing for him to leap out of the cart and come within reach of his hands, between which he thought to rend him to pieces.

To this height did his unheard-of madness carry him; but the generous lion, more courteous than arrogant, taking no
notice of these childish tricks and swaggerings, after having looked round about him, as has been said, turned his back and showing to Don Quixote his hinder parts, with great calmness and nonchalance flung himself down again in the cage. Seeing this Don Quixote commanded the keeper to give him some blows and tease him so that he might come out.

“That I will not do,” answered the keeper, “for if I excite him, the first he will tear in pieces will be myself. Let your worship, sir knight, be content with what has been done, which is all that one can tell of in point of valor, and seek not to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has his door open; it rests with him to come out or not; but since he has not come out up to now, he will not come out all day. Your worship's greatness of heart is now made fully manifest. No champion fighter, as I take it, is bound to do more than defy his enemy and wait for him in the field; if the opponent does not appear, the infamy rests upon him, and he who waits wins the crown of victory.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote; “close the door, friend, and give in the best form thou canst a voucher of what thou hast seen me do: — to wit, how that thou didst open to the lion; I awaited him; he did not come out; I waited for him again; again he did not come out, but turned to lie down. I am bound to do no more. Enchantments avaunt! and God prosper justice and truth and true chivalry! Shut the door, friend, whilst I signal to the fugitive and absent to return that they may learn of this exploit from thy mouth.”

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, placing on the point of his lance the cloth with which he had wiped the shower of curds off his face, began to hail those who had never ceased retreating all in a body, looking round at every step, while driven before him by the gentleman in Green. Sancho happened to perceive the signal of the white cloth, and exclaimed: “May I die, if my master has not conquered the wild beasts, for he is calling us!”

They all stopped, and seeing that it was Don Quixote who was making the signals, losing some of their fear, little by little they came nearer, until they clearly heard the voice of Don Quixote calling to them.
At length they returned to the cart, and on their approach Don Quixote said to the carter:

"Yoke your mules again, friend, and proceed on your journey, and thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and for the keeper, towards amends for my having detained them."

"I will give them with all my heart," answered Sancho; "but what has been done with the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

Then the keeper recounted minutely and at his leisure the issue of the encounter, extolling, to the best of his power and skill, the valor of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the cowed lion cared not, or durst not, to come out of his cage, though he had held the door open a good while, and that it was through his having told the knight that it was a tempting of Providence to provoke the lion so as to force him to come out, as he wanted him to do, that he had most unwillingly and against the grain permitted him to close the door.

"What is your judgment on this, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote; "are there enchantments which avail against true valor? The enchanters may be able to rob me, indeed, of fortune, but of my resolution and courage — it is impossible."

Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter yoked up; the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the largess received, and promised to relate that valorous deed to the king himself, when he should see him at court.

"And if by chance his Majesty should ask who performed it," said Don Quixote, "you shall tell him 'The Knight of the Lions,' for henceforth I would that into this may be changed, altered, varied, and transferred the name which till now I have borne, of the Knight of the Rueful Figure, and in this I follow the ancient usage of knights errant, who changed their names at their pleasure and according to the occasion."

The cart proceeded on its journey, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he of the Green Coat continued theirs.

During all this time Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, all intent to observe and note the acts and words of Don Quixote, who seemed to be at once a sane man turned mad and a madman who bordered on sanity. There had not yet come to his notice the First Part of this history,
which, if he had read, his wonder at the knight’s deeds and words would have ceased, for he would have learnt of the nature of his madness. But as he did not know it, he took him now to be sane and now to be mad,—for what Don Quixote spoke was consistent, elegant, and well delivered, and what he did was fantastic, rash, and foolish; and said he to himself: “What madness can be greater than to put on a helmet full of curds and believe that enchanters had melted his brains? And what greater rashness and folly than to insist upon fighting with lions?”

Don Quixote drew him out of these reflections and this soliloquy by saying: “Doubtless, Don Diego de Miranda, your worship regards me as in your opinion a man extravagant and foolish; and it would be no wonder if it were so, for my works bear witness of nothing else; but nevertheless I would have your worship take note that I am not so mad or foolish as I must have appeared to you. A fair sight it is to see a gallant cavalier, under the eyes of his king, in the midst of a great square, give a lance thrust, with happy effect, at a brave bull. A fair sight, to see a knight all armed in resplendent armor pace the lists in merry joust before the ladies; and fair it is to see all the knights who in military exercises, or the like, entertain and cheer, and, if one may so say, honor the courts of their princes. But above all these fairer shows a knight errant, who through deserts and solitudes, by cross-roads, and forests, and mountains, goes seeking for perilous adventures, with intent to give them happy and fortunate conclusion only to reap glorious and durable fame. A fairer sight, I say, is a knight errant succoring a widow in some lone wilderness than a courtier knight sporting with a maiden in the cities. All knights have their particular offices; let the courtier serve the ladies; give splendor to his king’s court with his gay liveries; support poor knights at his splendid table; arrange jousts, maintain tourneys, and show himself grand, liberal, and magnificent, and a good Christian above everything; and in this wise fulfil his exact obligations; but let the knight errant explore the corners of the earth, penetrate the most intricate labyrinths, encounter at each step the impossible, brave in unpeopled deserts the burning rays of the sun in the midst
of summer, and in winter the stern inclemency of the winds and the frosts; let not lions daunt him, nor goblins affright him, nor dragons terrify him; for to seek these, to assail these, and to vanquish them all are his chief and true duties. I, since the lot has fallen on me to be of the number of knights errant, cannot cease from attempting everything which may seem to me to fall within the province of my duty; and therefore the engaging the lions whom I now engaged strictly pertains to me, though I know it to be of excessive temerity; for well I know what valor is — that it is a virtue which is placed between two vicious extremes, as cowardice and rashness; but less wrong it were that he who is valiant should touch and mount the point of rashness, than touch and sink into the point of cowardice; for as it is easier for the prodigal than for the miser to be liberal, so it is easier for the daring than for the cowardly to become truly valiant. And in regard to this matter of engaging in adventure, let your worship believe me, Sir Don Diego, that it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little; for it hath a better sound in the ears of the hearers, 'this knight is rash and impetuous,' than, 'this knight is timid and cowardly.'"

"Let me say, Sir Don Quixote," responded Don Diego, "that all that your worship has said and done is adjusted by the balance of reason itself; and that I believe that if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry had been lost, they would be found in your worship's bosom, as in their very repository and register. And let us press on, for it is growing late, and reach my village and house, where you may rest yourself after your recent labor, which if it has not been of the body, must have been of the mind, and this sometimes conduces to the body's weariness."

"I accept the offer as a great favor and kindness, Sir Don Diego," answered Don Quixote. And spurring on faster than before, about two o'clock in the afternoon they arrived at the village and home of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote had dubbed "The Knight of the Green Coat."
CHAPTER XVIII

Of what befell Don Quixote in the castle or house of the Knight of the Green Coat, with other extravagant things

The abode of Don Diego de Miranda Don Quixote found to be spacious, after the country fashion; with the arms, albeit of rough stone, over the street door; the buttery in the foreyard, the cellar in the porch, several jars round about, which being of El Toboso revived in him memories of his enchanted and transmogrified Dulcinea; and heaving a sigh, without minding what he said or before whom he was, he cried:

"O pledges sweet, discovered to my woe,
Joyous and sweet, when Heaven did will it so!

O Tobosan jars that have brought to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my great bitterness!"

The poet-student son of Don Diego de Miranda, who, with his mother, had come out to receive him, heard him say this; and mother and son stood amazed to see the strange figure of Don Quixote, who alighting from Rozinante went very civilly to beg her hands to kiss, while Don Diego exclaimed: "Madame, pray receive with your accustomed courtesy Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, whom you have before you, —a knight errant, and the valiantest and wisest the world holds."

The lady, whose name was Doña Christina, greeted him with marks of much affection and great politeness, Don Quixote, saluting her with a store of judicious and polite phrases, and passing the like compliments on the student, who on hearing him speak took him to be a man of wit and sense.

(Here the author paints all the details of Don Diego's house, describing in them what the home of a rich gentleman farmer might contain; but to the translator of this history it seemed good to pass over these and similar particulars.
in silence as not well consisting with the principal aim of the story, whose strength is rather in truth than in frigid digressions.)

They led Don Quixote into a hall, where Sancho took off his arms, leaving him in his Walloon trunks and doublet of chamois leather, all stained with the grime of armor; his Flemish band was of the student cut, without starch or lace; his buskins were date-colored, and his shoes waxed. His good sword was girt on, hanging from a baldric made of sea-wolf’s skin; and over all he wore a cloak of good gray cloth. But first of all he had washed his head and face with five buckets of water,—or six (for as to the number of buckets there is some dispute), leaving the water still the color of whey, thanks to the gluttony of Sancho and the purchase of those foul curds that turned his master so fair. In this said garb and with a gay and sprightly air Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him while the table was being laid, for Doña Christina, on the arrival of so noble a guest, wished to show that she was able and skilled to regale those who came to her house. During the time that Don Quixote was taking off his armor, Don Lorenzo (for so was Don Diego’s son named) had found an opportunity of speaking to his father: “Who shall we say is this knight whom you have brought home, sir? For his name, his appearance, and his calling himself knight errant have puzzled us, my mother and myself.”

“I know not what to say to thee, son,” answered Don Diego; “only this I can say, that I have seen him do the maddest things in the world, and utter speeches so wise that they blot out and efface his deeds. Speak thou to him and feel the pulse of his understanding, and as you are discreet, judge of his discretion or folly, as best accords with reason; though, to tell the truth, I believe him to be more mad than sane.”

Upon this, Don Lorenzo went to meet Don Quixote, as has been said, and among other talk which the two had, said Don Quixote to Don Lorenzo:—

“Sir, Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has informed me of the rare talent and subtle genius which you possess, and above all that you are a great poet.”
“Poet it may be,” answered Don Lorenzo, “but great,—not even in thought. It is true that I am somewhat fond of poesy, and of reading great poets; but not in a degree to be able to give myself the title of great poet, as my father says.”

“I mislike not this humility,” answered Don Quixote; “for there is no poet who is not arrogant, and does not think of himself that he is the greatest poet in the world.”

“There is no rule without an exception,” said Don Lorenzo; “and some may be that, and yet not think so.”

“Few,” replied Don Quixote; “but tell me, what verses are those which you now have in hand, for his worship your father has told me that they make you somewhat restless and pensive? If it is some gloss, I understand something myself of this art of glossing, and would be glad to know them; and if they are for a literary joust, endeavor to win the second prize, for the first is ever won by favor or the person’s high quality; the second goes by pure merit, so that the third comes to the second, and the first third, by this reckoning, like the degrees which are given in the universities,—nevertheless, the first is, in name, a great personage.”

“Until now,” said Don Lorenzo to himself, “I cannot take you for a fool; let us go on.”

“Sir,” said he, “you seem to me to have frequented the schools. What science have you studied?”

“That of knight-errantry,” replied Don Quixote; “which is as good as that of poetry, and even two fingers’ breadth better.”

“I know not what that science may be,” said Don Lorenzo, “and till now it has never come to my notice.”

“It is a science,” said Don Quixote, “which includes within it all or most of the world’s sciences, for the reason that he who professes it must be a jurist and know the laws of justice, distributive and commutative, in order to give to each one what is his own and what is due. He must be a theologian, in order to be able to give a reason for the Christian law he professes, clearly and distinctly, wheresoever it may be asked of him. He must be a physician, and especially a herbalist, in order to recognize in the midst of the wilderness and the desert the herbs which have the virtue of healing wounds;
for the knight errant cannot at every step go looking for some one to heal him. He must be an astronomer, in order to know by the stars how many hours are passed of the night, and in what part and what clime of the world he finds himself. He must know mathematics, for at any time he will have need of them. Not reckoning that he must be adorned with all the virtues, theological and cardinal, I say, descending to other minuter things, that he must know how to swim, as well as they say Fish Nicholas swam. He must know how to shoe a horse, and mend saddle and bit. Returning to higher matters, he must keep faith with God and his lady; he must be chaste in thought, true in word, generous in works, valiant in deeds, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and, in fine, a maintainer of the truth, though its defense may cost him his life. Of all these parts, great and little, is the good knight errant composed; therefore consider, Don Lorenzo, if it is a sniveling science which the knight learns who studies and professes it, and if it can be equaled by the loftiest which are taught in the schools and colleges."

"If that is so," observed Don Lorenzo, "this science, I say, has the advantage over all sciences."

"How, if that is so?" cried Don Quixote.

"What I mean to say," replied Don Lorenzo, "is that I doubt whether there have been or are to-day, knights errant, adorned with so many virtues."

"Ofttimes have I said," responded Don Quixote, "that which I say again now, that the greater part of people in the world are of opinion that there have never been therein knights errant; and, to my seeming, unless Heaven miraculously gives them to understand the truth,—that there were and that there are, whatever trouble I have taken must be in vain, as experience has often shown me. I could not stop now to draw you from the error which you hold with the multitude. What I propose to do is to pray Heaven to deliver you therefrom, and make you to comprehend how profitable and how necessary to the world were knights errant in ages past, and how useful they would be in the present if they were in fashion; but now the sins of mankind—sloth, idleness, gluttony, and luxury—are triumphant."

"Our guest has got loose," said Don Lorenzo to himself at
this point; “but, for all that, he is a brave madman, and I should be a poor fool not to think so.”

Here their discourse came to an end, for they were summoned to dinner. Don Diego inquired of his son what conclusion he had formed respecting their guest’s understanding, to which Don Lorenzo replied: “All the doctors and the good scribes in the world could not make a clear report of his distemper. He is a fool interlarded,—full of lucid streaks.”

They went to the table, the dinner being such as Don Diego had said on the road it was his wont to give to his guests,—clean, abundant, and savory. But that which pleased Don Quixote the most was the marvelous quiet that reigned in the household, which seemed like a monastery of Carthusians. The cloth being removed, a blessing asked, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly besought Don Lorenzo to recite his poem for the literary joust, to which the other replied:—

“In order not to seem like those poets who when they are asked to repeat their lines refuse, and when they are not asked spew them forth, I will repeat my gloss, for which I expect no prize, seeing I have composed it merely as an exercise of wit.”

“A wise friend of mine,” said Don Quixote, “was of opinion that no one should weary himself by glossing verses, for the reason, he was wont to say, that the gloss could never reach to the text, and that often or most times the gloss was wide of the intention and aim of that which was sought to be glossed; furthermore, that the rules of the gloss were too stringent, for they allowed no interrogations, nor ‘said he,’ nor ‘shall I say,’ nor the making verbs of nouns, nor the changing of the sense; with other clogs and impediments with which the glossers are tied, as you will know.”

“In truth, Don Quixote,” said Don Lorenzo, “I should like to catch you tripping in some serious blunder, but cannot, for you slip through my hands like an eel.”

“I do not understand,” replied Don Quixote, “what you say or mean about my slipping.”

“I will explain,” answered Don Lorenzo; “and now pray attend to the gloss and to the theme, which run thus:—
"If that my was should turn to is"
Without the hope of what shall be,
Or that the time should come again
Of what hereafter is to be.

Gloss

"Kind fortune, what to me you gave
Is passed as all things pass;
No more thy favors now I have,
Which once I had, alas!
No more for me returns the bliss.
Stern fortune, at your feet I've lain
Through ages patiently,
In hope thy favor to regain;
That won, how glad were I!
'If that my was should turn to is.'"

"No other glory I desire,
No other crown or palm;
No honor, conquest, triumph higher
Than once again the calm,
For lack of which grieves memory;
If you should give me back your boon
My fervor will be spent,
The more if you will grant it soon;
I'll gladly be content
'Without the hope of what shall be.'"

"Idly I call the hours back,
My suit is all in vain;
For what is past is past, alack!
Nor e'er will come again:
On earth there is not any power
To call back time,—it runs, it flies
With nimble foot and wing;
And he is wrong who hopes by cries
The past again to bring,
'Or that the time should come again.'"

"Than breathe for aye this anguished breath
'Twere better I should die;
For hoping, fearing, this is death,
To live in doubt, and I
Might wish 'twere death in verity;
To end it thus I could rejoice,
To die were bliss indeed;
But reason comes with sober voice
To whisper of the dread
'Of what hereafter is to be.'"
When Don Lorenzo had finished repeating his poem, Don Quixote rose to his feet and in a loud voice, which was like a shout, seizing the young man's right hand with his own, cried:—

"By the life of the highest heavens, generous youth, but it is you that are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or by Gaeta, as the poet said (whom God forgive!), but by the Academies of Athens, were they still surviving, and by those that live yet of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. Would to God the judges who should deny you the first prize were transfixed by the darts of Phoebus, and may the Muses never darken the thresholds of their homes! Repeat to me, sir, if you would be so good, some of your greater poems, for I would feel at all points the pulse of your admirable genius."

Is it necessary to say that Don Lorenzo was pleased at finding himself praised by Don Quixote, though for a madman he took him to be? O power of flattery! How far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy grateful jurisdiction! To this truth Don Lorenzo did homage, for he complied with the request and demand of Don Quixote, repeating to him this sonnet on the fable of Pyramus and Thisbe:—

"The beauteous maid the envious wall doth break,
Which oped had Pyramus the gallant heart;
Straight from his Cyprian home doth Cupid start,
To see the wondrous rift which love did make.
There where no voice dare enter silence spake;
For souls like tongues may not be kept apart,
These speak though dumb, for love hath still an art
His way through thickest barriers to take.
Ill fares the passion of the imprudent maid,
For Death, not Love, responded to her wooing.
The luckless pair at once, strange history!
Are both in common doom together laid;
Them slays, them holds, their fame is still renewing,
One sword, one tomb, one immortality!"

"Blessed be God!" cried Don Quixote, on hearing Don Lorenzo's sonnet, "that among the infinite number of consumed poets I have seen one consummate poet, for that you are, dear sir, as the structure of this sonnet informs me."
For four days was Don Quixote very well regaled in Don Diego's house; at the end of which he besought leave to go upon his way, saying that he thanked his host for the favor and good cheer he had received in his house; but because it was not befitting to knights errant to give many hours to ease and luxury, he desired to go and fulfil his duty, seeking adventures, in which he was told that the land abounded. In them he hoped to employ the time till the arrival of the day of the jousts at Zaragoza, which was his direct route; and that he had first to enter the Cave of Montesinos, of which they told so many and such wonderful things in those parts, and also to investigate and learn the origin and the sources of the seven lagoons commonly called of Ruidera. Don Diego and his son commended his honorable resolution, and bade him take from their house and farm all that he had a fancy to, for they would serve him with all possible goodwill, being bound thereto by his personal worth as well as his honored profession. The day of parting came at last, as joyful for Don Quixote as it was sad and unlucky for Sancho Panza, who had fared very well on the plenty of Don Diego's house, and grudged returning to the scarcity which prevails in forests and deserts, and to the slenderness of his ill-furnished wallets. Nevertheless he filled and stored them with all that he thought he needed. On taking leave, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo:

"I know not whether I have said to your worship, and if I have I will say to you again, that if you wish to abridge travels and toils in order to reach the inaccessible top of the temple of Fame, you have nothing else to do than to leave on one side the somewhat strait road of poesy and take the straitest of all, which is of knight-errantry, which is sufficient to raise you to be emperor in a twinkling."

With these words Don Quixote settled the question of his madness, and still more when he added, saying:

"God knows I would take Don Lorenzo with me to instruct him how to spare the humble and to subdue and trample upon the proud, accomplishments pertaining to the profession to which I belong. But since his tender age doth not demand it, nor his commendable exercises desire it, I content myself with advising you that as a poet you will be
able to acquire fame, if you are guided more by others' opinion than by your own. For there is no father or mother to whom his children seem ugly; and this delusion runs more strongly with the children of the brain."

Father and son were amazed afresh at the mingled words of Don Quixote, now wise and now foolish; and at the obstinacy which he showed in running through the gamut of his luckless adventures, which he made the aim and end of his desires. They repeated their offers and their compliments; and taking leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho departed upon Rozinante and the ass.
CHAPTER XIX

Wherein is related the adventure of the enamored shepherd, with other truly pleasant incidents

DON QUIXOTE had not traveled far from Don Diego's village when he encountered two who seemed to be priests or students, with two peasants, who were riding on four asses. One of the students carried, as in a valise, wrapped up in a piece of green buckram, what seemed like a piece of fair scarlet cloth with two pairs of corded stockings; the other bore nothing else than two new fencing foils, with their buttons. The peasants were laden with things which signified that they came from some large town where they had been making their purchases, and were taking them to their village; and both students and peasants were seized with the same amazement as were all who saw Don Quixote for the first time, and were dying to know what man was this, so unlike the manner of other men. Having saluted them and learnt which way they were taking, which was the same as his own, Don Quixote offered them his company, praying them to slacken their pace, for their ass fillies traveled faster than his horse; and to oblige them he told them briefly who he was and his office and profession, which was that of a knight errant, who went in quest of adventures in all parts of the earth, saying he had for his proper name Don Quixote of La Mancha, and for an appellative "The Knight of the Lions."

All this to the peasants was like speaking in Greek or gibberish, but not so to the students, who at once perceived the infirmity in the knight's brain. Nevertheless, they looked at him with wonder and respect, and one of them said to him: "If your worship, sir knight, takes no fixed road, as they who seek adventure are not wont to take, come with us; you shall see one of the finest and richest weddings which
up to this day have been celebrated in La Mancha or for many leagues round." Don Quixote asked if it was of some prince, that they so rated it.

"It is not," answered the student, "but of a farmer and a farmer's daughter,—he the richest in all this country, and she the greatest beauty that men have seen. The preparations to be made are novel and extraordinary, for the nuptials are to be celebrated in a meadow which adjoins the village of the bride, whom they call, by way of distinction, Quitéria the Fair, and the bridegroom is named Camacho the Rich,—she eighteen years of age and he two-and-twenty,—a couple well matched, although the curious, who have by heart the genealogies of all the world, would say that the family of the beautiful Quitéria is better than Camacho's; but we do not look to that nowadays, for riches can solder a great many flaws. This Camacho is liberal-minded, and has taken the fancy to have the whole of the meadow covered with boughs, and shaded atop in such a way as that the sun will have to take some trouble if he wants to get in to visit the green grass with which the soil is covered. He has got up dances also, both of swords and of little bells, for there are in the village they who can jingle and shake to perfection; of the shoe-clatterers I say nothing, for they whom he has summoned are a legion. But none of the things aforementioned, nor of the many things I have omitted to reckon, will make this wedding more memorable than those which I suspect the desperate Basilio will do there. This Basilio is a swain of Quitéria's own village, and has a house adjoining that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to revive for the world the now forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, for Basilio was enamored of Quitéria from his first tender years, and she was responsive to his wishes with a thousand innocent favors, so much so that the loves of the two children, Basilio and Quitéria, were an entertainment to the whole village. Growing up in years, the father of Quitéria decided to forbid Basilio his accustomed access to his house, and to relieve himself of the pangs of suspicion and the pains of mistrust, he arranged that his daughter should marry the rich Camacho, not deeming it good to espouse her to Basilio, who had not as many endowments of fortune as of nature; since, if I
must speak the truth without envy, he is the most active lad we know, a great pitcher of the bar, a first-rate wrestler, a capital ball player; he runs like a deer, jumps like a goat, and bowls down the ninepins as though by witchcraft; sings like a lark, and touches a guitar to make it speak; and, above all, plays a sword like the best of them."

"For this one accomplishment alone," here broke in Don Quixote, "that youth deserves to marry not only the fair Quitèria, but Queen Guinevere herself, were she alive to-day, despite Lancelot and of all who should thwart it."

"Tell that to my wife," said Sancho Panza,—who till then had been listening in silence, "who likes not that any should marry but with his equal, sticking to the proverb which says, 'Every ewe with its mate.' What I would like is, that this good Basilio, for whom I have taken a fancy, should marry with that Lady Quitèria, and eternal salvation may they have and good repose (I was going to say the opposite) who hinder folks from marrying those they love well."

"If all who love one another well were to marry," said Don Quixote, "the choice and the right would be taken away from parents to marry their children with whom and when they should; and if it lay in the pleasure of daughters to choose their husbands, there would be one choosing her father's groom and one some passer-by in the street, whom she fancies to be a brave and proud gentleman, though he were some good-for-nothing swashbuckler. For love and fancy easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary for the choosing of one's estate; and that of matrimony runs a great risk of a mistake, and much circumspection and the particular favor of Heaven are needed to choose right. He who wishes to enter upon a long journey, if he is prudent, before taking the road looks for a safe and agreeable companion with whom to travel; then why should he not do the same who has to travel all the days of his life to the resting-place of death, more especially if the companion has to consort with him in bed and in board, and everywhere, like the woman with her husband? The companionship of one's own wife is no merchandise which, once bought, can be returned, or bartered, or exchanged; for it is a
condition inseparable, which lasts as long as life endures. It is a noose which, once put on the neck, becomes a Gordian knot which, if the scythe of death cuts not, there is no untying. Much more could I say on this matter if I were not prevented by the desire I feel to know whether sir licentiate has anything more to tell us concerning the story of Basilio."

To which the student or bachelor, or licentiate, as Don Quixote called him, replied:—

"There remains no more to say at all, but that from the time when Basilio learnt that the fair Quitéria was to marry Camacho the rich, never more have they seen him smile or talk naturally; and he goes about ever thoughtful and sad, speaking to himself, thereby giving sure and clear token that he has lost his wits. He eats little and sleeps little; and what he eats are fruits, and where he sleeps, if he sleeps at all, is in the fields, upon the hard ground, like a brute beast. He gazes from time to time at the sky, and again he nails his eyes to the earth in such distraction that he seems no more than a clothed statue, whose garments the wind blows about. Indeed, he shows such signs of a heart absorbed by passion, that all we who know him believe that the uttering of 'Yes' by the fair Quitéria to-morrow will be his death sentence."

"God will send it better," cried Sancho; "for God, who gives the sore, gives the plaster. Nobody knows what is to come. From this to to-morrow are many hours, and in one,—nay, in a minute,—the house falls; and I have seen it rain and be sunshine all at the same minute. One goes to bed sound at night, and he cannot move next day. Tell me, is there any one who, perchance, flatters himself that he has put a spoke in the wheel of fortune? No, surely; and between the 'Yes' and the 'No' of a woman I would not venture to put a pin's point, for there would not be room. Let them prove to me that Quitéria loves Basilio with a good heart and free will, and I will give him a bag full of good luck; for love, as I have heard say, looks through spectacles which make copper seem gold, poverty riches, and tear-drops pearls."

"Where art thou going to stop, Sancho? a curse on thee!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "when thou beginnest threading thy proverbs and old tales only Judas himself—may he take
thee! — can follow. Tell me, animal, what knowest thou of spokes or of wheels, or of anything whatever?"

"Oh, if you don't follow me," retorted Sancho, "'tis no marvel that my opinions are taken for nonsense—but no matter. I understand myself, and know that I have not uttered many foolish things in what I have said, only your worship, my master, is always an incenser of my sayings and eke of my doings."

"'Censor,' thou shouldst say," quoth Don Quixote, "and not 'incenser,'—perverter of good language, God confound thee!"

"Be not your worship so sour with me," pleaded Sancho, "for you know I was not brought up at the court, nor have I studied at Salamanca, to learn if I put on or take off a letter of my words. Bless me! you must not expect the Sayagan to speak like the Toledan; and it may be there are Toledans who are not so fat in the matter of speaking polite."

"That is true," said the licentiate, "for they who are bred in the tan-pits and in Zocodover cannot speak so well as those who loiter all the day in the cloisters of the cathedral, and yet all are Toledans. The pure dialect, the proper, the elegant, and clear, is to be found among the intelligent people of the court, though they may have been born in Majalahonda. I have said intelligent, for there are many who are not so, and good sense is the grammar of good language, if it is associated with practise. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canons at Salamanca, and pique myself somewhat on expressing my sense in clear, plain, and forcible words."

"If you had not piqued yourself more on the management of the foils you carry than of your tongue," cried the student, "you would have been head of your degrees, whereas now you are the tail."

"Look ye, bachelor," responded the licentiate, "you have the most erroneous opinion in the world respecting dexterity in the use of the sword, if you hold it to be useless."

"It is no opinion of mine," retorted Corchuelo, "but a well-established truth; and if you wish me to show you by experiment, you carry the swords; there is every convenience; I have muscles and strength, which, with a spirit which is not little, shall make you confess that I am not wrong. Dismount,
and make use of your measured steps, your circles, your angles and science, for I hope to make you see stars at noon-day with my raw and clumsy art, wherein I hope, after God, the man is to be born who shall make me turn my back, for there is no one on earth whom I will not force to give ground."

"In the matter of turning back or not," replied the fencer, "I do not meddle, though it might happen that on the spot where you first plant your foot there shall open your grave, — I mean that there you will be left for dead by the art you despise."

"That shall now be seen," answered Corchuelo. And alighting briskly from his ass, he snatched one of the foils which the licentiate carried on his.

"It must not be thus," here cried Don Quixote; "I will be umpire of this fence and the judge of this oft-undecided controversy."

And dismounting from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the road at the moment that the licentiate advanced against Corchuelo in a graceful posture and with balanced steps; while the other rushed at him, darting fire from his eyes, as they say. The two peasants of the company, without getting off their asses, looked on as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The slashes, lunges, down-strokes, back-strokes, and double strokes which Corchuelo dealt were innumerable, thicker than hail. He made his rush like an angry lion, but there met him full tilt a touch on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, and he was made to kiss it as though it were a relic, though not with as much devotion as relics ought, and are wont, to be kissed. The licentiate ended by counting with his lunges all the buttons of a short cassock which the student wore, tearing the skirts into strips like the arms of a cuttlefish. Twice he struck off the other's hat, and so worried him that, in his vexation, rage, and madness, he seized his sword by the hilt and flung it into the air with so much force that one of the peasants standing by, who was a scrivener, and went for it, made deposition afterwards that it went about three quarters of a league off from him,— which testimony hath served and still serves to show and to prove of a verity how that brute force is conquered by art.
Corchuelo having sat down exhausted, Sancho went up to him and said:—

"My faith, sir bachelor, if you will take my advice, from this day forth you must not challenge any one to fence, but to wrestle or to pitch the bar, because you have the strength and the age for that; for of those they call masters of fence I have heard it said that they will put you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle."

"I am content to have tumbled from my ass," replied Corchuelo, "and to have had experience to show me the truth of which I was so ignorant." And getting up he embraced the licentiate, and they remained better friends than before. They were not inclined to wait for the scrivener, who had gone for the sword, for they thought it would delay them too much, so they resolved to push on to arrive in good time at Quitéria's village, to which they all belonged. During the remainder of the journey the licentiate held forth on the excellences of the sword with so many conclusive arguments and so many figures and mathematical demonstrations that they all became convinced of the goodness of the same, and Corchuelo cured of his obstinacy.

It was nightfall, but before they reached the village it seemed to all that about it was a sky filled with innumerable shining stars. They heard also sweet, confused sounds of divers instruments, as flutes, tambourines, psalteries, cymbals, tabors, and timbrels; and when they were come near they saw that a bower of trees which had been raised by hand at the entrance of the village was all filled with lights, which the wind harmed not, for it blew so softly that it hardly had strength to stir the leaves in the bushes. The musicians were the merry-makers at the wedding, who went about that pleasant scene in bands, some dancing, others singing, and others playing on a variety of instruments. Indeed, it seemed as though in all that meadow mirth and gladness were leaping and dancing. Many others were occupied in raising platforms,—whence the plays and dances to be performed the next day could be seen with greater convenience,—in the spot dedicated to the celebration of the nuptials of the rich Camacho and the obsequies of the poor Basilio. Don Quixote declined to enter the village, although the peasant and the
bachelor pressed him to do so; giving reasons very sufficient in his opinion, for that it was the custom of knights errant to sleep in the fields and forests rather than in populated places, although it might be under gilded roofs; and, therefore, he went a little aside from the road, much against the will of Sancho, in whose memory there lingered the good lodgment he had received in the castle or house of Don Diego.
CHAPTER XX

Wherein is described the wedding of Camacho the Rich; together with the adventure of Basilio the Poor

SCARCELY had lily-white Aurora given time to shining Apollo with the fervor of his hot rays to dry up the liquid pearls of her golden hair when Don Quixote, shaking sloth from his limbs, rose to his feet and called to his squire Sancho, who still lay snoring. On seeing this Don Quixote, before awaking him, thus delivered himself:—

"O thou fortunate above all who dwell on the face of earth, since, without envying or being envied, thou sleepest with tranquil spirit; neither do enchanters harass nor enchantments scare thee. Sleep, I say again, and a hundred times,—for no jealousy of thy lady holds thee in ceaseless vigil, nor cogitations of how to discharge the debts thou owest keep thee awake; nor of what thou must do to feed next day thyself and thy small straitened family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor the vain pomps of the world worry thee, since the limits of thy desires extend no farther than care for thine ass, for that of thy person thou hast laid on my shoulders, a burden and counterpoise imposed by nature and custom on masters. The servant sleeps, and his lord watches, thinking how to sustain him, to better him, and render him favors. Not the anguish of seeing the sky turn to brass, without shedding on the earth the needful dew, afflicts the servant, but the master, who has to sustain in barrenness and famine him by whom he is served in fertility and abundance."

To all this Sancho made no response, for he was sleeping; nor would he have waked so soon as he did, had not Don Quixote, with the butt end of his lance, made him come to himself. He awoke at length, drowsy and languid, and turning his face round exclaimed:—

"If I mistake not there comes from out of yonder bower a
steam and a smell more full of broiled rashers than of thyme and rushes. A wedding which begins with these odors should be plenteous and generous."

"Have done, glutton," said Don Quixote; "come, let us go and look on these espousals, and see what the rejected Basilio does."

"Let him do what he will," answered Sancho; "he would be poor, and he would marry him with Quitéria. To have never a farthing, and to want to marry in the clouds! I' faith, sir, I am thinking that the poor man should be content with what he can find, and not look for dainties in the sea. I would bet my hand Camacho could cover Basilio with reals; and if it is so, as it must be, Quitéria were a rare fool to throw away the jewels and gauds which Camacho must have given and can give her, to choose the bar-pitching and the foil-play of Basilio. They won't give a pint of wine in the tavern upon a good cast of the bar, or the cleverest trick of the foil. Parts and graces which are not salable, better let Count Dirlos have 'em; but when such talents fall to one who has good money, let my life be like theirs. Upon a good foundation you can raise a good house, and the best foundation and bottom in the world is money."

"In God's name, Sancho," here cried Don Quixote, "conclude thy harangue, for I believe that if they left thee to follow those you commence at every pass, thou wouldst have no time left to eat or to sleep, for all would be spent in talking."

"Had your worship a good memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement before we left home this last time; one of them was that you had to let me talk as much as I pleased provided it was not against my neighbor nor your worship's authority; and till now methinks I have made no breach of this article."

"I remember not any such article, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and supposing it were so, it is now my will that thou shouldst hold thy tongue and come with me, for now the instruments we heard last night are gladdening the valleys again, and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated in the freshness of the morning and not in the heat of the afternoon."
Sancho did as his master commanded, and, placing the saddle on Rozinante and the panel on the ass, the two mounted and rode leisurely towards the bower of trees. The first thing which presented itself to Sancho’s eyes was a whole steer spitted on a spit made of a whole elm-tree, and on the fire whereon it was roasting there was burning half a mountain of wood, and six earthen pots which stood round the blaze, not made in the common mold of ordinary pots, for they were six middle-sized wine-jars, each one of which would hold a butcher’s shop of meat. Whole sheep were swallowed up and contained in them unseen, as if they had been pigeons. The hares ready-skinned and the chickens plucked, which were ranged about the trees for burial in the pots, were without number; countless were the birds and game of all kinds hanging from the branches that the air might cool them. Sancho reckoned more than sixty wine-skins of more than eight gallons each, and all full, as afterwards appeared, of generous wines. There were also rows of loaves of the whitest, ranged like heaps of wheat on the thrashing-floor; the cheeses, heaped up like bricks, formed a wall; and two caldrons of oil, larger than dyers’ vats, were ready for the frying of the dough-ware, which with two mighty shovels they drew out fried and plunged into another caldron of prepared honey which stood at hand. The cooks and the scullions were more than fifty, all clean, all busy, and all blithesome. In the distended belly of the ox were twelve delicate little sucking pigs, which, sewed up within, served to make it savory and tender. The spices of various sorts appeared to have been bought not by the pound but by the quarter, and were all displayed to view in a great chest. In fine, the preparations for the wedding, though rustic, were abundant enough to maintain an army.

All this Sancho Panza beheld, all this he inspected, and with all he was in love. The first to captivate him and make his soul prisoner were the flesh-pots, from which he would have taken, with the greatest good-will, a fair dish of stew. Then the wine-skins took his fancy; and lastly the fruitage of the pan, if those swollen caldrons could be called pans; and so, not being able to bear it any longer, he went up to one of the busy cooks and in words courteous and hungry
prayed him for leave to moisten a crust of bread in one of those pots. The cook made answer: "Brother, this day is not one of those over which hunger has sway, thanks to Camacho the Rich. Dismount and look if there is a ladle about, and skim off a hen or two; and much good may they do you."

"I see none," said Sancho.

"Wait," cried the cook; "sinner o' me, but you are a dainty one and a faint heart!" And so saying he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it into one of the jars, drew out in it three pullets and a couple of geese, saying to Sancho:—

"Eat, friend, and break your fast on these skimmings, till the dinner time comes."

"I have nothing to put it in," said Sancho. "Then take kettle and all," said the cook, "for the wealth and the kindness of Camacho are good for everything."

While Sancho was thus engaged, Don Quixote was looking on through one side of the bowered space at the entry of some dozen peasants, mounted each upon a most beautiful nag, richly and showily caparisoned, with a number of bells hung from their breastplates, and all clothed in holiday apparel, who, in a marshaled troop, ran not one but many courses over the meadow, with joyous huzzas and shouts, crying: "Long live Camacho and Quitéria; he is as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!"

Seeing this Don Quixote said to himself: "It is easy to see that these men have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso, for had they seen her they would have been more moderate in their praises of their Quitéria."

A little while after, there began to enter by several ways into that leafy space various companies of dancers, among which was one of sword-dancers, about four-and-twenty youths, of gallant mien and bearing, all attired in the finest and whitest linen, with head-dresses of divers colors worked in fine silk. One of those who rode on the nags inquired of him who led them, a nimble youth, if any of the dancers had hurt himself.

"At present, God be thanked," said he, "none of us are hurt; we are all sound." And presently he began to twist
himself about among his companions, with so many turns and so much dexterity, that although Don Quixote had seen similar dances, he thought none had been so good as that. Another also pleased him well, of twelve most beautiful maidens, none of whom seemed to be under fourteen or above eighteen years of age, clad all in a green stuff, their locks partly plaïted and partly loosed, but all so golden red that they might compete with those of the sun himself, upon which they wore garlands of jasmines, roses, amaranth, and honeysuckle. They were led by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, though more active and nimble than their years promised. A Zamora bagpipe made music for them, and with modesty in their faces and in their eyes and nimbleness in their feet, they showed themselves the best dancers in the world. Behind this there came in another company of set dancers, such as they call a mask or speaking dance. It was made up of eight nymphs, ranged in two rows; of the one row Love was leader, and of the other Interest,—the first decked with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows; the second clad in rich party-colored hues of gold and silk. The nymphs who followed Love bore on their shoulders their names written on white parchment and in large letters. Poetry was the title of the first; of the second Good Sense; of the third Good Lineage; of the fourth Valor. In the same way were distinguished those who followed Interest. The badge of the first proclaimed Liberality; of the second Largess; of the third Treasure; of the fourth Peaceful Possession. In front of them all there came a castle of wood drawn by four savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, so much after nature that for a little while Sancho was frightened. On the front of the castle, and on each of its four sides, was inscribed: "The Castle of Good Heed." Four skilful players on the tambourine and flute striking up, Cupid began the dance, and after executing two figures, he lifted his eyes and bent his bow against a maiden placed among the turrets of the castle, whom he thus addressed: —

"I am the potent god
Who earth and heaven compel,
The seas bend to my nod;
I rule the powers of hell."
"No fear can me dismay;
All that I would I can;
And none can say me nay;
I give, take, bid, and ban."

The couplet ended, Love discharged an arrow over the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then came Interest and made two turns in the dance, and the music ceasing, he cried:

"I'm he who's more than Love,
    Though Love my guide may be,
My strain comes from above,
    Of high antiquity.

"I'm Interest, who's kind to few,
    And 'gainst whom are fewer;
Such as I am, to thee I am true
    Forever and evermore."

Then Interest retired, and Poetry put herself forward, and having performed her figures like the others, said, fixing her eyes on the lady of the castle:

"I, lady, am sweet Poesy,
In sweet conceits most apt,
And my heart I send to thee
In a thousand sonnets wrapt.

"Should I mayhap not vex
Thee when I importune,
Thy fortune, envied of thy sex,
I'll raise above the moon."

Poetry went aside, and from the side of Interest there came forth Liberality, who, after having performed her figures, said:

"Liberality they call
    The gift which comes between
What's rash and prodigal
    And what is poor and mean.

"But I for thy dear love
    A prodigal would be;
If sin it is by gifts to move,
    I'll gladly sin for thee."

In this manner appeared and retired all the personages of the two bands, and each one went through his motions and
repeated his verses, some elegant and some ridiculous, though Don Quixote retained in his memory (and he had a good one) only those which have been quoted. Presently they all mingled, making and unmaking circles with gay, unconstrained grace, and when Love passed in front of the castle he shot his arrows aloft, but Interest broke upon it gilded balls. Finally, after having danced a good while, Interest drew out a large purse, made out of a brindled catskin, which seemed to be full of coin, and flung it at the castle. With the blow the boards were disjointed and fell to pieces, leaving the damsel exposed and defenseless. Interest came up with the characters of his faction, and throwing a golden chain round her neck made a show of taking her and leading her away prisoner. This being seen by Love and his partisans, they tried to rescue her, all their motions being to the sound of the tambourines, they and the musicians playing and dancing in concert. The savages made peace between them, building up again and enclosing the walls of the castle with much dexterity, and leaving the damsel ensconced in it anew; and with this the mask ended to the great delight of the spectators.

Don Quixote inquired of one of the nymphs, who had composed and directed it. She answered that it was a priest of that village, who had a great faculty for such inventions.

"I would wager," cried Don Quixote, "that he is a friend of Camacho rather than of Basilio, this said bachelor, or clergyman, and has a better hand at satire than at vespers. He has cleverly introduced into the mask the accomplishments of Basilio and the riches of Camacho."

Sancho Panza, who was listening to all, said: "The king is my cock; I hold for Camacho!"

"Indeed, it appears," said Don Quixote, "thou art a bumpkin—one of those who cry, 'Long life to the conqueror!'"

"I know not of what sort I am," answered Sancho, "but well I know that never from the flesh-pots of Basilio shall I draw such elegant scum as this which I have drawn from Camacho's." And showing his kettle full of geese and pullets, he took hold of one, and began to eat with great zest and appetite, saying:—

"A fig for the accomplishments of Basilio! You are worth
as much as you have, and as much as you have so much you are worth. There are two families in the world, my grandmother used to say, which are the 'Have' and the 'Have-not'; and she ever stuck to the 'Haves'; and in these days, my lord Don Quixote, they rather feel the pulse of 'have' than of 'know.' An ass covered with gold looks better than a paneled horse. So once more I say I hold to Camacho, from whose pots the bountiful skimmings are geese and chickens, hares and rabbits; and from those of Basilio, if they come to hand or to the foot, may be only dish-scourings."

"Hast finished thy harangue, Sancho?" asked Don Quixote.

"I'll get it finished," answered Sancho, "for I see your worship receives it in bad part, for though if this had not come through the middle of it, there had been work cut out for three days."

"Please God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that I may see thee dumb before I die."

"At the pace we are going," responded Sancho, "before your worship dies I shall be chewing clay, and then mayhap I may be so dumb that I shall speak never a word till the end of the world or at least till the Day of Judgment."

"Even though it should so happen, O Sancho!" cried Don Quixote, "never will thy silence come up to what thou hast spoken, speakest and hast to speak during thy life; and the more because it is only natural and reasonable that the day of my death shall come before thine; and so I never hope to see thee mute, not even when drinking or sleeping, and that is as high as I can put it."

"In good faith, master," answered Sancho, "there is no trusting the fleshless one, I mean death, who takes the lamb as well as the sheep; and our priest I have heard say that with equal feet he tramples on the tall towers of kings as on the lowly huts of the poor. This dame is more potent than dainty; she is nothing squeamish; she eats of all, and does for all, and fills her wallets with many sorts of folk, age, and quality. She is no reaper that takes siestas, for at all hours she reaps, and cuts both the dry and the green grass. She does not seem to chew, but gobbles and bolts all is put before her, for she has a dog's hunger which is never filled; and,
though she has no belly, she seems to have the dropsy, and is thirsty to drink all the lives of them that live, as one drinks a jar of cold water."

"No more of that, Sancho," Don Quixote exclaimed at this; "stop thee in thy fine words, and don't risk a fall, for of a truth what thou hast said of death in thy homespun terms is what a good preacher might say. I tell thee, Sancho, that if thou hadst discretion as thou hast a good natural wit, thou couldst take to the pulpit and go preaching thy pretty things through the world."

"He preaches well who lives well," responded Sancho; "and I know no other of your thologies."

"Nor hast thou need of them," said Don Quixote; "but I have not yet understood or mastered how it is that the fear of God being the beginning of wisdom, thou, who fearest a lizard more than Him, knowest so much."

"Let your worship judge of your chivalries," answered Sancho, "and not meddle with the fears or the fancies of others. I have as proper a fear of God as any neighbor's son; and leave me to wipe up these skimmings, for the rest is all idle words, which we have to give account of in another life."

And so saying he began a fresh assault upon his kettle, with such good vigor that it aroused that of Don Quixote; and doubtless his master would have helped him if he had not been prevented by something which must be told further on.
CHAPTER XXI

Wherein is continued the story of Camacho's wedding; with other delectable adventures

While Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation reported in the previous chapter, they heard loud shouts and a great uproar, raised by those mounted on the nags, who, galloping and shouting, went to receive the bride and bridegroom, who, surrounded by a thousand kinds of musical instruments and festive devices, were approaching, accompanied by the priest and the kinsfolk of both, the most distinguished people from the neighboring village, all dressed in their holiday attire. And when Sancho saw the bride he cried:

"In good faith she comes draped not as a farmer's daughter but some fine court lady! Ecod, as I make out, the patines she has on are rich corals, and in place of green Cuenca stuff, thirty-pile velvet; indeed, and the trimming of white linsey, I vow it is of satin! Then look at her hands, bedizened with — hoops of jet, is it? May I never thrive if they are not rings of gold! — and very much of gold, and set with pearls, white as a curd, which every one must be worth an eye of my head. Oh, the jade! and what tresses! — if they are not false, I have never seen longer nor redder in all my life. Then see if the figure and air she carries, as she moves, is not to be compared to a palm-tree, loaded with bunches of dates! — for like this look the trinkets she wears, hanging from her hair and her throat. I swear on my soul she is a lass of mettle, and may pass the banks of Flanders."

Don Quixote smiled at the rustic eulogies of Sancho Panza; but he thought that, saving his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a woman more beautiful. The fair Quitéria looked a little pallid, which might have been from the bad night which brides always pass, in preparing themselves for
the day of the wedding to come. They marched up to a theater which had been set up on one side of the meadow, decked with branches and carpets, where the espousals were to be celebrated; and at the moment they arrived at the spot they heard a loud outcry in the rear and a voice which said:

"Stay for a little, ye thoughtless and hasty people!" At these cries and words they all turned their heads, and saw him who uttered them—a man clothed in a black coat garnished with flame-like patches of crimson. He was crowned, as they presently saw, with a chaplet of funereal cypress, and carried in his hand a large staff. On coming nearer, he was recognized by all as the gallant Basilio, and all waited in suspense to see what might be the issue of his cries and words, fearing some evil might happen from his appearance at such a season. He came up at last, wearied and breathless, and posting himself in front of the bride and bridegroom, and thrusting his staff, which was pointed with steel, into the ground, with a changing color and with his eyes fixed on Quiteřia he spake these words in a hoarse and tremulous voice:

"Well knowest thou, ungrateful Quiteřia, that by the sacred law which binds us, while I am alive thou canst take no husband. Neither art thou ignorant that while I waited for time and my industry to improve the condition of my fortune, I did not fail to observe the respect due to thy honor. But thou, casting behind thee all the obligations thou hast to my love, wouldst make another lord of that which is mine, whose wealth to him is not only good fortune but very good happiness. And that he may have it in full measure (not because I think he deserves it, but because Heaven has given it to him), I, by my own hand, will remove the obstacle by getting rid of myself. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quiteřia many and happy years; and let the poor Basilio die, whose poverty has clipped the wings of his happiness and brought him to the grave!"

And, so saying, he seized the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and breaking it in half against the ground showed it to serve as a sheath to a medium-sized dirk within concealed. Planting what might be called the hilt in the soil, with a nimble
spring and resolute purpose he threw himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point appeared at his back with half of the steely knife—the unhappy wretch remaining stretched on the ground, bathed in blood, transfixed by his own weapon. His friends ran up at once to succor him, bewailing his unhappiness and piteous lot; and Don Quixote, quitting Rozinante, ran also to help, and taking him in his arms found that he was still breathing. They would have drawn out the dirk; but the priest, who was present, was of opinion they should not draw it before he had confessed him, for if they drew it out he would expire at once. Coming a little to himself, in a faint and doleful voice he exclaimed:

"If, cruel Quitéria, in this my last and fatal agony, thou wouldst give me thy hand as my betrothed, I would even think that my rashness could be pardoned, since thereby I attained the bliss of being thine own."

Hearing this the priest said that he should attend to the saving of his soul rather than to the appetites of the body, and that, indeed, he should ask pardon of God for his sins and for his rash deed. To which Basilio replied that he could in no wise confess, if Quitéria did not first give him her hand to be his spouse; for that boon would strengthen his heart and give him breath for confession. Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man’s petition, cried in a loud voice that Basilio asked for a thing very just and based on reason, and, moreover, very practicable, and that Sir Camacho would be as honored in receiving the lady Quitéria, widow of the valorous Basilio, as if he received her from the side of her father.

"There is no need here," said he, "of more than a ‘Yes,’ and no other effect from the pronouncing of it can follow, for the nuptial bed of this marriage must be the grave."

All this Camacho listened to, bewildered and confused, not knowing what to do or to say; but the voices of Basilio’s friends were so urgent, beseeching him to consent that Quitéria should give Basilio her hand as wife,—so that his soul should not be lost, parting so rashly from his life,—that they moved, nay, compelled him to say that if Quitéria was
willing he was content, for the fulfilment of his wishes would only be delayed for a moment. Then they all ran up to Quitéria and, some with prayers and some with tears, and others with persuasive arguments, pressed her to give her hand to poor Basilio; but she, harder than marble and more immovable than a statue, looked as if she could not and would not answer a word; nor would she have answered had not the priest told her to make up her mind quickly what she would do, for now Basilio had his soul in his teeth, with no time to wait for wavering minds.

Then the fair Quitéria, without answering any word, seemingly troubled, care-worn, and melancholy, advanced to where Basilio lay, with eyes now upturned and breathing short and painfully, murmuring between his teeth the name of Quitéria, giving signs of dying like a heathen and no Christian. Coming up to him, and kneeling, she besought his hand, rather by signs than by words. Basilio opened his eyes, and regarding her intently said:—

"O Quitéria! who hast come to be pitiful at the time when thy pity must serve as the knife which cuts short my life, for now I have no strength to bear the honor thou conferrest on me by choosing me for thine, nor to relieve the pain which is so rapidly covering my eyes with the dread shadow of death! What I beseech of thee, O thou my fatal star! is that the hand thou seekest and wouldst give me is not out of complaisance nor to deceive me anew, but that thou shouldst confess and say that without doing violence to thy will thou givest and deliverest it to me as thy lawful husband, for ill it were to deceive me in a state like this, or to use deceptions with me who have dealt so truly with thee!"

With these words he swooned in a way which made the bystanders think that every paroxysm would carry his soul away. Quitéria, all modest and bashful, taking hold of Basilio's right hand with her own, exclaimed: "No force would suffice to compel my will; and thus with the freest I have I give thee the hand of thy lawful wife, and accept thine, if so be that thou givest it of thy free will, untroubled and unaltered by the calamity into which thy hasty act has plunged thee."
"Yes, I give it, being neither troubled nor altered, but with a clear understanding, such as Heaven has granted me, and thus do I give and engage myself for thy husband."

"And I for thy wife," responded Quitéria, "whether thou livest long years or whether they take thee from my arms to the tomb."

"For one so grievously wounded," here Sancho observed, "this youth talks a great deal. Let them make him give up his love tales and attend to his soul, for to my thinking he has more of it on his tongue than in his teeth."

Basilio and Quitéria being thus joined by the hands, the priest tenderly and tearfully bestowed on them his blessing, and prayed Heaven to give good repose to the soul of the new-espoused; who, the instant he had received the benediction, rose nimbly to his feet and with an unlooked-for dexterity drew out the dirk which was sheathed in his body. All the bystanders were astounded, and some of them, more simple than inquisitive, began to cry loudly, "A miracle! a miracle!" But Basilio replied: "No miracle, no miracle; but stratagem, stratagem!" The priest, perplexed and amazed, ran up with both his hands to feel the wound, and found that the knife had passed not through the flesh and ribs of Basilio, but through a hollow tube of iron which had been fitted to the place, filled with blood so prepared, as they afterwards learnt, as not to congeal. In short, the priest and Camacho, with all the bystanders, found themselves tricked and duped. The bride showed no signs of displeasure at the jest, but rather, on hearing them saying that the marriage would not be valid as being fraudulent, declared that she confirmed it afresh, whence they all concluded that the affair had been planned by the privity and connivance of them both. Thereupon Camacho and his supporters were so incensed that they applied themselves to vengeance, and unsheathing many swords rushed at Basilio. In his interest in an instant were unsheathed almost as many others, while Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback with his lance on his arm, well covered by his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, to whom such doings never gave pleasure or comfort, took refuge among the flesh-pots, whence he had extracted his grateful skimmings, regarding
that as a sacred spot which had to be respected. Don Quixote cried with a loud voice: "Hold, sirs, hold! We have no right to exact vengeance for the injuries which love does us; and mark that love and war are the same thing; and as in war it is lawful and customary to use artifices and stratagems in order to conquer the enemy, so in amours, contests, and rivalries, trickeries and plots hold good which are practised to attain the desired end, so long as they are not to the injury and dishonor of the object loved. Quitéria belonged to Basilio and Basilio to Quitéria, by the just and auspicious dispensation of the powers above. Camacho is rich, and can purchase his pleasure when, where, and how he will. Basilio has no more than this ewe lamb, and no one shall deprive him of it, however powerful he be, for the two whom God joins man shall not put asunder; and he who attempts it has first to pass by the point of this lance."

And with this he brandished it so stoutly and dexterously that he struck terror into all who did not know him. So deeply did Quitéria's disdain fix itself in Camacho's fancy that he blotted her from his mind on the instant; and so the persuasions of the priest, who was a man of prudence and well-meaning, prevailed upon him, and left him and those of his party appeased and satisfied. In token of this they put up their swords, finding fault rather with the easiness of Quitéria than the artifice of Basilio — Camacho reasoning with himself that if Quitéria loved Basilio as maiden, she would love him also as wife, and that he ought to thank Heaven more for the losing than the getting of her. Camacho and those of his side being consoled and pacified, all of Basilio's following were quieted; and the rich Camacho, to show that he felt no resentment for the joke nor thought anything of it, desired that the festivities should proceed as if he were really being married. Neither Basilio, however, nor his spouse nor his followers would take part in them, but went away to Basilio's village; for even the poor, if virtuous and sensible, have those who follow, honor, and assist them, as the rich have their flatterers and minions. They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him for a man of worth and of mettle. Sancho alone was filled with gloom in his soul with not being able to attend the splendid feeding and festival of
Camacho, which lasted till nightfall; and dejected and sad he followed his master, who went with Basilio's party, leaving behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt though he carried them in his heart; their skimmings in the kettle, though now almost consumed and ended, representing the glory and plenty of the boon he had lost. And so, pensive and sulky though hungerless, without dismounting from Dapple, he followed on the heels of Rozinante.
CHAPTER XXII

Wherein is recounted the grand adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, in the heart of La Mancha, which the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha brought to a happy conclusion.

Many and great were the compliments which the newly-married couple lavished on Don Quixote, being bounden to him for the tokens of good-will he had shown them in defending their cause; gaging his wit by his valor, and taking him for a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. The good Sancho was for three days entertained at the cost of the pair, from whom he learnt that the fictitious wounding was no trick prearranged with the fair Quiteira, but a scheme of Basilio's, from which he looked for the very result which they had seen. It is true, he confessed that he had imparted his design to some of his friends in order that they might, at the necessary moment, support his plot and back up his deception.

"Deceptions they could not and should not be called, which aim at virtuous ends," Don Quixote said; "the marrying of true lovers was an end of the highest excellence": warning them, however, that the greatest enemies of love are hunger and penury; for love is all gaiety, pleasure, and happiness, the more when the lover is in possession of the object loved, against whom want and poverty are set and declared enemies; and that all this he said with the intention of prevailing upon Basilio to give up the practise of the accomplishments in which he was skilled, which, though they might bring him fame, would bring him no money, and to apply himself to the getting of a living by lawful and industrious means, such as are never wanting to those who have prudence and application. "The poor, honorable man," he said "(if it is possible for the poor man to be honorable), in possessing a beautiful wife possesses a jewel which, if they take from him, they
take his honor and slay it. The beautiful and honorable wife, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty itself alone attracts the desires of all who look upon and recognize it, and the royal eagles and high-soaring birds swoop down upon it as a dainty lure; but if to this beauty are joined want and straitened means, even the crows, the kites, and other birds of prey assail it, and she who remains steadfast through these many trials well merits to be called a crown to her husband.

"Look ye, discreet Basilio," added Don Quixote, "it was the opinion of I know not what wise man that there was never in the world but one good woman, and he advised every one to think and believe that she, this only good one, was his wife, and so he shall live content. I am myself not married, nor till now has it come into my thoughts to be so; nevertheless, I would be so bold as to give counsel to him who may ask it of me, as to the mode in which he should seek the woman he would marry. The first thing I would advise him is to look more to reputation than to fortune, for the good woman gets not good report solely by being good, but by appearing so; for looseness and public freedoms hurt the honor of women more than private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it were an easy thing to keep her and even better her in that goodness; but if thou bringest a bad one, she shall set thee to toil in amending her, for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another. I say not that it is impossible, but I hold it to be difficult."

To all this Sancho listened, saying to himself: "This master of mine, when I speak things of pith and substance, tells me that I am to take pulpit in hand and go me out through the world preaching pretty things; and I say of him that when he begins to thread sentences and give counsels, not only can he take a pulpit in hand, but two in each finger, and go forth through the market-place with, 'What do ye lack?' The devil have thee for a knight errant, but how many things thou knowest! I was thinking in my heart that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries, but there is nothing he doesn't peck at nor dip his spoon in."

Sancho was muttering this to himself somewhat aloud, when his master overheard him, and asked:
"What art thou murmuring at, Sancho?"

"I am saying nothing and murmuring nothing," answered Sancho; "I was only saying to myself that I wish I had heard what your worship has said just now before I was married, for perhaps I might say now that the loosed ox licks himself well."

"Is thy Theresa so bad, then, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "She is not very bad," answered Sancho; "but she is not very good; at least, she is not so good as I would have her."

"Thou dost ill, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in speaking so ill of thy wife, who indeed is the mother of thy children."

"We owe each other nothing," answered Sancho, "for she speaks ill of me also when she is vexed, especially when she is jealous; and then let Satan himself put up with her."

Three days they remained with this new-married couple, during which they were regaled and treated like kings. Don Quixote asked the fencer-licentiate to give him a guide to conduct them to the Cave of Montesinos, for he had a great desire to explore it and to see with his own eyes if the wonders reported in those regions respecting it were true. The licentiate said that he would give him a cousin of his own, a famous scholar, much addicted to the reading of books of chivalries, who would very gladly take him to the mouth of the cave itself, and show him the lagoons of Ruidera, which were also famous throughout La Mancha, nay, throughout Spain; adding that Don Quixote would find much entertainment in him, for he was a youth who knew how to make books and to dedicate them to princes.

The cousin appeared by and by mounted on a she ass, whose pack-saddle was covered with a rag or sackcloth of many colors. Sancho saddled Rozinante, paneled his Dapple, and filled his wallets, with which those of the cousin kept company, also well furnished; and commending themselves to God and bidding farewell to all, they set out on their journey, taking the road to the famous Cave of Montesinos. Upon the road Don Quixote asked of the cousin of what kind and character were his pursuits, his profession and studies. To which the other replied that his profession was that of a humanist; his pursuits and studies, to compose books for the press, all of great profit and no less enter-
tainment to the state; that one of them was entitled the "Book of Liveries," wherein he described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colors, mottoes, and ciphers, wherefrom might be gathered and taken, in time of festivals and revels, whatever the gentlemen of the court might fancy, without having to beg them from anybody, nor teasing the brain, as they say, in order to get them appropriate to their wishes and meanings. "For," said he, "I give to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and the absent the badges which become them, which shall fit them more straight than sinful. Another book I have also, which I mean to call 'Metamorphoses, or the Spanish Ovid,' of new and rare invention, for in it, in burlesque imitation of Ovid, I describe who was the Giralda of Seville and who the Angel of the Magdalen; what was the Gutter of Vecinguerra at Cordova; what were the Bulls of Guisando; the Sierra Morena; the fountains of Leganitos and Lavapiés in Madrid, not forgetting that of the Píojo, that of the Golden Gutter, and that of the Priora; and all this, with their allegories, metaphors, and changes, in such wise that they shall delight, amaze, and instruct at one and the same time. Another book I have, which I call 'The Supplement to Polydore Vergil,' which treats of the invention of things, and which is one of great learning and research, because the things of great importance of which Polydore omitted to speak, I elucidate and verify in an elegant style. Vergil forgot to tell us who was the first who brought catarrh into the world, and the first who took unguents to cure him; but I elucidate it accurately, and verify it by more than five-and-twenty authorities. Judge, then, whether I have labored well, and whether this book will be useful to the whole world."

Sancho, who had been very attentive to the student's narrative, said to him: "Tell me, sir, so may God give you good luck in the printing of your books, can you inform me,—and of course you can, for you know everything,—who was the first man who scratched his head? For my part, I hold to it it was our father Adam."

"Yes, it should be so," answered the cousin, "for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair; and it being thus, and he being the first man in the world, sometimes he would need to scratch himself."
"So I think, too," answered Sancho, "but tell me now who was the first tumbler in the world?"

"In truth, brother," the student answered, "that I am not able to resolve for the present, as far as I have gone in my studies; I will look into the matter when I return to where I keep my books, and I will satisfy you when I see you again, for this must not be the last time."

"But look ye, sir," replied Sancho, "don't take any trouble about this, for now I have hit upon the matter of which I asked you. The first tumbler in the world, you must know, was Lucifer, when they put or pitched him out of heaven, for he came tumbling into the gulf of hell."

"You are right, friend," said the cousin.

"That question and answer," said Don Quixote, "are not thine, Sancho; you have heard some one tell them."

"Hold, sir," replied Sancho, "for i' faith, if I take to questioning and answering I will not end till morning,—nay, for to ask foolish things and make silly answers, I have no call to go looking for help from my neighbors."

"Thou hast said more, Sancho, than thou knowest of," cried Don Quixote; "there are some who tire themselves in learning and proving things which, after being learnt and proved, do not concern either the understanding or the memory one whit."

In these and other pleasant discourses the day passed with them, and at night they took up their lodging at a little village. Thence the cousin told Don Quixote that the distance to the Cave of Montesinos was no more than two leagues, and that, if he held to his purpose of entering it, he had need to provide ropes with which to tie himself and to let himself down into its depths. Don Quixote answered that, though hell itself were reached, he must see to the bottom. And so they bought some hundred fathoms of rope, and the next day at two of the afternoon they arrived at the cave, whose mouth is wide and spacious, but full of box-thorns and wild fig-trees, with brambles and briers, so thick and interlaced that they covered and concealed it entirely. When they found it, the cousin, Don Quixote, and Sancho dismounted, and the two presently bound Don Quixote very firmly with the cords. While they were binding and girding him, said Sancho:—
"Take care, your worship, what you do; don't bury yourself alive, nor put yourself where you will be like a flask, let down into a well to cool; nay, it is no affair or concern of yours to pry into what may prove to be worse than a dungeon."

"Tie me and be silent," answered Don Quixote, "for such an enterprise as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me."

Then said the guide: "I pray you, Sir Don Quixote, that you look well and examine with a hundred eyes into that which is there within; perhaps there may be things which I may put into the book of my transformations."

"The drum is in hands which well know how to beat it," said Sancho.

This said, and Don Quixote's fastenings being completed, — which went not over his armor but about his doublet, — Don Quixote remarked: —

"We have been neglectful in not providing ourselves with a little bell, to be attached close to me on this rope, by sounding of which you might know that I was still descending and was alive; but since that is not possible, let it be in the hand of God to guide me."

Thereupon he went down on his knees and offered a prayer to Heaven in a low voice, beseeching God to aid him and give him good success in that seemingly perilous and novel adventure, and then exclaimed aloud: —

"O mistress of my actions and movements, most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! If it be possible that to thine ears may reach the prayers and supplications of this thy venturesome lover, by thine incomparable loveliness I beseech thee to list to them, for they are but to petition thee that thou shouldst deny me not thy favor and countenance now when I so much need them. I go to precipitate myself — to engulf and bury myself in the abyss which here yawns, solely that the world may learn that if thou favorest me there is no impossibility which I may not encounter and achieve."

So saying, he drew near to the cavern, when, seeing it was not possible to let himself down nor make an entry unless by force of arms or by cutting a passage, he drew his sword and began to cleave and hew down the briers which grew at the cave's mouth. At the noise and clatter there flew out of it
an infinite number of great crows and jackdaws, so thickly and with such a rush that they threw Don Quixote to the ground, and had he been as superstitious as he was good Catholic, he would have taken it for an ill omen, and have declined being immured in such a place. At length he rose, and seeing that there came out no more crows nor any night-birds, such as bats, which also had flown out with the crows, the cousin and Sancho gave him rope and let him down to the bottom of the frightful cave. And as he entered, Sancho gave him his blessing and made a thousand signs of the cross over him, saying:—

"May God guide thee, together with the Rock of France and the Trinity of Gaeta, flower, cream, and skimming of knights errant! There thou goest, bully of the world, heart of steel, arm of brass! God guide thee once more, and return thee safe, whole, and without harm to the light of this life which thou quittest to bury thee in that darkness thou seekest!"

Nearly the same prayers and entreaties did the cousin offer. Don Quixote went down, calling out for rope, more rope; and they gave it to him little by little; and when his words, which came out of the mouth of the cave as through a funnel, ceased to be heard, they had already let down the hundred fathoms of cord. They had a mind to hoist up Don Quixote again, seeing that they could give him no more rope. They waited, however, for about half an hour, when they began to gather in the rope, which came with great ease and without any weight, a sign which made them believe that Don Quixote was left below; and Sancho, in this belief, began to weep bitterly, hauling away with much haste in order to learn the truth. But when they came to what seemed a little more than eighty fathoms they felt a weight, at which they were exceeding glad. Finally, at ten fathoms they saw Don Quixote distinctly, to whom Sancho called, saying: "You are very welcome back, your worship, my master; for we were thinking that you had stayed there."

But Don Quixote answered not a word; and when he was wholly lifted out they saw that his eyes were closed like one asleep. They laid him on the grass, and untied him; and with all that he awoke not. But they turned him over and
about, and stirred and shook him, so that after a while he came to himself, yawning and stretching himself out as if he had awakened from some heavy and deep sleep. Gazing round him from one side to the other, like one scared, he cried:—

"God pardon you, friends, who have robbed me of the sweetest and most delightful existence and vision that any human being enjoyed or beheld! Now, indeed, I have come to know that all the pleasures of this life pass away like dreams and shadows or fade like the flowers of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O sore wounded Durandarte! O luckless Belerma! O tearful Guadiana, and ye others the hapless daughters of Ruidera, who show in your floods what your lovely eyes do weep!"

The cousin and Sancho listened with great attention to the words of Don Quixote, who uttered them as though they were dragged from his bowels with immense suffering. They besought him to explain what he said, and to tell them of what he had seen in that hell below.

"Hell, do ye call it?" said Don Quixote; "do not give it that name, which it does not merit, as ye shall presently see."

He prayed them to give him something to eat, for he had a great hunger. They laid out the canvas pack-cloth upon the green turf and made haste to empty the wallets, and all three, seated in good love and fellowship, made their luncheon and supper all in one. The cloth being removed, Don Quixote of La Mancha exclaimed: —

"Let no one rise; and, my sons, be ye all attentive."
CHAPTER XXIII

Of the wonderful things which the consummate Don Quixote told of having seen in the deep Cave of Montesinos, whose immensity and improbability make this adventure to be held as apocryphal.

It was about four of the afternoon when the sun, obscured by clouds, with diminished light and tempered beams gave an opportunity to Don Quixote so that without heat and distress he might recount to the two illustrious auditors what he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos; and he began in the following manner:

"About twelve or fourteen fathoms down in the depth of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a concavity and space capable of containing within it a large cart with its team of mules. A thin ray of light coming from afar off enters it through some chinks and holes, opening to the earth's surface. This concavity and space saw I, what time I went wearily and sadly, through finding myself pendent and dangling in the air by a rope, journeying through that obscure region below, without taking any known or assured road; so I determined to enter there and rest a little. I called out to ask you not to let out more rope till I told you; but you could not have heard me. I gathered up the rope you sent down and making a coil or heap of it, sat me down thereupon all thoughtful, considering what I ought to do to reach the bottom, having nothing to support me. Being in this meditation and perplexity, of a sudden and without seeking it, a profound sleep fell upon me, and when least I recked of it, without knowing how or why, I awoke, and found myself in the middle of the most beautiful, serene, and delicious meadow which nature could fashion or the liveliest human imagination conceive. I opened my eyes and rubbed them, and found that I was not asleep, but really wide awake. Thereupon I felt my head and my bosom, to satisfy
myself whether I, my very self, was there, or some empty and counterfeit phantom; but the touch, the feeling, the coherent discourse I held with myself, certified to me that I was myself then there who now am here. Presently there appeared before me a royal and sumptuous palace or castle, whose walls and battlements seemed to be made of clear, transparent crystal, whereof two great doors opening, I saw come out through them and approach me a venerable gray-beard, clothed in a mantle of murrey serge, which trailed on the ground. His shoulders and breast were girt with a collegian's tippet of green velvet. A black Milan cap covered his head, and a snow-white beard descended to his waist. He bore no arms whatever, only a rosary of beads in his hand larger than walnuts—yea, every tenth one like an ordinary ostrich's egg. His mien, his gate, his gravity, and his ample presence, each by itself and all combined, filled me with wonder and admiration. He came up to me, and the first thing he did was to embrace me closely; then said he to me:—

"Long ages it is, valorous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, that we who dwell in these enchanted solitudes have waited to see thee, that thou mayst inform the world of what is buried and contained in the deep cavern which thou hast entered, called the Cave of Montesinos; an exploit reserved for achievement by thine invincible hand and thy stupendous courage. Come with me, illustrious sir, for I would show you the marvels which this shining palace enshrouds, whereof I am the governor and perpetual chief warder, for I am Montesinos himself, after whom the cave is named.'

"Scarce had he said that he was Montesinos when I asked him if it were true what in the world up here is reported, that he had cut the heart of his great friend Durandarte out of his bosom with a little dagger, and carried it to the lady Belerma, as Durandarte had directed him, when at the point of death. He answered that in all they spoke the truth, except in the matter of the dagger, for it was neither dagger nor small, but a bright poniard sharper than an awl."

"That same poniard should be," here put in Sancho, "one by Ramon de Hoces the Sevillian."
"I know not," pursued Don Quixote; "but it could not be that poniard-maker, for Ramon de Hoces was of yesterday, and the affair of Roncesvalles, where this disaster happened, is of many years ago. But this is an inquiry of no importance; nor doth it disturb or alter the truth and the structure of the story."

"You are right," said the cousin; "let your worship proceed, Sir Don Quixote, for I am listening to you with the greatest pleasure in the world."

"With no less do I tell my tale," said Don Quixote; "and so I say that the venerable Montesinos conducted me to the crystalline palace, where, in a lower hall of an extreme coolness and all of alabaster, stood a marble sepulcher, wrought with consummate art, on top of which I saw a knight laid at full length, not of bronze nor of marble nor of carved jasper, as usual on other tombs, but of pure flesh and bone. He had his right hand (which to my seeing was somewhat hairy and sinewy, signifying that its owner was of great strength) placed upon the region of his heart; and before I could put a question to Montesinos, he, seeing me amazed and wondering at him on the sepulcher, said to me: 'This is my friend Durandarte, flower and mirror of the true lovers and valiant knights of his time. He is kept here enchanted, as are myself and many of either sex, by Merlin, that French enchanter, who, they say, was the son of the devil; but what I believe is, that he is no devil's son, but knew, as the saying is, a point more than the devil. Of the how and the why he enchanted us no one knows, but that will be told in the process of time, and that time is not very far off, as I imagine. What I wonder at is that I should know, as surely as that it is now day, that Durandarte ended his life in my arms, and that after his death I took out his heart with my own hands; and in truth it must have weighed a couple of pounds, and according to the natural philosophers he who has the large heart is endued with greater courage than he who has the small. But this being so, and this knight having really died, how is it that he now ever and anon moans and complains, as though he were living?'

"At the word the wretched Durandarte, in a loud voice, cried out: —
"'O my cousin Montesinos!
Hearken to my last behest;
When the throes of death are o'er me,—
Fled the soul from out my breast,—
To Belerma haste thee, cousin,
With my heart to my adored,
Plucked from out my faithful bosom,
With thy dagger or thy sword.'

"On hearing this the venerable Montesinos threw himself on his knees before the unhappy knight and with tears in his eyes exclaimed: 'Long since, Sir Durandarte, my dearest cousin—long since have I done what you bade me on the fatal day of our perdition. I plucked from you as best I could your heart, without leaving the least piece of it in your bosom; I wiped it with a kerchief of point lace; I departed with it on the road to France, having first deposited you in the bosom of earth with tears so many as sufficed to bathe my hands and wash therewith the blood which they had got through traveling in thy bowels; and more by token, cousin of my soul, at the first place I got to after leaving Roncesvalles I threw a little salt on your heart so that it might not smell ill, and come, if not fresh, at least dry and sweet into the presence of the lady Belerma, whom with you and me, and Guadiana, your squire, and Mistress Ruidera and her seven daughters and two nieces, and many others of your acquaintances and friends, Merlin the magician keeps here enchanted, it is now many years; and though five hundred have passed none of us is dead, only Ruidera, her daughters, and nieces are lacking, whom, for their tears, through the compassion he must have had for them, Merlin turned into as many lagoons, which now in the world of the living and in the province of La Mancha they call the Lagoons of Ruidera; seven belong to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called of St. John. Guadiana, your squire, also bewailing your unhappy fate, was turned into a river called by his name, who, when he reached the surface of the earth and saw the sun of another sky, felt so keenly the grief of finding he was leaving you that he plunged into the bowels of the earth; but since it is not possible to cease running his natural course, from time to time he comes out and shows himself where the sun and mankind may see him. The
lagoons I have mentioned supply him with their waters, with which, and many others which reach him, he enters proudly and grandly into Portugal. Nevertheless, wherever he goes he betrays his grief and melancholy, nor takes any pride in breeding in his waters fish which are savory and esteemed, but those that are coarse and tasteless, very different from those of the golden Tagus. And this that I now tell you, O cousin mine, I have told you oftentimes, and since you make no response, I fancy that you either do not believe or you do not hear me, which greatly pains me, as God knows. Some news I will give you now, which, though it may not serve to assuage your sorrow, will in no wise augment it. Know that you have here in your presence (open your eyes and see!) that great knight of whom the sage Merlin has prophesied so many things; that Don Quixote of La Mancha, I say, who newly, and to greater advantage than in past ages, has resuscitated in the present the almost forgotten knight-errantry; through whose mediation and favor it may be that we ourselves may be disenchanted, since great deeds are reserved for great men.'

"'And should it not be so,' responded the pitiful Durandarte, in a weak and fainting voice, 'should it not be so, O cousin, say I—patience and shuffle the cards.' And turning on his side he relapsed into his accustomed silence without speaking another word.

"At this moment were heard loud sounds and cries, accompanied by deep groans and painful sobbings. I turned my head and saw through the walls of crystal, that through another hall there passed a procession of two files of most beautiful damsels all clad in mourning, with white turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion. Behind, in the rear of the files, walked a lady, as by her gravity she seemed, also clothed in black, with a white veil so ample and long that it kissed the earth. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of any of the others; she was beetle-browed, her nose somewhat flat, her mouth large, but the lips red; her teeth, which sometimes she showed, appeared to be rare, and not well set, though as white as peeled almonds. She bore in her hands a fine handkerchief, and within it, as well as could be made out, a mummified heart; it was dry and shriveled.
Montesinos told me how that all of the procession were servants of Durandarte and Belerma, who were enchanted there together with their master and mistress, and that the last one, she who bore the heart wrapped up in the handkerchief, was the lady Belerma, who with her diamonds went four days in the week in that procession, and sang, or rather wept, her doleful dirges over the body of the piteous heart of his cousin; and that if she appeared to me somewhat ill-favored, and not so beautiful as fame reported, it was because of the bad nights and the worse days she passed in that enchantment, as might be seen in the great circles round her eyes and her sallow complexion. Her sallowness and her livid eyes spring from the grief which her heart feels for that which continually she holds in her hands, which ever renews and brings to her remembrance the disaster of her ill-starred lover. Were it not for this, scarce would the great Dulcinea del Toboso, so celebrated in all these parts, yea in all the world, equal her in beauty, grace, and spirit.'

"'Softly, Sir Don Montesinos,' here quoth I, 'tell your story as you should; for you know that all comparison is odious, nor is there any occasion to compare one with any other. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and Mistress Doña Belerma is what she is, and what she has been, and there let it rest.'

"To which he replied: 'Pardon me, Sir Don Quixote, for I confess that I was wrong, and spoke not well in saying that hardly would the lady Dulcinea del Toboso equal the lady Belerma; for it was sufficient for me to learn, I know not by what indications, that you are her knight to make me bite my tongue before comparing her to aught but heaven itself.'

"With this satisfaction which the great Montesinos gave me, my heart was quieted of the shock received by hearing them compare my mistress to Belerma."

"And yet I marvel," cried Sancho, "how your worship did not fall upon the old dotard and maul his bones with kicks, and tear out his beard, without leaving a hair on his chin."

"Nay, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "it was not seemly in me to do so, for we are all bound to show respect to the aged, although they be no knights, and the more to
those who are under enchantment. I know that I was left nothing in his debt on the other many questions and answers which passed between us."

The cousin here observed: "I know not, Sir Don Quixote, how your worship, in so short a space of time that you were down below, should have seen so many things and spoken and answered so much."

"How long was I below?" asked Don Quixote.

"A little more than an hour," replied Sancho.

"That cannot be," said Don Quixote, "for I passed the night and morning there, and again a night and a morning three times, so that by my reckoning I have been three days in those parts, remote and hidden from your sight."

"My master should be speaking the truth," said Sancho, "for since all the things which have happened to him are by enchantment, mayhap what to us seems one hour should be three days and nights down there."

"It will be so," said Don Quixote.

"And did your worship eat anything all that time, dear sir?" asked the cousin.

"I have not broken fast by a mouthful," answered Don Quixote; "nor indeed was I hungry, even in imagination."

"And do the enchanted ones eat?" asked the cousin.

"They eat not," answered Don Quixote; "although it is held that their nails grow, and their hair and beard."

"And, sir, do they sleep, maybe, the enchanted?" asked Sancho.

"No, surely," answered Don Quixote; "at least in those three days I have been with them no one closed an eye, nor I either."

"Here the proverb well fits in," quoth Sancho, "'Tell me with whom you go I will tell thee who you are.' Your worship was going with the enchanted fasting and waking ones, — what wonder, then, that you neither ate nor slept whilst you were in their company? But forgive me, your worship, master mine, if I tell you that of all you have said, God love me, — I was going to say the devil, — if I believe a word."

"How, not believe?" cried the cousin; "is it for Sir Don Quixote to lie? Even if he would, he has not had leisure to compose and invent such a heap of lies."
“I do not believe my master lies,” replied Sancho.

“If not, what dost thou believe?” Don Quixote asked.

“I believe,” answered Sancho, “that this Merlin, or these enchanters who enchanted the whole nest of those your worship says you saw and conversed with down below, has crammed into your head or your memory all that stuff which you have told us, and all that which remains to tell.”

“That could be so, but it is not so, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “for what I have recounted I saw with mine own eyes and touched with mine own hands. But what wilt thou say when I tell thee now, among other infinite wonders and things which Montesinos showed me (which at leisure and in their time I shall proceed to tell thee in the course of our journey, for they are not all opportune here), he showed me three peasant girls who were skipping and frisking like she goats about those delightful fields, and hardly had I looked on them when I knew one to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two those same peasant wenches which went along with her, whom we spoke to on coming out of Toboso. I inquired of Montesinos if he knew them. He answered, ‘No’; but thought they must be some enchanted ladies of quality, for it was but a few days since they had appeared in those fields; and that I had not to wonder at this, for many other ladies of past and present ages were there enchanted, in divers and strange figures; among whom he had recognized Queen Guinevere and her duenna Quin-tañona, who poured out the wine for Lancelot when from Britain he came.”

When Sancho Panza heard his master say this he was like to have gone out of his wits or to die with laughter; for knowing the truth about the feigned enchanting of Dulcinea, and that he had been her enchanter and the concocter of the story, he came to the certain conclusion that his master was out of his mind and mad at all points. And so he said to him:

“In an evil conjuncture and a worse season and on a bitter day, dear patron mine, went your worship below to the other world, and in an unlucky moment met you with Sir Montesinos, who has so changed you for us! You were well up here with your wits whole, such as God had given you,
speaking maxims and giving counsels at every hour, and not as you are now, telling the greatest fooleries that can be imagined.”

“As I know thee, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “I take no heed of thy words.”

“Nor I either of yours,” replied Sancho, “though you should beat me or kill me for those I have spoken or for those I mean to speak, if you do not mend and correct your own. But tell me, now that we are in peace — how or by what did you know the lady our mistress, and if you spoke to her, what she said and what you answered?”

“I knew her,” replied Don Quixote, “by that she wore the same clothes which she had on when thou didst show her to me. I spoke to her, but she answered me not a word, only turned her back on me and fled, fleeing with such swiftness that an arrow would not have outsped her. I wished to follow her, and would have done so if Montesinos had not counseled me not to tire myself in so doing, for it would be in vain, the more as the hour was now come when it was necessary for me to return from out of the cavern. He told me, moreover, that in process of time he would advise me how he and Belerma and Durandarte, with all those who were there, should be disenchanted. But what gave me the most pain of the things I saw and noted there was that, while Montesinos was speaking these words to me, there approached me on one side, without my seeing her come, one of the two companions of the luckless Dulcinea, and with her eyes full of tears, in a low, troubled voice she said to me:—

“My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship’s hands, and beseeches you to let her know how you are, and being in a great necessity, moreover, begs you, with all possible earnestness, to be so good as to lend her upon this new dimity petticoat I have here half-a-dozen reals, or as many as your worship may have about you, which she promises to repay in a very short time.” Such a message astounded and perplexed me, and turning to Montesinos I asked him: ‘Is it possible, Sir Montesinos, that the enchanted of quality suffer from want?’ To which he answered: ‘Believe me, Sir Don Quixote, that this they call want is in fashion every-
where,—extends throughout all and reaches to all, and even spares not the enchanted. And since the lady Dulcinea del Toboso sends to borrow those six reals, and the security seems to be good, there is nothing for it but to give them to her, for doubtless she must be in some sore strait.

"'A pledge I will not take,' said I, 'nor can I give her what she wants, for I have but four reals'; which I gave her (they were those which thou, Sancho, gavest me the other day for the dispensing of alms to the poor we encountered on the roads), and I said: 'Friend, tell your mistress that her troubles grieve me to the soul, and that I would I were a banker, in order to relieve them, and that I would have her know that I cannot be, nor ought to be, in health, lacking her agreeable sight and sensible converse; and that I beseech her grace with all possible earnestness to be so good as to be seen and entertained by this her captive servant and wayworn cavalier. You will say to her also that when she least expects it she will hear that I have made oath and vow, like that which the Marquess of Mantua made to avenge his nephew Baldovinos when he found him expiring on the mountain, which was not to eat bread at table (with other trifles he added) till he had obtained his revenge. And so shall I do; to rest not, and to traverse the seven portions of the earth with greater diligence than did Don Pedro of Portugal, until I have freed her from enchantment.'

"'All that and more should your worship do for my mistress,' the damsel made reply to me. And, taking the four reals, instead of making me a courtesy, she cut a caper which raised her two yards high, by measure, in the air."

"Holy God!" here broke in Sancho, lifting high his voice; "is it possible that such can be in the world, and that enchanters and enchantments have so much power therein as to change the good wit of my master into this monstrous madness? O sir, sir, in Heaven's name, look to yourself and come back, for your honor's sake, and not give credit to these bubbles, which have unhinged and destroyed your senses."

"It is because thou lovest me well, Sancho, that thou
speakest in that manner," said Don Quixote, "and because thou art not experienced in the affairs of the world all things which have in them some point of difficulty appear to thee impossible. But the time will come, as I have before said, when I shall tell thee of some of the things I have seen below which shall make thee believe what I have now related, whose verity admits of neither reply nor dispute."
CHAPTER XXIV

Wherein are recounted a thousand trifles, both impertinent and necessary to the true understanding of this great history

HE who translated this great history from the original written by its first author, Cid Hamet Benengeli, says that when he came to the adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, in the margin thereof he found written in the hand of Hamet himself these very words:

"I am unable to understand or to convince myself that there happened to the valorous Don Quixote literally all that in the preceding chapter is written. The reason is, because all the adventures which have happened till the present have been practicable and probable; but as to this one of the cave, I find no way of taking it as true, seeing it goes beyond all reasonable bounds. But for me to think that Don Quixote lied, he being the truest gentleman and the noblest knight of the times, is not possible; for he could not tell a lie though he were riddled with arrows. On the other hand, I note that he has told and narrated it with all the details mentioned, and that he could not have fabricated, in so short a time, so great a mass of absurdities; and, if this adventure seems apocryphal, it is not I who am to blame; and so, without pronouncing it to be either false or true, I write it down. Thou, reader, as thou art wise, judge as it seemeth best to thee, for I cannot, and ought not, to do more. One thing is certain, that at his ending, and on his death-bed, he retracted it, declaring that he had invented it from an idea that it fitted and squared well with the adventures he had read of in his histories." And then the author proceeds, saying:

The student-cousin was amazed, not less at the audacity of Sancho Panza than at the forbearance of his master, and concluded that of the pleasure he had enjoyed at seeing his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though enchanted, was
engendered that bland temper he showed; for were it not so, the speeches and arguments of Sancho should have got him a beating, for verily, thought he, the man had been a little too saucy with his master, whom he thus addressed:—

"I, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, reckon as very well spent the day I have passed with your worship, for therein I have gained four things: the first, the making of your acquaintance, which I regard as great happiness; the second, the knowledge of what is contained in this Cave of Montesinos, with the transformations of Guadiana and the Lagoons of Ruidera, which shall do duty in the 'Spanish Ovid' I have in hand; the third, the discovery of the antiquity of cards, which were in use at least in the time of the Emperor Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship repeats as having been uttered by Durandarte, when at the finish of the great talk Montesinos had with him he woke up and said: 'Patience and shuffle the cards'; nor could the enchanted one have learnt this phrase and form of speech except when he was in France, in the time of the said Emperor Charlemagne. And this discovery comes opportunely for the other book I am composing, which is the 'Supplement to Polydore Vergil on the Invention of Antiquities'; and I believe that in this he has not remembered to put in that of cards as I now shall put it in, which is of much importance,—the more for that the deponent authority is one so solid and truthful as Sir Durandarte. The fourth thing is that I have learnt of a certainty the origin of the river Guadiana, till now unknown of men."

"You are right," said Don Quixote; "but I would desire to know, if by God's favor they should grant you a license to print these books,—which I doubt,—to whom you propose to dedicate them."

"There are lords and grandees in Spain," quoth the cousin, "to whom they may be dedicated."

"Not many," responded Don Quixote; "and not because they are not deserving of the honor, but they do not like to receive it that they may not be bound to make the acknowledgment which may seem to be due to the labor and the courtesy of the authors. One prince I know who can supply the defects of all the rest in such bountiful measure that, if
I decided to mention it, perhaps I should awaken the jealousy of more than one generous soul; but let this matter rest for a more convenient season, and let us go in quest of where we may lodge this night."

"Not far from here," said the student, "is a hermitage wherein a hermit has made his dwelling, who, they say, has been a soldier, and is reputed to be a good Christian, and very wise and charitable likewise. Near his retreat he has a small cottage which he has built at his own cost; but, though small, it is capable of receiving guests."

"Does this hermit by any chance keep chickens?" asked Sancho.

"Few hermits are without them," answered Don Quixote; "those who are now in fashion are not like those of the Egyptian deserts, who clothed themselves in palm-leaves and ate roots of the earth. It is not to be understood that because I speak well of these I reflect on the others; I mean only to say that to the rigor and austerity of those times the penances of ours do not reach. Yet none the less are all of them good,—at least I take them to be good; and, taking them at the worst, the hypocrite who feigns well does less evil than the public sinner."

As they were talking they saw a man on foot coming towards them, walking in haste and giving blows with a stick to a mule which was laden with lances and halberds. When he came up he saluted them, and passed on. Don Quixote cried: "Stop, good fellow! it seems that you go faster than the mule wants to."

"I cannot stay, sir," answered the man, "the weapons you see me carrying here have to be used to-morrow, and so I am forced not to delay; so God be with you. But if you would learn why I am carrying them, I mean to lodge at the inn which is below the hermitage, and, if you are going the same road, there you will find me, and I will tell you wonders; so good-by again."

He then pricked on his mule at such a rate that Don Quixote had no time to ask him what wonders were those he spoke of telling them; and as the knight was somewhat inquisitive, and ever possessed with the desire to learn new things, he determined that they should press on that moment
and go to spend the night at the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the student had wished them to stop. So all three mounted and took the straight road to the inn, at which they arrived a little before nightfall. The student was for calling at the hermitage to drink a mouthful, hearing which Sancho Panza steered Dapple that way, Don Quixote and the student doing the same. But as Sancho's ill luck would have it the hermit was not at home; so said his deputy, whom they found in the hermitage. Asking her for some of the good stuff, she answered that her master did not keep it, but if they would have cheap water she would give them some with all her heart.

"If it had been a water thirst," replied Sancho, "there are wells on the road where I could have quenched it. O the wedding of Camacho! The plenty in Don Diego's house! How often do I miss you!"

Thereupon they left the hermitage and pushed on to the inn, and a little farther they fell in with a stripling, who was walking in front of them at no great pace, so that they overtook him. He carried a sword upon his shoulder, and slung on it a bundle or package of his clothes, as it seemed, which might be breeches and a cloak and a shirt, for he had on nothing but a short jacket of velvet, which showed glimpses of satin and his shirt hanging out. His stockings were of silk, and the shoes squared after the court fashion. He was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, with a merry face and, to all appearance, active of body. He went along singing scraps of songs to enliven the tedium of the road. When they came up to him he had just ended one, which the cousin took down in his memory, and it went thus:

"To the wars I go for want of pence;
Had I a penny I wouldn't go hence."

Don Quixote was the first to accost him, saying: "You travel very airily, Sir Gallant; and whither bound i' faith? Let us know, if it please you to tell us."

To which the youth made answer: "My traveling so airily is through the heat and my poverty; and the whither I go is to the wars."

"How poverty?" asked Don Quixote; "for through heat it may well be."
"Sir," replied the lad, "I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet breeches, the fellows to this jacket. If I spoil them on the road I shall not be able to cut a figure in the city, and I have nothing with which to buy others. And so I go in this fashion to air myself, until I catch up some companies of infantry, which are not a dozen leagues from here. With them I shall enlist, and there will not be wanting baggage wagons in which to travel thence to the port of embarkation, which is said to be Carthagena. I would rather have the king for my lord and master and serve him in the war than some scruffy fellow in the court."

"Do you get, perchance, a bounty?" asked the scholar.

"If I had served some grandee of Spain or some high personage," answered the youth, "I warrant I would get one. That is how the good ones are treated, who from the servants' hall are wont to mount up to be ensigns and captains, or to get some good appointment. But I, unhappy me, have always served fortune-hunters and vagabond fellows on pay and rations,—so mean and moneyless that they spend half on the starching of their ruffs, and it would indeed be a miracle were a page-adventurer to come to any reasonable good luck whatever."

"But tell me, on thy life, friend," inquired Don Quixote, "is it possible that in the years you served you were never able to get to a livery?"

"They have given me two," answered the page, "but as he who leaves a religious house before making profession is stripped of his habit and has his own clothes returned to him, so my masters gave me back my own, for, the business which brought them to the court being ended, they returned to their homes, and took back the liveries they had given only for show."

"A notable stinginess! as the Italians have it," said Don Quixote; "but, nevertheless, you are fortunate in coming away from the court with so worthy a purpose, for there is nothing on earth more honorable or profitable than first to serve God, and then your king and natural lord, especially in the profession of arms, through which is won, if not more riches, at least more honor than by letters, as I have said many a time. For, though letters may have founded more
estates than arms, still the soldiers have an I know not what of advantage over men of letters, with an I know not what of luster in them surpassing all. That which now I say bear you in mind, for it will be much to your profit and comfort in your toils; and it is that you should dismiss from your mind the thoughts of what adverse things may happen to you, for the worst of them all is death, and when it is an honorable one the best of all things is to die. They inquired of Julius Cæsar, that valiant emperor of Rome, which was the best death. He answered, that which was not thought of, the sudden and the unforeseen; and though the answer was that of a heathen and one without the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless he said well, for the sparing of human feeling; and say that they kill you in the first engagement and skirmish, either by a shot from a cannon or the springing of a mine, what matters? It is all dying, and the business is ended. And, according to Terence, better looks the soldier dead in battle than alive and whole in flight; and by as much as he renders obedience to his captains and commanders, by so much higher does the good soldier rise in fame. Mark, my son, that to the soldier more grateful is the smell of gunpowder than of civet; and when old age overtakes you in this honorable profession, though you may be full of wounds, crippled, and lame, at least it will not find you without honor, and that such as poverty shall not be able to lessen; especially as it is now being ordered that old and crippled soldiers shall be maintained and relieved. It is not well that they should treat them like those who emancipate and release their negroes when they are old and unable to work, and, thrusting them from their home with the name of freemen, make them slaves of hunger, from which they cannot hope to be freed but by death. For the present I will say no more to you, but get up on the haunches of this my steed till we come to the inn, and there you shall sup with me, and to-morrow follow your road, and may God give you as good as your desires merit.”

The page did not accept the invitation to the crupper, although he did to the supper at the inn; and here Sancho is said to have muttered to himself: “God bless thee for a master! And is it possible that a man who can say such
and so many good things as he has said now should tell of having seen the impossible absurdities which he reports about the Cave of Montesinos? Well, well, time will show."

Now, about nightfall, they arrived at the inn, and not without pleasure to Sancho, for he saw that his master took it for a real inn, and not for a castle, as he was wont to do. They had hardly entered when Don Quixote inquired of the innkeeper after the man with the lances and halberds. He answered that he was tending his mule in the stable; which was what the student and Sancho did for their cattle, giving Rozinante the best rack and the best stall in the stable.
CHAPTER XXV

Wherein is set down the adventure of the braying and the diverting one of the puppet-showman, with the memorable divinations of the divining ape.

The loaf did not bake for Don Quixote, as the saying is, till he had heard and learnt of the wonders promised by the man who carried the arms. He went out to look for him where the innkeeper said he was, and when he had found him, prayed him to tell at once what he had to say about the matter of which he had been asked in the road.

"The tale of my wonders must be told not standing, but more leisurely," said the man. "Let me finish feeding my beast, good sir; then I will tell you things that will astonish you."

"Let it not wait for that," replied Don Quixote, "I will help you to do everything."

And so he did, sifting the barley and cleaning out the rack, a complaisance which made the man tell him willingly that which he wanted to hear.

Seating himself on a bench, with Don Quixote by him, and having for senate and auditory the student, the page, Sancho Panza, and the innkeeper, he began as follows:—

"Your worship must know that in a town about four and a half leagues from this inn, it came to pass that an alderman, through the artifice and trickery of a servant-girl of his (it is a long story to tell), lost an ass, and though that alderman used all possible efforts to find him, he could not. A fortnight had gone by, as public fame and report go, since the ass was missing, when as the alderman-loser was in the market-place, another alderman of the same town said to him: 'Give me largess, gossip, for your ass has appeared.' 'That I will, and heartily, gossip,' replied the other, 'but let us know where it has appeared.' 'On the mountain,' answered
the finder. 'I saw him this morning without panel or gear of any kind, and so lean that it was a pity to see him. I wanted to catch him and bring him to you, but he is now so wild and so shy that when I approached him he ran galloping off, and went into the thick of the wood. If you wish, we will go again to look for him; let me put up this she ass at home, and I will come back immediately.' 'You will do me a great kindness,' said he of the ass; 'and I will try to repay you in the same coin.' With all these particulars, and in this very manner as I am telling you, do they, who are well informed of the truth, tell of the matter. To be brief, the two aldermen on foot, and hand in hand, went away to the mountain, and arriving at the place and spot where they thought to find the ass, they did not find him, nor did he show himself anywhere in those parts, in spite of all their searching. Finding then that he did not appear, said the alderman who had seen him to the other: 'Look, gossip, a plan has come into my head, by which without any doubt we shall discover this animal, although he may have hidden himself in the bowels of the earth, not to say of the mountain. It is this: I can bray something marvelously, and if you can do a little in that line, why the thing is as good as done.' 'A little, do ye say, gossip?' cried the other. 'Fore God I will take odds from none, not even from the asses themselves.' 'That we shall see anon,' said the second alderman, 'for I have arranged that you shall go in on one side of the wood and I on the other, so as to round and compass it wholly, and at certain distances you shall bray and I will bray, and it cannot be but that the ass will hear us and answer to us if he is on the mountain.' To which the owner of the ass replied: 'Gossip, let me tell you, your device is excellent and worthy of your great genius.' And the two separating according to agreement, it fell out that almost at the same moment they both brayed, and each, deceived by the bray of the other, ran up to look for him, believing the ass had turned up. On coming in sight of each other the loser exclaimed: 'Is it possible, gossip, that it was not my ass who brayed?' 'It was not, but myself,' answered the other. 'Then let me tell you, gossip,' said the owner, 'that between you and an ass there is not any difference, as far as the braying goes, for in my
life I never saw or heard anything more natural.' 'These praises and compliments,' replied the author of the device, 'better become and touch you than me, gossip; for by the God who made me, but you can give the odds of two brays to the greatest and most skilled brayer in the world, for your key is loud, the pitch of the voice in tune and compass, your cadences thick and fast; and, in fine, I own myself vanquished and yield you the palm and give you the colors in this rare accomplishment.' 'Now let me say,' answered the owner, 'that I will set and regard myself the higher from henceforth, and think I know something, since I have a talent, and though I thought I brayed well, I never understood that I reached to the height you speak of.' 'I will say this, too, now,' responded the second one, 'that there are precious accomplishments which are lost in this world, and ill-bestowed on those who know not how to profit by them.' 'Ours,' said the ass-owner, 'except in cases like this we have on our hands, are not of much service to us; and even in this may God send they bring us profit.' This said, they again separated and resumed their braying, and at every turn they deceived themselves, and were coming together again, until they gave each other a countersign that, in order that they might understand it was one of them and not the ass, they should bray two brayings, one after another. With this double braying at every step they made the circuit of the mountain without any response, even by signs, from the lost ass. But how could the poor, undone one respond, seeing they found him in the thickest of the wood eaten by wolves? Seeing him, his owner exclaimed: 'Indeed, I wondered he did not answer, for were he alive, he would have brayed had he heard us, or he'd have been no ass. But I am repaid for the trouble I have had in looking for him, even though I found him dead, by hearing you bray with so much grace, gossip.' 'There are a pair of us,' replied the other, 'for if the abbot sings well, the shaveling is not far behind him.' With this they returned, disconso late and hoarse, to their town, where they recounted to their friends, neighbors, and acquaintances all that had happened in the quest of the ass, each extolling the gift of the other in the matter of braying; all which spread and became known throughout the adjacent villages. And the devil, who never
sleaps,—as he is fond of sowing and scattering heartburnings and discords everywhere, raising calumnies in the wind and grand chimeras out of nothing,—so ordered and caused it that the people of the other villages fell to braying at sight of one of our village, as if to throw in our teeth the braying of our aldermen. The boys took to it, which was as if it had fallen into the hands and the mouths of all the devils in hell, and the braying went spreading from one village to another to such an extent that the natives of the braying village are known and distinguished like blacks from whites. And the unlucky jest has been carried so far that several times the bemocked ones have sallied out with arms in their hands and in regular array to do battle with the mockers, without king or rook or fear or shame being able to prevent it. To-morrow or the day after I imagine the men of my village, which are they of the braying, intend to take the field against another village, which is two leagues from ours,—one of those which annoys us most,—and that we may go well provided I have brought those lances and halberds which you have seen. These are the wonders I said I had to tell you of, and if they don't appear so to you, I know no other.” With this the good man brought his speech to an end.

Just then there entered at the inn door a man clad all in chamois hose, breeches, and doublet, and called out in a loud voice: “Mr. Landlord, have you room? For here comes the fortune-telling monkey, and the show of the ‘Releasing of Melisendra.’”

“Body o’ me!” cried the host, “here is Master Peter! We have a rare night before us.”

(I have forgotten to mention that the said Master Peter had his left eye and half the cheek covered with a patch of green taffety, a token that something ailed all that side of his face.)

“Your worship is welcome, Master Peter,” the host went on to say. “Where are the ape and the show, for I see them not?”

“They are here at hand,” answered he in the chamois skin. “I have come on in advance to know if there is lodging.”

“I would turn out the Duke of Alva himself to give room for Master Peter,” said the innkeeper. “Bring up the ape
and the show, for there are folk here this night in the inn who will pay for seeing them and the monkey’s talents.”

“Be it so and well,” replied he of the patch; “I will lower the price, and deem myself well paid with only the expenses. I’ll go back and bring in the cart in which the monkey and the puppets are traveling.” And he went out of the inn. Then Don Quixote inquired of the innkeeper what that Master Peter was, and what show and what ape he had with him. The innkeeper replied:—

“This is a famous puppet-player who has gone about this Mancha of Aragon now a good while, exhibiting the show of Melisendra delivered by the famous Don Gaiferos, which is one of the rarest and best-played stories which have been seen in this part of the kingdom for many a year. He has also with him an ape of the rarest talent ever seen among apes, or it is thought among men either. For if they ask him anything, he attends to what is asked, and straight leaping on his master’s shoulders and reaching down to his ear, tells him the answer to the question; and Master Peter then straight declares it, and of things past he says much more than of those which are to come. And though he does not always hit it in all things, mostly he makes no mistake, so that he inclines us to believe he has the devil in his inside. He takes two reals for every question if the monkey answers, — that is to say, if his master answers for him, after being told in the ear. And so it is thought that this same Master Peter is very rich, and a gallant man, as they say in Italy, and a boon companion, and leads the best life in the world — talks more than six, drinks more than a dozen — all at the cost of his tongue, his ape, and his show.”

Here Master Peter returned, and in a cart came the show, and the ape, — big, tailless, but not a bad countenance. As soon as Don Quixote saw him he questioned him:—

“Tell me, you Sir Diviner, what fish do we catch? And what we are to come to? And lo, here are my two reals.”

He bade Sancho give them to Master Peter, who answered for the ape:—

“Sir, this animal does not answer or give information of the things which are to come. Of those past, he knows something, and of the present a little.”
"By Rus," cried Sancho, "I would not give a doit for them to tell me what has passed for me, for who can know it better than I myself? And for me to pay that they may tell me what I know, would be mighty foolish. But seeing he knows things present, here are my two reals; come, tell me, Mr. Monkey, what my wife, Theresa Panza, is doing now, and how she is amusing herself?"

Master Peter would not take the money, saying: "I do not wish to receive the payment till the service is first rendered." And giving two slaps on his left shoulder with his right hand, with one spring the ape leaped thereupon, and putting his mouth to his master's ear began to chatter his teeth rapidly, and, having kept up this performance for the space of a credo, with another spring he came to the ground, when on the same instant Master Peter threw himself hurriedly on his knees before Don Quixote, and embracing his feet, exclaimed: "These feet I embrace, just as though I were embracing the two Pillars of Hercules! O illustrious resuscitator of the now-almost-consigned-to-oblivion knight-errantry! O never-as-he-ought-to-be-extolled knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, courage of the fainting, buttress of those about to fall, arm of the fallen, staff and solace of the unfortunate!"

Don Quixote was stupefied; Sancho dumfounded; the student wonder-struck; the page astonished; he of the braying befuddled; the innkeeper perplexed; and, in short, all amazed who heard the words of the puppet-showman, who went on to say:—

"And thou, good Sancho Panza, best squire to the best knight in the world, be of good cheer, for thy good wife Theresa is well; and this is the hour in which she is combing a pound of flax, and more by token she has on her left hand a broken-lipped pitcher in which is contained a good something of wine, with which she cheers herself at her work."

"That I well believe," said Sancho, "for she is a blessed one; and were she not so jealous I would not change her for the giantess Andandona, who, according to my master, was a very clever and witty woman; and my Theresa is one of those who let themselves want for nothing though their heirs should pay for it."
"Now, say I," exclaimed Don Quixote, "that he who reads much and travels much, sees much and learns much. This I say because what amount of persuasion would suffice to convince me that there are apes in the world that can divine, as now I have seen with my own eyes? For I am the very Don Quixote of La Mancha, whom this honest animal has mentioned, though he has expatiated a little too much in my praises. But whatever I may be, I thank Heaven which hath endowed me with a tender and feeling heart, ever inclined to do good to all and ill to none."

"If I had the money," quoth the page, "I would ask of Master Ape what will happen to me in the expedition I am making."

To which Master Peter, who had raised himself from Don Quixote's feet, replied: "I have already said that this little beast does not answer for the future, and if he could, the not having money would not signify, for to oblige Don Quixote, who is present, I would give up all the profits in the world. And now, because I am in his debt, and to give him pleasure, I will set up my puppet-show and entertain all who are in the inn, without any charge."

On hearing this the innkeeper was delighted beyond measure, and pointed out the place where the show might be set up, which was done in a moment. Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the ape's divinations, for he did not think it proper that an ape should divine either things of the future or of the past; so whilst Master Peter was arranging his show, he retired with Sancho to a corner of the stable, where, out of hearing of the rest, he said:—

"Hark ye, Sancho, I have well pondered the extraordinary talent of this ape, and by my reckoning I find that without doubt this Master Peter must have made a pact, tacit or express, with the devil."

"If the pack is exposed and the devil's, doubtless it will be a very dirty pack, but what good is it to Master Peter to have these packs?"

"Thou dost not comprehend me, Sancho; I mean only to say that he has made some bargain with the devil, from whom proceeds this talent into the ape, with which he may gain his living; and when he is rich he will hand over to
him his soul, for this is what that universal enemy of mankind aims at. What inclines me to this belief is the finding that the ape doth not respond except for things past or present, and the knowledge of the devil extends no farther, for what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and not always that, for to God alone is reserved the knowing of the times and the moments, and for Him is neither past nor future, for all is present. This being so, as it is, it is clear that the ape speaks in the style of the devil, and I marvel how that he has not been denounced to the Holy Office, and examined, and the truth extorted out of him as to by whose virtue he divines. For of a surety this ape is no astrologer, nor his master either, nor raise they, nor do they know how to raise, those figures they call horoscopes, which are now so much in vogue in Spain, that there is no servant-wench, or page, or old cobbler who does not undertake to set up a figure as easily as pick up a knave of cards from the ground, bringing to naught, with their lies and their ignorance, the wonderful truth of science. One lady I know who inquired of one of these figure-raisers, if a little lap-dog she had would breed and bring forth, and how many and of what color would be the puppies she would produce. To which Sir Astrologer, after raising his figure, responded that the dog would have three pups, one green, another scarlet, and the third speckled, on the condition that such dog should be covered between eleven and twelve of the clock, by day or night, and that it should be on a Monday or a Saturday. What happened was that within two days of that time the dog died of a fit of indigestion, and Sir Astrologer acquired the credit in that town of being a very consummate judiciary, as are all or most of these figure-raisers.”

“For all that,” said Sancho, “I would like your worship to tell Master Peter to ask his ape if what happened to you in the Cave of Montesinos is true; as for me, begging your worship’s pardon, I hold that it was all humbug and lies, or at the least visions.”

“It may be so,” answered Don Quixote; “but I will do what you advise, though I have some scruples about it.”

Here Master Peter came up to look for Don Quixote to
tell him that the puppet-show was now in order, and would his worship come to see it, for it was worthy of his inspection.

Don Quixote communicated to him what was in his mind, and begged of him to inquire of the ape whether certain things which had passed within the Cave of Montesinos were imaginary or real, for to him they appeared to partake of both.

Master Peter, without answering a word, went to fetch the ape, and setting him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said:—

"Hark ye, Master Ape, this gentleman wishes to know whether certain things which happened to him in a cave called of Montesinos were false or true."

And making the customary signal, the ape jumped on his left shoulder, and spoke seemingly into his ear. Then Master Peter exclaimed:—

"The ape says that part of the things which your worship saw, or which passed in the said cave were false, and part true; and this is what he knows and nothing else in regard to this question; if your worship would learn more he will answer everything which is asked of him on Friday next, for now his virtue is spent and will not come to him again till Friday, as he has said."

"Did I not say it," cried Sancho, "that I could not agree to everything your worship told me about the adventures in the cave being true or even a half of them?"

"The event will declare it, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for time, the discoverer of all things, leaves nothing which it does not drag to the light of the sun although it were hidden in the bosom of the earth. For the present let this suffice, and let us go and see the show of worthy Master Peter, for methinks it should contain some novelty."

"How some?" retorted Master Peter; "seventy thousand this show of mine contains within it. Let me tell you, Sir Don Quixote, that this is one of the things most worth seeing which to-day the world possesses, and 'operibus credite et non verbis'; and let us to business, for it grows late, and we have much to do and to say and to show."

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed him, and went to where the show was now set up and uncovered, well furnished on
all sides with lighted wax tapers, which made it gay and splendid. Master Peter placed himself behind it, for it was he who had to work the characters of the play; and outside was posted a lad, a servant of his, to act as interpreter and expounnder of the mysteries of the show, who held a wand in his hand with which he pointed out the figures as they appeared. All those who were in the inn being now in their places, some standing in front of the show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the student seated in the best places, the interpreter commenced to say — that which he shall hear or see who hears or sees the chapter following.
CHAPTER XXVI

Wherein is continued the diverting adventure of the puppet-showman, with other things of a verity sufficiently good

TROJANS and Tyrians they were silent all: I mean all who looked on at the show were hanging on the lips of the interpreter of its marvels, when they heard kettle-drums and trumpets sound within and a heavy discharge of artillery, the noise of which in a short time ceased, and then the boy lifted up his voice and cried:—

"This true story which is here represented to your worships is taken word for word from the French chronicles and from the Spanish ballads which are in the mouths of the folks and of the boys about the streets. It treats of the release which the lord Don Gaiferos achieved for his wife Melisendra, who was captured in Spain in the power of the Moors in the city of Sansueña, for so they called what is now named Zaragoza. And there you may see how Don Gaiferos is a-playing at backgammon, according to what is sung:—

"'Gaiferos is at tables playing, Melisendra all forgetting.'

And that personage who appears there with a crown on his head and a scepter in his hand is the Emperor Charlemagne, reputed father of Melisendra, who, vexed at seeing the idleness and negligence of his son-in-law, comes out to chide him; and observe the vehemence and earnestness with which he is scolding him, so that it looks as if he had a mind to give Gaiferos half a dozen raps with his scepter; nay, there are authors who aver he did give them him, and very well laid on, too; and after saying to him many things touching the peril which his honor ran in his not trying to deliver his spouse, he is said to have exclaimed:—

"'Look to it, sir; I've said enough.'
DON QUIXOTE

Observe, your worship, also, how the emperor turns his back and leaves Don Gaiferos fretting, whom now you see how impatient with rage he flings about the board and the pieces and calls in haste for his armor, and begs the loan from his cousin, Don Roldan, of his sword Durindana; and how Don Roldan would not lend it him, offering him his company in the difficult enterprise in which he is engaging; but the valorous angered one will not accept it, saying that he alone suffices to rescue his spouse even though she were put in the deepest center of the earth; and upon this he goes to arm himself to set out at once on his journey. Let your worship turn your eye to that tower which appears to you, which is supposed to be one of the towers of the castle of Zaragoza, which now goes by the name of the Aljaferia; and that lady who appears in that balcony, dressed in the Moorish fashion, is the peerless Melisendra, who oftentimes did station herself there to look out thence on the road which leads to France, and with her fancy fixed on Paris and on her spouse solaced herself in her captivity. Observe, too, a new incident which now happens, such as perhaps was never seen before. See ye not that Moor, who, stealthily and on tiptoe, with his finger to his mouth, comes up by the back of Melisendra? Now look how he gives her a kiss in the middle of her lips, and what a hurry she is in to spit it out and wipe them with the white sleeve of her smock; and how she bemoans and tears her lovely hair in vexation, as though it were to blame for that trespass. Likewise observe how that stately Moor who stands in the corridors yonder is the King Marsilio of Sansueña, who, witnessing the other Moor's insolence, commands him, though a relative and great favorite of his, to be straightway apprehended and to receive two hundred lashes, having him carried through the most frequented streets of the city withcriers going before and officers of justice behind; and see where they come out to execute the sentence almost as soon as the crime is committed, for among the Moors there are no indictments nor summonedses nor remands, as amongst us.”

“Child, child!” here Don Quixote called out in a loud voice, “go straight on with your story and take us not into curves and cross-ways, for to come to the truth in its purity there need be proofs upon proofs.”
"Boy, do as the gentleman bids you and don't go into flourishes," cried Master Peter also from within; "it is the best way. Follow your plain song and don't go off into counterpoints, for they are apt to crack the strings."

"I will," answered the lad, and proceeded: "This figure which appears here on horseback, covered with a Gascony cloak, is that of Don Gaiferos himself, not forgotten by his wife, who, now avenged of the impudence of the amorous Moor, with a better countenance and more placid has placed herself on the battlements of the tower and talks to her spouse, thinking him to be some wayfarer; between whom there passed these words and that colloquy of the ballad which says:

"Sir knight, if thou to France dost go
Pray ask for Don Gaiferos,

which I do not now repeat because of prolixity is engendered weariness. Enough to see how Don Gaiferos discovers himself and by the joyful looks Melisendra puts on she gives us to understand that she has recognized him, and more now, for we see her let herself down from the balcony to place herself on the croup of her good husband's horse. But, alas, luckless one! she is caught by the lace of her under-petticoat on one of the balcony rails, and there she is swaying in the air without power to reach the ground. But look how pitiful Heaven sends aid in the sorest needs, for Don Gaiferos comes up and without minding to see whether her rich petticoat be rent or not lays hold of her and incontinently fetches her to the ground, and then in a twinkling claps her on his horse's haunches astride like a man and bids her hold on tight and throw her arms over his shoulders so as to cross them over his bosom that she might not fall, for the reason that the lady Melisendra was not used to such a way of riding. See also how the neighings of the horse manifest his delight at the valiant and lovely burden he carries in his lord and lady! See how they wheel round and leave the city and blithe and joyful take the road to Paris! Go in peace, O peerless pair of true lovers! Reach in safety your longed-for country without fortune placing any impediment in your happy journey! May the eyes of your friends and relations see you enjoying
in tranquil peace the remaining days of your life, and may they be those of Nestor!"

Here Master Peter once more raised his voice and cried: "Plainness, boy; don’t carry yourself so high, for all affectation is bad."

The interpreter made no answer, but continued: "There lacked not idle eyes, which are wont to see everything, which saw the descent and the mounting of Melisendra, and they informed King Marsilio, who commanded them to sound the alarm immediately; and see with what haste it is done, for now the city shakes with the sound of the bells which are ringing from all the towers of the mosques."

"Not so," here exclaimed Don Quixote; "in this matter of the bells Master Peter is altogether out, for among the Moors there are no bells, but timbrels and a species of dulcimers which are like our clarions; and this about the ringing of bells in Sansueña is beyond a doubt a great absurdity."

On hearing this, Master Peter stopped ringing and said: "Let not your worship, Sir Don Quixote, take notice of trifles, nor do you expect to have things perfect; for so they are not to be found. Do they not play hereabouts, almost every day, a thousand comedies full of a thousand improprieties and absurdities, and for all that they run their course and are listened to, not only with applause but with admiration and all? Go on, boy, and let them talk, for, so I fill my pouch, let there be represented more blunders than there are motes in the sun."

"That is the truth," replied Don Quixote. And the boy proceeded:—

"See what a numerous and shining cavalcade comes out of the city in pursuit of the two Christian lovers! How many trumpets are sounding, how many clarions ringing, how many timbrels and kettle-drums are beating! I fear me they will overtake them, and they will be brought back tied to the tail of their own horse, which would be a horrid spectacle."

Don Quixote, seeing and hearing such an array of Moors and so loud an alarm, deemed it meet that he should aid the fugitives; so, starting to his feet, he exclaimed in a loud voice:—
“Never in my days and in my presence will I permit an outrage to be done to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gaiferos! Stay, base-born rabble! Follow him not nor persecute him, or with me be the battle!”

And, suiting the action to the word, he unsheathed his sword and with one bound planted himself by the show, and with violent and unparalleled fury began to shower blows on the puppet-heathenry, upsetting some, beheading others, maiming this one and demolishing that; and among many more, he delivered such a down-stroke, as, had not Master Peter ducked and dodged and laid himself flat, would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of almond paste. Master Peter kept shouting: “Hold, Sir Don Quixote! Look, those whom you are upsetting, destroying, and slaying are not real Moors,—only some little figures of pasteboard! See, sinner that I am, how you are destroying and ruining my whole livelihood!”

Yet none the less did Don Quixote continue to rain cuts and slashes, fore-strokes and back-strokes. In fine, in less time than you could say a couple of credos he had brought the whole show to the ground—all the fittings hacked to pieces and made mincemeat, the King Marsilio badly wounded, and the Emperor Charlemagne with his crown and head split in two. The assembly of auditors was in consternation; the ape fled away to the roof of the inn; the student-cousin was affrighted; the page was cowed; and even Sancho Panza himself was mightily alarmed, for, as he swore after the tempest had passed over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general destruction of the show having been accomplished, Don Quixote calmed down a little, observing: “I would I had before me at this moment all those who do not believe nor wish to believe of how much use knights errant are in the world! Look ye, if I had not been here present, what would have become of the worthy Don Gaiferos and the beauteous Melisendra? I warrant me that, by this hour, those dogs would have caught them up and done them some foul wrong. When all is done, then, long live knight-errantry above everything that lives upon earth!”

“Let it live and welcome,” here Master Peter exclaimed in
a feeble voice; "and let myself die, for I am so unfortunate as that I can say with the King Don Rodrigo:—

"But yesterday the lord of Spain;
To-day no tower to call his own
To Roderick doth remain."

It was not a half-hour, nay, not a half-minute ago, that I saw myself lord of kings and emperors, with my stables, my coffers and bags full of countless horses and gay dresses without number, and now I see myself desolate and forlorn, poor and a beggar, and, above all, deprived of my ape,—and the first time I catch him again in my power he shall have to sweat his teeth for it. And all because of the ill-thinking fury of this sir knight, of whom they say that he succors orphans and redresses wrongs and performs other charitable work! In my case alone has his generous purpose come to fail. Blessed and praised be the heavens where their seats are highest! Indeed, the Knight of the Rueful Figure should he be, for it is my figures he has disfigured."

Sancho Panza was melted by Master Peter's words, and said to him: "Weep not, Master Peter, nor complain, for you are breaking my heart; I would have you know that my master Don Quixote is so Catholic and scrupulous a Christian that if he can reckon that he has done you any wrong he will make it up to you, and will be willing to pay and satisfy you over and above."

"Provided that Sir Don Quixote pays me for some portion of the damage he has done me, I will be content; and his worship will rest his conscience, for he will not get salvation who takes what is another's against the will of the owner and makes no restitution."

"True," quoth Don Quixote; "but up to the present time I am not aware that I have anything of yours, Master Peter."

"How, nothing?" responded Master Peter; "and these relics which strew this hard, barren soil,—what scattered them about and annihilated them, if it were not the invincible force of that puissant arm? And whose are those bodies but mine? And with whom did I maintain myself if not with them?"

"Now am I fully convinced," said Don Quixote, "of what I have many times believed, that these enchanters who perse-
cute me are ever setting up before my eyes shapes such as these are, and in a trice turning and changing them into those they wish them to be. Really and truly, I protest to you gentlemen who hear me, that all that has passed here seemed to me to pass actually; that Melisendra was Melisendra, Don Gaiferos Don Gaiferos, Marsilio Marsilio, and Charlemagne Charlemagne. Therefore it was that choler stirred me, and in order to comply with my vow of knight errant I wished to give aid and protection to those who were fleeing, and with this good intention I did what you have seen. If it has come out contrariwise it is no fault of mine, but of the wicked people who persecute me; but for all that I am willing to condemn myself in the costs of this my error, though it did not proceed from malice. Let Master Peter see what he wants for the damaged figures, for I offer to pay him for them in good and current coin of Castile."

Master Peter made an obeisance and said: —

"I expected no less from the unheard-of Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the succorer and protector of all needy and distressed vagabonds. Master Innkeeper here and the great Sancho Panza shall be arbiters and assessors between your worship and me as to what the damaged figures are, or might be, worth."

The innkeeper and Sancho agreed to act, and Master Peter then lifted from the ground King Marsilio of Zaragoza, less the head, and said: "You can see how unprofitable it is to restore this king to his former state; therefore, methinks, subject to your better judgment, there should be given me four reals and a half for his decease, end, and extinction."

"Proceed," said Don Quixote.

"Then for this cleft from top to bottom," continued Master Peter, taking in his hands the split Emperor Charlemagne, "it would not be much to ask five reals and a quarter."

"It's not little," remarked Sancho.

"Nor is it much," replied the innkeeper; "let us split the difference and put it at five reals."

"Give him the five and a quarter reals," said Don Quixote; "in such a notable mischance as this there is no standing on a quarter, more or less; and let Master Peter make an end
quickly, for the hour of supper draws nigh and I have certain symptoms of hunger.”

“For this figure, which is useless,” said Master Peter, “and has an eye short, and is the fair Melisendra, I want, — and I will be reasonable with you, — two reals and twelve maravedis.”

“Nay, the devil’s in it,” cried Don Quixote, “if by this time Melisendra with her spouse is not within the French border at least, for the horse on which they rode seemed to me to fly rather than gallop; so there’s no need to sell me a cat for a hare, bringing before me here a noseless Melisendra, when she is now, if all goes right, pleasuring herself with her husband in France at full stretch. God help every one to his own, Master Peter, and let every one walk fair and with a whole intent, and proceed.”

Master Peter, who perceived that Don Quixote was rambling and going back to his old theme, was not inclined to let him escape; so he said: —

“This should not be Melisendra but one of her serving-maids; so give me sixty maravedis for her, and I’ll be content and well paid.”

In this manner he went on putting a price on the many demolished figures, which afterwards the two arbitrators adjusted to the satisfaction of the parties, reaching in full to forty reals and three quarters, and over and above this sum, which Sancho disbursed at once, Master Peter asked two reals for his trouble in catching the ape.

“Let him have them, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “not to catch the monkey but the fox; and two hundred would I bestow now as a largess on any one who should tell me with certainty that the lady Doña Melisendra and Sir Don Gaiferos were in France, and among their own folk.”

“No one could tell us that better than my ape,” said Master Peter, “but there is no devil can catch him now, though I imagine that affection and hunger will force him to look for me in the night; and God will send the morrow and we shall see.”

To conclude, the puppet-show tempest was ended, and they all supped together in peace and good-fellowship at Don Quixote’s charge, who was liberal to an extreme degree. Before the day dawned, he who carried the lances and hal-
berds went his way, and shortly after daybreak the scholar and the page took their leave of Don Quixote, the one to return home and the other to pursue his expedition, to help him in which Don Quixote gave him a dozen reals. Master Peter cared not to get into any more altercations with Don Quixote, whom he knew very well, and so he rose before the sun, and taking up the remains of his show and his ape he too went off to seek his adventures. To the innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, the knight's liberality was as amazing as his madness. Finally, Sancho having paid him very well by his master's orders, they took their leave of him about eight of the morning, quitting the inn and taking the road; on which we shall leave them to travel, for it is fitting that we should take the opportunity of recounting other things appertaining to the course of this famous history.
CHAPTER XXVII

Wherein it is told who Master Peter and his ape were, together with the ill success of Don Quixote in the braying adventure, which he did not achieve as he wished or as he had expected

Cid Hamet, the chronicler of this great history, opens this chapter with these words: "I swear as a Catholic Christian:" on which his translator observes that by swearing as a Catholic Christian he, being a Moor, as no doubt he was, meant nothing else than that as the Catholic Christian, when he swears, swears or ought to swear the truth, and speak it in what he says, so he would tell it as though he had sworn like a Christian Catholic, in what he should write of Don Quixote, especially in saying who Master Peter was and who was his ape, who astonished all those towns with his divinations. He goes on to say that whoever had read the first part of this history will well remember that Ginés de Pasamonte to whom, with other galley-slaves, Don Quixote gave liberty in the Sierra Morena,—a favor for which he was poorly thanked and worse repaid by that malignant and ill-conditioned crew. This Ginés de Pasamonte, whom Don Quixote named Ginesillo de Parapilla, was he who robbed Sancho Panza of his Dapple. The omission of the how and the when, in the first part, through the neglect of the printers, has made many attribute an error of the press to the author's lack of memory. Ginés, in short, it was who stole the ass while Sancho Panza was asleep on its back, adopting the trick and method which Brunelo used when he drew away Sacripante's steed from between his legs when at the siege of Albraca; and afterwards Sancho recovered him, as has been related. This Ginés then, fearful of being caught by the officers of justice who were on the hue and cry after him to punish him for his infinite rogueeries and delinquencies (which were so great and so many that he
himself wrote a big volume in recounting them) determined to pass into the kingdom of Aragon; and clapping a patch on his left eye, took up the trade of a puppet-showman, in which and in sleight of hand he was a thorough adept. From some released Christians, who had come over from Barbary, he bought that ape, whom he taught, on making a certain signal, to jump up on his shoulder and to mutter, or seem to mutter, in his ear. Thus prepared, before entering a village with his ape and show, he would inform himself in the one next to it, or of any one he best could, what particular things had happened in such village and to what persons. And carrying them well in his mind, the first thing he would do was to exhibit his puppet-show, which sometimes was about one story and sometimes about another, but all mirthful, and diverting, and familiar. The performance being ended, he would announce the abilities of his ape, telling the people it could divine all the past and all the present, though it had no skill in that which was to come. For the reply to each question he would ask two reals, and for some he made it cheaper, according as he felt the pulse of the questioners; and sometimes he would put up at the houses inhabited by the persons whose histories he had learnt, and though they asked him nothing, being unwilling to pay, he would make the sign to the ape and then say that he had been told of such and such things, which fitted the actual occurrence; whereby he acquired unspeakable credit and all ran after him. At other times, he was cunning enough to shape his answers in a manner to suit the questions, and as no one investigated very closely, nor pressed him to say how his ape did his divining, he made apes of them all and filled his pouches. Thus when he saw them in the inn he recognized Don Quixote and Sancho, and knowing them, was easily able to give them a surprise, as well as to all who were present. But it would have cost him dear if Don Quixote's hand had descended a little lower when he cut off the head of King Marsilio and made havoc of his chivalry, as has been mentioned in the previous chapter. This is what there was to say of Master Peter and his ape.

Returning to Don Quixote of La Mancha, I say that after leaving the inn he determined first to visit the banks of the
river Ebro and all that neighborhood before entering the city of Zaragoza, since there was time enough before the jousts began to do all this. With this intention he followed the road, on which he traveled two days, without meeting with anything worthy of being set down in writing. The third day, as he was mounting the slope of a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and musketry. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was passing that way, and to get a sight of them he spurred on Rozinante and ascended the hill. When on the top he saw at the foot of it more than two hundred men, as he reckoned, armed with different sorts of weapons, such as spears, crossbows, partisans, halberds, and pikes, with some muskets and many targets. Descending the hill he drew near to the array, so that he distinctly saw the ensigns, and could distinguish the colors and note the devices they bore, especially one on which, upon a standard or pennon of white satin, was depicted to the life a jackass of the small Sard breed, with head uplifted, mouth open and tongue out, in act and posture of braying, round about which were written in large letters these two lines:

"Brayed not in vain
Our bailiffs twain."

By this device Don Quixote concluded that these people should be of the braying village, and so he told Sancho, informing him of what was inscribed on the standard. He said also that the man who had given them an account of the affair had erred in saying that they were two aldermen who brayed, for according to the verses on the banner they were bailiffs. Sancho answered:

"Sir, that is of no matter; for it may well be that the aldermen who then brayed have come by time to be bailiffs of their village, and so they can be called by both titles; but it signifies nothing to the truth of the story,—they being aldermen or bailiffs, the brayers,—for your bailiff is as good a hand at braying as your alderman."

They learnt and knew then, that the village which had been mocked had come out to fight the others which mocked more than was reasonable and good neighborly. Don Quixote rode up to them, no little to Sancho's annoyance, who was
not fond of mixing himself up in these expeditions. Those of the battalion received him in their midst, taking him to be one of their faction. Raising his vizor with an easy bearing and air, Don Quixote advanced to the ass-standard, and there gathered round him all the chiefs of the army to look at him, amazed with the usual wonder which fell on all who saw him for the first time. Seeing them so intent on gazing at him, without any one speaking or asking him a word, he thought to profit by that silence, and so breaking his, he lifted up his voice and spoke thus:

"Good gentlemen, I beseech you in all earnestness that ye do not interrupt a discourse which I wish to deliver to you, until you find that it vexes or wearies you; should this happen, at the least sign ye make, I will set a seal on my lips and a gag on my tongue."

They all said that he might speak what he pleased, and they would listen to him willingly. With this license Don Quixote proceeded, saying:

"I, dear sirs, am a knight errant, whose calling is that of arms, and whose profession the succoring of those who need succor, and the relieving of the distressed. I learnt some days since of your mishap, and of the cause which moves you frequently to take up arms to be revenged on your enemies; and having turned over your business in my mind many times I find, according to the law of the duello, that ye are mistaken in holding yourselves to be affronted, for one individual cannot affront an entire village, unless it be by charging it with treason collectively, because he knows not who in particular hath committed the treason he charges. An example of this we have in Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who impeached the whole town of Zamora, not being aware that Bellido Dolfos alone had committed the treason of killing his king; and so he challenged them all, and the reply and the vengeance concerned all; although it is true that Sir Don Diego went a little too far and even strayed much beyond the limits of the challenge, for there was no need to impeach the dead, the waters, nor the bread, nor those who had to be born, nor the other particulars which are there detailed. But let that pass; for when anger breaks over its dam the tongue has neither father, governor, nor bridle to
restrain it. That being so then, that one man cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, republic, nor a whole population, it is manifest that there is no need to go out to take up the challenge for such affront, for such it is not. And it would be a pretty thing indeed if the people of Clock Town were to be at daggers drawn at every turn with those who gave them that name, or the Cazoleros, the Berengeneros, the Whalers, the Soapers, or those of other names and appellations, such as are in the mouths of boys and idle people. It were a pretty thing indeed if all these worthy towns were to be angry and revenge themselves, and go about continually their swords turned into stomach-cleansers on any quarrel, how small soever it were. No, no: God neither wills nor permits it. Prudent men, commonwealths well ordered, have to take up arms, unsheathe their swords, and place their person in peril for four things. The first, to defend the Catholic faith; the second, to defend life, which pertains to law, natural and divine; the third, in defense of honor, family, or estate; the fourth, in the service of the king in just war; and if we need add a fifth (which may be included in the second) it is in defense of one's country. To these five capital causes there may be joined some others which are just and reasonable, which compel the taking of arms. But to take them for trifles, and for things which are rather of laughter and pastime than of affront—methinks he who takes them is wanting in all common sense. Moreover, the taking of unjust vengeance (and just none can be) goes directly against the sacred law we profess, in which we are commanded to do good to our enemies, and to love those who hate us—a commandment which, though it seems somewhat difficult to obey, is only so to those who have less of God than of the world and more of flesh than of spirit. For Jesus Christ, good and true man, who never lied nor could nor can lie, being our lawgiver, said that His yoke was gentle and His burden light; He would not, therefore, command us anything which it was impossible to perform. And thus, dear sirs, ye are bound by laws both divine and human to be pacified."

"The devil fetch me," said Sancho here to himself, "if this my master is not a theologian, and if he is not one, he is as like as one egg to another."
Don Quixote took a little breath, and, perceiving that they lent him silence still, wished to go on further with his discourse; and would have done so had not Sancho with his cleverness interposed, and, seeing that his master had stopped, spoken up for him:—

"My master, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, who one time was called 'The Knight of the Rueful Figure,' and now is called 'The Knight of the Lions,' is a very sensible gentleman, who knows both Latin and the vulgar tongue like a bachelor, and in all he treats of and counsels he acts like a very good soldier; and he has all the laws and orders of what they call the duel on his finger-nail, and so there is no more to do but let yourselves be led by what he says, and blame me if it leads you astray, more by token that it has been said that it is folly to get in a rage only for hearing a bray; and I remember when I was a boy I used to bray always, and when I took the fancy, without any one putting it into my head, and so gracefully and naturally that at my braying all the asses of the village brayed; and never for that did I cease being the son of my parents, who were very honest people; and though for that talent I was envied by more than one of the tiptop people of the place, I cared not two farthings; and that you may see I speak the truth, wait and hearken, for this is a science like swimming which once learnt is never forgotten."

Then clapping his hand to his nose he began to bray so obstreperously that he made all the neighboring valley ring again. But one of those who stood near him, thinking he was making a jest of them, raised a pole he held in his hand and dealt him such a blow with it that it brought Sancho Panza to the ground without more ado. Don Quixote, seeing Sancho thus maltreated, made for him who had given the blow, with his lance in hand, but they were so many who interposed that it was not possible to take his vengeance. On the contrary, finding a shower of stones rained upon him and that a thousand leveled crossbows threatened him and no less a quantity of muskets, he turned Rozinante's reins and went away from them as fast as he could gallop, commending himself with all his heart to God that He might deliver him from that peril, dreading at every step some bul-
let would come in at his back and go out at his bosom, and at every moment fetching his breath to see whether it failed him; but those of the band were content to see him fly without shooting at him. As for Sancho they set him upon his ass,—scarce come to himself,—and let him go after his master; not that he had sense enough left to direct him, but Dapple followed in the track of Rozinante, without whom he could not endure to be a moment. Don Quixote, being now a good distance off, turned his head and saw Sancho coming and waited for him, finding that no one followed. Those of the band stayed there till night, and, their enemies not having come out to battle, they returned to their village, rejoicing and happy; and, if they had known of the antique custom of the Greeks, they would have raised there on that spot a trophy.
CHAPTER XXVIII

Concerning things of which Benengeli says he who reads them shall know them, if he reads with attention

WHEN the valiant man flies it is when foul play is discovered, and the part of wise men is to reserve themselves for better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the villagers and the evil designs of that incensed battalion, took to his heels, and without bethinking him of Sancho nor of the peril in which he was left, got himself off as far as sufficed to make him safe. Sancho followed, laid athwart his ass, as has been said. He came up with his master at last, now having recovered his senses, and on reaching him fell from Dapple at Rozinante's feet, all sore, bruised, and beaten. Don Quixote dismounted to examine his wounds, but, finding him with a whole skin from head to feet, said to him very angrily:

"In an evil hour you learnt to bray, Sancho! And where did you find it to be good to name rope in the house of the hanged? To the music of your brays what harmonies could you have but cudgelings? Give thanks to God, Sancho, that since they blessed you with a cudgel they did not make the sign of the cross on you with a hanger."

"I am in no case for answering now," retorted Sancho, "for I seem to speak through my shoulders; let us mount and get away hence, and I will keep silence about my brayings, but not in telling that knights errant fly and leave their honest squires to be milled like privet or wheat at the hands of their enemies."

"He flies not who retreating," replied Don Quixote; "thou must know, Sancho, that the courage which is not grounded upon the base of prudence is called rashness, and the achievements of the rash one are to be ascribed rather to
his good fortune than to his valor. So I confess that I retired, but I did not fly; and in this I have imitated many valiant persons who have reserved themselves for better times; and of this the histories are full — the which, as being neither of profit to thee nor pleasure to me, I will not now relate."

By this time Sancho was once more mounted, having been helped by Don Quixote, who also got upon Rozinante, and at a leisurely pace they betook them to a grove of poplars which appeared in sight about a quarter of a league off. From time to time Sancho gave forth profound sighs and dolorous groans; and on Don Quixote asking him the cause of his sore anguish, he answered that from the end of his backbone to the nape of his neck he was aching, so that it drove him out of his senses.

"The cause of that pain must be doubtless," Don Quixote observed, "that as the stick they laid on you was long and reaching, it caught thee over the whole back where are seated all the parts which pain thee, and if it had caught thee farther you would have ached more."

"'Fore God," cried Sancho, "but your worship has brought me out of a grand doubt and cleared it up for me in pretty terms! Body o' me! was the cause of my pain so hidden that it was necessary to tell me that where the pole reached all that is aching? If my ankles were sore, there might be something to guess at why they pained me; but that I should ache where they pounded me is no great guessing. I' faith, sir master of mine, another's ill hangs by a hair; and every day I am touching earth as to the little I can look for from the company I keep with your worship, for if this bout you let me be basted, another and a hundred times other we shall return to the blanketings of old and other games which if now they have fallen upon my shoulders the next time they may fly to my eyes. Much better should I do (only I am a barbarian, and can do naught that is good in all my life), — much better should I do, say I again, to go back home to my wife and my children, and support her and bring them up with what God may be pleased to give me and not go trapesing behind your worship through roads without a road, and paths and courses which have none, drinking badly and
eating worse. Then take the sleeping; count ye, brother squire, seven feet of earth, and if you ask nine, take other as many; in your hand it is to pour out the porringer and stretch you out to your heart's content. May I see him burnt and ground to dust the first who started this knight-errantry, or at least the first who wished to be squire to such idiots as must have been all the knights errant of the past. Of the present ones say I nothing, for by reason that your worship is one of them, I hold them in respect, and because I know that your worship knows a point more than the devil in what you speak and in what you think.”

“'I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, ‘that now that you are talking without any one crossing you nothing ails you in all your body. Speak, my son, all that comes into your mind and into your mouth, for in return for your feeling no pain, I will restrain willingly the resentment which your impertinences raise in me; and if you wish so much to go back to your home, to your wife and children, God forbid that I should hinder you. Moneys of mine you have: reckon how long it is since we sallied out of our village, and consider what you can and should get by the month, and pay yourself out of hand.'

“When I served Tomé Carrasco,” said Sancho, “the father of Samson Carrasco, whom your worship well knows, I got two ducats a month besides my victuals. With you worship I know not what I can earn, though I know that the knight errant's squire has more work to do than he who serves a farming-man. For the long and the short of it is, that we who work for farmers, however much work we do by day, whatever ill may hap, at night we have a mess for supper and we sleep in a bed,—which I have not slept in since I have been in your worship's service. Nay, it was but a short time we were in the house of Don Diego de Miranda and the fling I had with the skimmings I took from Camacho's pots, and what I ate and drank and slept in Basilio's house. All the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what they call the inclemencies of heaven, sustaining me with scraps of cheese and crusts of bread and drinking water, now from brooks, now from springs we meet with in the byways by which we travel.'
"I confess," replied Don Quixote, "that all thou sayest, Sancho, is the truth. How much dost think I should give thee more than what Tomé Carrasco used to give thee?"

"To my thinking," said Sancho, "with two reals more a month added by your worship I would reckon myself well paid. This as regards wages for my work; but as regards the compensation for the word and promise you passed of giving me the government of an isle, it would be just that you should add six reals more, which would be thirty reals in all."

"It is well," replied Don Quixote; "and according to the salary you have assigned to yourself, it is five-and-twenty days since we left our village. Reckon proportionally, Sancho, and see what I owe you, and pay yourself, as I have said, out of your own hand."

"O body of me!" cried Sancho, "but your worship is much out in your reckoning, for in the matter of the promise of the isle we have to count from the day that your worship promised me till the present hour in which we are."

"Then how long is it, Sancho, since I promised you it?" said Don Quixote.

"If I remember well," answered Sancho, "it must be more than twenty years, three days more or less."

Don Quixote gave himself a great slap on the forehead and burst into a hearty laugh, saying:—

"Why, I did not travel in Sierra Morena, nor in all the course of our sallies, scarcely two months, and sayest thou, Sancho, that it is twenty years I have promised thee the isle? Now I say that thou wantest to consume in thy wages all the money thou hast of mine; and if it is so, and it pleases thee to do so, from this time I give it thee and much good may it do thee, and in return for finding myself without so bad a squire I shall rejoice to be left poor and without a penny. But tell me, perverter of the squirely ordinances of errant knighthood, where hast thou seen or read that any squire of knight errant has bargained with his master, saying, so much you will have to give me a month for serving you? Embark, embark,—brigand, villain, and fiend,—for all this thou seemest; embark, I tell thee, on the 'mare mag-
num' of their histories, and if thou shouldst find that any squire has said or thought what thou hast spoken of, I am willing you shall nail it on my forehead and seal fool on my face with your five fingers, to boot. Turn thy rein, or thy ass-halter, and go back to thy house, for one step farther hence thou shalt not take with me. O bread ill-requited! O promises ill-bestowed! O man who hast more of beast than of human! Now—when I thought to place thee in state, such that, despite of your wife, they shall style thee 'Lord,' dost leave me? Goest thou now, when I am come into the firm and potent resolve to make thee ruler of the best isle in the world? Well, and to end, as thou hast said again and again, the honey is not—ass thou art, and ass thou hast to be, and an ass thou wilt end when the course of thy life is run, for I verily believe that it will reach its last term ere thou dost perceive and know thyself to be a beast."

Sancho regarded Don Quixote fixedly whilst he was uttering these reproaches, and was so struck with remorse that the tears came into his eyes, and with faint and doleful voice he cried:—

"Master dear, I confess that for being a complete ass there is wanting to me nothing but the tail. If your worship would be pleased to put me one on, I'll reckon it to be well placed, and I will serve you as ass for all the days which remain of my life. Pardon me, your worship, and take pity on my simplicity, and consider that I know but little, and that if I talk much it proceeds rather from weakness than malice. But who errs and mends, to God him commends."

"I should have marveled, Sancho, if you had not mingled some little proverb with your speech. Well now, I forgive thee, on condition of thy amendment, and provided thou dost not show thyself henceforth so fond of thine own interest; but try to widen thy heart, and encourage and inspirit thyself to hope for the accomplishment of my promises, for though it may be delayed yet is it not impracticable."

Sancho responded that he would do so, and draw strength from weakness. Hereupon they entered the grove, and Don Quixote settled him at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at that of a beech, for such like trees always have feet and no hands.
Sancho passed the night painfully, for the poling made itself more felt with the night dew. Don Quixote passed it in his everlasting meditations; but for all that they surrendered their eyes to sleep, and at break of day pursued their journey, seeking the banks of the famous Ebro, where there happened to them what shall be related in the coming chapter.
CHAPTER XXIX

Of the famous adventure of the Enchanted Bark

In two days after leaving the poplar-grove, according to their computation, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, and the sight of it was a great pleasure to Don Quixote, as he contemplated and gazed upon the amenity of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its liquid crystals, whose cheerful view revived in his memory a thousand amorous thoughts. He fell especially to musing on what he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos, for although Master Peter's ape had told him that part of those things he had seen were truth and part lies, he clung rather to their being true than to their being false; the very reverse of Sancho, who took them all for one and the same lie. Jogging along in this way there appeared in sight a little boat, without oars or any other gear, which was made fast to the trunk of a tree which stood on the bank. Don Quixote looked round on every side and seeing no one, at once without more ado dismounted from Rozinante and ordered Sancho to do the like from Dapple, and to tie up both beasts close together to the stem of a poplar or willow which grew there. Sancho inquired of him the reason of that sudden dismounting and tying. Don Quixote answered:—

"Thou hast to know, Sancho, that this bark which is here, expressly, and without the possibility of its being anything else, is calling and inviting me to enter therein, and in it to go and give succor to some knight or other person of quality in distress who should be in some great trouble. For this is the style of the books of the chivalric histories, and of the enchanters which engage and figure therein. When any knight is involved in any difficulty, who cannot be liberated therefrom but by the hand of some other knight, though they
may be distant one from the other two or three thousand leagues and even more, they either fetch him away on a cloud or provide him a bark in which he enters, and in less than the twinkling of an eye they bear him either by the air or by the sea, wherever he pleases and where his help is needed. Therefore, this bark, O Sancho, is placed here for the very purpose, and this is as true as it is now day; and before this passes tie thou Rozinante and Dapple together, and in the hand of God be it to guide us, for I would not be deterred from embarking were barefooted friars to beg me."

"Since it is so," answered Sancho, "and your worship would plunge at every step in these,—which I know not if I should call fooleries,—there is nothing for it but to obey and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb: 'Do what thy master bids thee and sit down with him at his table.' But for all that, for the discharging of my conscience, I would warn your worship that in my opinion this said bark belongs to none of your enchanted ones but to some fishermen of this river, for here they catch the best shad in the world."

This Sancho said while he tied up the beasts, leaving them to the care and protection of the enchanters, with sorrow enough of soul. Don Quixote bade him not to be troubled about the abandonment of those animals, for He who was to lead them through ways and regions so longinquous would take care to provide for them.

"I understand naught of your logiquous," said Sancho, "nor have I ever heard such a word in all the days of my life."

"'Longinquous,'" said Don Quixote, "means 'remote'; and it is no wonder that thou dost not understand it, for thou art not obliged to know Latin, like some who pretend to know it and do not."

"They are tied up," replied Sancho; "what have we to do now?"

"What?" said Don Quixote, "why, cross ourselves and weigh anchor: I mean embark, and cut the rope by which the bark is fastened."

And leaping into it, with Sancho after him, he cut the rope and the boat drifted away slowly from the bank. When Sancho found himself a matter of two yards away on the river
he began to tremble, fearing he was lost. But nothing gave him more pain than to hear Dapple bray, and to see Rozinante struggling to get loose. And he said to his master:—

"The ass brays bewailing our absence, and Rozinante is trying to get free to throw himself after us. O dearest friends! rest in peace; and may the folly which takes us apart from you be turned to repentance and bring us back to your presence!"

And with this he began to weep so bitterly, that Don Quixote said to him, sternly and angrily:—

"Of what art thou afraid, cowardly creature? Why weep-est thou, heart of butter? Who prevents thee, or who molestst thee, soul of household mouse? Or what dost lack, ever craving, in the midst of the bowels of abundance? Art thou journeying, peradventure, on foot and shoeless, over the Riphæan mountains instead of being seated on a bench, like an archduke, on the tranquil current of this agreeable river, where, in a brief space, we shall emerge into the spacious ocean? But we must already have emerged and traveled at the least seven or eight hundred leagues, and if I had here an astrolabe with which to take the altitude of the pole, I would tell thee how many we have gone, though either I know little or we have passed, or shall soon pass, by the equinoctial line which divides and cuts the opposite poles in equal portions."

"And when we have come to that your worship speaks of," asked Sancho, "how far shall we have traveled?"

"Far," answered Don Quixote; "for of the three hundred and sixty degrees the globe of earth and water contains, according to the computation of Ptolemeus, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have done one half when we arrive at the line I spoke of."

"'Fore God," said Sancho, "but your worship has brought me for a voucher of what you say a very pretty fellow,— your 'puto' and 'gafó,' with 'miaus' or 'mews' to boot, or I know not what."

Don Quixote smiled at the interpretation which Sancho had given to the name, and the computation and reckoning of the cosmographer Ptolemy, and said to him:—

"Know, Sancho, that the Spaniards and those who embark
at Cadiz to go to the East Indies have for one of the signs by which they learn that they have passed the equinoctial line of which I have spoken, that on all who are in the ship the lice die off, without one remaining, nor in all the vessel is any to be found, if they give his weight in gold for him. Therefore, Sancho, you can pass your hand over your thigh, and if you catch anything living, we shall be out of this doubt; and if not, then we have passed."

"I don’t believe aught of that," replied Sancho; "but yet I will do what your worship bids me, though I know not why we need make these experiments, for I see with my own eyes that we have not gone five yards from the shore nor have we shifted two yards from where the animals are, for there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very place where we left them; and taking a view, as I do now, I vow that we are not stirring nor moving at the pace of an ant."

"Make the investigation I have told thee of, Sancho, and mind no other, for thou knowest not aught of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, signs, points,—measures of which the celestial globe is composed, and the terrestrial; for if thou knewest all these things, or any part of them, thou wouldst clearly see how many parallels we have sailed through, how many signs we have beheld, and what constellations we have left and are now leaving behind. Again I say to thee, feel and fish, for I am convinced thou art as clean and pure as a sheet of white paper."

Sancho felt himself, and, reaching his hand delicately and cautiously to his left ham, raised his head and looking at his master said:—

"Either the test is a false one, or we have not arrived at the place your worship says,—not by many leagues."

They now descried some great water-mills which stood in the middle of the river, and as soon as Don Quixote beheld them, he cried to Sancho in a loud voice:—

"See, yonder, O friend! the city, or castle, or fortalice is discovered, wherein should lie some oppressed knight, or some queen, infanta, or princess in evil plight, for whose ransom I am hither brought."

"What the devil city, fortalice, or castle does your
worship speak of, sir?" cried Sancho; "can't you see that these are water-mills, standing in the river, where they grind wheat?"

"Be silent, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for though they look like water-mills they are not such, and I have already told thee that enchantments transform and change all things out of their natural shape. I will not say that they really change from one natural shape to another, but only that it seems so, as experience has shown us in the transformation of Dulcinea, unique refuge of my hopes."

By this time the boat having got into the middle of the stream, commenced to travel not so slowly as hitherto. The men belonging to the water-mills, who saw the boat drifting on the river and that it was about to be sucked into the rapids caused by the wheels, came out hurriedly, some of them with long poles, to stop it; and as they appeared all befouled, their faces and clothes powdered with meal, they presented but an evil appearance. They shouted loudly, crying: —

"Devils of men, where go ye? Are ye mad? Do you want to drown yourselves or be dashed to pieces on these wheels?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," here said Don Quixote, "that we have arrived where I have to demonstrate the height to which the valor of my arm reaches? Look, what cut-throats and scoundrels are come out to encounter me! Look what hobgoblins oppose me! Look at the ugly faces that are mocking us! Now, then, shall ye see, rascals!"

And standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers with loud cries, exclaiming: "Ill-favored and worse-advised rabble! Release and set at liberty the person ye keep in duress in this your fortress or prison, exalted or lowly, of whatsoever sort or degree he be! For I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called 'The Knight of the Lions,' for whom is reserved, by ordinance of high Heaven, the putting an auspicious issue to this adventure."

Saying this, he clapped his hand to his sword, and began to flourish it in the air at the millers, who, hearing but not understanding these ravings, applied themselves with their poles to stop the boat, which was now entering the rapids of the mill-stream. Sancho placed himself on his knees, praying
fervently to Heaven to deliver him from this imminent peril, which it did through the management and activity of the millers, for, planting their poles against the boat they stopped it, but not so cleverly as to prevent it upsetting and sending Don Quixote and Sancho head over heels into the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he knew how to swim like a goose, though the weight of his armor carried him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who threw themselves into the water and dragged them both up, as it were in the bulk, it would have been Troy town for the two. When they were brought to land, more drenched than droughty, Sancho fell upon his knees, and with hands joined and eyes nailed to heaven besought God in a long and devout prayer to deliver him thenceforward from the rash designs and enterprises of his master. And now came up the fishermen who owned the boat, which had been knocked to pieces by the mill-wheels, and seeing it destroyed they set to stripping Sancho and clamoring to Don Quixote for payment. He, with great calmness, as though nothing had happened to him, said to the millers and the fishermen that he would pay them for the bark very willingly on condition that they set free, without bail, the person or persons who were held in duress in that castle.

“What persons or what castle dost thou talk of,” exclaimed one of the millers, “man without sense? Wouldst thou, peradventure, carry away those who come to have their corn ground in these mills?”

“Enough,” said Don Quixote to himself; “it is preaching in the desert for him who would induce this rabble to do any virtuous act by prayers. In this adventure two potent enchanters must have been in encounter, and the one frustrates what the other designs; the one furnished me with a bark, the other upset it. May God help us! all this world is machinations and stratagems contrary one to another. I can do no more.” And, raising his voice and looking at the water-mills, he continued, saying:—

“Friends, whoever ye may be who in this prison are immured, forgive me, for to my misfortune and to yours I am unable to deliver you from your thrall. This adventure for another knight must be kept and reserved.”
Saying this he agreed with the fishermen and paid them fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho gave them with a very ill grace, saying:—

"Two boatings like this will sink all our stock to the bottom."

The fishermen and millers stood gazing in astonishment at these two figures, to the appearance so different from other men, nor did they comprehend the drift of the words and questions which Don Quixote addressed to them; and putting them down for madmen they left them, and went back, the millers to their mill, the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts; and so ended the adventure of the Enchanted Bark.
CHAPTER XXX

Of what befell Don Quixote with a fair huntress

KNIGHT and squire returned to their animals sufficiently melancholy and out of humor, especially Sancho, whom the touching of the money touched to the soul, all that they took of him seeming to him like taking the apples of his eyes. They got upon horseback at last, without speaking a word, and went away from the famous river; Don Quixote buried in thoughts of his loves and Sancho in those of his preferment, which just then it seemed to him that he was very far from getting, for, fool though he was, he apprehended well enough that the actions of his master were all or most of them extravagances, and he looked about for an opportunity when, without going into reckonings or leave-takings with his master, to give him the slip one day and go away home; but fortune ordered matters quite contrary to what he intended.

It so happened that next day, at sunset, on coming out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and at the other end of it he saw some people, and drawing near knew them for a hawking party. He came nearer, and perceived among them a gay lady upon a palfrey or milk-white nag, decked with green trappings and with a silver sidesaddle. The lady herself was clad in green, so bravely and nobly that bravery itself came transformed in her. On her left hand she bore a hawk, a sign by which Don Quixote understood she was some great dame, who should be mistress of all those hunters, which was true; and so he said to Sancho:

"Run, Sancho, run, and say to that lady of the palfrey and the hawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her high beauteousness; and if her mightiness gives me leave, I will go myself to kiss them, and serve her in
all that my strength can and her Highness shall command; and mind, Sancho, how thou speakest, and take care thou dost not hitch some vulgar saw of thine into thine embassage."

"You've found your hitcher, indeed," answered Sancho; "to me with that!—aye, it is not the first time I have carried embassages to high and mighty ladies in this life."

"Except that which thou cariedst to the lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "I know not that thou hast ever carried any, at least in my service."

"That is true," answered Sancho, "but the good paymaster is not troubled for pledges, and where there's a full house the supper is soon cooked; I mean, that to me there is no need to say or give advice about anything, for I am ready for all and able for a little of everything."

"I believe it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "go in a good hour, and God guide thee."

Sancho went off at speed, pressing Dapple out of his own pace, and came up to where the fair huntress was, and, alighting, went down on his knees before her and said:—

"Beautiful lady, that knight you see over there, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, whom at home they call Sancho Panza; this same Knight of the Lions, whom not long ago they called him of the Rueful Figure, sends by me to say, please your grandeur be so good as to give him leave that with your liking, good-will, and consent, he may come and carry out his wishes, which are none other, as he says and as I think, than to serve your elevated haughtiness and beauteousness, and in the giving of it your ladyship will do a thing to redound to your fame and he will receive very signal favor and happiness."

"Of a surety, good squire," responded the lady, "but you have delivered your message with all those formalities which such embassies demand. Rise ye from the ground, for it is not right that the squire of so great a knight as he of the Rueful Figure, of whom we have heard already a great deal here, should be on his knees. Rise, friend, and say to your lord that he may come and welcome, to be waited on by me and the duke my husband, in a pleasure-house we have hard by."
Sancho got up, charmed as much by the good lady's beauty as by her good breeding and courtesy, and especially by what she said that she had knowledge of his master, the Knight of the Rueful Figure, and if she did not call him 'of the Lions' it must be because he had taken the name so recently. The duchess (nay, her title is not known) asked him:

"Tell me, brother squire, this master of yours, is he not one of whom a history is printed called 'The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha,' who has for the mistress of his heart one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"He is the same, my lady," answered Sancho; "and that squire of his who figures, or ought to figure, in his history, whom they call Sancho Panza, am I, unless they changed me in the cradle,—that is to say, in the press."

"I am very glad at all this," said the duchess. "Go, brother Panza, and tell your master that he is well arrived, and welcome to my estates, and that nothing could come to me which could give me more pleasure."

Sancho returned, extremely delighted with this agreeable answer, to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, exalting to the skies, with his homespun phrases, her exceeding loveliness, her great condescension and politeness. Don Quixote brisked himself up in his saddle, set his feet well in the stirrups, adjusted his vizor, and giving the spur to Rozinante, advanced with an easy bearing to kiss the hands of the duchess, who had sent to call her husband, the duke, and tell him, while Don Quixote was coming up, of the embassage. The two, who had read the first part of this history, and had learnt from it of Don Quixote's extravagant humor, awaited him with the greatest delight, desiring to make his acquaintance, and proposing to let him follow his bent and agree with him in all he said, treating him like a knight errant, during the time he stayed with them, with all the accustomed ceremonies of which they had read in the books of chivalries, of which they were great lovers.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh, his vizor raised, and, making as if he would dismount, Sancho made haste to go and hold his stirrup; but, on getting off from Dapple, he was
so unlucky as to catch one foot in the tacking of the pack-saddle, so that he could not free it, but remained hanging by it with his face and breast to the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to dismount without his stirrup being held, thinking Sancho had hold of it, threw his body off with a swing, carrying with him Rozinante's saddle, which must have been badly girded, and saddle and he came to earth, not without discomfiture to him, and many maledictions which between his teeth he cast at the luckless Sancho, who still lay with his foot in the hobbles. The duke commanded his huntsmen to go to the help of the knight and squire, and they raised up Don Quixote, who, in ill plight through his fall, went limping as well as he could to kneel before their Graces. But the duke would in no wise suffer it, but jumping from his horse went up to embrace Don Quixote, exclaiming:

"It grieves me, Sir Knight of the Rueful Figure, that your first step on my estate has been so unlucky as we have seen; but the blunders of squires are wont to be the occasion of even worse accidents."

"That which to me has befallen on seeing you, valorous prince," answered Don Quixote, "cannot possibly be unlucky, though my fall had not stopped till I had reached the depths of the abyss; for the glory of having seen you would have raised and rescued me thence. My squire, God's curse on him! is better at loosening his tongue to speak mischief than at fastening and girding a saddle to make it firm. But wheresoever I may find me, fallen or risen, on foot or on horseback, I shall be always at your service, and at that of my lady the duchess, your worthy consort and worthy mistress of beauty and universal princess of courtesy."

"Gently, dear Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha," said the duke, "for where my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not right that other beauties should be commended."

Sancho was now free of his noose, and finding himself close by, before his master could respond, said:

"It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful; but the hare gets up where we least expect, and I have heard say that this they call nature is like a potter who makes vessels of clay, and he
who makes one pottery vessel can also make two, or three, or a hundred. I say this, because my lady the duchess i' faith is no whit behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso."

Don Quixote turned to the duchess, and said: "Your Highness may conceive that never in the world had knight errant for squire a greater babbler nor droll than he whom I keep. And he shall prove me true, if your Highness be pleased to accept my service for a few days."

To which the duchess responded: "That Sancho is a droll I think much of, for it is a sign that he is wise; for jests and humors, Sir Don Quixote, as you well know, dwell not in shallow wits; and since honest Sancho is droll and humorous, henceforth I vouch him wise."

"And babbler," added Don Quixote.

"So much the better," quoth the duke; "for good things cannot be uttered in few words; and that we may not waste time in them, come, great Knight of the Rueful Figure — "

"'Of the Lions,' your Highness should say," said Sancho, "for now there is no Rueful Feature or Figure."

"Let him be of the Lions," continued the duke; "I say, let Sir Knight of the Lions come to a castle of mine which is near here, where such reception shall be given him as is justly due to so exalted a personage, and such as the duchess and I are accustomed to give to all knights errant who arrive there."

Sancho had now adjusted and well girthed Rozinante's saddle; and Don Quixote mounting him, with the duke on a handsome horse, they placed the duchess between them and took their way to the castle; and the duchess directed that Sancho should ride beside her, for she found infinite pleasure in listening to his witty sayings. Sancho was easily entreated, and winding himself in among the three made a fourth in the conversation, to the great amusement of the duchess and the duke, who regarded it as a rare good chance to lodge in their castle so brave a knight errant and so bedraggled a squire.
CHAPTER XXXI

Which treats of many and great matters

EXTREME was the delight which Sancho felt on seeing himself, as he conceived, in favor with the duchess, for he pictured to himself that he should find in her castle what he had found in Don Diego's house and in Basilio's; for he was ever fond of good living, and so took any occasion by the forelock in the matter of regaling himself whenever it offered itself.

The history relates that before they arrived at his pleasure-house or castle, the duke went on ahead and instructed all his servants as to the manner in which they had to treat Don Quixote; so that when the knight came up to the castle gates with the duchess, on the instant there ran out two lackeys or grooms, clothed to their feet in what they call morning-gowns, of finest crimson satin, and catching Don Quixote in their arms, almost before they could be seen or heard, said to him:

"Let your Highness go and help my lady the duchess to dismount."

Don Quixote did so, and there were high compliments between the two over the business; but in the end the duchess's obstinacy prevailed, nor would she descend or get off her palfrey except in the arms of the duke, protesting that she was not worthy of laying so useless a burden on so mighty a knight. Finally, the duke came out to take her down, and as they entered a spacious court two beautiful damsels advanced and flung over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet cloth, and in a moment all the galleries of the court were thronged with the men and women servants of the duke and duchess, crying loudly: "Welcome the flower and cream of knights errant!" And all or most of them sprinkled vials of sweet-scented waters.
upon Don Quixote and the duke and duchess; all which struck Don Quixote with wonder; and that was the first day wherein he thoroughly believed and recognized himself to be a true and no imaginary knight errant, finding himself treated in the very manner in which, as he had read, such knights were treated in past ages.

Sancho, forsaking Dapple, tacked himself to the duchess and entered the castle; but his conscience pricking him for leaving the ass alone, he went up to a reverend duenna who had come out with the rest to receive the duchess, and said to her in a low voice:—

"Mistress Gonzalez,—or whatever may be your worship's name?"

"Doña Rodriguez de Grijalba my name is," replied the duenna; "what is your will, brother?"

To which Sancho made answer: "I would your worship would do me the favor to go out to the castle gate, where you will find a dappled ass of mine; and be so good as to put, or make them put, him in the stable, for the poor fellow is a little timorous and cannot abide being alone by any manner of means."

"If the master is as wise as the man," retorted the duenna, "we have got a bargain. Begone, fellow! and beshrew you and him who in an evil hour brought you hither! Go look after your ass yourself, for the duennas of this house are not used to such offices."

"But, indeed," returned Sancho, "I have heard my master tell,—who is a witch for the histories,—relating that of Lancelot when from Britain he came,—that ladies waited on him and duennas upon his steed; and as to my ass I would not change him for Sir Lancelot's horse."

"Fellow, if you are a jester, reserve your jests for whom they are seemly and who will pay you for them; for from me you'll get naught but a fig."

"Nay, then," responded Sancho, "it will be a good ripe one, and if years counted you would not lose the trick by a point too little."

"Varlet!" exclaimed the duenna, now all in a flame with rage; "if I am old or no, it is to God I shall account,—not to you, garlic-stuffed rascal!"
And this she said in a voice so loud that the duchess heard it, and turning round and seeing the duenna so excited and her eyes so fiery asked her with whom she was having words.

"I am having them with this fine fellow here," answered the duenna, "who has desired me, in very seriousness, to go and put an ass of his that is outside at the castle gate into the stable, throwing it to me for an example that so they did, I know not where,—that some ladies waited upon one Lance-lot and certain duennas on his horse, and—and what is more, and to finish up with, he called me an old woman."

"That I would take for an affront," remarked the duchess, "greater than all they could pay me." And, addressing Sancho, she said: "Know, friend Sancho, that Doña Rodriguez is quite a young thing, and that coif she wears rather for authority and by usage than for years."

"May the rest of those I have to live be evil," answered Sancho, "if I said it for that. I only told her that because the affection I have for my ass is so great, for methought I could not commend him to one kinder-hearted than the lady Doña Rodriguez."

Don Quixote, who heard it all, exclaimed: "Is this fit talk, Sancho, for such a place?"

"Sir," replied Sancho, "every one must speak of his needs, wherever it may be. Here I was reminded of the dapple, and here I spoke of him; had I thought of him in the stable I would have spoken of him there."

On which the duke said: "Sancho is very right, and there is no cause to blame him for anything. Dapple shall have as much provender as he can eat. Let Sancho be easy, for the ass shall be treated just as he himself would be in person."

After this conversation, so pleasant for everybody except Don Quixote, they went upstairs, and introduced the knight to a hall decked with the richest stuffs of gold and brocade. Six damsels relieved him of his armor, serving him as pages, all tutored and trained by the duke and duchess as to what they were to do, and how they were to treat Don Quixote, so that he might see and believe that they were treating him like a knight errant. His armor having been taken off, Don Quixote remained in his tight-fitting breeches and doublet of
chamois skin, meager, tall and lank, with cheeks that kissed one another in the inside; a figure at which, if the waiting-damsels had not taken pains to dissemble their mirth (which was one of the special orders they received from their master), they would have burst with laughing. They begged him to allow himself to be stripped, in order that they might put a shirt on him, but to this he would in no wise consent, saying that modesty as much became knights as valor. However, they might give the shirt, he said, to Sancho. And, shutting himself up with his squire in a closet where stood a rich couch, he undressed himself and put on the shirt, and, finding himself alone with Sancho, said to him: —

"Tell me, new-born buffoon and old jolter-head! — was it well in thee to affront and disgrace a duenna so reverend and so worthy of respect as that one? Was that a time to think of the ass or are these the gentlemen to let beasts fare ill, treating their owners so elegantly? For God's sake, Sancho, have a care of thyself, and show not the yarn so that they may tell thee art spun of gross and boorish stuff. Reflect, sinner that thou art, that the master is by so much the more esteemed the more honorable and well-bred his servants are; and that one of the greatest advantages which princes have over the rest of men is that they are served by those who are as good as themselves. Dost thou not see, pig-headed as thou art and unlucky that I am, that if they discover thee to be a coarse clown or a silly blockhead, they will judge me to be some quacksalver or juggling knight? No, no, Sancho, friend, avoid — avoid these pitfalls, for he who trips into babbler and droll, at the first stumble drops into the disgraced buffoon. Bridle thy tongue; ponder and perpend the words before they escape from thy mouth, and reflect that we have arrived at a point whence, by the favor of God and the valor of mine arm, we have to come forth bettered to the extreme in fame and estate."

Sancho promised his master with much earnestness that he would sew up his mouth and bite off his tongue rather than speak a word which was not fitting to the purpose and well weighed, as he had been commanded; and told the knight to be easy on the point spoken of, for never should it be discovered through him who they were.
Don Quixote then dressed himself, girt on his baldric with his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, donned a hunting-cap of green satin which the damsels had given him, and in this array sallied out into the great hall, where he found the damsels ranged in two rows, half on one side and half on the other, all provided with appliances for washing his hands, which they tendered him with many courtesies and ceremonies. Then there advanced twelve pages, with the seneschal, to conduct him to dinner, where now their masters awaited him. Placing him in their midst, they led him with much pomp and state into another hall, where was set out a sumptuous table, with but four covers. The duke and duchess went to the door of the dining-hall to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic, one of those who rule the houses of princes,—of those who, as they are not born princes themselves, are not successful in teaching those who are, how they should behave as such; of those who would have the greatness of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls; of those who, desiring to show them whom they rule how to be frugal, cause them to be miserly;—one of these, to wit, should be the grave ecclesiastic who went out with the duke and duchess to receive Don Quixote.

After exchanging a thousand polite compliments, they ended by taking Don Quixote in the midst of them, and went to seat themselves at table. The duke invited Don Quixote to the head of the table, and though he would not, the importunities of the host were so urgent that he had to yield. The ecclesiastic sat opposite to him, with the duke and duchess on either side. Sancho stood by all this time, gaping with amazement at seeing the honor which those noble persons showed to his master; and, noting the many ceremonies and entreaties which passed between the duke and Don Quixote as to sitting at the head of the table, he said:—

"If your worship would give me leave, I'll tell you a tale of what happened in my town about this matter of seats."

Sancho had scarcely begun to speak when Don Quixote quaked, believing of a certainty that his squire was going to utter some absurdity. Sancho looked at him, and understood, saying:—
"Fear not, my master, that I am going astray, or will say anything that shall not be much to the point. I have not forgotten the counsels which your worship gave me awhile ago about speaking much and little, good and ill."

"I recollect nothing of it, Sancho," Don Quixote answered; "say what thou wilt, so that thou sayest it quickly."

"But that which I am going to say," quoth Sancho, "is as true as my master Don Quixote here will not let me lie."

"Lie as much as thou wilt for me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for I shall not stop thee; but take heed what thou art about to say."

"I have so heeded and reheeded it that I am as safe as the bellman, as shall be seen by the finish."

"'Twere well that your Highness should order them to turn out this blockhead," cried Don Quixote; "he will be talking a thousand silly things."

"By the soul of the duke but they must not take Sancho from me," cried the duchess. "I love him much, for I know he is very discreet."

"Discreet be your Holiness's days," said Sancho, "for the good opinion you have of me, though I don't deserve it. The tale I wish to tell you is this: A certain gentleman of my town sent an invitation; he was very rich and of high rank, for he came of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and was married to Doña Mencia de Quiñones, which was daughter to Don Alonso de Marañon, knight of the order of Santiago, who was drowned in the Herradura, about whom there was that quarrel, years ago, in our town, in which, as I take it, my master, Don Quixote, was mixed up, out of which little Thomas the scapegrace came wounded, the son of Balbastro the blacksmith: isn't all this true, dear master of mine? Say so, on your life, lest these lords here take me for some lying babbler."

"Up to the present," said the ecclesiastic, "I take you more for babbler than for liar; but henceforward I know not for what I shall take you."

"Thou citest so many witnesses, Sancho, and so many tokens," said Don Quixote, "that I cannot but say that thou must be telling the truth. Go on, and cut thy story short;
for by the road thou art taking the end will not be reached in two days."

"Let him not cut it short to please me," said the duchess; "my pleasure is rather in his telling it in his own way, though he may not finish it in six days; and if so many they were they would be for me the best I ever spent in my life."

"Well, then, I say, good sirs," continued Sancho, "that this same gentleman, whom I knew as well as I know my hand, for it is but a bow-shot from my house to his, asked to dinner a poor but respectable farmer."

"Get on, brother," cried the cleric, "for by the road you are going you will not stop with your tale till the next world."

"I will stop short of half-way, please God," replied Sancho; "and so I say that this same farmer arriving at the house of the gentleman aforesaid who had invited him,—and may God rest his soul, for he is now dead, and more by token, they say, he made the death of an angel, though I was not there; at that very time I had gone to Tembleque a-harvesting."

"By your life, my son," cried the ecclesiastic, "come back soon from Tembleque, and finish your story, without burying the gentleman, unless you have a mind for more funerals."

"It fell out, then," proceeded Sancho, "that being, the two of them, for seating themselves at table,—I think I see them now better than ever—"

Great was the delight of the duke and duchess at the disgust shown by the worthy ecclesiastic at the prolixity and the pauses with which Sancho told his story; and as for Don Quixote he was chafing with wrath and vexation.

"So, as I was saying," continued Sancho, "the two being, as I have said, about to sit down at table, the farmer disputed with the gentleman to get him to take the head of the table, and the gentleman disputed also with the farmer, that he should take it, for that in a man's own house his orders should be obeyed; but the farmer, who prided himself on his politeness and good breeding, never would, until the gentleman, in a pet, put both his hands on the other's shoulders, and forced him into the seat, saying: 'Sit, clodpole, for wherever I sit
shall be the head for you.' And this is the story, and truly I think that it was not brought in here but of a purpose."

Don Quixote turned a thousand colors, which made his brown face look like jasper. The duke and duchess, who saw through Sancho's malicious intent, dissembled their merriment lest Don Quixote should end by getting out of temper; and to change the conversation and to keep Sancho from proceeding with his other impertinences, the duchess inquired of Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and whether he had sent to her lately any presents of giants or evil-doers, since he could not but have conquered a good many of them. To which Don Quixote answered:—

"Dear lady, my misfortunes, though they have begun, will never have end. Giants I have conquered, and marauders and evil-doers I have sent her; but where should they find her if she is enchanted and changed into the ugliest peasant wench that can be conceived?"

"I know not," said Sancho; "to me she looks like the most beautiful creature in the world,—at least in agility and in skipping I am sure no tumbler can give her odds. 'Faith, my lady duchess, she springs from the ground on top of an ass as though she were a cat."

"Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" asked the duke.

"Is it I who have seen her?" answered Sancho; "who the devil but myself was it that first thought of the enchantment business? As much enchanted is she as my father!"

The ecclesiastic, who heard them speak of giants, marauders, and enchantments, reckoned that this must be Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose history the duke was so fond of reading, for which he had often rebuked him, telling him of the folly of reading such fooleries; and, becoming convinced of the truth of his suspicion, he said, speaking to the duke with much anger:—

"Your Excellency, sir, will have to account to our Lord for what this good man does. This Don Quixote or Don Fool, or how do you call him, I imagine must be not so great an idiot as your Excellency would have him to be, throwing opportunities in his way for carrying on his fooleries and vagaries." And turning to address Don Quixote, he said:—
“And you, good-for-nothing, who has driven it into your pate that you are a knight errant, and that you conquer giants and capture miscreants? Begone in a good hour, and in such do I say unto you return to your home, and look after your children, if you have any, and take care of your estate, and give up vagabondizing through the world, swallowing wind, and causing laughter in those who know you and who know you not. Where the mischief have you found that there are to-day, or ever were, knights errant? Where, that there are giants in Spain, or marauders in La Mancha, to say nothing of enchanted Dulcineas, or of the legion of whimsies that are told of you?"

Don Quixote listened attentively to the words of that reverend man, and when he perceived that the other had done talking,—regardless of the presence of the duke and duchess,—with angry mien and agitated face started to his feet and said— But this reply deserves a chapter to itself.
CHAPTER XXXII

Of the reply which Don Quixote made to his reprover; with other incidents, grave and mirthful

Standing upright, and shaking from head to feet, Don Quixote, with troubled and stammering tongue, thus began:—

"The place where I am and the presence wherein I find myself, and the respect which I ever had and do have for the calling you profess, stay and bind the hands of my just indignation; and therefore, as well as for what I have said as for knowing, as all know, that the weapon of gownsmen is the same as that of women, that is, the tongue, with mine I will enter into an equal combat with your reverence, from whom one might have looked rather for good counsels than foul reproaches. Censures pious and well-meant require another kind of behavior, and demand other modes of dealing. The reproving me in public and so harshly at any rate has passed all the bounds of just reprehension; for the first kind of censure consists better with gentleness than with asperity. Nor is it well, without having knowledge of the sin which is reprehended, to call the sinner blockhead and fool. I pray tell me, your reverence, for which of the fooleries you have seen in me do you condemn and abuse me, and bid me go home to look after the ruling thereof, and of my wife and children, without knowing whether I have them or not? Is naught else needed than to enter other men's houses by hook or by crook to rule their owners, and, having been tutored in some straitened pupilage (without having seen more of the world than is contained within twenty or thirty leagues of the district about), roundly to lay down the law to knighthood and judge of knights errant? Is it, perchance, an idle business, or is the time ill spent, which is spent in wandering through the world, not seeking the comforts
thereof but the austerities, whereby good men mount to the seat of immortality? If knights, if grandees, if gentlemen, those highly born, had rated me for a fool, I had taken it for an irreparable affront; but that men of the gown, who never entered or trod the paths of knighthood, should set me down as an idiot, I care not a rush. Knight I am, and knight I will die, if it pleases the Most High. Some take the spacious field of proud ambition, some that of servile and base adulation, some that of cozening hypocrisy, and a few that of the true religion; but I, influenced by my star, go by the narrow path of knight-errantry, in whose exercise I despise wealth but not honor. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolences, vanquished giants, trampled on monsters. I am in love, no further than because it is obligatory on knights errant to be so; and being in love I am not of the vicious enamored, but the platonical. My intents I ever direct to good ends, which are to do good to all and evil to none. Whether he who so intends, whether he who so works, whether he who so lives, deserves to be called fool let your Highnesses say, excellent duke and duchess."

"Well spoken, by Heaven," cried Sancho; "say no more, dear lord and master, on your behalf, for there is no more to say nor more to think of nor more to persevere in the world; besides, this gentleman denying, as he has done, that there never were in the world nor are knights errant, what wonder that he knows nothing of the things he has been speaking about?"

"Perhaps you, brother," quoth the ecclesiastic, "are the Sancho Panza they mention to whom your master has promised an isle?"

"Yes, I am," answered Sancho, "and I am he who deserves it as well as any one whatever. I am of your 'keep with the good and you'll be one of them'; and I am of the 'not with whom you're bred, but with whom you're fed'; and of 'who leans against the good tree good shelter has he.' I have leant on my master, and 'tis many months I have gone in his company, and, God willing, I shall come to be another like him; and long live he, and long live I, for neither shall he lack empires to command nor I isles to govern."

"No, surely, friend Sancho," here interposed the duke,
“for I, in the name of Sir Don Quixote, offer you the governorship of a spare one of mine, of no mean quality.”

“Kneel down, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, “and kiss his Excellency’s feet for the favor he has done thee.”

This Sancho did, at sight of which the ecclesiastic rose from the table in a great passion, exclaiming:—

“By the habit I wear, I must say that your Excellency is as silly as these two sinners; well may they be mad when the sane sanction their madness! Your Excellency may stop with them, but for me, while they are in this house, I shall stay in mine, and excuse myself from reproving that which I cannot remedy.”

And without saying any more or eating any more, he went off, the entreaties of the duke and duchess not sufficing to detain him, though indeed the duke said not much for laughing at his impertinent anger. Having done laughing, he said to Don Quixote:—

“Your worship, Sir Knight of the Lions, has responded for yourself so sublimely that there remains nothing for which you may claim satisfaction, for this, though it appears an offense, is in no sort one, since as women cannot give offense no more can ecclesiastics, as you know better than I.”

“It is true,” answered Don Quixote; “and the reason is, that he who cannot be offended can offend none. Women, children, and ecclesiastics not being able to defend themselves, though they may be assailed, cannot be affronted; and between the offense and the affront is this distinction, as your Excellency knows better than I: the affront comes from the part of him who is capable of giving it, and doth give it, and maintains it; the offense can come from the part of any one without carrying affront. For an example: a man is standing carelessly in the street; there come up ten with arms in their hands and strike him; he draws his sword and does his devoir; but the number of his adversaries prevents him, and will not let him fulfil his intent, which is to avenge himself. This man remains offended, but not affronted. Another example will confirm the same thing: a man has his back turned; comes another and strikes him, and after striking him doth not wait but runs away; the other follows but does not overtake him. He who received
the blows received an injury but no insult, because an insult has to be maintained. If he who gave the blows, though he gave them fouilly, had drawn his sword and stood facing his enemy, he who was beaten would remain both aggrieved and affronted; aggrieved, because he received a treacherous blow; affronted, because he who gave it maintained his deed, standing still, without turning his back. And thus, according to the laws of the accursed duello, I may be wronged but I am not affronted, for children do not resent nor women, nor run away, nor have they any call to stay; and the same of those bound to the religious profession, because these three kinds of people have default of arms, offensive and defensive; and though by nature they are impelled to defend themselves, they are not impelled to offend any one. And although awhile since I said that I could be aggrieved, now I say I cannot be in any wise; for he who is unable to receive an affront, the less can he give any. For which reasons I neither should nor do feel those which that good man has offered. I only wish that he had waited a little that I might have convinced him of the error in which he is, in thinking and saying that there have never been nor are knights errant in the world, which, if Amadis had heard, or one of the infinite number of his lineage, I know that it would not have fared well with his reverence."

"That I'll swear," said Sancho; "they would have given him a slash that would have slit him from the top to the bottom like a pomegranate or an overripe melon. They were good ones for standing such jokes! By my halidom, I take it for certain that had Rinaldo de Montalvan heard that speech of the little man, he would have given him such a slap in the mouth that he would have spoken no more in three years; nay, let him meddle with them, and see how he would get out of their hands!"

The duchess was like to die with laughter at hearing Sancho's speech, and in her opinion she held him for a more humorous fool and a greater madman than his master; and there were many at that time of the same way of thinking. Finally Don Quixote was appeased, and the dinner was ended; and the cloth being removed, there came four damsels,—one with a silver basin, another with a ewer also of
silver, another with two very fine and rich napkins on the shoulders, and the fourth with her arms tucked up to the middle, and in her white hands,—white indeed they were,—a round ball of Naples soap. She of the basin went up, and with easy, pleasant grace and boldness clapped it under Don Quixote's beard. He, though wondering at such a ceremony, spoke not a word, believing it to be a custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands; and so he stretched out his own as much as he could, and at the same moment the ewer commenced to rain upon it, and the damsels with the soap manipulated the hairs with much dexterity, raising flakes of snow (for not less white the lather seemed), not only over the beard, but over all the face and the eyes of the submissive knight, who had to shut them perforce. The duke and duchess, who had been informed of nothing of this, waited to see where this strange ablution would end. The barber-damsel, when she had raised a handful of lather, pretended that she had used up the water, and told her of the ewer to go for it, and Sir Don Quixote would wait. She did so, and Don Quixote remained the strangest figure and the most laughter-moving that could be imagined. All who were present, which were many, looked at him, and seeing him with half a yard of throat more than commonly brown, his eyes closed, and his beard full of soap-suds, it was a great wonder and a stroke of much cleverness that they were able to dissemble their laughter. The damsels who were in the trick held down their eyes, not daring to look at their masters, lord and lady, who were moved at once to anger and to laughter, and knew not what to do,—whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure they took in seeing Don Quixote in that guise. At last the damsel with the jug came, and they finished washing Don Quixote, and then she who carried the towels wiped and dried him with much deliberation, and all four together, making a profound obeisance and courtesy, were for departing. But the duke, lest Don Quixote should suspect the joke, called the damsel with the ewer, saying: "Come and wash me, and look that you have water enough."

The girl, quick-witted and active, came up and placed the basin before the duke as she had done to Don Quixote, and
they made haste to soap and wash him thoroughly, and, leaving him dry and clean, made their courtesies and retired. It was afterwards known that the duke had vowed that if they had not washed him as they had washed Don Quixote, he would have punished their sauciness, for which they cleverly made amends by soaping him in the same manner.

Sancho was much taken up with these rites of ablution, and said to himself:—

"God bless me! if it should be also the custom in this country to wash the beards of squires as well as of knights! for, by my soul, but I have need of it, and if they were to scrape me with a razor I should take it for a still greater favor."

"What are you saying to yourself, Sancho?" asked the duchess.

"I was saying, my lady," answered he, "that in the courts of other princes I have always heard say that on removing the cloth they give water for the hands but not suds for the beards; and therefore it is good to live much to see much, though they say, too, that he who lives a long life has to suffer much ill, though to suffer one of these same washings is rather pleasure than pain."

"Do not fret yourself, friend Sancho," said the duchess, "for I will make my maids wash you. See, you, seneschal, that Sancho has what he asks for, and comply with his wishes in every respect."

The seneschal replied that Sir Sancho should be served in everything; and thereupon he took him away to dinner, leaving the duke and duchess and Don Quixote at table, talking of many and various things, but all bearing on the profession of arms and of knight-errantry. The duchess besought Don Quixote to describe and delineate, since he seemed to have a good memory, the beauty and the features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for, according to what fame reported of her charms, she should be the loveliest creature in the world, even in all La Mancha. Don Quixote heaved a sigh on hearing the duchess's request, and said:—

"If I could pluck out my heart and place it before the eyes of your Highness here on this table and on a dish, my tongue would be relieved of the trouble of saying what can
hardly be conceived, for your Excellency would see her all portrayed therein. But why should I undertake to delineate and describe, point by point and piece by piece, the beauty of the peerless Dulcinea? That is a burden worthy of other shoulders than mine, a task which should occupy the pencils of Parrhasius, of Timanthis, and of Apelles, and the gravers of Lysippus, to paint and to carve her on canvas, on marble, and in bronze, with the Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric to praise it."

"What does 'Demosthenian' mean, Sir Don Quixote?" asked the duchess; "'tis a word I have never heard in all the days of my life."

"The Demosthenian rhetoric," answered Don Quixote, "is the same as to say the rhetoric of Demosthenes, just as Ciceronian is Cicero's, who were the two greatest rhetoricians in the world."

"So it is," said the duke, "and you have shown your ignorance in that question. Nevertheless, Sir Don Quixote would give us great pleasure in painting her, for I warrant that even in a rude draft and outline she will come out so as that the fairest will envy her."

"Yea, certes, I could do it," responded Don Quixote, "if the misfortune which lately happened to her had not blurred her image in my mind, for that is such that I am rather for lamenting than painting her; for your Highness must know that going the other day to kiss her hands and receive her blessing, good pleasure, and license, for this my third sally, I found another than her I sought. I found her enchanted and converted from princess into a country girl, from fair to foul, from angel to devil, from fragrant to pestiferous, from dainty to boorish, from gentle to skittish, from light to darkness,—and, in fine, from Dulcinea del Toboso to a Sayagan peasant wench."

"God bless me!" here exclaimed the duke, in a loud voice, "who is he who hath done so much wrong to the world? Who has deprived it of the beauty which was its joy, of the grace which was its charm, of the modesty which was its honor?"

"Who?" answered Don Quixote; "who can it be but some malignant enchanter, one of the many envious ones who per-
secure me,—that accursed race born into the world to obscure and nullify the exploits of the good, and to light up and exalt the deeds of the wicked? Enchanters have persecuted me; enchanters do persecute me; and enchanters will persecute me, until they sink me and my exalted chivalries to the abysm profound of oblivion; and they damage and wound me in that part where they see that I feel the most, for to rob a knight errant of his lady is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, and of the sun by which he is lighted, and the prop by which he is sustained. I have oftentimes before said, and I repeat it now, that the knight errant without a mistress is like a tree without leaves, a house without foundation, and a shadow without the body by which it is caused."

"There is no more to be said," said the duchess; "but yet if we are to give credit to the history of Don Quixote, which has lately been given to the world, amidst the general applause of mankind, we gather from it, if I remember right, that your worship has never seen the lady Dulcinea, and that this said lady exists not in the world but as a fantastical mistress, whom your worship has begotten and brought forth in your mind, and painted with all the graces and perfections you wanted."

"On that point there is much to say," answered Don Quixote. "God knows whether or no there is a Dulcinea in the world; whether she is fantastical or not fantastical; nor are these the things whereof the verification can be carried out to the full. I contemplate her such as it becomes her to be, a lady who should contain within herself parts which make her famous in all those of the earth, such as are,—being beautiful without blemish, stately without haughtiness, amorous with modesty, agreeable from courtesy, courteous from good breeding, and lastly, high of lineage, for the reason that over good blood beauty shines and glows with many more points of perfection than among the fair ones humbly born."

"True," observed the duke, "but Sir Don Quixote must give me leave to say what the history of his exploits which I have read forces me to say; for from them it is to be inferred that, allowing there is a Dulcinea, in El Toboso or out of it, and that she is beautiful in the highest degree, as your wor-
ship has painted her to us,—in the matter of high lineage she is not a match with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, the Madásimas, and others of that breed, of whom the histories are full, that your worship knows so well."

"As to that I may say," answered Don Quixote, "that Dulcinea is the child of her own works; that virtues make up blood, and that the virtuous lowly are more to be regarded and esteemed than the vicious of high degree. Moreover, Dulcinea has an attribute within her which can raise her to be a crowned and sceptered queen, for the merit of a beautiful and virtuous woman extends to the performing of even greater miracles, and though not formally yet in substance she holds stored within her greater fortunes."

"I see, Sir Don Quixote," said the duchess, "that in all your worship says you are very circumspect, and as they say, go with plummet in hand; and I from this henceforth shall believe, and make all of my house believe,—nay, my lord the duke, if it were necessary,—that there is a Dulcinea in El Toboso, that she is living this day, and is lovely and nobly born, and deserving that such a knight as Sir Don Quixote should serve her, which is the greatest compliment I can pay her. But I cannot help entertaining one scruple and bearing I know not what of a grudge against Sancho Panza: the scruple is that the aforesaid history relates that the said Sancho Panza found the lady Dulcinea, when on your worship's behalf he carried to her a letter, winnowing a sack of wheat, and more by token it was red wheat, says the story,—a thing which makes me doubt of the greatness of her lineage."

To which Don Quixote replied:—

"Dear lady, your Highness should know that all or most of the things which befall me go out of the ordinary bounds of those which happen to the knights errant, whether they be directed by the inscrutable will of the fates or ordered by the malice of some envious enchanter, it being a thing now ascertained and proved that, of all or most of the famous knights errant, one is endowed with the gift of not being able to be enchanted, another of being of flesh so impenetrable that he cannot be wounded, as was the famous Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, of whom it is reported
that he could not be wounded save in the sole of his left foot, and that only with the point of a stout pin, and with no other kind of arm whatever. And so when Bernardo del Carpio slew him at Roncesvalles, finding that he could not hurt him with the sword, he lifted him from the ground between his arms and strangled him, recalling then the death which Hercules inflicted on Antæus, that fierce giant who they said was a son of the earth. What I would infer from the aforesaid is that maybe I also have some privilege like those,—not that of being invulnerable, for ofttimes experience has demonstrated to me that I am of soft flesh, and not at all impenetrable; nor that of being proof against enchantment, for I have seen me clapped in a cage, wherein the whole world were not potent enough to enclose me were it not by force of enchantment. But since I freed myself from that I am inclined to believe that there is no other which can harm me; and so these enchanters, seeing that they cannot use their base artifices against my person, avenge themselves upon the things I love best, and would rob me of life by degrading that of Dulcinea by whom I live; and so I believe that when my squire carried her my message they turned her into a peasant girl, occupied in so low an office as that of winnowing wheat; though I have maintained that this wheat was neither red nor wheat at all but grains of Orient pearl, and for proof of this truth I would tell your Highness that while coming a little while ago by El Toboso, I could never find the palace of Dulcinea, and the other day, Sancho, my squire, having seen her in her proper figure, which is the most beautiful on the globe, to me she appeared a peasant woman, coarse and ugly, and not at all well-spoken,—she being the wit of the world. And since I am not nor can be enchanted, according to good judgment, it is she who is enchanted, who is injured and altered, deformed and transformed; and in her have mine enemies avenged themselves on me, and for her shall I live in perpetual tears until I see her in her pristine state. All this I have mentioned lest any should heed what Sancho said of Dulcinea sifting or winnowing, for if they transformed her to me, it is no wonder that they changed her to him. Dulcinea is illustrious and well-born, and of the gentle families in El Toboso, which are many, ancient, and
very excellent; and no doubt the peerless Dulcinea hath no small share of them, for whom her village shall be famous and memorable in future ages, as Troy has been for Helen and Spain for La Cava, though with better title and report. On the other hand, I would have your lordships to understand that Sancho Panza is one of the drollest squires that ever served knight errant. He has at times some simplicities so fine that the guessing of whether he is more simple or cunning causes no small enjoyment. He has rogueries which condemn him for a knave, and indiscretions which confirm him a fool. He doubts of everything, and believes it all. When I imagine he is falling headlong into folly, he emerges with witty things which raise him to heaven. In fine, I would not exchange him for another squire though they were to give me a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt if it were well to send him to the government of that with which your Highness has favored him, though I perceive in him a certain aptitude for this business of governing, which, with a little trimming of the understanding, should make him as apt for any governorship as the king for his taxes; the more as now we know by many experiments that there is not needed either much ability or much learning in order to be a governor, for there are hereabouts a hundred who scarce can read, and govern like so many gersalfons. The main point is to mean well and to desire to do right in everything, for they will never be at a loss for those who will advise and direct them in what they have to do, like the governors who are men of the sword and unlettered, who have assessors to give sentences. I would counsel him neither to take a bribe nor desert the right, and other little matters which lie in my stomach, which shall come out in due time for the use of Sancho and the benefit of the isle he is to govern."

To this point the colloquy had arrived between the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote, when they heard many voices and a great noise of people in the palace, and suddenly Sancho rushed into the hall, all in a fright, with a dish-cloth for a bib, and after him a number of the lads or rather scullions of the kitchen and their underlings, one of whom came with a little trough full of water, which by the color and lack of cleanness appeared to be dish-water. He with the trough
followed up and chased Sancho, trying very earnestly to place and fix it under his beard, and another of the scullions made as if he wanted to wash it.

"What is this, you fellows," asked the duchess; "what is this? What would you do with that good man? What! and don't ye regard that he is a governor elect?"

To which the barber-scullion replied:—

"This gentleman will not let himself be washed, as the custom is, and as the duke my master was washed and the gentleman his master."

"Yes, I will," answered Sancho very wrathfully; "but I would like it to be done with cleaner towels, with whiter soap, and hands not so dirty, for there is not so much difference between me and my master as that they should wash him with angels' water, and me with devils' lye. The customs of the countries and the palaces of princes are so far good as they give no annoyance; but the custom of the washing which is in use here is worse than of the flogging penitents. I am clean i' the beard, and have no need of such like refreshings; and he who shall come to wash me or touch a hair of my head,—I mean of my beard,—speaking with all due respect, I will give him such a douse as shall leave my fist jammed in his skull; for these 'cirimonies' and scrapings look more like flouts than civilities to guests."

The duchess was dying with laughter at witnessing the rage and hearing the words of Sancho, but Don Quixote was not overpleased to see him so foully decked with the towel of many colors and beset by so many retainers of the kitchen; and so, making a profound reverence to the duke and duchess as though he prayed for license to speak, he said to the rabble in a calm voice:—

"Ho, gentlemen cavaliers! Leave ye this lad alone and return whence ye came, or whither else ye may please, for my squire is as cleanly as another, and these troughs are for him narrow-mouthed drinking-cups. Take my advice and let him be, for neither he nor I understand aught of this jesting business."

Sancho caught the word from his master, and proceeded, saying: "Nay, but let them come to make a joke of the stupid bumpkin, for I will stand it as it is now night! Let
them bring a comb here or what they will, and curry me this beard, and if they bring out of it a thing which offends against cleanliness, let them clip me crosswise."

Here the duchess, without ceasing to laugh, exclaimed: "Sancho Panza is right in all he has said, and will be right in all he shall say. He is clean, and, as he says, has no need of being washed, and if our custom does not please him his soul is his own. Besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and negligent,—I know not whether I should say daring,—in bringing before such a personage and such a beard, in place of ewers and basins of pure gold and Holland towels, your wooden troughs and kitchen dish-cloths. But, indeed, you are a sorry, ill-bred crew, and cannot help showing, like reprobates as ye are, the spite you bear toward knight errants' squires."

The scullionly servants, the seneschal too, who was with them, believed the duchess to be speaking in earnest, and so they took the dish-cloth off Sancho's bosom and fled and left him, all abashed and out of countenance.

Sancho, finding himself rid of that which, to his apprehension, was an extreme peril, threw himself on his knees before the duchess, and said: "From great ladies great favors are expected. This which your worship has done me this day cannot be repaid with less than my wishing to see myself dubbed knight errant, so that I may spend all the days of my life in serving so high a lady. A peasant am I; Sancho Panza is my name; I am married; I have children, and I serve as squire. If with any of these things I can serve your Highness, I shall be no longer in obeying than your ladyship in commanding."

"It is easy to see, Sancho," responded the duchess, "that you have learnt to be courteous in the very school of courtesy; it is easily seen, I mean, that you have been reared in the bosom of Sir Don Quixote, who must needs be the cream of compliments and the flower of ceremonies, or 'cirimonies,' as you say. Well be it with such a master and such a servant! the one the cynosure of errant knighthood; the other the star of squirely fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, for I will repay your civilities by making the duke, my lord, bestow on you as speedily as he can the promised boon of the governorship."
With this the conversation ended. Don Quixote went away to take his siesta; but the duchess begged Sancho, if he had no great mind to sleep, to come and pass the afternoon with her and her maids in a very cool chamber. Sancho replied that, though it was true that he was accustomed to sleep some four or five hours in the summer afternoons, he would, to serve her goodness, try with all his might not to sleep that day, and would come in obedience to her commands; and so he went. The duke gave fresh orders that they should treat Don Quixote like a knight errant, without departing in any single point from the style in which, as they tell us, the knights of old were treated.
CHAPTER XXXIII

Of the delectable conversation which passed between the duchess, her damsels, and Sancho Panza; worthy of being read and of being noted

THE history then relates how that Sancho Panza did not take his siesta that day, but went after dinner in fulfilment of his promise to visit the duchess, who, for the pleasure of hearing him, made him sit near her on a low chair, though Sancho, out of pure good breeding, would not take a seat. But the duchess bade him sit as governor and talk as squire, seeing that on both accounts he deserved the very throne of the Cid Ruy Diez, the Campeador. Sancho shrugged his shoulders, obeyed, and seated himself, and all the damsels and duennas of the duchess thronged round him, keeping perfect silence, intent on listening to what he should say. The duchess was the first to speak, saying:

"Now that we are alone, and there is no one by to hear us, I wish sir governor would resolve certain doubts I have, springing out of the history now printed of the great Don Quixote, one of which doubts is that since the good Sancho never saw Dulcinea,—I should say, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso,—nor took her Sir Don Quixote’s letter, it having been left in the pocketbook in the Sierra Morena,—how did he venture to feign the answer, and all that about finding her sifting wheat,—the whole being a jest and lies, and so much to the prejudice of the good reputation of the peerless Dulcinea, and all so unbecoming to the quality and fidelity of a good squire?"

Sancho, without answering a word, rose from his chair, and with stealthy steps, his body bent, and a finger placed to his lips, went all round the room lifting the hangings; this done, he returned to his seat and said:
"Now, my lady, that I have seen that no one is listening to us on the sly, only the bystanders, I will answer your question without fear or dread, and all that should be asked of me; and the first thing I say is, that I take my master Don Quixote to be stark mad, though sometimes he says things which in my opinion—nay, in the opinion of all who hear him—are so wise and leading in so good a track, that Satan himself could not say them better. But yet, truly and without any nicety, I have set him down myself as a lack-brain. Well, having set this down in my imagination, I dare make him believe what has neither head nor feet, like as that was about the answer to the letter, and that which will be a matter of six or eight days gone, which is not yet in the history, to wit, the enchantment of my lady Doña Dulcinea, for I have made him believe she is enchanted, that being no more than over the hills of Ubeda."

The duchess prayed him to tell her of that enchantment or trick, and Sancho recounted it all just as it had passed, from which his audience received no little amusement.

Resuming her discourse, the duchess said: "From what the good Sancho has told me, there has started up in my mind a doubt, and a certain whisper reaches my ears which says to me: 'Since Don Quixote is mad, witless, and crack-brained, and Sancho Panza, his squire, knows it, and yet for all that serves and follows him and relies on his idle promises, he must without doubt be more madman and fool than his master; and this being so, it will be a bad story for thee, my lady duchess, if you give the said Sancho Panza an isle to govern; for he who knows not how to govern himself—how shall he be able to govern others?'

"In faith, lady," cried Sancho, "but this doubt comes to you of proper birth; but let your worship tell it to speak clear, or how it will, for I know that it speaks true, for had I been a knowing one I had left my master days ago. But this is my lot and this my misadventure. I cannot do more; I have to follow him; we are of the same village; I have eaten his bread; I love him well; I am grateful; he gave me his ass colts; and, above all, I am faithful, and so it is impossible for anything to part us save he of the pick and shovel. And if your Highness does not wish that they
should give me the promised governorship, God made me short of it, and maybe the not giving it may be all for the good of my conscience, for I am not so much of a fool as not to understand the proverb which says, ‘for her own hurt had the emmet wings’; and maybe Sancho the squire may go to heaven quicker than Sancho the governor; as good bread is baked here as in France, and by night all cats are gray; and unlucky enough is the man who has not broken fast by two in the afternoon; and there is no stomach bigger by a hand’s breadth than another, which can be filled, as the saying is, with hay and straw; and the little birds of the field have God for their provider and feeder; and four yards of Cuenca baize will warm you more than any four of Segovia broadcloth. On leaving this world and going into the ground under, by as narrow a path goes the prince as the journeyman; nor does the pope’s body fill more feet of soil than the sexton’s, for all that the one is higher than the other, for on going into the pit we have all to shrink and fit, or they make us shrink and fit in spite of us; and goodnight! And I say again that if your ladyship has no mind to give me the isle as being a fool, I will know how to care nothing about it like a wise man; and I have heard say that behind the cross stands the devil, and that all is not gold that glitters, and that from among the oxen, plows, and yokes they took the husbandman Wamba to be king of Spain, and from among the silks and riches and diversions they took Roderick and got him eaten by serpents, if the verses of the old ballad do not lie.”

“How do not lie!” here cried Doña Rodriguez, the duenna, who was one of the listeners; “seeing there is a ballad which says that they put King Roderick all alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards, and that two days after the king cried from within the tomb in a faint and doleful voice:—

“'Now they eat me, now they eat me,
In the part I sinned the most.'

And therefore this gentleman is very right in saying that he had rather be a peasant than a king, if he is to be eaten by vermin.”
The duchess could not contain her laughter at her duenna's simplicity, nor from wondering at the reasonings and the sayings of Sancho, to whom she said: "The good Sancho well knows that what a knight once promises he will try to fulfil, though it should cost him his life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not one of those of errantry, is none the less a knight, and so will keep his word about the promised isle, in spite of the envy and malice of the world. Let Sancho be of good heart, for when he least expects it he will find himself seated on the throne of his isle and in that of his dignity, and he shall handle his governorship, which he will fling away for another of brocade three piles high. What I charge him is this,—to take heed how he governs his vassals, remembering that they are all loyal and well born."

"About that matter of governing them well," answered Sancho, "there is no need to lay any charge on me, for I am charitable by my nature, and have compassion for the poor, and from him who kneads and bakes you shall not steal the cakes, and by my halidom they shall not cog me the dice. I am an old dog and understand their 'tus, tus,' and can wake me betimes, and will not let them put cobwebs on my eyes, for I know where the shoe pinches. This I say, that the good shall have of me a hand and cavity and the evil neither footing nor access. And methinks that in this business of government the beginning is everything; and maybe after a fortnight of governor I shall relish it, and know more about it than of the field-work in which I have been brought up."

"You are right, Sancho," said the duchess, "for no one is born learned, and it is out of men that even bishops are made and not out of stones. But returning to the talk we had a little time ago about the enchanting of the lady Dulcinea, I hold it for a thing sure,—nay, proved,—that Sancho's scheme of putting a jest upon his master and making him believe that the peasant girl was Dulcinea,—and that if his master did not know it was through her being enchanted,—all was the contrivance of some one of these enchanters who persecute Sir Don Quixote. For verily and indeed I know from a good source that the village girl who made the spring on the she ass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso; and that the
worthy Sancho, thinking to be the deceiver, is himself the deceived; and there is no more doubt of this truth than of anything else which we never saw; and let Master Sancho Panza know that we also have enchanters here who like us well and tell us what is passing in the world plainly and simply, without tricks and entanglements. And believe me, Sancho, that the frisky peasant lass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is enchanted as much as the mother who bore her; and when we least think of it we shall see her in her proper figure, and then Sancho shall come out of the delusion in which he lives."

"All that can well be," said Sancho Panza; "and now I am ready to believe what my master tells that he saw in the Cave of Montesinos; where, says he, he saw the lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the same dress and guise in which I said I had seen her when I enchanted her all for my pleasure; and all may be contrariwise, as your worship, my lady, says; for of my poor wits it cannot and should not be presumed that I made up so clever a trick in a moment; nor do I think my master to be so mad as that, on so weak and flimsy a persuasion as mine, he should believe a thing so out of all bounds. But, my lady, it were not well that on that score your goodness should take me to be ill-natured, for a dunce like me is not bound to pierce the designs and the wicked plots of those vile enchanters. I feigned all that to get off a scolding from my master Don Quixote, and with no intention of harming him; and if it has come out contrary, there is a God in heaven who judges hearts."

"That is true," said the duchess; "but now tell me, Sancho, what is this you say about the Cave of Montesinos, for I would be glad to hear it."

Then Sancho Panza related to her, word for word, what has been already told about that adventure. Upon hearing the story, the duchess said:—

"From this incident it may be inferred that since the great Don Quixote says he saw there the very peasant girl whom Sancho saw on coming out of Toboso,—without doubt Dulcinea it is, and that enchanters are going about here, very active and mightily inquisitive."

"That say I, too," quoth Sancho Panza, "and if my lady Dul-
cinco del Toboso is enchanted, it will be the worse for her; nor is it for me to take up with the enemies of my master, who should be many and evil; true though it may be that she I saw was a village wench and for a village wench I took her, and such village wench I judged her to be. And if that was Dulcinea, it has not to be laid to my account nor to run to me, nor a quarrel with me over it. No; let them not come out at every step with their 'ifs' and their 'ands'; 'Sancho said it'; 'Sancho did it'; 'Sancho went and Sancho came,' as though Sancho were some what-d'ye-call-him, and not the same Sancho Panza who is put in the books now through the world forth, as Samson Carrasco told it me, who leastways is a person bachelored by Salamanca; and they are such as cannot lie, except only when they are so disposed or find their account therein. So there is nothing to take me up about; and seeing I have a good repute, and, according to what I have heard my master say, a good name is better than much riches, let them case me with their government and they shall see wonders, for he who has been good squire will be good governor."

"All that the good Sancho has said," quoth the duchess, "are Catonian sentences, or at least drawn out of the very heart of Michael Verino himself ('florentibus occiditannis'). Indeed, indeed, to speak after his own fashion, under an ill cloak may be a good drinker."

"In sooth, my lady," answered Sancho, "not in my life have I drank out of wickedness; for thirst,—it may well be, for I have nothing of the hypocrite in me. I drink when I have the mind to; and when I have not, when they give me drink, not to seem either dainty or ill-bred; for a toast to a friend,—what heart so marble as not to pledge him? And though I like a drop I am not a drunkard, more by token that the squires of knights errant by custom mostly drink water, for they travel always by forests, woods and meadows, mountains and crags, without finding ever a pittance of wine if they gave one of their eyes for it."

"So I believe," said the duchess; "now let Sancho go to his rest, and we will speak by and by more at large, and give orders that he may soon go and be cased, as he calls it, with that government."
Sancho once more kissed the duchess’s hands, and prayed her to do him the favor of having good care taken of his Dapple, for he was the light of his eyes.

“What Dapple is this?” asked the duchess.

“My ass,” answered Sancho; “for not to give him that name I am used to call him Dapple; and I asked this lady duenna here when I came into this castle that she should take care of him, and she was as angry as if I had said she was ugly or old, though it should be more proper and natural for duennas to attend to asses than to bear sway in halls. God save us, how much a gentleman of our village was down upon these ladies!”

“He must have been some clown,” retorted Doña Rodríguez the duenna, “for if he were a gentleman and well born he would have set them higher than the horns of the moon.”

“Now, then,” cried the duchess, “let us have no more of it; peace, Doña Rodríguez, and calm yourself, Master Panza, and leave the entertaining of Dapple to my charge, for being a jewel of Sancho’s I will put him on the apples of my eyes.”

“Enough that he be in the stable,” answered Sancho, “for in the apples of your Highness’s eyes neither he nor I am worthy to lie a single moment; and I would no more consent to it than to stick myself with knives, for though my master says that in civilities one should rather lose by a card more than a card less, in matters of beasts and asses one should go with compass in hand and within measured bounds.”

“Let Sancho take him to the government,” said the duchess, “and there he can be entertained at his will and even be exempted from toil.”

“Let not your Grace, lady duchess, think you have said much,” quoth Sancho, “for I have seen more than two asses go to governorships, and my taking mine will be no new thing.”

Sancho’s words set off the duchess laughing and delighted once more, and sending him to his repose she went to give an account to the duke of all that had passed between them; and between the two they arranged and ordered a jest to be played upon Don Quixote, which was a rare one,—well becoming the style of the chivalries, in which style were got up for him so many, such proper, and such ingenious adventures as were the best which this great history contains.
CHAPTER XXXIV

Which tells of the information they received of how to disenchant the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, which is one of the most famous adventures in this book.

Great was the pleasure which the duke and duchess took in the conversation with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design to play off on them some jests which might bear the face and semblance of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had related to them of the Cave of Montesinos, to prepare a famous one. What the duchess most marveled at was the simplicity of Sancho, who had come to believe as an infallible truth that Dulcinea was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and the trickster in that business. Accordingly, having given directions to their servants as to how they should behave, some six days thence they took Don Quixote to a hunting-party with as great an array of huntsmen and beaters as any crowned king might provide. They gave Don Quixote a hunting-suit and to Sancho also one of fine green cloth; but Don Quixote would not put his on, saying that next day he had to return to the hard exercise of arms, and could not carry wardrobes nor sumpters with him. As for Sancho, he took what they gave him with the intention of selling it on the first possible occasion. The appointed day having arrived, Don Quixote put on his armor and Sancho his new suit, and on top of his Dapple,—which he would not quit though they offered him a horse,—mingled with the troop of huntsmen. The duchess came out bravely accoutered, Don Quixote, out of pure courtesy and gallantry, taking her palfrey's rein, in spite of the duke's resistance; and presently they reached a wood between the lofty mountains, where the stations being taken up and the toils and snares laid down, and the people distributed on their beats,
the hunt began with a great noise and shouting and hallooing, so that they could not hear one another speak for the barking of the hounds and the sound of the horns. The duchess dismounted, and with a sharp hunting-spear in her hand took up her station in an ambush, near where she knew the wild boars were accustomed to pass. The duke and Don Quixote also alighted and posted themselves at her side; Sancho took up a position in the rear of all, without getting off from Dapple, whom he dared not leave lest some mischance should befall him. Scarcely had they got on foot with many others, their attendants, posted on either wing, when they saw coming towards them, hard pressed by the dogs, and followed by the huntsmen, an enormous boar, gnashing his teeth and tusks and tossing the foam from his mouth. At sight of him Don Quixote braced his shield, drew his sword, and advanced to receive him; the same did the duke, with his hunting-spear; but the duchess would have been foremost of them all had not the duke stopped her. Only Sancho, at sight of the furious beast, abandoning Dapple, set off running with all his might; trying to clamber up a tall oak he could not, but when half-way up, struggling to reach the top, he seized hold of a branch, and, as destiny and his ill luck would have it, the branch broke, and in his fall he was caught by a projecting stump of the tree and remained in the air, without being able to come to the ground. Finding himself in this plight and with his green coat tearing off him, and thinking that fierce animal might reach him if he came that way, Sancho began to cry out lustily and to call for help so earnestly that all who heard and did not see him believed that he was between the teeth of some wild beast. The tusked boar was at last laid low by the many javelins leveled at him, and Don Quixote, turning his head round at the cries of Sancho, whom by them he had recognized, saw him hanging from the oak with his head downwards, and Dapple, who never forsook him in his calamity, by his side; —Cid Hamet here observing that he rarely saw Sancho Panza without seeing Dapple, or Dapple without seeing Sancho, such was the friendship and good faith maintained between them. Don Quixote went up and released Sancho, who, when he found himself free and on the ground, looked
at the rent in his hunting-suit and was grieved to the soul, for he thought that he possessed in that garment an inheritance.

They laid the mighty boar upon a sumpter-mule and, covering it with sprigs of rosemary and branches of myrtle, they bore it away as the spoils of victory to some large field-tents which had been pitched in the midst of the wood, in which they found the tables laid and dinner served so grandly and sumptuously as to display the greatness and magnificence of the provider. Showing the rents of his torn coat to the duchess, Sancho remarked:

"Had this been a hunt of hares or little birds, my coat had been safe from this plight. I don't know what pleasure it is to be lying in wait for an animal which, if it gets at you, can rob you of life with his tusk. I remember hearing them sing an old ballad which says:

"'By bears may you be eat, Like Favila the Great.'"

"That was a Gothic king," said Don Quixote, "who, following the chase, was eaten by a bear."

"What I say," quoth Sancho, "is that I would not that your princes and kings should put themselves in such like perils for the sake of a pleasure which methinks is not one, for it consists in the killing of an animal who has done no harm at all."

"But you are mistaken, Sancho," answered the duke, "for the exercise of hunting is of all others the most seemly and necessary to kings and princes. The chase is an image of war; in it there are stratagems, artifices, ambushes, with which to overcome the enemy with safety. In it are endured the rigors of cold and the extreme of heat; idleness and sloth are destroyed; the bodily forces are strengthened; the limbs of him who follows it made supple. In fine, it is an exercise which can be taken with harm to none and to the pleasure of many; and the best thing about it is that it is not for all men, as is that of other kinds of sport, except hawking, which also is for kings and great lords alone. Therefore, Sancho, change your opinion, and when you are governor occupy yourself in the chase, and you will see how one loaf becomes to you as good as a hundred."
“Not so,” answered Sancho; “the good governor and the broken leg keep at home. A fine thing it would be if people on business came to seek him, foot-weary, and he pleasing himself in the woods!—at that rate the government would go to the devil. My faith, sir, hawking and pastimes are more for idlers than governors. That in which I intend to take my diversion is a game of trumps at Easter, and bowls on Sundays and holidays; for hunting and such, they tally not with my temper nor with my conscience.”

“Please God it may be so,” said the duke, “for the saying and the doing there goes much between.”

“Let it be as it will,” replied Sancho, “for to the good paymaster pledges are no pain; and God’s help is better than early rising; and belly carries feet, not feet belly. I mean that if God helps me, and I do what I ought with a good intent, no doubt I shall govern better than a gerfalcon. Nay, but let them put a finger in my mouth and see if I bite or no.”

“God and all His saints confound thee, accursed Sancho!” cried Don Quixote; “when will the day come, as I have often said, when I shall find thee speaking a continuous and connected speech without proverbs? I pray you, my lord and lady, let this blockhead be, for he will grind your souls,—not only between two, but between two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much to the occasion and season as—may God give him health, or me, if I wish to hear them!”

“The proverbs of Sancho Panza,” said the duchess, “though they are more than those of the Greek commander, yet are they not the less to be valued for the conciseness of the sentences. For one, I can say that they give me greater pleasure than others that are better applied and more seasonably introduced.”

With these and such like entertaining talk they left the tent for the wood, and passed the day in visiting the hunters’ posts and ambushes; and now the night fell on them, which was neither so clear nor so calm as the season of the year required, seeing it was midsummer, though it brought with it a certain clear gloom, which helped much the duke’s project. And now, as soon as it was dusk, a little before darkness had set in, suddenly the whole wood appeared to be in a blaze all around, and there were heard all about, from far
and near, trumpets innumerable and other warlike instruments, as though many troops of cavalry were passing through the wood. The light of the fire and the sound of the martial instruments almost blinded the eyes and stunned the ears of the bystanders, even of all who were in the wood. Presently there were heard numberless leilíes, such as the Moors use when they go into battle; the trumpets and clarions blared, the kettle-drums rattled, the fifes squeaked,—nearly all in unison, so continuously and vehemently that he could not have had any senses who did not lose them at the confused din of so many instruments. The duke was dumfounded, the duchess astounded; Don Quixote marvelled, Sancho Panza trembled, and in fine even those who were privy to the secret were struck with awe. Fear held them all silent; when a postilion in the guise of a devil passed in front of them, blowing, in lieu of a cornet, a monstrous hollow ox-horn, which gave forth a hoarse and fearful sound.

"Halloa, brother courier," cried the duke, "who are you? Whither go you, and what warlike gentry are those who seem to be marching through the wood?"

To which the postilion responded in a deep, horrific voice:

"'I am the devil; I go in quest of Don Quixote of La Mancha; the people who come yonder are six troops of enchanters, who upon a triumphal car are bearing the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; enchanted comes the said lady with the gay Frenchman Montesinos, to give instructions to Don Quixote as to how she is to be disenchanted.'"

"If you were the devil, as you say you are, and as your figure declares, you would have known the said knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, for you have him before you."

"'Fore God and my conscience," answered the devil, "I did not look at him, for my mind is distracted by so many things that I forgot the principal one I came about."

"Truth, then," quoth Sancho, "but this devil must be an honest sort of fellow and a right good Christian, else he would not have sworn by God and his conscience; now for my part I hold that even in hell itself there must be some good people."

The devil here, without dismounting, directed his eyes towards Don Quixote and said:—
"To thee, the Knight of the Lions (may I see thee between the jaws of them!), the unhappy but valiant knight Montesinos sends me, bidding me to tell thee to await him in the very spot where I may alight upon thee, because he is carrying with him her whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, to instruct thee as to what is needful for her disenchanting; and my coming here being for nothing else, my stay shall be no more. May devils like me remain with thee, and the good angels with this lordly company!"

So saying, he sounded his monstrous horn, turned his back and went away, without waiting for an answer from anybody. Amazement was rekindled in them all, especially in Sancho and Don Quixote; in Sancho, at seeing that, in spite of the truth, they would have Dulcinea to be enchanted; Don Quixote, through not being able to assure himself whether what had passed in the Cave of Montesinos were true or not. While absorbed in these thoughts the duke said to him:

"Does your worship propose to wait, Sir Don Quixote?"

"Why not?" asked he; "here will I wait, fearless and strong, though all hell should come to assault me."

"But I, if I see another devil and hear another horn like the last, shall wait here as much as in Flanders," quoth Sancho.

By this time the night had grown darker, and many lights began to flit through the wood like as the dry exhalations from the earth glance along the sky, that look like shooting-stars in our eyes. There was heard likewise a dreadful noise, like that which is caused by the ponderous wheels of bullock-wagons, from whose harsh and ceaseless creaking wolves and bears, if there are any in the way, are said to fly. To this turmoil was added another which filled up the measure of the rest, which was as though in the four corners of the wood there were being fought four separate battles or skirmishes, for here sounded the harsh thunder of dreadful artillery; there innumerable muskets were fired off; near at hand there resounded the shouts of men engaged in battle; while at a distance there echoed the Moslem war-cries. In fine, the cornets, the horns, the bugles, the clarions, the trumpets, the kettle-drums, the great guns, the muskets, and,
above all, the fearful creaking of the wagons, made together
a noise so confused and so horrible that Don Quixote had
need to summon up all his heart to endure it. That of San-
cho sank to the earth and sent him swooning into the duch-
ess's skirts, who gave him shelter and promptly bade them
throw water on his face. Having done so, they brought him
to his senses just when a wagon with the jarring wheels
came up to where they were posted. It was drawn by four
slothful bullocks, all covered with black trappings, carrying
on each horn a blazing torch of wax. On the top of the
wagon was placed a lofty seat, on which there came sitting a
venerable old man, with a beard whiter than the very snow,
and so long that it descended below his girdle. He was clad
in a long robe of black buckram, for the wagon being studded
with innumerable lights, it was easy to make out all that it
contained. Two ugly devils guided it, clothed in the same
buckram, with faces so hideous that Sancho, having once
seen them, shut his eyes that he might not look upon them
again. Then the wagon having come up to where they were
standing, the venerable graybeard rose from his tall seat, and
standing up cried with a loud voice: "I am the sage Li-
gancho"; and the chariot passed on without another word.
Behind it came another chariot of the same fashion, with
another old man enthroned, who, making them stop the
chariot, with a voice not less loud than the other cried: "I
am the sage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the Un-
known"; and passed on. Then another chariot appeared of
the same sort, but he who came seated on the throne was not
old, like the others, but a very robust man, of an evil aspect,
who, on coming up, standing on his feet, like the others, ex-
claimed in a voice more harsh and devilish: "I am Arcalu-
us the Enchanter, the mortal enemy of Amadis of Gaul and all
his kin"; and passed on. The three wagons went aside and
halted a little way off, and the harrowing jar of their wheels
cess; and then they heard no other noise but the sound of
sweet concerted music, with which Sancho was gladdened,
taking it for a good omen; whereupon he said to the duchess,
from whom he had not stirred a foot nor an inch: —
"My lady, where there is music there can be no mis-
chief."
"Neither where there are lights and brightness," said the duchess.

To which Sancho made response: —

"The fire gives light, and the bonfires brightness, as we see by those about us, and maybe they will scorch us; but music is always the sign of feasting and merriment."

"That remains to be seen," said Don Quixote, who was listening to all. And he said well, as the following chapter will show.
CHAPTER XXXV

Wherein is continued the information which Don Quixote received respecting the enchantment of Dulcinea; with other wonderful things

KEEPING time with this pleasing music they saw advancing towards them a car, one of those they call triumphal, drawn by six gray mules, covered with white linen; and on each of them there came a penitent also clothed in white, with a lighted waxen taper in his hand. The car was twice, and even three times, as large as the former ones, and in front of it and along the sides were twelve other penitents, white as snow, all with their burning tapers,—a sight at once to amaze and affright; and on a raised throne there came seated a nymph clad in a thousand veils of silver tissue, bespangled with countless leaves of gold tinsel, which made her if not richly at least gorgeously appareled. She had her face enveloped with transparent delicate sendal, in such a wise that without any hindrance from its folds one might discover through them the very lovely countenance of a damsel, and the multitude of lights made it easy to discern her beauty and her age, which seemed not to reach twenty years nor to be under seventeen. Beside her there came a figure clothed to the feet in a robe with a train, his head covered with a black veil. At the moment when the car arrived in front of the duke and duchess and of Don Quixote, the music of the clarions ceased and presently that of the harps and lutes also which were being played on the car; and rising to his feet the figure in the robe threw it apart, and removing the veil from his face disclosed plainly the very shape of Death, raw-boned and grisly, at which Don Quixote was troubled, Sancho terrified, and the duke and duchess put on an aspect of fear. This living Death, standing erect, in a drowsy voice, and with a tongue not quite awake, began to speak as follows:—
"I Merlin am, who, as all histories say,
Had for a father e'en the devil himself
(A lie by length of years now sanctified)
Of magic Prince; of Zoroaster's art
Acknowledged monarch and repository;
Jealous of the ages and the time
Am I, which seek the doughty deeds to cloak
Of bold knights errant whom, in days of yore,
I greatly loved, whom still I greatly love;
And though the general disposition be
Of your magicians and enchanter folk
Morose, austere, and eke malevolent,
Mine's the reverse,—soft, tender, amorous;
In doing good to all is my delight.
In the dark caves below of gloomy Dis,
Where now my soul abides, while fashioning
Some mystic squares and characters, there reached
My pained ears, of beauteous Dulcinea,
Toboso's peerless maid, the doleful plaint;
I learnt of her enchantment and mishap,
And of her change from high-bred lady to
A rustic village maiden; I with her
Consoled, and caged my soul within this fell
And hideous skeleton, and after searching
A hundred thousand books of my vile craft
Of devil, I am come to give relief,
Such as befits a woe so deep, and ill so great.
O Thou! the glory and the pride of all
The vests of steel and adamant who wear!
Light, beacon, pilot, guide, and cynosure
Of such as, base sleep and sloth abandoning
And feather beds luxurious, adopt
The use and exercise inflexible
Of sanguinary and laborious arms!
To thee I speak, Great Hero! ever praised,
Ne'er to be praised enough! To thee, Quixote,—
As wise as thou art brave,—to thee I say,
La Mancha's glory and Hispania's star,
That for Toboso's peerless Dulcinea
Her pristine form and beauty to regain,
Needful it is that Sancho Panza squire
Should deal himself three thousand and three hundred
Stripes, on all his sturdy body to the air
Discovered; and laid on in such a wise
That they shall make him smart, and sting and tease him;
On this are all resolved,—all they that are
The authors of her sad calamity,
And for this, my lords and ladies, am I come."
"By the Lord," exclaimed Sancho at this, "not to say three thousand, I will just as soon give myself three stripes as three stabs with a dagger! The devil take this manner of disenchanting! I don't see what I have to do with enchantings. By God, then, if Master Merlin has not found out another way how to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted she may go to her burying."

"I will take you, Don Clown stuffed with garlic," cried Don Quixote, "and bind you to a tree naked as your mother bore you, and not three thousand three hundred do I say, but six thousand six hundred lashes I will give you, so well laid on that you will not be able to pull them off in three thousand three hundred tugs; and answer me not a word, for I will tear out your heart!"

On hearing this Merlin said: "It must not be so; for the stripes which the good Sancho has to receive must be of his own free will and not by force, and at what time he may please, for there is no term fixed; but it is permitted to him that, if he is willing to redeem one half the infliction of this whipping, he can let it be done by another hand, be it a little weighty."

"Neither another hand nor my own, nor one weighty or for weighing," replied Sancho; "not any hand at all shall touch me! My master, indeed, — for he's a part of her, since he calls her at every turn my life, my soul,— his stay and prop; — he is able and bound to whip himself for her, and take all the pains needed for her disenchanting; but I, to lash myself? — I pronounce."

Hardly had Sancho done speaking, when, rising to her feet, the silvered nymph, who rode by the side of the ghost of Merlin, removing the thin veil from off her face, discovered one which appeared to all beautiful beyond excess; and with a virile assurance and in no very lady-like voice, addressing herself directly to Sancho Panza, said: —

"O wretched squire — with the soul of a pitcher, the heart of a cork-tree, and bowels of gravel and flintstones! If they commanded thee, shameless thief! to fling thee from some tall tower to the ground; if they bade thee, enemy of the human race! to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards and three of snakes; if they desired thee to kill thy wife and thy children with some sharp and murderous simitar, it were no
marvel hadst thou shown thyself squeamish and stubborn; but to make a fuss about three thousand and three hundred stripes, which there is no charity boy, however puny, who does not get every month,—amazes, confounds, stupefies the compassionate bowels of all who hear it, nay, even those of all who will hear it in course of time. Cast, O miserable, hard-hearted animal,—cast, I say, thy startled owl's eyes upon the pupils of these of mine, which have been compared to glittering stars, and thou shalt see them weeping tears, drop by drop and lump by lump, making furrows, roads, and paths over the fair fields of my cheeks. Let it move thee, knavish and ill-conditioned monster, that my blooming youth which is still in its teens,—for I am nineteen and have not reached twenty,—is being wasted and withered under the coarse rind of a rustic peasant wench; and if now I don't look like one, it is a special favor done me by the lord Merlin, who is here present, solely that my beauty may soften thee; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton and tigers into sheep. Lay on, lay on to that thick hide of thine, thou great untamed beast, and rouse from sluggishness that spirit which inclines thee to eat and still to eat, and set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my temper, and the beauty of my face. And if for me thou wilt not relent, or come to any reasonable terms, do so for the sake of that poor knight thou hast beside thee,—for thy master's sake, I say, whose soul I see even now sticking crosswise in his throat not ten fingers from his lips, which awaits but thine answer, harsh or kind, either to come up by the mouth or return into his stomach."

Don Quixote felt his throat on hearing this, and turning to the duke, said:

"'Fore God, sir, but Dulcinea has spoken true, for I have my soul here stuck in my gullet, like the nut of a crossbow."

"What do you say to this, Sancho?" asked the duchess.

"I say, my lady," answered Sancho, "what I said before, that for the stripes I pronounce them."

"'Renounce' you should say, Sancho, and not as you say it," quoth the duke.

"Let me alone, your Highness," replied Sancho, "for I am not now in a mind to look into niceties nor a letter more or less, for these stripes they have to give me, or I to give my-"
self, so bother me that I know not what I say or what I do. But I would like to know from this lady here, the Lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learnt this way of begging she has. She comes to ask me to lay open my flesh with lashes, and calls me 'soul of pitcher' and 'great untamed beast,' with a long tale of bad names, which may the devil bear. Is my flesh, by any chance, of brass, or is it aught to me whether she is disenchanted or not? What hamper of white linen, of shirts, handkerchiefs, and socks,—not that I use them,—brings she with her to soften me, but only one piece of abuse after another, knowing the proverb hereabout which says that 'an ass laden with gold goes lightly up a mountain'; and that 'gifts break rocks'; and 'praying to God and plying the hammer'; and 'that one take is better than two I-give-thees'? Then comes sir my master, who should be stroking me down the neck and soothing me, that I might make myself wool and carded cotton, and he says, if he catches me he will bind me naked to a tree and double the stake of lashes; and these tender-hearted gentlemen should consider that it is not merely a squire they are ordering to whip himself, but a governor, as who should say, drink with your cherries. Let them learn,—a plague take them,—let them learn to know how to ask and how to beg, and how to have manners; for all times are not the same, nor are people always in a good humor. Just now I am ready to burst with grief at seeing my green coat all torn, and they come to ask me to whip myself of my own free will, I being as likely for it as for turning Cacique."

"In truth, then, friend Sancho," said the duke, "if you do not soften yourself into something more than a ripe fig you shall not have hold of the government. A pretty thing it were for me to send to my insulars a cruel governor, of flinty bowels, who will not bend to the tears of afflicted damsels, nor to the entreaties of wise, potent and antique enchanters and sages. In fine, Sancho, either you must whip yourself or they have to whip you, or you shall not be governor."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "will they not give me two days' time to consider of what is best for me?"

"No, by no means," said Merlin; "here, this moment and on this spot, has to be settled the issue of this business. Either
Dulcinea will return to the Cave of Montesinos and to her former state of peasant girl, or in the condition she is she will be carried to the Elysian fields, where she will wait until the number of the whippings is completed.”

“Come, good Sancho,” said the duchess, “be of good heart, and make a good return for the bread you have eaten of Sir Don Quixote, whom we are all bound to serve and to please for his worthy disposition and for his exalted chivalries. Say ‘Yes,’ my son, to this whipping, and let the devil away to the devil and fear to the mean of soul, for a good heart breaks bad luck, as you well know.”

To this Sancho made no response except by some words off the matter, for addressing himself to Merlin he asked:—

“Will your worship, Sir Merlin, tell me this — when the postilion-devil came here with a message from Sir Montesinos, bidding him wait here for him, for that he was coming to make arrangements for the disenchanting of the lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso, and yet up to now we have not seen Montesinos nor his like?”

To which Merlin replied:—

“The devil, friend Sancho, is a blockhead, and a very great scoundrel. I sent him in search of your master, but with no message from Montesinos, but from me, for Montesinos is in his cave expecting, or rather awaiting, his own disenchantment; for there is yet the tail to skin for him. If he owes you anything, or you have any business to transact with him, I will bring him to you, and set him where you please; and for the present decide on giving your consent to this penance; and believe me it will be of much profit both for your soul and for your body; for your soul, because of the charity with which you will perform it; for your body, because I know that you are of a sanguine complexion, and it can do you no harm to draw from you a little blood.”

“Many doctors there are in the world,—even the enchanters are doctors,” replied Sancho; “but since they all tell me so,—though I don’t see it myself,—I say that I am agreeable to give myself the three thousand and three hundred lashes, on condition that I give them whenever I please, without their fixing of days and times; and I will try to wipe off this debt as quickly as possible, that the world may enjoy the
beauty of the lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso, as it appears, contrary to what I thought, that in fact she is beautiful. It must be a condition, also, that I am not to be bound to draw blood from me with the flogging, and that, if any of the lashes only frighten the flies, they shall be taken into the account. Item, that if I mistake in the number, Sir Merlin, as he knows everything, shall take care to keep count, and let me know of those that fall short or are over the number."

"There will be no need to inform you of those that are superfluous," answered Merlin, "for on coming to the exact number the lady Dulcinea will at once and instantly become disenchanted, and will come full of gratitude in quest of the good Sancho, and give him thanks — nay, rewards for his good work. Therefore you have not to be particular about lashes too many or too few; and Heaven forbid that I should deceive any one, even in a hair of his head."

"Well, then, in God's hand be it," said Sancho; "I consent to my ill fortune; I say, that I accept the penance, with the conditions agreed to."

Hardly had Sancho uttered these last words when the music of the clarions once more struck up, and a countless number of muskets were discharged; and Don Quixote threw himself on Sancho's neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the forehead and on the cheeks. The duke and duchess and all the bystanders manifested signs of the greatest satisfaction, and the car began to move on; and as she passed the beauteous Dulcinea bowed her head to the ducal pair, and made a profound courtesy to Sancho.

And now the glad and smiling morn came on apace; the flowerets of the field raised their heads and pranked themselves, and the liquid crystals of the brooks, murmuring over the white and gray pebbles, ran to pay their tribute to the expectant streams; the joyous earth, the clear sky, the limpid air, the serene light,— each and all together gave manifest tokens that the day which came treading on the skirts of the dawn would be calm and bright. Pleased with the chase and with having carried out their design so cleverly and happily, the duke and duchess returned to the castle with the intention of following up the jest, for to them there was no earnest that gave them more pleasure.
CHAPTER XXXVI

Wherein is related the strange and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted duenna, otherwise the Countess Trifaldi; with a letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his wife Theresa Panza

IT was a steward the duke had, of a sportive and nimble wit, who had played the part of Merlin, and arranged the whole plan of the late adventure, and who wrote the verses, making a page represent Dulcinea. And now, with the connivance of his master and mistress, he prepared another design, the most diverting and strange that could be conceived.

The next day the duchess inquired of Sancho whether he had commenced the penance he had to perform for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. He replied "Yes," and that the same night he had given himself five stripes. The duchess asking him with what, he replied, with his hand.

"That," said the duchess, "is giving yourself rather slaps than stripes. I am of opinion that the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy. Honest Sancho must needs get him a scourge of prickles, or a plaited cat-o'-nine-tails, which shall make him feel, for it is with the blood the letter enters, and one must not make the freeing of so great a lady as Dulcinea so cheap; and take heed, Sancho, that works of charity which are performed coldly and feebly have no merit nor avail anything."

To which Sancho made answer: "Let your ladyship give me a scourge or proper rope's end, that I may lay on myself with it so that it does not hurt too much, for you must know that, though a rustic I am, there is more of soft cotton than tough rush in my flesh, and 'twere not well that I should undo myself for another's good."

"Well and good," answered the duchess, "to-morrow I will give you a switch which will fit you exactly, and match
with the tenderness of your flesh as if they were own sisters."

Then said Sancho: "Know, your Highness, dear lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife, Theresa Panza, giving her an account of all that has happened to me since I parted from her. I have it here in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription. I could wish your wisdom would read it, for methinks it runs in the style of governor,—I mean in the way after which governors ought to write."

"And who dictated it?" asked the duchess.

"Who but I, this very sinner," answered Sancho.

"And did you write it?" inquired the duchess.

"Not I, indeed," answered Sancho, "for I can neither write nor read, though I can make my mark."

"Let us see it," said the duchess, "for I warrant me you show in it the excellence and fulness of your wit."

Sancho took an open letter from his bosom and handing it to the duchess, she saw that it ran in this wise:—

"Letter of Sancho Panza to Theresa his wife

"If it is a good whipping they were giving me, it is a fine mount I have: if a good governorship I have, good stripes it cost me. That thou wilt not understand now, my Theresa; thou wilt learn it another time. Thou must know, Theresa, that I am determined thou shalt ride in a coach, which is the regular thing, for every other way of going is going as the cats go. A governor's wife thou art, see if anybody treads on thy heels. I send thee here a green hunting-suit, which my lady the duchess gave me; turn it so as to serve for a skirt and body to our daughter. Don Quixote, my master, I hear them say in this country, is a sensible madman and a droll idiot, and that I am no whit behind him. We have been into the Cave of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has got me to help him for the disenchanting of Dulcinea del Toboso, who over there is called Aldonza Lorenzo. With three thousand three hundred stripes, less five, which I have to give myself, she will become disencharnted like the mother who bore her. Thou wilt say nothing of this to any one, for take your affair to
council and some will say it is white and others it is black. A few days hence I start for the governorship, whither I go with a mighty desire to make money, and they tell me all new governors set out with this same desire. I will feel the pulse of it and advise thee whether thou art to come and be with me or not. Dapple is well and commends himself to you, and I intend not to leave him behind though they should carry me away to be Grand Turk. The duchess my lady sends thee a thousand kisses of the hand; send her back the return with two thousand, for there is nothing which costs less nor comes cheaper, as my master says, than fair civilities. God has not been good enough to provide me with another valise with other hundred crowns, like that of yore; but don't let that vex thee, Theresa dear, for he is safe who sounds the bell, and 'twill all come out in the wash in the government. Only this troubles me greatly, what they say, that if once I get the taste I shall eat my hands after it, and if so it were, it would not come very cheap to me, though the maimed and the handless have a benefice out of the alms they beg. So by one way or another thou shalt be rich and in good luck. God give it thee as He can and help me to serve thee. From this castle, the 20th of July, 1614.

"Thy husband the governor,

"Sancho Panza."

Having finished reading the letter, the duchess said to Sancho:—

"In two things the good governor goes a little astray: the one is in saying, or letting it be understood, that this governorship has been bestowed on him in return for the stripes he has to give himself, — he knowing what he cannot deny, that when the duke my lord promised it to him, no one dreamt of there being stripes in the world. The other is, that he shows himself herein to be very covetous, and I would not have him be one thing when I look for another, and greediness bursts the bag, and the covetous governor makes justice misgoverned."

"I did not mean all that, my lady," said Sancho; "and if your worship thinks that the letter does not run as it should,
it is but only to tear it up and make a new one, and maybe it will be a worse one, if it's left to my noodle."

"No, no," replied the duchess, "this one is good, and I want the duke to see it."

Upon this they went out into a garden, where they were to dine that day. The duchess showed the duke Sancho's letter, with which he was highly delighted. They dined, and after the cloth had been removed and they had entertained themselves a good while with Sancho's savory conversation, on a sudden they heard the melancholy piping of a fife, and the harsh beating of a drum out of tune. They all seemed discomposed with the confused, warlike, and dismal harmony, especially Don Quixote, who could not keep his seat for pure excitement. Of Sancho it is needless to say that fear took him to his accustomed refuge, which was the side or the skirts of the duchess, for verily and truly the sound they heard was most tragic and doleful. And as they were all in this suspense they saw enter by the garden in front two men clad in mourning robes, so long and flowing that they trailed along the ground, who came beating two big drums draped with black. By their side came the fifer, also pitchy black. These three were followed by a personage of gigantic frame, cloaked rather than clad in a jet-black gown, which trailed a monstrous length behind. Over the gown was girt and suspended a broad baldric, also black, whence hung a prodigious simitar with sheath and garniture all black. His face was hidden under a transparent black veil, through which showed a very long beard, white as snow. He kept step to the sound of the drums with great gravity and composure. In fine, his bulk, his stately port, his blackness, and his accompaniments might well (as they did) have caused all them to be amazed who looked on him and did not know who he was. With this slow and ceremonious pace he advanced and sank on his knees before the duke, who, with the rest who were there, awaited him standing; but the duke would in no wise suffer him to speak till he had risen. The prodigious apparition then rose, and standing to his feet raised the veil from his face, and disclosed the longest, whitest, and bushiest beard which till then human eyes had ever beheld, and anon he
wrenched out and unloosed from his ample and expanded breast a grave and sonorous voice, and fixing his eyes on the duke said: —

"Most exalted and puissant sir, my name is Trifaldin of the White Beard. I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Dolorous Duenna, on whose behalf I bear a message to your Highness, and it is that your magnificence should be pleased to give her faculty and license to enter and tell you of her distress, which is one of the most strange and the most wonderful which the most distressed imagination in the world can imagine. And first she desires to know if in your castle there abides the valorous and unconquered knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, in quest of whom she has come afoot and without breaking fast from the kingdom of Candaya to this your realm, a thing which can and should hold to a miracle or the force of enchantment. She waits at the gate of this fortress or country-house, and attends only your good pleasure to enter. I have spoken."

Then he coughed and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both hands, and with much composure stood waiting for the duke's response, who said: —

"It is now many days, good Squire Trifaldin, since we have received notice of the ill plight of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanters have caused to be called the Dolorous Duenna. You are right welcome to tell her, stupendous squire, that she may enter, and that here stands the valiant knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, from whose generous disposition she can safely promise herself every aid and every relief. And likewise you can say to her on my part that if my help is necessary to her it shall not be lacking, for I am bound to give it to her by my knighthood, to which pertains and is annexed the favoring of every sort of women, in especial widowed ladies in sorrow and distress, such as her ladyship should be."

On hearing this Trifaldin bent a knee to the ground, and then giving a sign to the fife and drums to strike up, to the same tune and at the same pace he had entered, he turned to depart from the garden, leaving them all amazed at his presence and figure. Turning to Don Quixote, the duke exclaimed: —
"In fine, renowned knight, neither the clouds of malice nor of ignorance are able to veil and obscure the light of valor and of virtue. This I say, because it is scarce six days that your goodness has been in this castle, and already they come to seek you from far-off and remote lands, and that not on coaches or on dromedaries but on foot and fasting,—the sorrowful, the afflicted,—confident that they will find in that mighty arm the remedy for their distresses and troubles, thanks to your great achievements, which have run through and do circle the whole discovered earth."

"I would wish, sir duke," answered Don Quixote, "that there were present here that blessed man of religion who at table the other day showed so ill a feeling and malignant a grudge against knights errant, that he might see with his own eyes whether such knights are needed in the world; that he might be sensible at least that those afflicted and desolate in any extraordinary measure, in great cases and in supreme misfortunes, do not go to look for their remedy to the houses of the learned, nor to those of village sacristans, nor to the knight who has never ventured out of the bounds of his town, nor to the lazy courtier, who rather goes in search of news to repeat and tell than endeavors to perform deeds and exploits such as others may tell and write. The remedy for distresses, the relief in necessities, the succoring of damsels, the counseling of widows, in no sort of persons can be found better than in knights errant; and that I am one I give infinite thanks to God, regarding as well spent whatever trouble or hardship can befall me in this most honorable profession. Let this duenna come and ask me for what she will, for I will effect her relief by the strength of my arm and the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit."
CHAPTER XXXVII

In which is continued the famous adventure of the Dolorous Duenna

THE duke and duchess were extremely delighted to see how excellently Don Quixote responded to their purpose; but here Sancho exclaimed:—

"I should not like this lady duenna to be putting any block on the promise of my government, for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo say, who talked like a linnet, that where duennas came in there could never be good thing. God's my life, and how hard he was with them, that apothecary! From which I gather that, since all duennas are mischief-makers and impertinent, of whatever kind or quality they may be, what shall those be who are afflicted, as they say is this Countess Thrice-tails — in my country, skirts and tails — tails and skirts — all's one."

"Peace, Sancho friend," said Don Quixote, "for since this lady duenna comes from lands so remote in quest of me, she cannot be one of those of the apothecary's reckoning; more by token that she is a countess, and when countesses serve as duennas it will be in the service of queens and empresses, and in their own houses they are very ladies, who are served by other duennas."

To this Doña Rodriguez, who was present, made answer: —

"My lady the duchess hath duennas in her service which, if fortune had pleased, might well be countesses, but the laws go where the kings will; and let none speak ill of duennas, especially of those who are old. The squires are always our enemies, for seeing they are the elves of the ante-chambers and see us at every turn, the times they are not saying their prayers (which are many) they spend in tattling about us, digging our bones up and burying our good name. But I tell them, these moving logs, that, in spite of their teeth, we shall live in the world and in the houses of the quality,
though we die of hunger and cover our bodies, delicate or not delicate, with black nuns' weeds, as who should cover or cloak a dung-heap with a piece of tapestry on procession day. My faith, if I were allowed and the time demanded, I would let them know, not only those present but all the world, that there is no virtue which is not contained in a duenna.”

“I believe,” remarked the duchess, “that my good Doña Rodriguez is right, and very much so. But it behooves her to bide the time for standing up for herself and the other duenas, to refute the ill opinion of that base apothecary and root out that which the great Sancho Panza has in his breast.”

To this Sancho replied: “Since I have had a sniff of governor the cobwebs of squire have left me, and I do not care a wild fig for all the duennas that are.”

They would have gone further with this duennesque colloquy had they not heard the fife and drums sound once more, by which they learnt that the Dolorous Duenna was approaching. The duchess asked the duke whether it would not be right to go and receive her, seeing she was a countess and a person of quality.

“For what she has of countess,” said Sancho, — before the duke could reply, — “I am for your Highness going out to receive her; but for what she has of duenna, I am of opinion you should not move a step.”

“Who set thee to meddle in this, Sancho?” said Don Quixote.

“Who, sir?” answered Sancho; “I meddle, as I am able to meddle, as a squire who has learnt the rules of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the most courteous and well-bred knight there is in all courtiership; and in these things, as I have heard your worship say, one may lose as much by a card more as by a card less; and to a good hearer few words.”

“It is as Sancho says,” said the duke; “let us see the shape of the countess, and by that we shall measure the courtesy due to her.”

And now the drums and the fife came in as before. — And here the author brought this short chapter to an end and began another, pursuing the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the story.
CHAPTER XXXVIII

Wherein is recounted what the Dolorous Duenna told of her misadventure

In the rear of the melancholy musicians there began to appear, in the garden beyond, some duennas to the number of twelve, divided into two files, all clothed in ample nuns' habits seemingly of milled serge, with white hoods of fine muslin, so long that only the hem of their robes could be seen beneath. Behind them came the Countess Trifaldi, whom the squire Trifaldin of the White Beard led by the hand, clothed in finest black baize, unnapped, which had the nap been raised would have showed each grain of the bigness of one of the good Martos chick-peas. The tail, or skirt, or what they please to call it, was of three points, which were borne in the hands of three pages also clothed in mourning, making a handsome mathematical figure with the three acute angles which three points formed, by which all who looked at the sharp-pointed skirt recognized that it was because of it she was called the Countess Trifaldi, as who should say the "Countess of the Three Skirts"; and this Benengeli says was true, for of her proper appellation she was called the Countess "Lobuna," because in her country were bred many wolves; and that if instead of wolves they had been foxes, they would have named her the Countess "Zorruna," it being a custom in those parts for the proprietors to take their names from the thing or things in which their estates most abounded; but this countess, out of compliment to her new fashion of skirt, dropped the "Lobuna" and took the "Trifaldi." The twelve duennas and the lady advanced at a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, not transparent like Trifaldin's, but so thick that they showed nothing through them. As soon as the duenna squadron came into full view, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote
stood up, as well as all who were regarding the leisurely procession. The twelve duennas halted and made a lane, through the middle of which the Dolorous One advanced without letting go the hand of Trifaldin. Seeing this the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote went forward about twelve paces to receive her. She, sinking on her knees to the ground, cried in a voice more coarse and rough than soft and delicate: "May it please your Highnesses not to offer so much courtesy to this your waiting-man, — woman, I should say, — for as I am the Dolorous One I cannot respond as I ought, for the reason that my strange and unheard-of misfortune has carried off my wits I know not whither, and it must be very far off, for the more I look for them the less I find them."

"'Tis he should be lacking them, lady countess," answered the duke, who should not by your person discover your worth, which, without more to see, is deserving of all the cream of courtesy and all the flower of the politest ceremonies." And raising her by the hand he took her to be seated on a chair by the duchess, who also received her with much politeness. Don Quixote remained silent, while Sancho was dying to see the face of the Trifaldi and one or two of her numerous damsels; but it was not possible, till they uncovered themselves of their own will and accord. All kept quiet and stood by in silence, waiting to see who should break it, which the Dolorous Duenna did, in these words: —

"Confident am I, most puissant lord, loveliest lady, and discreetest company, that my wretchedness will find in your most valiant bosoms a reception no less pleasing than generous and doleful, for it is one enough to melt marble and soften adamant and to mollify the steel of the most hardened hearts in the world. But before it is made public to your hearing, not to say your ears, I would that ye made me cognizant of whether there is, in this society, circle, and company, that stainlessest knight Don Quixote of La Manchissima and his squireliest Panza."

"The Panza," said Sancho — before any one else could reply, — "is here, and the Don Quixotissimo likewisissimo, and therefore, Duenissima Dolorissima, you can say what you wouldissimo, for we are all ready and preparedissimo to be your servantissimuses."
Thereupon Don Quixote rose to his feet, and directing his discourse to the Dolorous Duenna said:—

"If your distresses, anguished lady, can promise themselves any hope of relief through any valor and might of any knight errant, here mine are, which, though small and feeble, shall all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote, whose business it is to succor any species of the necessitous; and since this is so you have no need, lady, to sue for benevolences or to hunt for preambles, but plainly and without circumlocution declare your grievances, for those who hear them will know how — if not to relieve them, to condole with them."

Hearing this the Dolorous Duenna made as if she would fling herself at Don Quixote's feet, and did indeed fall down and strive to embrace them, crying:—

"Before these feet and these legs I prostrate myself, O unconquered knight! for here are the pedestals and columns of knight-errantry. These feet I would kiss, from whose steps depend and hang all the remedy of my distress. O valorous errant! whose veritable deeds outstrip and eclipse the fabled ones of the Amadises, the Esplandians, and the Belianises!"

And quitting Don Quixote she turned to Sancho Panza, and seizing him by the hands exclaimed:—

"O thou, the loyalest squire that ever served knight errant in past or present ages, whose goodness stretches further than the beard of Trifaldin, my attendant here at hand! Well mayest thou prize thyself, that in serving the great Don Quixote thou servest compendiously the whole troop of knights who have handled arms in the world! I conjure thee by what thou owest to thy most trusty goodness to be my kind interpreter with thy master, that he may immediately favor this, the humblest, and woefulest of countesses!"

To which Sancho made response:—

"As to my goodness, dear lady, being so long and large as the beard of your squire, it signifies little to me. Let me but have my soul bearded and whiskered when from this life I go; that is the point, for of beards here below I care little or nothing. But without these clawings and cravings I will ask my master (and I know he loves me well, especially now that
he has need of me for a certain business) to favor and help your grace in all he can. Let your grace unload you of your distress and give us the tale of it; and leave us to manage it, for we all understand one another."

The duke and duchess were bursting with laughter at all this, as they who knew the gist of this adventure, and to themselves they praised the cunning and artful management of the Trifaldi, who, returning to her seat, spoke as follows:

"Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between great Trapobana and the Southern Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, was mistress the Queen Doña Maguncia, widow of the King Archipiela, her lord and husband, of which marriage they had born unto them the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom, which said Infanta Antonomasia was bred and grew up under my tutelage and teaching, I being the most ancient and chiepest of her mother's duennas. It happened then, that, as the days went and the days came, the child Antonomasia did reach the age of fourteen years, and such great perfection and beauty that nature could not mount it a point higher. Nor was it her wit, let me say, that was childlike. She was as witty as she was fair, and she was the fairest of all in the world; and is so still, if the envious fates and the inflexible sisters have not cut her thread of life. But sure they will not have,— for the heavens could not permit such evil to be done on earth, as that there should be carried off in its crudity a cluster of the loveliest vine of the soil. Of this—not-as-it-ought-to-be-praised by my dull tongue—beauty were enamored an infinite number of princes, both native and foreign, among whom there dared to lift his thoughts to the heaven of so much loneliness a private knight there was at court, trusting in his youthfulness and gallantry, and in his numerous graces and accomplishments and the facility and felicity of his wit. For I would have your grandeurs to know, if I do not weary you, that he could touch a guitar so that he made it speak, and more, that he was a poet and a great dancer, and knew how to make bird cages, by which alone he could get his living, were he reduced to extreme need;— and all these parts and graces are enough to uproot a
mountain, not to say a delicate maiden. But all his gentleness and his good manners, all his graces and capabilities, would have been of little or no avail in reducing the fortress of my child, had not the impudent thief resorted to the expedient of reducing me first. The miscreant and impious vagabond first sought to gain my good-will and to suborn my inclination, so that I, bad custodian, might deliver to him the keys of the fortress I guarded. In short, he inveigled my fancy and forced my consent, by I know not what of toys and trinkets he presented me with. But what chiefly upset me and brought me to the ground was some verses which I heard him sing one night, as I was at a grated window which looked into a narrow street where he was posted — running thus if I remember rightly:—

"The sweet my foe from whom hath come
The dart which this fond bosom slays,
For greater torment on me lays
That I must suffer and be dumb."

The ditty seemed to me pearls, and his voice sirup, and after that, I mean from that time, considering the harm into which I fell by these and such like verses, I have concluded that from good and well-ordered commonwealths they should banish poets, as Plato advised, for they turn you some couplets, not like those of the Marquess of Mantua, which delight men and children and make them cry, but pointed things, which, like smooth thorns, pierce your soul and wound you like lightning there, leaving your vesture whole. "And again he sang:—

"Come, Death, so stealthily to me
That I may never feel thee nigh;
Or else such joy I'll have to die
That, Life, again I'll cling to thee."

And in this kind other verselets and refrains, which being sung enchant and being written ravish. And then, when they stoop to compose a sort of verse which in Candaya was then in fashion, which they call 'seguidillas,' then was your dancing of souls, the titillation of laughter, the perturbation of the body, and, in fine, the quicksilvering of the senses!
And, therefore, I say, gentlemen, that such songsters ought, with just title, to be expelled to the islands of lizards. But theirs is not the fault so much as of the simpletons who praise them, and the foolish women who believe them; and were I the good duenna I ought to be, his stale conceits might not have moved me, nor could I have believed to be truth such phrases as 'Dying I live'; 'In frost I burn'; 'In fire I shiver'; 'Hopeless I hope'; 'Go and stay'; with other impossibilities of that kind of which their writings are full. And then, when they promise the Phenix of Arabia; the crown of Ariadne; the horses of the Sun; pearls of the South; the gold of Tiber; the Balsam of Pancaya! 'Tis here where they most indulge their pens, seeing that it costs them little to promise that which they never intend nor are able to perform. But whither am I digressing? Woe is me, unhappy one! What madness, what folly, leads me to recount the faults of others, having so much of my own to speak about? Woe is me, the luckless one, again! For it was not the verses which seduced me, but my own silliness; it was not music which melted me, but my own levity; my exceeding ignorance and my little caution opened the road and made easy the path to the approaches of Don Clavijo, for that is the name of the aforesaid cavalier; and so, I being the go-between, he found himself once and a great many times in the chamber of the—not by him but by me—beguiled Antonomasia, under the color of lawful spouse, for, sinner that I was, I would not have allowed him to come near the edge of the sole of her slipper without being her husband. There was only one hitch in this business, which was that of the disparity of rank—Don Clavijo being a private gentleman, and the Infanta Antonomasia heiress, as I have said, of the kingdom. For some time the matter was covered and hidden by my cunning management, till it seemed to me that it was being revealed apace by a rumor spread abroad which made us three take counsel together, and we decided that Don Clavijo should ask Antonomasia for wife before the vicar, on the strength of a contract of marriage the princess had given him, worded by my ingenuity, and so strongly that Samson himself could not break it. These measures were taken; the contract was shown the vicar; the vicar took the princess's confession;
she confessed all openly; she was ordered to be placed under the custody of a very honorable bailiff of the court.”

Here Sancho exclaimed: “In Candaya, too, — are there court bailiffs, poets, and ‘seguidillas’? By that I swear I think the whole world is one. But pray you, my lady Trifaldi, make haste, for it is late, and I am dying to know the end of this long story.”

“Aye, that I will,” answered the countess.
CHAPTER XXXIX

Wherein the Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable story

WITH every word that Sancho spoke the duchess was as much delighted as Don Quixote was annoyed, and bidding him be silent the Dolorous One proceeded, saying:—

“At last, after much questioning and answering, as the princess stuck to her resolve, without departing or varying from her first declaration, the vicar gave a decision in favor of Don Clavijo and delivered her to him for his lawful wife, at which Queen Doña Maguncia, mother of the Infanta Antonomasia, was so vexed that within three days we buried her.”

“She must have died, no doubt,” observed Sancho.

“That is clear,” replied Trifaldin, “for in Candaya living persons are not buried,—only the dead ones.”

“It has happened before now, sir squire,” retorted Sancho, “that they bury one in a swoon, believing him to be dead; and it seemed to me that the Queen Maguncia was bound to swoon rather than die, for with life many things can be remedied and the Infanta’s giddiness was not so great as to force them to feel it so much. Had that lady married some page of hers, or other servant of the house, as many others have done, so I have heard tell, the mischief had been without remedy; but the marrying with a cavalier so genteel and so clever as they have here described him to us, indeed and indeed, though it was a folly, it were not so great as they think; for according to the rules of my master, who is here present and will not let me lie, just as they make bishops of lettered men, they can make kings and emperors of knights, especially if they are errants.”

“Thou art right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for a knight errant, give him but two inches of luck, is in near
potentiality of becoming the greatest lord on the earth. But let the afflicted lady proceed, for it is evident to me that there remains to be told the bitter of this till now sweet story."

"The bitter indeed remains," said the countess, "and so bitter, that in comparison therewith colocynth is sweet and oleander savory. The queen then being dead, nor in a swoon, we buried her; and hardly had we covered her with earth, and scarce had we uttered our last farewell of her, when —

"... Quis tali fando,
Temperet a lacrymis?"

mounted upon a horse of wood there appeared on top of the queen's grave the giant Malambruno, a first cousin of Maguncia, who, in addition to being cruel, was an enchanter. He, with his arts, in revenge for his cousin's death and to punish Don Clavijo for his audacity and to spite Antonomasia for her forwardness, held them enchanted on the very tomb; her converted into a brass monkey, and him into a hideous crocodile of some unknown metal; and between them stands a column, also of metal, and on it written in the Syriac tongue some characters, which having been turned into Candayan, and now into Castilian, contain this sentence:—

"'These two rash lovers shall not recover their pristine form until the valorous Manchegan shall come to encounter me in single combat; for the fates reserve for his great valor alone this unparalleled adventure.'

"This done he drew from out its sheath a broad and prodigious simitar, and seizing me by the hair made a feint of cutting my throat and shearing off my head at a blow. I was alarmed; and my voice stuck to my throat; I was fretted to the last degree. But nevertheless, recovering myself as well as I could, I said to him, and in a trembling and doleful voice, such and so many things as made him suspend the execution of his rigorous sentence. Finally, he caused all the duennas of the palace to be brought before him, which were these who are here present, and after having enlarged upon our fault and abused the characters of duennas, their evil practises and worse schemes, and laying on all the crime which was mine alone, he said he would not inflict on us capital punishment but other prolonged pains which should be to

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us a continuous civil death. And at the very point and moment that he finished saying this, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and as if all over they pricked us with the points of needles. We clapped our hands at once to our faces, and found ourselves such as you shall now see."

Then the Dolorous One and the other duennas raised their veils, with which they had been covered, and disclosed their faces all planted with beards,—some red, some black, some white, and some grizzled,—at which vision the duke and duchess made believe to be wonder-struck, Don Quixote and Sancho were stupefied, and all the bystanders scared.

The Trifaldi continued: "Thus did that evil-minded villain Malambruno punish us, covering the softness and smoothness of our skins with these rough bristles; and would to God he had rather with his murderous simitar chopped off our heads than shaded the light of our faces for us with this fleece; for if we consider of it, gentlemen dear,—and this which I am going to say now should be said with my eyes turned to fountains, but the thought of our misfortune and the scars they have already raised keep them without moisture and as dry as heads of corn, and so I speak without tears,—I say, then, where can a duenna go with a beard? What father or mother will pity her? Who will give her help? And if even, when she had a complexion smooth, and her face tortured with a thousand sorts of washes and unguents, she could hardly find any to like her much, what shall she do when she discloses a face turned into a plantation? O duennas and companions mine! in an unlucky moment were we born,—in an evil hour did our parents beget us!"

And on saying this she gave signs of fainting away.
CHAPTER XL

Concerning matters which relate and pertain to this adventure and to this memorable history

REALLY and truly all who delight in stories like this ought to show their gratitude to Cid Hamet, its original author, for the scrupulousness he has observed in recording the minutest circumstances thereof, without leaving a thing, however trivial, which is not brought to light distinctly. He portrays the thoughts, discovers the intentions, answers to unspoken questions, clears up doubts, resolves objections,—in fine, elucidates the smallest points of the most inquisitive desire. O most illustrious author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O humorous Sancho Panza! May ye all jointly, and each singly, live infinite ages to the delight and general pastime of the living!

The history goes on to relate that when Sancho Panza saw the Dolorous One faint away, he exclaimed:

"On the faith of an honest man and by the memory of all my forefathers, the Panzas, I vow that never have I heard or seen, nor has my master told me, nor in his imagination did there ever enter, such an adventure as this. A thousand devils take thee,—not to speak ill of thee, Malambruno,—for an enchanter and a giant! Couldst thou not find another kind of punishment to inflict on these she sinners than to beard them? What,—and would it not have been better, and for them more proper, to have cut off half of their noses, even though they sniffled for it, than to stick beards on them? I wager they have not the means to pay for their shaving."

"That is the truth," answered one of the twelve, "that we have not the means to cleanse ourselves, and therefore some of us have taken, as a thrifty remedy, to use sticking or pitch plasters, and by clapping them to our chins and pulling them
off with a jerk, we remain bare and smooth as the bottom of a stone-mortar; for though there are women in Candaya who go from house to house, to remove down, to trim eyebrows, and to prepare elixirs and other things pertaining to females, we, the duennas of my lady, would never admit them. And if we are not relieved by Sir Don Quixote, with beards will they carry us to our burying;"

"I would pluck out mine," said Don Quixote, "in the land of the Moors, if I could not relieve you of yours."

Here Trifaldi recovered from her swoon, and exclaimed:—

"The chink of that pledge, valiant knight, reached my ears in the midst of my faint, and has helped me to come out of it and recover my senses; and so once more I beseech you—errant, illustrious, and indomitable sir—to convert your gracious promise into performance."

"It shall not stay on my account," answered Don Quixote. "Bethink you, lady, of what it is I have to do, for most ready is my heart to serve you."

"The case is this," replied the Dolorous One, "that from here to the kingdom of Candaya, if one goes by land, it is five thousand leagues, two more or less; but if one goes by air and in a straight line, it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. It should also be known that Malambruno told me that when fortune had provided me with the knight, our deliverer, he would send him a mount full better and with fewer vices than your hireling jades, for it will be the same horse of wood upon which the valiant Pierres carried off the fair Magalona, which said steed is governed by a peg which he bears on his forehead that serves him for a bridle, and he scuds through the air so softly that the devils themselves seem to bear him. This horse, according to the ancient tradition, was built by that sorcerer Merlin. He lent it to Pierres, his friend, and thereupon Pierres made long journeys, and carried off, as I have said, the fair Magalona, bearing her on his crupper through the air, leaving them on earth staring like fools; and he was used to lend him only to whom he liked or who paid him best; and from the time of the great Pierres till now we know of no one who has mounted him. Since then Malambruno by his arts has got hold of him and has him at his command, and makes use of
him in his journeys, which he performs now and then through divers parts of the earth; and to-day he is here, to-morrow in France, the next day in Potosi. And the best of it is that this horse neither eats nor sleeps nor costs anything in shoeing; and he ambles such a pace through the skies without having wings that he who goes on top of him can carry a cup full of water in his hand without spilling ever a drop, so calmly and easily he travels, for which reason the fair Magalona greatly enjoyed the riding of him."

On this remarked Sancho: "For your smooth and easy pace give me my Dapple. Granted that he does not travel by air but by earth, I'll back him against any ambler in the world."

They all laughed, and the Dolorous One continued: "And this said horse, if so be that Malambruno is inclined to put an end to our trouble, within half an hour after nightfall will be here in our presence; for it was signified to me that the token to be given me by which I should know that the knight was found whom I sought, was the sending of the horse to the place where he might be, with all convenience and despatch."

"And how many does this horse carry?" asked Sancho.

The Dolorous One replied: "Two persons, one in the saddle and the other on the crupper; and for the most part these two are knight and squire, when the ravished damsel is lacking."

"I would wish to know, afflicted lady," quoth Sancho, "what name that horse bears."

"The name," answered the Dolorous One, "is not that of the horse of Bellerophon, who was called Pegasus; nor that of Alexander the Great, called Bucephalus; nor that of mad Orlando, whose designation was Brillador; nor is it Bayard, which belonged to Rinaldo of Montalvan; nor Frontino, like that of Ruggiero; nor Bootes, nor Pirithous, as they say were called the steeds of Phæbus. Neither is he called Orelia, like the horse on which the luckless Roderick, last king of the Goths, rode in the battle wherein he lost his life and kingdom."

"I'll wager," said Sancho, "that as they have not given him any one of those famous ones, neither will they have given
him Rozinante, after my master's, which in respect of being appropriate beats all those which have been mentioned."

"True," answered the bearded countess; "but yet his name doth suit him well, for he is called Clavileño the Nimble, which name agrees with his being of wood, and with the peg he bears on his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; and so in respect of the name he may well vie with the renowned Rozinante."

"The name displeases me not," said Sancho; "but with what sort of a bridle or halter is he guided?"

"I have said already," answered the Trifaldi, "with the peg, by turning which on one side or the other the rider makes the horse to go where he wishes, whether through the air, or brushing and, as it were, sweeping the earth, or in the mid region, which is what is sought and should be kept to in all well-ordered actions."

"I would like to see him," said Sancho; "but to think that I will mount him, either on saddle or crupper, is to look for pears off an elm-tree. A pretty thing, indeed, that me, who can hardly keep myself on my Dapple, and upon a panel softer than silk itself, they should want now to put on a crupper of board without cushion or pillow! Egad, I do not intend to flay myself to take off anybody's beard. Let every one be shaved as best he can, for I do not propose to keep my master company in this long journey; more by token that I am in none of this business of the shaving of these beards, as I am in the disenchanting of Dulcinea."

"Yes, friend, you are," said the Trifaldi; "and so much so, that without your being present I understand we shall do nothing."

"In the king's name," cried Sancho, "what have the squires to do with their masters' adventures? Are they to get the fame of what they achieve and we to get the trouble? Body o' me! Nay, did the history writers say: such a knight achieved such and such an adventure, but with the help of such a one, his squire, without whom it would have been impossible to finish it? but they write simply: Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars achieved the adventure of the six hobgoblins, without e'er naming the person of his squire, who was present all the while, just as if he were none in the
world! Now, sirs, I say again that my master is welcome to go alone and much good may it do him; but I will rest here in the company of my lady the duchess, and maybe, when he comes back, the case of the lady Dulcinea will be found to be bettered by a third and a fifth; for I intend, at idle and leisure hours, to give myself a turn at the whipping without a hair to cover me."

"Nevertheless, you must accompany him, good Sancho," said the duchess, "if it be needful; for they are worthy folk who ask you, and the faces of these ladies must not be left bristly because of your idle fears, which surely were a shameful thing."

"In the king's name, again say I," replied Sancho, "were this a piece of charity to be done for some modest maidens or some girls of a foundling, a man might venture some risks — but that I should suffer it to rid duennas of their beards! Beshrew me, I would rather see them all bearded from the biggest to the least, from the comeliest to the plainest."

"You are hard upon the duennas, friend Sancho," observed the duchess; "you incline much to the opinion of that Toledan apothecary; but in faith you are not just, for there are duennas in my house who might be pattern duennas; and here is my Doña Rodriguez who will not let me say aught else."

"But let your Excellency say it," quoth Rodriguez, "for God knows the truth of everything, and good or bad, bearded or smooth-faced, as we duennas may be, yet our mothers bore us, like other women; and since God cast us into the world, He knows the reason why; and by His grace I hold and not by the beard of anybody."

"Enough, Lady Rodriguez," said Don Quixote; "and, Lady Trifaldi and company, I wait for Heaven to look with benign eyes upon your affliction; and Sancho shall do what I will command him. Let Clavileño come and let me find myself before Malambruno, for I know there is no razor can shave your graces with greater ease than my sword will shave Malambruno's head from off his shoulders; for God suffers the wicked, but not forever."

"Ah! valiant knight!" here exclaimed the Dolorous One, "may all the stars of the celestial regions regard your great-
ness with benignant eyes and infuse into your soul all valor and prosperity, to be the shield and support of the slandered and downtrodden duenna-kind, abhorred of apothecaries, backbitten by squires, and tricked by pages! Ill betide the wretch who in the flower of her years did not choose to be rather a nun than a duenna! Unhappy us duennas, for though we should come by direct male descent from Hector of Troy, our mistresses would not give up flinging us 'thee' and 'thou' as though they thought to be queens by it. O giant Malambruno, who, though an enchanter, art very sure in thy promises, send us now the peerless Clavileño so that our disaster may be ended, for if the heat sets in and these our beards stay, woe to our luck!"

The Trifaldi said this with so much feeling that it drew tears from the eyes of all the bystanders and even filled Sancho's to the brim, and he resolved in his heart to accompany his master to the uttermost parts of the earth, if on that depended the clearing those venerable faces of their wool.
CHAPTER XLI

Of the coming of Clavileño, with the conclusion of this tedious adventure

By this time had come the night and with it the appointed moment when the famous horse Clavileño should arrive, whose delaying annoyed Don Quixote for thinking that, since Malambruno deferred sending it, either he was not the knight for whom that adventure was reserved, or Malambruno dared not meet him in single combat. But lo! suddenly there entered by the garden four savages all clad in green ivy, who bore upon their shoulders a great horse of wood. They set him on his feet on the ground, and one of the wild men said:

"Let the knight who has courage for it mount this machine."

"Then this is no mount of mine," said Sancho, "for neither have I courage nor am I a knight."

The savage continued, saying:

"And let the squire, if there is one, get up on the crupper and confide in the valiant Malambruno, for except by his sword, by none other, nor by malice of any other, shall he be hurt. And there is no more to do than to twist this peg he carries on his neck and he will bear them through the air to where Malambruno awaits them; but lest the height and altitude should produce giddiness their eyes must be bandaged till the horse neighs, which will be the signal of his having reached his journey's end."

This said, they retired gracefully by the way they had come, leaving Clavileño. The Dolorous One, as soon as she spied the horse, almost melted into tears and said to Don Quixote:

"Valiant knight! Malambruno's promises have been made good, the horse is here, our beards are growing, and each one of us by every hair of these supplicates thee to shave and
shear us, since there is no more to do than to mount here-upon with thy squire and make a happy start on your novel journey."

"That shall I do, my lady Countess Trifaldi, with a very good heart and better will, without stopping to take a cushion or put spurs on my heels; so strong is the desire I have to see you, lady, and all these duennas shorn and smooth."

"That shall I not do," said Sancho, "neither with bad will nor good will, in no sort of manner; and if it be that this shaving cannot be done without my mounting on the croup, my master can look out for another squire to bear him company, and these ladies some other way to smooth their faces, for I am no witch to relish traveling through the air. And what will my islers say when they learn that the governor goes tripping it on the wind? And another thing more: it being three thousand and so many leagues hence to Candaya, if the horse should tire or the giant be out of humor we shall delay some half a dozen years in getting back, and then there will be neither isle nor islers in the world that will know me. And seeing that it is a common saying that in delay is danger, and when they give thee the calf run with the halter, saving these ladies' beards, Saint Peter at Rome is well at home; I mean to say that I am well in this house, where they have done me so much favor, and from whose master I look for so great a boon as to find myself a governor."

Upon which said the duke: "Friend Sancho, the isle I have promised you can neither move nor fly; it has roots so deep struck in the abysses of earth that they shall not tear it up nor with three pulls shift it from where it is; and seeing you cannot but be aware that I know that there is no kind of place of those of the highest rank which is not gained by some sort of bribe, more or less, that which I wish to get for this governorship is that you go with your master, Don Quixote, to end and crown this memorable adventure. And whether you return upon Clavileño with the speed his fleetness promises, or whether adverse fortune meets you, and you walk back turned pilgrim, from house to house and inn to inn, you will always find your isle, when you return, where you left it, and your insulars with the same desire to receive you for their governor as they have ever had, and my good-
will shall be the same; and doubt not the truth of this, Master Sancho, for that would be to do grievous wrong to my desire to serve you."

"No more, sir," cried Sancho; "I am but a poor squire, and cannot carry so many favors on my back; let my master mount; let them bind my eyes and command me to go, and let me know if, when we are going through these high flights, I may commend myself to our Lord or call upon the angels to favor me."

To which the Trifaldi made answer:—

"Sancho, you can safely commend yourself to God or to whom you please, for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is a Christian, and works his enchantments very shrewdly and delicately, without meddling with anybody."

"Go to, then," cried Sancho; "God help me and the Holy Trinity of Gaeta!"

"Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills," said Don Quixote, "never have I seen Sancho in so much fear as now; and if I were as superstitious as some are his pusillanimity would cause me some trepidation of heart. But come hither, Sancho, for by leave of these gentlemen I would speak two words with you apart."

And drawing Sancho aside among some trees in the garden, and seizing both his hands, the knight said to him:—

"Thou seest, brother Sancho, the long journey which awaits us, and God knows when we shall return from it, and whether our affairs will afford us opportunity and leisure. And, therefore, I would have thee now retire to thy chamber, as though thou were going to seek some necessary for the journey, and in a trice give thyself, on account of the three thousand and three hundred stripes for which thou art bound, say five hundred, which should go to thy credit, for to begin a thing is to have it half finished."

"By Heaven!" quoth Sancho, "but your worship must be demented. Now that I am going to take my seat on a bare board, does your worship want me to flay myself? Indeed and indeed, it is not right of you. Let us be off now and shave these duennas, and on coming back I promise you, as I am here, to make such haste to wipe off my debt that your worship shall be content; and I say no more."
"With that promise, good Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I will be comforted."

With that they returned to mount Clavileño, and, on mounting, Don Quixote said:—

"Get up, Sancho, and bind thine eyes, Sancho, for he who sends for us from countries so remote will not deceive us, seeing the little glory which can redound to him from deceiving one who trusts in him. And even though all should happen contrary to what I expect, no malice can obscure the glory of having attempted this enterprise."

"Let us go, sir," said Sancho, "for the beards and tears of these ladies are piercing me to the heart, and I shall not eat a mouthful to do me good till I see them in their first smoothness. Mount, your worship, and blindfold yourself first, for if I have to go on the crupper it is clear he o' the saddle has to mount first."

"That is true," said Don Quixote. And drawing a handkerchief from his pocket he begged the Dolorous One to cover his eyes well; and, after having them bandaged, he uncovered them again to say:—

"If I remember right, I have read in Vergil of the Trojan Palladium, which was a horse of wood dedicated by the Greeks to the goddess Pallas, which became filled with armed knights who afterwards wrought the total destruction of Troy; and therefore it were well first to see what Clavileño carries in his stomach."

"There is no need," said the Dolorous One; "I will answer for him; and I know that Malambruno has naught in him of malice or of treachery. Let your worship, Sir Don Quixote, mount without any fear and on me be it should any harm befall you."

Don Quixote bethought him that anything he said in reply concerning his safety might be laid to the prejudice of his valor, and so without further parley he got upon Clavileño and tried the peg, which turned readily; and, as he had no stirrups and his legs hung down, he looked like nothing so much as a figure out of Flemish tapestry, painted or woven in some Roman triumph. Slowly and with an ill grace Sancho also managed to get up, and, adjusting himself as well as he could on the crupper, found it a little hard and
not at all pleasant. So he prayed the duke, if it were possible, to oblige him with a cushion or pillow, were it from his lady the duchess's couch or off some page's bed, for the haunches of that horse felt rather like marble than wood.

To this said Trifaldi that Clavileño would suffer no kind or sort of furniture upon him, but what Sancho might do was to sit sideways like a woman, as then he would not feel the hardness so much. Sancho did so, and, bidding them farewell, let them bandage his eyes, and after they had been bandaged he uncovered them again, and looking tenderly and tearfully on those in the garden besought them to help him in that strait with a couple of paternosters and as many Ave Marias, that God might provide some one to say the same for them when they were in like difficulties. On which Don Quixote said:—

"Art thou perchance on the gallows, thief, or at the last term of life, to resort to such prayers? Art thou not, soulless and dastardly creature, in the same place the fair Magalona occupied, from which she descended, not to the grave, but to be queen of France, if the histories lie not? And I, who ride by thy side, am I not able to place me with the valiant Pierres, who pressed the same spot which now I press? Blind thee, blind thee, spiritless animal, and let not the fear which possesses thee find vent from thy mouth, at least in my presence."

"Let them blindfold me then," quoth Sancho, "and since they will not let me commend myself nor be commended to God, what wonder that I am afraid that some legion of devils should be hereabouts to carry us to Peralvillo?"

They were now bandaged and Don Quixote, feeling that all was as it should be, touched the peg. Scarcely had he placed his fingers on it when all the duennas and the whole company present lifted up their voices, crying:—

"God guide thee, valorous knight! God go with thee, intrepid squire! Now, now ye go through the air, cleaving it more swiftly than an arrow! Now ye begin to astonish and amaze as many as are looking at you from the earth! Hold fast, valiant Sancho; for thou totterest! Have a care thou dost not fall, for thy fall shall be worse for thee than that of the rash youth who sought to guide the chariot of the Sun his father!"
Sancho heard these voices, and, nestling closer to his master and enfolding him with his arms, said to him:—

"Sir, how is it they say we are soaring so high when their voices reach us here, and it seems as though they were speaking close to us?"

"Make no account of that, Sancho, for seeing these things and these flights are outside of the ordinary course, for a thousand leagues off we shall see and hear what we please; and clip me not so close, for thou wilt upset me. Verily, I know not what thou art troubled and frightened about, for I will dare swear that in all the days of my life I never was mounted on a steed of so easy a pace. We seem not to move from one spot. Banish all fear, friend, for indeed the business goes as it should go and we have the wind astern."

"That is true," answered Sancho, "for on this side there hits me a breeze so strong that methinks a thousand pairs of bellows are blowing on me."

And so it was, for several large bellows were playing upon him, the scheme having been so well concocted between the duke, the duchess, and their steward that nothing was wanted necessary to make it perfect. Feeling himself thus blown upon Don Quixote said:—

"Without doubt, Sancho, we must have arrived at the second region of the air, where hail and snow are engendered; thunder, lightning, and thunderbolts are produced in the third region, and if we go ascending at this rate we shall soon hit the region of fire, and I know not how to manage this peg so as not to get up to where we shall be scorched."

Here, with some pieces of tow, easily set alight and quenched, tied to a stick, they warmed their faces from a distance, and Sancho, feeling the heat, exclaimed:—

"May they kill me if we are not already in the place of fire, or very near it, for a great piece of my beard has been singed; and, sir, I am for uncovering and seeing whereabouts we are."

"Do no such thing," said Don Quixote, "and remember the true story of Doctor Torralva, whom the devils carried flying through the air on a stick with his eyes shut, and in twelve hours he reached Rome and alighted at the Torre di Nona, which is a street of the city, and saw all the tumult
and assault and the death of Bourbon, and by the morning he was already back in Madrid, where he gave an account of all he had seen. He said also that as he was going through the air the devil told him to open his eyes, and he opened them and found himself, as it seemed to him, so near the body of the moon that he could take hold of it with his hand, not daring to look down upon earth lest he should turn giddy. Therefore, Sancho, there is no need for us to uncover ourselves, for he who bears us in his charge will take care of us, and, perhaps, we are fetching a point and mounting aloft, to be let down plump upon the kingdom of Candaya like a goshawk or a falcon upon a heron, to seize it more securely for his mounting; and though it seems to us to be not half an hour since we left the garden, believe me we must have made much way."

"I know naught about it," responded Sancho, "only this I can say, that if the lady Magallanes or Magalona was pleased with this crupper that she could not have been very tender of flesh."

All this discourse of the two heroes was heard by the duke and duchess and those in the garden, to whom it gave great delight; and, desiring to put a finish to this rare and well-contrived adventure, they put a light with some tow to Clavileño's tail, and on the instant the animal, being filled with squibs and crackers, flew into the air with a prodigious noise, bringing Don Quixote and Sancho Panza half scorched to the ground. By this time the whole bearded duenna troop had vanished from the garden, and the Trifaldi and all; and those that remained lay stretched on the ground as in a swoon. Don Quixote and Sancho rose up in sore plight, and looking around were astonished to find themselves in the same garden whence they had set out, and to see such a number of people laid on the earth. And their wonder grew the more when they saw planted in one corner of the garden a tall lance, hanging from which by two silken cords was a white and smooth parchment scroll, on which was written in great letters of gold the following: "The illustrious Don Quixote of La Mancha hath ended and achieved, by the mere attempting of it, the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Dolorous Duenna, and company. Malam-
bruno is content and satisfied in all his will; and the chins of the duennas are now smooth and clean; and their Majesties Clavijo and Antonomasia restored to their pristine estate; and when the squirely flagellation shall be completed, the milk-white dove shall be free of the deadly gerfalcons who persecute her and in the arms of her loving mate; for thus it is ordained by Sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanters."

Don Quixote, having read the writing on the parchment, plainly understood that it spoke of the disenchanting of Dulcinea, and giving many thanks to Heaven for that with so little danger he had achieved so mighty an exploit, restoring to their former bloom the faces of the venerable duennas, who were now no more to be seen, he went to where the duke and duchess lay, not yet come to themselves, and, grasping the duke's hand, he said:—

"Soho! good my lord! courage, courage! for it is all nothing; the adventure is achieved without any damage to any one, as what is written on that scroll clearly shows."

The duke came to himself slowly, as one who awakes from heavy sleep, and in like manner the duchess and all who were lying prone in the garden, with so many tokens of wonder and affright as almost to persuade one that what they had learnt so well to feign in jest had happened to them in earnest. The duke perused the scroll with eyes half closed, and then with open arms went up to embrace Don Quixote, pronouncing him to be the best knight that had been seen in any age. Sancho went to look for the Dolorous One, to see what sort of face she had without her beard, and whether she was as beautiful shorn of it as her brave figure promised. But they told him that as soon as Clavileño came flaming through the air and alighted on the earth, the whole squadron of duennas with the Trifaldi had vanished, going clean shaved without a bristle. The duchess asked Sancho how he had fared in that long journey, to which Sancho replied:—

"I felt, my lady, that we were going, as my master told me, flying through the fire region, and would have uncovered my eyes a bit but my master, whose leave I asked, would not let me; but I, who have some chips of the curious in me and of wishing to know what is forbidden and denied me, quietly and without any one seeing, shoved the handkerchief, which
was folded over my eyes, up to my nose just a little, and so I looked towards the earth; and methought the whole of it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men which walked on it only a little bigger than hazelnuts, by which it may be seen how high we must have been then."

On this, the duchess remarked: —

"Friend Sancho, consider what you are saying, for it seems you saw not the earth but the men going about on it; and it is clear that if the earth looked to you like a grain of mustard-seed, and each man like a hazelnut, one man alone must have covered the whole earth."

"That is so," answered Sancho; "but for all that, I spied it from a little corner and I saw the whole of it."

"Take care, Sancho," said the duchess; "we do not see the whole of what is looked at from one little corner."

"I know nothing of your lookings," replied Sancho; "all I know is that your ladyship would do well to understand that as we were flying by enchantment, by enchantment I might well see the whole earth and all the men on it from wherever I looked. And if this you don't believe of me, neither will your grace believe how that, uncovering myself up to the eyebrows, I saw myself so near to heaven that there was not more than a hand's breadth and a half from me to it; and what I can swear, my lady, it was mighty grand likewise, and it happened that we went by where the seven little she goats are; and upon God and my soul, as in my childhood I was in my country a goatherd, as soon as I saw them I felt a longing to divert myself awhile with them, which if I had not satisfied methinks I should have burst. So I come and take, and what do I do, without saying anything to anybody, nor to my master, softly and silently I slipped off from Clavileño, and disported myself with the kids,—which were like any gillyflowers,—about three quarters of an hour, nor did Clavileño stir from one spot nor move on."

"And while honest Sancho amused himself with the she goats," asked the duke, "how did Sir Don Quixote amuse himself?"

To which Don Quixote made answer: —

"As all these things and the like incidents go out of the order of nature, it is no wonder that Sancho says what he
does. For my part I can aver that I uncovered myself neither above nor below; I neither saw the heaven nor the earth; neither the sea nor the shore. True, indeed, I felt that I was passing through the region of the air and that I touched the region of fire, but that we passed beyond it I am unable to believe, for the region of fire being between the moon's atmosphere and the farthest region of the air, we could not reach the sky where the seven she goats are of whom Sancho speaks, without scorching ourselves; and seeing we are not burnt, either Sancho lies or Sancho is dreaming."

"I neither lie nor dream," retorted Sancho; "if I do, ask me then of the marks of those she goats, and by them will be seen whether I speak truth or not."

"Tell us them, Sancho," said the duchess.

"They are," answered Sancho, "two of them green, two scarlet, two blue, and one a mottled."

"That is a new kind of goat," said the duke, "and about this our region of the lower earth such colors are not in fashion; I mean she goats of such colors."

"That is clear enough," replied Sancho; "aye, for there should be a difference between the she goats of heaven and those of earth."

"Tell me, Sancho," asked the duke, "did you see there any he goat among the she goats?"

"No, sir," replied Sancho. "But I have heard say that never a he one has passed the horns of the moon."

They had no mind to question him further of his journey, for it seemed to them that Sancho was in the cue to be rambling over the whole heavens and to give the news of everything which was there passing, without having stirred from the garden. To conclude, this was the end of the adventure of the Dolorous Duenna, which afforded to the duke and duchess matter for laughter, not only for that time, but for their whole lives, and to Sancho of talk for ages, should he live so long. And Don Quixote coming up to Sancho, whispered in his ear: —

"Sancho, since you would have us believe what you saw in the heavens, I wish you to believe me as to what I saw in the Cave of Montesinos; and I say no more."
CHAPTER XLII

Of the counsels which Don Quixote gave to Sancho before he went to govern the isle; with other well-considered matters

The duke and duchess were so well contented with the happy and pleasant issue of the adventure of the Dolorous One, that they resolved to proceed with their jests, seeing how apt a subject they had to take them for earnest; and, therefore, having laid down the plan and given the instructions which their vassals had to observe towards Sancho in the matter of the government of the promised isle, the next day, which was the one succeeding Clavileño's flight, the duke told Sancho to get ready and prepare to go and be governor, for his insulars were longing for him as for the water of May. Sancho made his obeisance, and said:

"Since I came down from heaven and since I from its lofty height beheld the earth and saw it to be so small, the desire, which was so great, to be governor has partly cooled in me, for what great thing is it to rule on a grain of mustard-seed, or what dignity or might, the governing of half a dozen men as big as hazelnuts,—and to my seeing there were no more than that on all the earth? If your lordship was to please to give me ever so little a portion of heaven, even were it no more than half a league, I would take it with more good-will than the biggest isle in the world."

"Look ye, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I cannot give a portion of heaven to any one, even were it no bigger than a finger nail, because for God alone are reserved those rewards and favors. That which I can give I give you, which is an isle, right and tight, round and well-proportioned, and beyond measure fertile and fruitful, where, if you know how to manage, you may with the riches of earth gain those of heaven."
“Well, then,” quoth Sancho, “let that isle come along, for I shall strive to be such a governor that in spite of rogues I will go to heaven; nor is it through greediness that I want to leave my poor cabins and rise to greater, but for the desire I have to try how it tastes to be a governor.”

“If once you try it, Sancho,” said the duke, “you will eat your fingers off after the governing, so sweet a thing is it to rule and to be obeyed. I warrant that when your master comes to be emperor (which he will be without doubt, by the way his affairs are going), they will not tear it from him at their pleasure, and that he will be vexed and grieved in the bottom of his heart for the time he had lost in getting to be one.”

“Sir,” replied Sancho, “I fancy it is a good thing to com-
mand, even though it be a herd of cattle.”

“Let them bury me along with you, Sancho,” said the duke; “you know almost everything, and I expect that you will be such a governor as your wisdom promises; and here let it rest. To-morrow, on that same day, you have to go to the government of the isle, and this evening they will provide you with the fitting attire you have to take, and with all things necessary for your expedition.”

“Let them dress me as they will,” quoth Sancho, “for in whatever fashion I go dressed I shall still be Sancho Panza.”

“That is true,” answered the duke, “but the apparel has to suit the office or dignity we hold, for it were not well that a lawyer should be attired like a soldier, nor a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, shall go clothed as parcel judge, parcel captain, for, in the isle I give you, arms are as necessary as letters and letters as arms.”

“Letters I have few,” answered Sancho, “for, indeed, I know not the A B C,—though it is enough that I have the ‘Christ’ in my memory to be a good governor. As to arms, I will handle such as they give me till I fall; and God help me.”

“With so good a memory,” said the duke, “Sancho cannot go wrong in anything.”

Here Don Quixote came up, and learning what had passed and how soon Sancho had to leave for his governorship, with permission of the duke he took his squire by the hand and went away with him to his apartment to counsel him how he
was to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he shut the door behind him, and almost by force made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a deliberate voice thus addressed him:

"I give infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, that thee first, and before I have met with any piece of good luck, fortune hath gone out to meet and to receive. I, who had pledged my success in payment of thy services, see myself only in the beginning of promotion; and thou, before thy time, contrary to all rule of reason, seest thyself crowned with thy heart's desire. Some there are who bribe, importune, solicit, rise early, petition, pester, and yet reach not what they aim at; and another comes, and without knowing why or how finds himself in the charge and office for which so many others contended. Here comes in and fits well the saying that there is good luck and bad luck in preferment. Thou, whom I take, beyond any doubt, to be a dull fellow, without early rising or late sitting up, without taking any pains, with only the breath which has touched thee of knighthood, without more ado findest thyself governor of an isle, as though it were nothing at all. All this I say, O Sancho, that thou mayst not attribute to thine own deserts the favor received, but give thanks unto God, who disposes matters benignly; and afterwards bestow them on the might contained in the profession of errant knighthood.

"Thy heart being disposed to believe what I have said to thee, be attentive, O son, to this thy Cato, who would counsel thee and be the pole-star and guide to conduct thee and steer thee to a safe port out of the stormy sea wherein thou goest to be engulfed; for offices and high places are nothing else than a gulf profound of troubles.

"Firstly, O son, thou hast to fear God, for in the fearing Him is wisdom, and, being wise, thou canst err in nothing.

"Secondly, thou hast to set thine eyes on what thou art, endeavoring to know thyself, which is the most difficult knowledge that can be conceived. From knowing thyself will follow the not swelling thyself, like the frog who would be equal with the ox, for if thou dost this the remembrance of having kept hogs in thine own country will come like the peacock's ugly feet to the tail of thy folly."
“True,” said Sancho, “but that was when I was a boy, but afterwards when I was a little more of a man it was geese and not swine I kept. But this methinks is not to the purpose, for not all who govern come of the breed of kings.”

“That is true,” replied Don Quixote, “therefore those not of noble origin should accompany the gravity of the charge they exercise with a gentle suavity which, directed by wisdom, may save them from malicious detractors, from whom no station escapes.

“Glorify thyself, Sancho, on the humility of thy lineage, and think it no disgrace to say thou comest of peasants; for seeing thou art not ashamed, none will attempt to shame thee; and prize thyself more on being a virtuous poor man than a noble sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born of a base stock, have mounted to the highest dignity, pontifical and imperial, and of this truth I can produce thee examples so many as will weary thee.

“Mind, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for thy means and prize thyself on doing virtuous acts, thou wilt have no reason to envy those who have princes and lords for their fathers; for blood is inherited but virtue is acquired, and virtue has worth in itself alone which blood has not.

“This being so, if by chance any of thy kinsfolk should come to visit thee when thou art in thine isle, do not thou despise or affront him; rather thou must receive, cherish, and entertain him, for by this thou wilt please God, who likes none to disdain that which He has made, and wilt comply with what is thy duty to well-ordered nature.

“If thou shouldst take thy wife with thee (for it is not well that they who are engaged in government should be for any long time without their own wives), instruct her, indoctrinate her, trim her of her native rudeness, for all that a wise governor gives is wont to be lost and destroyed by a vulgar and foolish woman.

“If by chance thou art widowed (a thing which may happen), and wouldst better thy consort in accordance with thine office, take not one to serve thee as a bait and a fishing-rod, a hood in which bribes are cast, for verily I tell thee that of all that the judge’s wife receives the husband will have to give account at the general judgment, where he shall pay in death
fourfold for the laws of which he had not taken account in life.

"Never guide thee by arbitrary law, which is wont to have much hold over the ignorant who set up to be clever.

"Let the tears of the poor man find in thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

"Try to discover the truth, as well among the promises and presents of the rich man, as among the wailings and importunities of the poor.

"Where equity can and should have place, charge not the whole rigor of the law upon the delinquent, for the fame of the rigorous judge stands not greater than that of the merciful.

"If perchance you should bend the rod of justice, let it not be with the weight of a bribe, but with that of mercy.

"When it should happen to thee to judge the cause of some enemy of thine, turn thy mind away from thine injury and set it on the truth of the case.

"Let not personal passion blind thee in another's cause, for the errors thou shalt commit therein will be mostly without remedy, and if thou hast one it will be at the cost of thy credit; nay, of thy estate.

"If a beautiful woman should come to beg justice of thee, turn away thine eyes from her tears and thine ears from her moans, and consider at leisure the substance of her prayer, if thou wouldst not that thy reason were drowned in her weeping and thy honor in her sighs.

"Him thou hast to punish by deeds offend not by words, for the smart of the punishment is enough for the unhappy one without the addition of ill language.

"The culprit who falls under thy jurisdiction regard as a wretched man, subject to the conditions of a depraved nature, and as much as in thee lies, without doing injury to the opposite side, show thyself to him pitiful and lenient, for though the attributes of God are all equal, that of mercy in our sight is brighter and more excellent than that of justice.

"If thou shouldst follow these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame everlasting, thy recompense ample, and thy happiness unspeakable. Thou shalt marry
thy children as thou wilt; they and thy grandchildren shall not want titles; thou shalt live in peace and good-will among men, and in the last stages of thy life shalt arrive at that of death in a sweet and ripe old age, and the tender and delicate hands of thy great-grandchildren shall close thine eyes.

"What I have said to thee so far are maxims to furnish thy soul. Listen now to those which have to serve thee for the furnishing of the body."
CHAPTER XLIII

Of the second batch of counsels which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza

Who that heard the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote but would take him for a person of very good sense and even better disposition? As has been often said in the course of this great history, he wandered only when he touched upon chivalry, and in his other talk he displayed a clear and unbiased understanding, so that at every step his acts discredited his judgment and his judgment his acts. But in this matter of the second counsels he gave Sancho he showed himself to have much humorous fancy, and carried both his wit and his madness to a high point. Sancho listened to him most attentively and tried to keep his counsels in mind, intending to observe them, and through their means to bring the burden of his governorship to a happy delivery. Don Quixote then proceeded, saying:—

"As touching the government of thy person and thy house, Sancho, the first charge I give thee is that thou shouldst be cleanly; and shouldst pare thy nails without letting them grow as some do, who in their ignorance are persuaded that long nails are an ornament to the hands, as though that excrescence and appendage which they neglect to pare were not nails, but rather claws of the lizard-catcher kestrel,—a swinish and monstrous abuse.

"Go not, Sancho, ungirt and loose, for the slovenly attire is an index of a slatternly mind; if, indeed, the slovenliness and negligence be not due to artifice, as they were supposed to be in the case of Julius Cæsar.

"Estimate carefully what thine office may be worth; and if it will permit thee to give livery to thy servants, give them a decent and serviceable one rather than showy and garish, and divide them between thy servants and the poor. I mean,
that if thou hast to clothe six pages, clothe three, and other three poor men, and thou wilt have pages both for heaven and for earth; and to this new fashion of bestowing liveries the vainglorious have not attained.

“Eat not garlic nor onions, lest by the smell they detect thy rusticity. Walk leisurely, speak composedly; but not so as to seem that thou are listening to thyself, for all affectation is bad.

“Eat little at dinner and less at supper, for the health of the whole body is forged in the workshop of the stomach.

“Be temperate in drinking, remembering that wine overmuch neither guards a secret nor keeps a promise.

“Have a care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of the mouth, nor to eruct in any one’s presence.”

“That about eructing I don’t understand,” said Sancho.

“To eruct means to belch,” said Don Quixote; “and this is one of the vilest words in the language, though very significant; and so dainty people have recourse to the Latin, and for ‘belch’ say ‘eruct,’ and for ‘belches,’ ‘eructations’; and should any not understand these terms it matters little, for use will introduce them with time, so that they will be easily understood; and this is the way to enrich the language over which custom and the multitude bear sway.”

“In truth, sir,” quoth Sancho, “one of the counsels and cautions which I intend to bear in mind shall be this about not belching, for I am accustomed to do it frequently.”

“‘Eruct,’ Sancho, and not ‘belch,’” said Don Quixote.

“Eruct I shall say from henceforth,” answered Sancho; “and, faith, I will not forget.”

“Moreover, Sancho, thou must not interlard thy speech with that profusion of proverbs thou art wont to use, for though proverbs are maxims in brief, ofttimes thou draggest them in by the hair, so that they seem not so much maxims as nonsense.”

“That God can remedy,” replied Sancho; “for I know more proverbs than a book, and they come so many together to my mouth when I speak, that they fight one with another to get out; and the tongue gets hold of the first it meets with, though it may not be pat to the purpose. But I will have a care from henceforth to utter such as befits the gravity of
my office, for in a full house supper is soon cooked; and a
bargain's a bargain; and the bellman it is who is safe; and
to give and to have needs a head!"

"Aye, go on so, Sancho!" said Don Quixote; "thrust in,
thread, and string your proverbs, for there is none to hinder
thee! My mother chides me, and I whip the top! I am
telling thee to refrain from proverbs, and in one moment you
have flung out a whole litany of them, which square with the
matter in hand like the hills of Ubeda. Look, Sancho, I do
not say that a proverb is unseemly when aptly applied, but
to crown them and string them pell-mell makes discourse
feeble and vulgar.

"When thou ridest on horseback, do not fling thy body upon
the breech of the saddle, nor carry thy legs stretched and
stiff, standing out from the horse's belly, nor bear thyself so
loosely as to seem as though thou wert astride of Dapple, for
riding makes cavaliers of some and stablemen of others.

"Let thy sleep be moderate, for he who rises not with the
sun doth not enjoy the day; and reflect, Sancho, that industry
is the mother of good fortune, and idleness, its opposite, never
yet reached the goal sought by an honest intent.

"This last precept which now I will give thee, though it is
not one concerning the dressing of the body, I would have
thee carry it well in thy memory, for I believe it will be no
less profitable to thee than those which heretofore I have
given thee; and it is, never to engage in disputes about fam-
ilies, at least to compare them with one another; for of ne-
cessity among those which are compared one has to be best,
and by that which thou hast disparaged thou wilt be hated,
and by that thou hast exalted in no wise rewarded.

"Thy habit shall be full breeches, a long coat, and a cloak
a little longer; for trunk-hose, think not of them, for they
are neither for gentlemen nor for governors.

"This, for the present, is what has occurred to me, Sancho,
for thy instruction. As time passes, according to the occa-
sions shall be my teaching, if thou takest care to advise me
of the state in which thou mayst be."

"Sir," replied Sancho, "I well see that all your worship
has said to me are things good, holy, and profitable; but of
what use will they be if I remember none of them? To be
sure, that about not letting my nails grow, and about marry-
ing a second time, if I have a chance, will not pass from my
mind; but that other jumble and skimble-samble and stuff
I remember not, nor shall remember any of them more than
last year's clouds; and therefore you must needs give them
to me in writing; for, though I can neither read nor write, I
will give them to my confessor, who shall hoard them up and
remind me of them when needful."

"Ah, sinner that I am!" said Don Quixote; "how ill doth
it beseem governors not to be able to read or write! For
thou must know, O Sancho! that for a man not to be able to
read or to be left-handed, argues one of two things,—either
that he was the son of parents poor and base in the extreme,
or that he was so perverse and wicked that neither good
example nor good teaching could reach him. A great defect
is that thou hast about thee, and therefore I would wish thee
to learn at least to sign thy name."

"I know well enough how to sign my name," answered
Sancho, "for when I was warden of a brotherhood in my vil-
lage I learnt to make certain letters, like the marks on a bale
of goods, which they told me spelt my name; besides, I will
pretend that my right hand is maimed, and make another
sign for me, for there's a remedy for everything but death,
and, holding the power and the rod, I will do what I please,
more by token that he who has the bailiff for his father—
and I being governor, which is greater than bailiff, let 'em
come on and play at bo-peep with me; nay, let 'em flout and
slander me, for they'll come for wool and go back shorn, and
whom God loves well his house knows it, and the rich man's
folly passes for wisdom in the world, and as I'll be that, being
governor and liberal to boot, as I intend to be, no fault will
be seen in me; nay, make yourself honey and the flies will
suck you; 'As much as you have, so much are you worth,'
quoth one my grandmother, and upon a man well rooted
there's no taking revenge."

"God's curse upon thee, Sancho," here Don Quixote ex-
claimed; "sixty thousand devils take thee and thy saws! A
full hour hast thou been stringing them, giving me with every
one of them a dose of torture! Take my word for it, these
proverbs will bring thee to the gallows one day; thy vassals
will take thy government away from thee for them or break out into tumults. Tell me, booby, where dost thou find them, or how appliest thou them, blockhead? For, to utter but one and to apply it well, I sweat and labor as if I were digging."

"'Fore God, sir master of ours," replied Sancho, "but your worship makes complaint of a mighty little thing. Why the devil should you fret yourself because I make use of my estate who have none other nor other stock in trade but proverbs, and more proverbs, and just now I have four that offer which come fit like pears in a pottle; but I will not say them, for good silence is called Sancho."

"That Sancho thou art not," said Don Quixote, "for not only art thou not good silence but bad babble and bad stubbornness. Yet withal I would know what are the four proverbs which occurred in thy memory just now, which come so pat here, for I have been racking mine, and it is a good one, and not one offers."

"What better ones," said Sancho, "than 'between two back teeth put not thy thumbs,' and 'get out of my house, what would you with my wife?' there is no answering; and 'whether the pitcher falls on the stone or the stone on the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher,' all of which fit to a hair. For no one should take on with his governor nor with him who commands, for he will come off worsted, like him who puts his finger between two back grinders; and whether they be back grinders it does not matter, so long as they are grinders; and to what the governor says there is no replying any more than to 'get out of my house, what would you with my wife?' And then that of the stone on the pitcher,—why, a blind man can see it. So that he who sees the mote in his neighbor's eye had need to see the beam in his own, that it be not said of him, 'the dead woman was frightened of her with the throat cut'; and your worship well knows that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in another's."

"Not so, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for the fool knows nothing, whether in his own house or in another's, for the reason that no wise building rests upon a foundation of folly. And let us leave this now, Sancho, for if thou governest ill, thine will be the fault and mine the shame; but I com-
fort myself in that I have done my duty in advising thee as truly and wisely as I am able; therewith I am acquitted of my obligation and my promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the misgiving which lingers in me, that thou wilt turn the whole isle topsyturvy — a thing I could avert by discovering to the duke who thou art, telling him that all that fat little person of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and rogueries.”

“Sir,” answered Sancho, “if your worship thinks that I am not a proper man for this governorship, I give it up from this moment; for I love a single black of the nail of my soul better than my whole body, and bare Sancho I can keep me just as well on bread and onion as governor with partridge and capon; more by token, while we are asleep we’re all equal, the great and the less, the poor and the rich; and if your worship looks into it, you will see that ’twas your worship alone has put me on this business of governing, for I know no more about the government of isles than a vulture; and if ’tis thought that through being governor the devil will have me, I would rather go Sancho to heaven than governor to hell.”

“By the Lord, Sancho, only for those last words thou hast uttered I deem thee worthy of being governor of a thousand isles! Thou hast a good natural instinct, without which there is no knowledge of any worth. Commend thee to God, and endeavor not to err in the main intention. I mean that thou shouldst ever have the intent and purpose to do right in whatever matters shall come before thee, for Heaven always helps the righteous desire. And let us now go to dinner, for I think my lord and lady await us.”
CHAPTER XLIV

How Sancho Panza was taken to his government, and of the strange adventure which happened to Don Quixote in the castle

They say that in the real original of this history one reads that when Cid Hamet came to write this chapter, his interpreter did not translate it as it was written; which runs in a vein of complaint that the Moor made against himself for having taken in hand a story so dry and so restricted as this of Don Quixote, as he seemed to have to speak always of Don Quixote and of Sancho without daring to launch into digressions and episodes more serious and more entertaining. To have his mind, his hand, and his pen ever bent on writing of a single subject, and to speak through the mouths of so few persons, he said, was an insupportable labor, the fruit of which did not redound to the author's gain, and therefore to avoid this inconvenience he had, in the First Part, resorted to the device of short tales, such as were that of "The Impertinent Curiosity" and that of "The Captive Captain," which are, as it were, detached from the story, although the others which are there told are incidents which happened to Don Quixote himself, which could not be omitted. He also thought, as he says, that many, carried away by the attention which the exploits of Don Quixote demanded, would not give the same to the tales and would pass by them in haste or disgust, without noting their grace and skilful construction, which would have been manifest enough had they been published by themselves, without being tacked to the lunacies of Don Quixote or the fooleries of Sancho. And therefore, in this Second Part, he cared not to insert any tales, either detached or cohering, but only some episodes like them, springing out of the real events themselves; and even these sparingly, and with no more words than suffice to explain them. And seeing that he is confined and tied within the
strait bounds of the narrative, having the capacity, the means, and the genius to treat of the entire universe, he prays that his pains be not undervalued, and that we should commend him, not for what he writes, but for what he has forborne from writing.

The author then proceeds with his story, saying that, dinner being ended on the day when the instructions were given to Sancho, Don Quixote handed them to him in writing that same evening in order that he might get some one to read them to him; but Sancho let them drop soon after he had received them, and they came into the hands of the duke, who showed them to the duchess, and the two wondered anew at Don Quixote's madness and wit. And to carry on their jest, they sent Sancho the same evening, with a great retinue, to the village which for him was to be an isle. He who had charge of this business was a steward of the duke's, a man of much discretion and humor (and there can be no humor without discretion), who had personated the Countess Trifaldi with such grace, as has been already described. Thus qualified, and carefully tutored by his master and mistress as to how he was to behave with Sancho, he carried out his design to admiration. Now it happened that, as soon as Sancho set eyes on this steward, he fancied he beheld in his face the very countenance of the Trifaldi, and turning to his master he said:

"Sir, either let the devil fly away with me from where I stand, a true man and a believer, or your worship shall confess to me that the face of this steward of the duke's here is the same as that of the Dolorous One."

Don Quixote looked intently at the steward, and after inspecting him said to Sancho:

"There is no need for the devil to fly away with thee, Sancho, either as true man or as believer (and I know not what thou meanest); for the face of the Dolorous One is that of the steward; yet not for that is the steward the Dolorous One, for his being so would imply a very great contradiction, and now is not the time to make these investigations, which would be to plunge into inextricable labyrinths. Believe me, friend, that we have need to pray to our Lord very earnestly to deliver us two from wicked sorcerers and wicked enchanters."
“It is no jest, sir,” replied Sancho, “for I heard him speak before this, and methought the voice of Trifaldi rang in my ears. Well, I will hold my tongue, but I will not fail to be watchful henceforth, to see if I may discover some other sign to confirm or to remove my suspicion.”

“So must thou do, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and give me advice of all thou shalt discover in this business, and of all that shall happen to thee in the government.”

Sancho set out at last, attended by a great number of people, dressed in the garb of a man of law, having over all a gown of ruddy watered camlet, with a cap of the same, and riding on a mule jennet-wise; and behind him, by the duke’s orders, came Dapple, with brand new harness and ass-trappings of silk. From time to time Sancho would turn his head to look at his ass, in company with whom he went so well pleased that he would not have changed conditions with the emperor of Germany. On taking leave of the duke and duchess he kissed their hands and besought his master’s blessing, who gave it to him with tears, Sancho receiving it with a blubbering face.

Let the good Sancho, amiable reader, go in peace and God speed him; and look out for two bushels of mirth, which have to be reaped by thee by the account of how Sancho bore himself in his charge. Meanwhile, attend to what happened to his master that night, and if thou wilt not laugh thereat, at least it will expand thy lips into a monkey grin, for the adventures of Don Quixote have to be honored either with wonder or with laughter.

It is recorded, then, that hardly had Sancho taken his departure when Don Quixote felt his loneliness, and had it been possible to revoke Sancho’s commission and take the governorship from him, he would have done so. The duchess, observing his dejection, asked him why he was sad, saying that if it were through Sancho’s absence, there were squires, duennas, and maidens in her house to wait upon him to his heart’s content.

“It is true, dear lady,” answered Don Quixote, “that I am grieving for Sancho’s absence, but that is not the principal cause of my looking sad; and of the many offers which your Excellency makes me, I choose and accept only the good-
will with which they are tendered, and for the rest I entreat your Excellency that within my apartment you consent and permit that I alone do wait upon myself."

"Indeed, Sir Don Quixote," said the duchess, "it must not be so, for four maidens of mine shall serve you, beautiful as the flowers."

"For me," replied Don Quixote, "they will be not like flowers, but like thorns to prick the soul. They shall as soon come into my chamber, or anything like it, as fly. Should your Highness wish to continue your favors to one so undeserving of them, suffer me to have them by myself, and to wait on myself, within my own doors; nor would I break through my rule for all the bounty which your Highness would bestow on me. In fine, I would rather lie clothed than consent that any should undress me."

"No more, no more, Sir Don Quixote," replied the duchess; "I promise I will give orders that not even a fly shall enter your chamber. For me, I am not one to undermine Sir Don Quixote's propriety, and so far as I have discovered, that which is the most resplendent amongst his many virtues is modesty. Your worship may undress and dress by yourself alone and in your own fashion, how and when you please, for there shall be none to hinder you. May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand years, and may her name be diffused over the whole round earth, for she deserves to be beloved of a knight so valiant and so modest, and may kind Heaven incline the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, to put a speedy end to his whippings, and that the world may again enjoy the charms of so famous a lady."

To which Don Quixote made response: "Your Highness has spoken like yourself, for in the mouths of virtuous ladies nothing ill can be. And more fortunate and famous shall Dulcinea be in the world for being commended of your greatness, than for all the praises the most eloquent on earth could bestow upon her."

"Well, now, Sir Don Quixote," said the duchess, "the supper hour is come, and the duke must be waiting. Come, let us sup, and go to your rest early, for the journey you made yesterday to Candaya was not so short as not to have caused you some chafing."
“Nay, I feel none, my lady,” answered Don Quixote, “for I durst swear to your Excellency that never in my life did I mount a beast of an easier or a gentler pace than Clavileño. I know not what could have induced Malambruno to part with a steed so swift and so gentle; and to burn him in that fashion for nothing at all.”

“We may suppose,” said the duchess, “that repenting of the harm he had done to the Trifaldi and company and other persons, and of the wicked deeds which as wizard and conjurer he had committed, he had a mind to make away with all the implements of his art, and as the chief of them and the one which caused him most disquiet, roving from land to land, he burnt Clavileño, that in its ashes and in the trophy-scroll might live eternally the valor of the great Don Quixote of La Mancha.”

Thanking the duchess again and again, Don Quixote, after having supped, retired to his chamber alone, without suffering any one to enter it with him to attend upon him. Shutting the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax candles, and in taking off his stockings—O disaster unworthy of such a personage! there burst forth,—not sighs nor other things to discredit the purity of his manners,—but about two dozen stitches from one of his stockings, making it look like a window lattice. The good gentleman was extremely distressed, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had there half a dram of green silk,—I say green silk, because his stockings were green. Here Benengeli cried out, saying as he wrote: “O poverty, poverty! I know not with what cause the great Cordovan poet was moved to call thee a holy, misprized boon. I, though a Moor, well know through the commerce I have with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty. But withal I say that he has much hold of God who lives content to be poor; unless it be that kind of poverty of which one of his greatest saints speaks: “Possess all things as if ye possessed them not”; and this they call poverty in spirit. But thou, the inferior poverty (which is what I speak of), why dost thou love to fall out with the gentle and well-born more than with other people? Why dost thou oblige them to smear their boots and to have the buttons of
their coats some of silk, some of hair, some of glass? Why must their collars be for the most part crumpled, and not smoothed out after a pattern?” (And by this may be perceived that the use of starch and of plaited ruffs is ancient.) And he proceeded: “Wretched he, the well-born, who goes giving sops to his honor while dining miserably within closed doors, making a hypocrite of his toothpick, with which he sallies out into the street, after having eaten nothing which obliges him to clean his teeth! Miserable he, I say, who has his honor all in a tremor, imagining that from a league off may be descried the patch in his shoe, the sweat through his hat, the bare thread of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach.”

All these thoughts were revived in Don Quixote by the bursting of the stitches in his hose; but he consoled himself at the sight of some traveling boots that Sancho had left behind, which he designed to put on the next day. Finally, he laid him down thoughtful and dispirited, as much because of the want of Sancho as the irreparable disaster to his clothing. These he would have stitched up, even though with silk of another color, which is one of the greatest marks of distress which a gentleman can show in the course of his troublesome penury. He put out his candles, but it was hot and he could not sleep. He rose from his bed and opened a little way the casement of a latticed window which looked into a pretty garden, and on opening it he perceived and heard people walking and talking in the garden. As he sat himself to listen attentively, those below raised their voices so that he could hear these words:

“Press me not to sing, O Emerencia! for thou knowest that from the moment this stranger entered this castle and mine eyes looked upon him, I have been unable to sing, only to weep. Moreover, my mistress's sleep is rather light than heavy, and I would not that she found us here for all the wealth of the world; and even if she slept and did not wake, in vain would be my singing, if this new Æneas who has come into my regions to mock me should be asleep and wakens not to hear it.”

“Do not mind that, friend Altisidora,” was the answer, “for no doubt the duchess and everybody in this house are
asleep, save the lord of thy heart and disturber of thy soul, for I heard him but just now open his lattice window, and doubtless he must be awake. Sing, my afflicted one, in a low and gentle tone to the sound of thy harp, and should the duchess hear us we can lay the blame on the heat of the night."

"That is not the point, O Emerencia," replied Altisidora, "but that I do not wish my song to lay bare my heart, and so be judged by those who take no note of love's mighty power for some light and wanton maid. But come what may, better shame in the face than sore in the heart." With this she began to touch a harp very softly.

On hearing this Don Quixote was startled, for in that moment there came into his memory the infinite adventures similar to that — of windows, lattices, and gardens; of serenades, love-plaints, and languishments, which he had read of in his giddy books of chivalries. He at once conceived that some one of the duchess's maidens was enamored of him, and that modesty compelled her to keep her love in secret. He trembled lest he should yield, but resolved in his mind not to let himself be overcome; so, commending himself with all good heart and soul to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music; and to let them know he was there he feigned to sneeze, at which the damsels were not a little rejoiced, for they desired nothing better than that Don Quixote should hear them. Then, the harp being set up and tuned, Altisidora struck up this ballad:

Wake, sir knight, now love's invading,
Sleep in Holland sheets no more;
When a nymph is serenading,
'Tis an arrant shame to snore.

Here a damsel tall and tender,
Moaning in most rueful guise,
With heart almost burned to cinder,
By the sunbeams of thine eyes.

To free damsels from disaster
Is, they say, your daily care:
Can you then deny a plaster
To a wounded virgin here?
Tell me, doughty youth, who cursed thee
With such humors and ill luck?
Was't some sullen bear dry-nursed thee,
Or she dragon gave thee suck?

Dulcinea, that virago,
Well may brag of such a kid;
Now her fame is up, and may go
From Toledo to Madrid.

Would she but her prize surrender
(Judge how on thy face I dote),
In exchange I'd gladly send her
My best gown and petticoat.

Happy I, would fortune doom thee
But to have me near thy bed,
Stroke thee, pat thee, currycomb thee.
And hunt o'er thy solid head.

But I ask too much, sincerely,
And I doubt I ne'er must do't,
I'd but kiss your toe, and fairly
Get the length thus of your foot.

How I'd rig thee, and what riches
Should be heaped upon thy bones!
Caps and socks, and cloaks and breeches,
Matchless pearls and precious stones.

Do not from above, like Nero,
See me burn and slight my woe,
But to quench my fires, my hero,
Cast a pitying eye below.

I'm a virgin pullet, truly;
One more tender ne'er was seen,
A mere chicken, fledged but newly; —
Hang me, if I'm yet fifteen.

Wind and limb, all's tight about me,
My hair dangles to my feet;
I am straight too: — if you doubt me,
Trust your eyes, come down and see't.

I've a bob nose, has no fellow,
And a sparrow's mouth as rare;
Teeth like bright topazes, yellow;
Yet I'm deemed a beauty here.
You know what a rare musician
(If you hearken) courts your choice,
I dare say my disposition
Is as taking as my voice.

These and such like charms I've plenty;
I'm a damsel of this place:
Let Altisidora tempt ye;
Or she's in a woeful case.

Here ended the lay of the sore-wounded Altisidora, and here began the terror of the courted Don Quixote, who, heaving a deep sigh, said to himself:—

"How unhappy an errant am I, that there is no maiden but looks upon me who is not enamored of me! How sad is the fate of the peerless Dulcinea, whom they will not leave free to enjoy my incomparable fidelity! Queens, what do ye want of her? Empresses, why do ye persecute her? Maidens of fourteen and fifteen, wherefore do ye molest her? Leave, oh leave, the unhappy one to triumph, to rejoice, to glory in the lot which love would assign her in rendering her my heart, and delivering to her my soul! Know, ye amorous crew, that for Dulcinea alone am I dough and sugar paste, and for all the rest of you flint. For her I am honey, and for you aloes. For me Dulcinea alone is the beautiful, the sensible, the chaste, the gay, and the well-bred; and the rest ugly, silly, wanton, and base-born. To be hers and none other's nature sent me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair for whose sake they belabored me in the castle of the enchanted Moor; for Dulcinea's I must be,—roasted or boiled, clean, well-born, and chaste,—in spite of all the powers of witchcraft in the world."

And with that he clapped the window to, and lay down on his bed; where for the present we will leave him, for the great Sancho calls, who is desirous of making a beginning with his famous governorship.
CHAPTER XLV

Of how the great Sancho Panza took possession of his isle, and of the mode in which he began to govern

O THOU perpetual discoverer of the Antipodes! Torch of the world! Eye of heaven! Sweet stirrer of wine-coolers! Here Thymbrius, there Phoebus — now archer, now physician! Father of poetry, inventor of music; thou who always risest, and though thou seemest to set never settest! On thee I call, O Sun! by whose aid man engendereth man — thee I invoke to favor me and illumine the darkness of my wit, that I may be able scrupulously to report of the Government of the great Sancho Panza; for without thee I feel myself weak, faint-hearted, and perplexed.

I say, then, that Sancho Panza with all his retinue arrived at a village of about a thousand inhabitants, which was one of the best the duke possessed. They informed him it was called the Isle Barataria, either because the place was called Baratario, or because of the barato, or cheap rate, at which the governorship had been bestowed on him. On arriving at the gates of the town, which was a walled one, the municipality of the town came out to welcome him; the bells were rung, and all the people gave signs of general rejoicing. They conducted him with much pomp to the principal church to give thanks to God, and then, with some burlesque ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, acknowledging him as perpetual governor of the Isle Barataria. The garb, the beard, the plumpness and smallness of the new governor made all the people wonder who were not in the secret of his story, and even all who were, which were many. Taking him from the church they carried him to the judgment-seat and placed him upon it, and the duke's steward thus addressed him:

"Lord governor, it is an ancient custom here, that he
who comes to take possession of this famous isle is bound to
answer questions put to him, which should be somewhat
intricate and difficult, by which answer the people may touch
and feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding,
and so be either glad or sorry at his coming."

Whilst the steward was saying this Sancho was staring at
several large letters inscribed on the wall in front of his seat,
and not knowing how to read, he asked what those paintings
were on that wall. They made answer: "Sir, there it is
written and recorded the day on which your lordship took
possession of this isle, and thus says the inscription: 'This
day in such a month and such a year the lord Don Sancho
Panza took possession of this isle; which may he enjoy many
years.'"

"And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" asked
Sancho.

"Your lordship," answered the steward; "for into this
isle has never entered any other Panza than he who is seated
in that chair."

"But look ye, brother," quoth Sancho, "I have no Don,
nor has there been one in all my family. Sancho Panza
they call me simply, and Sancho Panza was my father called,
and Sancho my grandsire; and all were Panzas without any
tacking of Don or Doña. I fancy that there must be more
Dons than stones in this isle. But enough; God knows
me, and maybe if the government lasts me four days I will
weed out these Dons, who, from their plenty, must be as
troublesome as gnats. Go on with your question, master
steward, which I will answer to the best of my wit, whether
the town be sorry or not sorry."

At this moment there entered the justice hall two men,
one dressed as a laborer and the other as a tailor, for he bore
a pair of scissors in his hand; and the tailor said: —

"Sir governor, I and this laboring man have come before
your worship for the cause that this good fellow came to
my shop yesterday, who, saving your presences, am a licensed
tailor, blessed be God! and, putting a piece of cloth in my
hands, asked me: 'Sir, would there be enough in this cloth
to make me a cap?' I, measuring the stuff, answered him
'Yes.' He must have suspected, as I suspect, and suspected
rightly, that without doubt I wished to rob him of some part of his cloth, founding his belief on his own roguery and the ill opinion there is of tailors, and he replied that I should look and see if there were enough for two. I guessed his drift, and said 'Yes'; and he, riding away on his first damned intent, went on adding caps, and I adding yeses, till we reached five caps; and now at this moment he has come for them, and I am giving them to him; and he will not pay me for the making, but rather demands that I shall pay him, or give him back his cloth."

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

"Yes, sir," answered the man; "but let your worship make him show the five caps he has made me."

"With all my heart," said the tailor. And thrusting his hand suddenly under his cloak he showed five caps on it, placed on the five tops of his fingers, and said:—

"Here are the five caps which this good man wants of me, and on God and my conscience I have none of the cloth left for myself, and I will give the work to be examined by the inspectors of the trade."

All those present laughed at the number of caps and at the novelty of the suit. Sancho set himself to consider a little while, and then said:—

"Methinks there need be no long delays in this case, but that it may be decided, according to a wise man's judgment, offhand; and so I decree that the tailor shall lose the making and the countryman the stuff, the caps to be given to the prisoners in the jail; and let no more be said."

This judgment provoked the laughter of the audience, but what the governor commanded was done. And now there came before him two old men, one of them carrying a cane by way of a walking-stick.

"Sir," said the one who had no stick, "I lent this good man some days ago ten gold crowns in gold to do him a kindness and good office, on condition that he would repay me on demand. Not to put him to a greater inconvenience now in returning them to me than that he was in when I lent them to him, I did not ask him for the money till many days had passed. But it seeming to me that he was careless about payment, I have asked him for it not once
but many times; and not only will he not repay me, but he denies the debt, declaring that I never lent him the said ten crowns, or if I did lend them, that he had returned them. I have no witnesses—neither of the loan nor of the repayment, for he has not repaid me. I want your worship to put him on his oath, and if he will swear that he returned them to me, I will forgive him the debt here and before God."

"What do you say to this, worthy old man of the stick?" said Sancho.

To which the old man answered:—

"I confess, sir, he lent me the crowns. Lower your rod of justice, and I will swear, since he leaves it to my oath, that I returned them to him really and truly."

The governor lowered his wand, and in the mean time the old man of the stick gave his stick to the other to hold while he was taking the oath, as though it incommode
him, and then placed his hand upon the cross of the wand, saying that it was true that these ten crowns asked for had been lent to him, but that with his own hand he had given them back into the other's, and that it was because he had forgotten it that he was asking again and again for them every minute.

Seeing this, the great governor asked the creditor what answer he had to give to his opponent, saying that without doubt the debtor must be speaking the truth, for he took him for an honest man and a good Christian, and it was he himself,—the plaintiff,—who must have forgotten when and how the crowns had been returned, and that from henceforth he was never to ask for them again. The debtor took his stick again, and making his bow went out of the court. On seeing this, and that he went away without more ado, and witnessing also the resignation of the plaintiff, Sancho inclined his head upon his bosom, and laying the forefinger of his right hand to his eyebrows and nose remained as though in deep thought a little while; and then raising his head ordered them to call the old man of the stick, who had already gone away. They brought him back, and Sancho at sight of him said:—

"Give me that stick, good man, for I have need of it."
"Willingly," answered the old man; "here it is, sir." And he placed it in Sancho's hand, who took it and, giving it to the other old man, said: "Go, in God's name, for now you are paid."

"I, sir?" said the other; "but is this cane worth ten crowns of gold?"

"Yes," said the governor; "or if not, then I am the greatest blockhead in the world, and now shall be seen if I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." And he ordered them in presence of them all to break and rip open the cane. They did so, and in the heart of it were found ten crowns in gold. All were struck with amazement, and took their governor for a new Solomon. They asked him how it was he had learnt that those ten crowns were in that cane, and he answered that having observed the old man, when he was swearing, give that stick to his adversary, and swear that he had paid him really and truly, and that after taking the oath he had sought the stick again, it came into his imagination that inside of it must be the money demanded; from which could be inferred, he said, that those who govern, though some may be fools, sometimes God directs in their judgments. Besides, he had heard the priest of his village narrate a like case, and he had so good a memory that, were it not for his forgetting all that he wished to remember, there would be no better in all the isle. In the end they went away, the one old man ashamed and the other repaid, leaving the bystanders wrapt in admiration; and he who wrote down the words, acts, and movements of Sancho could not determine within himself whether to take and set him down for a fool or a wise man.

The bystanders remained silent with fresh wonder at the judgment and sentence of their new governor. All this, duly recorded by its chronicler, was straightway written to the duke, who looked out for it with great eagerness; and here let the good Sancho rest, for his master bids us haste to him, sore troubled by the music of Altisidora.
Of the fearful bell and cat fright which Don Quixote got in the process of the loves of the enamored Altisidora

We left the great Don Quixote wrapt in the meditations aroused in him by the music of Altisidora, the love-sick maiden. He went to bed with them, nor, like fleas, would they let him sleep or rest a moment, to which was added the breakage in his stockings. But as Time is swift, and no barrier can stop him, he came riding upon the hours and quickly arrived the morrow; which when Don Quixote perceived he quitted his soft bed of down, and dressed himself briskly in his chamois suit, and put on his traveling boots to hide the disaster to his stockings. He flung over him his scarlet mantle, put a cap of green velvet trimmed with silver lace on his head, hung his baldric over his shoulders, with his trusty, trenchant blade; laid hold of a large rosary which he always wore about him, and with a solemn and stately strut went out into the front hall, where were the duke and duchess already dressed, as though expecting him; and as he passed by a gallery there stood, as though purposely waiting for him, Altisidora and the other damsel her friend; and as soon as Altisidora saw Don Quixote she pretended to faint away, and her friend caught her on her lap and in a great hurry began to unlace her bosom. Don Quixote observed it and going up to them said:—

"I know well whence these fits proceed."

"That know not I," answered the friend, "for Altisidora is the healthiest maid in all this house, and I have never heard a sigh from her all the time I have known her. May evil take all the knights errant in the world, if they are all so ungrateful! Get you gone, Sir Don Quixote, for this poor child will never come to herself whilst you are here."

Don Quixote replied: "Be pleased, lady, to have a lute
put in my chamber to-night, and I will console as best I can this afflicted damsel, for in these first buddings of love prompt undeceiving is wont to be an effective remedy."

And with that he went off that he might not be observed by those who should see him there. He had scarce gone when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion:

"We must put a lute there for him, for doubtless Don Quixote wants to give us some music, and being his it will not be bad."

They then went to acquaint the duchess of what had passed, and of Don Quixote's asking for the lute. She, delighted beyond measure, arranged with the duke and her damsels to play him a trick which should be more laughable than hurtful, and they looked forward with much pleasure to the night, which came quickly as the day had come. This was passed by the duke and duchess in pleasant converse with Don Quixote; on which same day the duchess really and truly despatched a page of hers,—him who had taken the part of the enchanted Dulcinea in the wood,—to Theresa Panza, with her husband Sancho Panza's letter and the bundle of clothing he had left to be forwarded, charging him to bring back an exact account of all that passed with her. This being done, and eleven o' the night being come, Don Quixote found a guitar in his chamber. He tried it and opened the window, and, being aware that there were people walking in the garden, he ran over the strings of his guitar, and tuned it as well as he could; he spat and cleared his throat, and then, with a voice somewhat harsh though tuneful, sang the following ballad which that same day he had composed:

Amorous passions e'er are wont to
   Souls from off their hinges take;
Easy living, doing nothing,
   Instruments of these they make.

Stitching, or some useful labor,
   This is ever found to prove
Antidote to the sweet poison,
   Surest medicine for love.
Maidens prudent and decorous,
   Maidens who to wed aspire,—
Modesty is their best dower;
   Praise than this cannot be higher.

Courtier knights and errants gallant,
   Who in camp and court do tarry,
Woo the lighter sort of damsels,
   But the modest ones we marry.

Loves there are 'twixt host and guest which
   In the morning are begun;
But at parting they are ended,
   In the evening with the sun.

Love that's bred so quick and lightly,
   Comes to-day, to-morrow's gone; —
Goes, and leaves impressed behind it
   No images the soul upon.

Picture upon picture painted,
   Shape or color doth not show;
Where one beauty's ready planted,
   There's no room for number two.

Dulcinea del Toboso
   On my fancy I have got
Painted deep, in such a manner,
   Her I cannot ever blot.

Constancy in love's the part which
   Lovers generally do prize;
Miracles doth love work by it,
   Lovers doth it raise likewise.

Here had Don Quixote arrived in his song, with the duke and duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the people in the castle for an audience, when on a sudden, from a balcony which directly overhung Don Quixote's window, there was let down a rope, to which were fastened more than a hundred sheep-bells, and after them were flung a sack full of cats, who also bore smaller bells tied to their tails. So great was the noise from the jingling of the bells and the squalling of the cats, that even the duke and duchess, who were the contrivers of the joke, were startled; while Don Quixote, full of fear, was all of a tremble. Two or three of the cats, as fate would
have it, came in by the window into his chamber, and flinging about from one side to another it seemed as though a legion of devils had entered there. They put out the candles which were burning in the room, and rushed about seeking some way of escape. The rising and falling of the rope with the great bells never ceased, and the greater part of the people about the castle, who were not in the secret of the affair, were amazed and confounded. Don Quixote rose to his feet, and drawing his sword, began to lay about him through the casement, and to shout in a loud voice:

“Avaunt, malignant enchanter! Avaunt, ye wizard rabble! For I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, against whom your wicked designs are of no avail or force!”

And turning round upon the cats, which were scampering about the room, he dealt them many blows. They made for the window to go out therefrom, and one of them, finding itself hard pressed by Don Quixote’s slashes, jumped at his face and seized him by the nose with its claws and teeth, from the pain of which he roared as loudly as he could. The duke and duchess hearing this, and guessing what it might be, ran with much haste to his room, and, unlocking it with a master-key, found the poor knight struggling with all his might to tear away the cat from his face. Entering with lights and seeing the unequal fight, the duke ran up to interpose in the fray, but Don Quixote cried out:

“Let no one take him off! Leave me hand to hand with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter,—for I will let him know from me who Don Quixote of La Mancha is!”

But the cat, not caring for these threats, growled and held fast. At last the duke pulled it away and flung it out of the window, Don Quixote remaining with a scratched face, and with a nose not very whole, though greatly vexed because they had not let him finish the battle he had fought so roughly with that miscreant enchanter. They sent for oil of hypericum, and Altisidora herself, with her lily-white hands, applied bandages to all his wounds, and while putting them on said to him in a low voice:

“All these misadventures befall thee, flinty-hearted knight, for the sin of thy obduracy and obstinacy. And may it please God that Sancho, thy squire, will forget to whip him-
self, so this Dulcinea, so beloved of thee, may never come out of her enchantment,—at least, while I, who adore thee, am alive.”

To all this Don Quixote uttered not a word but heaved a profound sigh, and presently he laid him down on his bed, after thanking the duke and duchess for their kindness, not because he had any fear of that cattish and bellish enchanter rabble, but because he was sensible of their good disposition in coming to his succor. The duke and duchess left him to repose, and went away grieving at the evil issue of their frolic, for they did not think the adventure would have proved so disastrous and costly to Don Quixote; for it caused him to keep himself confined for five days, and in bed, where there befell him another adventure more pleasant than the last, which his chronicler will not now tell, having to betake him to Sancho Panza, who was going on very busily and very divertingly with his government.
CHAPTER XLVII

Wherein is contained the account of how Sancho Panza bore himself in his government

THE history tells us that from the hall of justice they conducted Sancho Panza to a sumptuous palace where in a great chamber there was laid a royal and very elegant table. As soon as Sancho entered the room the clarions sounded, and four boys came forward to bring him water for his hands, which Sancho received with much gravity. The music ceased, and Sancho seated himself at the head of the table, for there was no other seat than that and no other service laid. On one side there placed himself standing a personage who was afterwards discovered to be a physician, with a little wand of whalebone in his hand. They lifted up a very fine white cloth, with which was covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes, with many kinds of viands. One who looked like a student pronounced a blessing, and a page tucked a lace bib under Sancho's chin, while another, who performed the part of seneschal, brought a plate of fruit before him. Hardly had he eaten a mouthful when he of the little wand touched the plate with it, and they bore it away from him very quickly; but the seneschal brought him another with a different kind of viand. Sancho was going to try it; but, before he could reach or taste it, the little wand had touched it, and a page whipped it off as swiftly as he with the fruit had done. Seeing this, Sancho was amazed and, looking round at them all, asked whether he had to eat that dinner like a jugglery trick. To which he of the wand replied:—

"It must not be eaten, Lord Governor, except as it is the custom and fashion in other islands where there are governors. I, sir, am a physician, and have a salary allowed me in this island to act as such to the governors thereof, and I
regard their health more than I do mine, studying night and day, and sounding the governor's constitution, that I may know how to treat him when he should fall ill; and the chief thing I do is to assist at his dinners and suppers, to let him eat what I judge to be fit for him, and to keep him from eating what I conceive will do him harm and be hurtful to his stomach. Therefore did I order the plate of fruit to be taken away, as being overhumid, and the dish with the other viand I also bade them remove, as being too heating, containing many spices which induce thirst; for he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical humor wherein life consists."

"In that case," said Sancho, "that dish of roast partridges over there, which seem to be right savory, will do me no harm."

To this the physician replied: "Of those the Lord Governor shall never eat while I have life."

"Why not, then?" asked Sancho.

"Because," answered the physician, "our master, Hippocrates, the pole-star and light of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms: 'Omnis saturatio mala perdicis autem pessima'; which means all surfeit is bad, but that of partridge is worst."

"If that is so," said Sancho, "pray see, master doctor, which of all the meats on this table will do me most good and which least harm, and let me eat of it without your switching it away from me; for by the life of the governor, and as God shall let me enjoy it, I am dying of hunger, and to deny me my victuals, in spite of the doctor and all he may say, is rather to take my life than to lengthen it."

"Your worship is in the right, sir governor," replied the physician, "and therefore I am of opinion that you should not eat of those stewed rabbits that are there, for it is a furry food. That veal, had it not been roasted and with a pickle sauce, you might even try; but it must not be."

Quoth Sancho: "That big dish which is smoking farther on there, methinks, is an olla podrida, in which, for the variety of things there are in such ollas, we cannot miss hitting on something which is tasty and wholesome."

"Absit!" cried the physician; "far be so ill a thought from us! There is nothing in the world of less nutriment than an
olla podrida. Leave your olla podridas for canons or rectors of colleges or for peasants' weddings; but let the tables of governors be free from them, at which should preside every nicety and every refinement. And the reason is because, always and everywhere and by every one, simple medicines are more esteemed than compound; for in the simple one cannot err, and in the compound one may, by altering the quantities of the things of which they are composed. Therefore do I say that what the Lord Governor should eat now in order to preserve his health and fortify it, is a hundred of wafer rolls and some thin slices of the flesh of quince, which may sustain his stomach and help him to digestion."

On hearing this, Sancho leant back against his chair, and, looking at the physician intently, asked, with a grave voice, what his name was and where he had studied. He replied: "My name, Lord Governor, is Doctor Pedro Recio de Agüero, and I am a native of a village called Tirteafuera, which lies between Caracuel and Almodóvar del Campo, on the right-hand side, and I have the degree of Doctor from the University of Osuna."

To whom Sancho, all inflamed with rage, responded: —

"Then, Master Pedro Recio of Mal-Aguero, native of Tirteafuera, a village which is on the right hand as we go from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate of Osuna,—get out of this at once! or I swear by the sun I will take a cudgel, and beginning with you I will beat every doctor out of the island, at least those I perceive to be ignorant, for the learned physicians, the prudent and wise, I will put over my head and honor them as persons divine. And again I say, let Pedro Recio begone from here; if not, I will take this chair on which I am sitting and break it on his head; and let them call me to account for it in the judgment, for I will clear myself by saying that I did God service by killing a bad doctor, the plague of the commonwealth. And give me something to eat, or let them take their governorship from me, for a place which gives its holder naught to eat is not worth two beans."

The physician was frightened at seeing the governor so angry, and would fain have taken himself off out of the room; but at that moment a post-horn was sounded in the
street, and the seneschal, looking out of the window, turned round and said: "A messenger comes from the duke, my master; he must be the bearer of some despatch of importance."

The courier entered in a sweat and a flurry, and, drawing a despatch from his bosom, placed it in the governor's hands. Sancho gave it to the steward, whom he commanded to read the superscription, which ran as follows: "To Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island Barataria, into his own hands or into those of his Secretary."

On hearing this, Sancho exclaimed: "Who is my secretary here?"

And one of those present answered: "I, sir, for I can read and write and am a Biscayan."

"With that addition," said Sancho, "you might well be secretary to the emperor himself. Open the packet, and see what it says."

The new-made secretary did so, and having read its contents declared that it was a business to be treated of in private. Sancho ordered the hall to be cleared, none to remain but the steward and the seneschal; and, the doctor and the rest having gone out, the secretary read the letter, which ran thus:

"It has come to my knowledge, Sir Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island will make a furious assault upon it, I know not upon what night. It is meet that you should keep watch and be on the alert, so that they take you not unprepared. I learn also by trusty spies that four persons have entered the town in disguise to take your life, because they are in fear of your genius. Keep your eyes open and take heed who comes to speak with you, and eat not of the thing they offer you. I will take care to send you succor if you find yourself in trouble, and in everything you will act as is expected of your intelligence.

"From this place, the Sixteenth of August, at four of the morning.

Your friend,

"The Duke."

Sancho was amazed, and the bystanders pretended to be so likewise. Turning to the steward, he said: "That which
has to be done, and done at once, is to clap Doctor Recio in
the lockup; for if there is anybody will kill me it is he, and
by a death of the worst and a lingering one, as is that by
hunger."

"Yet methinks," said the seneschal, "your worship should
not eat of anything that is on this table, for it has been all
presented by some nuns, and, as they say, 'Behind the cross
stands the devil.'"

"I don't deny it," said Sancho, "and for the present let
them give me a piece of bread and a matter of four or five
pounds of grapes, for in these there can be no poison; and,
indeed, I cannot last without eating, and if we have to get
ready for those battles they threaten us with, we must needs
be well supported, for tripes carry heart, and not heart tripes.
And you, secretary, reply to the duke my lord and say that
all he commands shall be done according to his command
without bating a jot; and you will present a salute on my
behalf to my lady the duchess, and say that I pray her not
to forget to send by an express my letter and my parcel to
my wife, Theresa Panza, which I will take very kindly, and I
will be careful to serve her to the utmost of my power. And,
by the way, you can put in a kiss-of-the-hand to my master,
Don Quixote of La Mancha, that he may see that I am grate-
ful, and like a good secretary and a good Biscayan you can
add all that you please that is to the point. And now let
them clear away the cloth and give me something to eat,
and I will settle it with as many spies and murderers and
enchanters as may come upon me and my isle."

At this point there entered a page, who said: "There is
a laboring man on business who would speak to your lord-
ship about a matter, as he says, of much importance."

"This is a strange case," cried Sancho, "with your men of
business! Is it possible they are so stupid as not to see that
such hours as these are not the time in which they should
come about business? Perchance we that govern, we who
are judges, are not men of flesh and bone? And is it not
necessary to leave us at rest the time that necessity calls, or
would they have us to be made of marble stone? By Heaven
and my conscience, but if this governorship lasts (and I have
an inkling it won't), I'll settle some of these business men.
Now, tell that good man to come in, but first see that he is not any of the spies or one of my murderers."

"No, sir," answered the page, "he seems a simple fellow, and I know little but he is as good as good bread."

"There's nothing to fear," said the steward, "for we are all here."

"Would it be possible, seneschal," asked Sancho, "now that Doctor Pedro Recio is not here, for me to have something to eat of weight and substance, though it were but a bit of bread and an onion?"

"This evening at supper the shortcomings of the dinner shall be made good, and your lordship shall be satisfied and requited," said the seneschal.

"God grant it," quoth Sancho.

Thereupon entered the peasant, who was of a fair presence and from a thousand leagues off might be seen to be an honest good soul. The first thing he said was: "Which is the Lord Governor here?"

"Who should he be," replied the secretary, "but he who is seated in the chair?"

"I humble myself in his presence," said the peasant. And bending on his knees sought his hand to kiss it. But Sancho refused it, and bade him rise and say what he wanted. The peasant did so, and said:—

"I, sir, am a laboring man, a native of Miguel Turra, a village which is two leagues from Ciudad Real."

"Have we another Tirteafuera?" exclaimed Sancho. "But speak on, brother, for I can tell you I know Miguel Turra right well, and it is not very far from my own village."

"This is the matter, sir," continued the peasant, "that I, by God's mercy, am married, with leave and license of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. I have two sons students, and the younger he is studying for a bachelor and the elder for a licentiate. I am a widower, for my wife died, or rather a wicked doctor killed her for me, and had God pleased that another child should see the light, and it had been a boy, I would have put him to study for a doctor so that he might not be envious of his brothers, the bachelor and the licentiate."

"So that if your wife had not died, or they had not killed
her," observed Sancho, "you would not now have been a widower."

"No, sir, by no means," answered the peasant.

"We are well thriven," said Sancho. "Get on, brother, for it is the hour for sleep rather than for business."

"Well, I was saying," continued the peasant, "that this my son, who is to be a bachelor, fell in love with a damsels of the same village, called Clara Perlerino, daughter of Andrew Perlerino, a very rich farmer—and his name of Perlerino does not come to them by descent or from ancestry, but because all of his line are paralytic, and to better the name they call themselves Perlerinos. Aye! and to tell the truth the maiden is like an Oriental pearl, and looked at on the right side like a flower of the field; on the left not so much, for she wants that eye which she lost by the small-pox; and though the pits on her face are many and great, those that love her say that they are not pits but graves wherein are buried the hearts of her lovers. She is so cleanly that lest she should soil her face she carries her nose so cocked up that they say it looks as if it were flying from her mouth; and for all that she looks extremely well, for she has a large mouth, and did it not lack some ten or a dozen teeth and grinders it might pass and make a show among the best-formed ones. Of her lips I know not what to say, for they are so thin and delicate that if it were the fashion to wind lips one might make a skein of them; but as they have a different color from ordinary lips they look wonderful, for they are mottled with blue, green, and purple; and may the Lord Governor pardon me if I am painting so minutely the parts of her who, some day or other, has to be my daughter, for I like her well and to me she appears not amiss."

"Paint what you please," cried Sancho, "for I am refreshing myself with your painting; and had I dined, there could be no better dessert for me than your portrait."

"That I have still to serve you," replied the peasant; "but the time will come when we may, if we do not now; and say I, sir, that if I could paint the elegance and the shape of her body it would be a thing to astonish you, but it may not be, for the reason that she is crooked and shrunken and has her knees up to her mouth, and for all that we may see that if
she could only stand upright her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand as spouse to my bachelor only she cannot stretch it out, for it is shriveled up, though in her long and guttered nails you can see its fineness and good make."

"'Tis well," quoth Sancho, "and reckon, brother, that you have painted her from head to foot: what is it you want now? Come to the point without turnings and windings, without babblings or addings."

"I want your worship, sir," said the peasant, "to do me the favor of giving me a letter of recommendation to the girl's father, praying him to be so good as to let this match be made, for we are not unequal in the goods of fortune or in those of nature. To tell you the truth, sir governor, my son is bewitched and there is no day that the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times, and from a fall in the fire once he has his face puckered up like parchment and his eyes somewhat tearful and running, but he has the temper of an angel, and were it not that he bethumps and belabors himself he would be a saint."

"Is there anything else you wish, good fellow?" said Sancho.

"There's something else I would like," replied the peasant, "only I dare not speak of it; but go to — it must not rot in my bosom, stick or not stick. I say, sir, but I wish your worship would give me some three or six hundred ducats in aid of my bachelor's portion to help him, — I mean, set up house, for in sooth they have to live by themselves without being subject to the impertinences of their fathers-in-law."

"Look if there's anything else you'd like," said Sancho, "and don't be hindered from saying it through shame or bashfulness."

"No, surely," answered the peasant. Scarce had he spoken when the governor, starting to his feet, laid hold of the chair on which he had been sitting and exclaimed: —

"By this and by that I swear, Don Lubber, ill-conditioned boor, that if you do not depart at once and hide yourself from my sight, I'll break and split open your head with this chair! Rogue, devil's own painter! And is it now you come asking me for six hundred ducats? And where have I got
them? And why should I give them to you if I had them, rascal and idiot? And what is Miguel Turra to me, or the whole family of the Perlerinos? Begone from me, I say, or if not, by the life of the duke, my master, I'll do what I have said! You are never from Miguel Turra but some scoundrel whom hell has sent here to tempt me. What, villain, 'tis not a day and a half that I am holding the governorship, and you would have me possess six hundred ducats?"

The seneschal made signs to the peasant to go out of the hall, which he did with his head hanging down, fearful to all appearance lest the governor should carry out his threat; but the rogue knew very well how to play his part.

But leave we Sancho in his wrath and peace to all the company, and let us return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up under treatment of his cattish wounds, which did not heal within eight days; on one of which there befell him that which Cid Hamet promises to recount with the truthfulness and exactitude with which he is accustomed to narrate the passages of this history, however minute they be.
CHAPTER XLVIII

Of what happened to Don Quixote with Doña Rodríguez, the duchess's duenna, with other incidents worthy of record and of eternal remembrance

EXCEEDINGLY melancholy and out of humor was the sore-wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked, not by the hand of God but by the claws of a cat,—disasters incidental to knight-errantry. For six days he appeared not in public, on one night of which, lying wide awake and watchful, meditating on his misfortunes and on Altisidora's persecution, he was aware of some one opening the door of his room with a key, and straightway he imagined that the love-stricken damsel was coming to reduce him to the condition of failing in the fidelity he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

"No," said he, fully crediting his own conceit (and this in a voice which might be overheard), "not the greatest beauty on earth shall prevail with me so that I shall cease to adore her whom I hold graved and stamped in the center of my heart and in the secretest part of my bowels; be thou, dear lady, transformed into an onion-fed country wench, or into a nymph of golden Tagus, weaving tissues of twisted silk and gold, or Merlin or Montesinos detain thee where they please; for wheresoever it may be thou art mine, and everywhere I have been and shall be I am thine."

As he finished saying this, at the same moment the door opened. He stood up on the bed, wrapt from head to foot in a quilt of yellow satin, a great nightcap on his head, and his face and mustaches tied up,—the face for the scratches; the mustaches that they might not droop and fall; in which attire he looked the strangest phantom that could be conceived. He fixed his eyes on the door, and when he looked to see the enthralled and distressful Altisidora come in, he
saw enter a very reverend duenna, with a white plaited veil, so long that it covered and cloaked her from head to feet. Between the fingers of her left hand she held a lighted half-candle, while with her right she made a shade so that the light might not fall on her eyes, which were covered by a huge pair of spectacles. She advanced with noiseless steps, moving her feet very softly. Don Quixote gazed at her from his watch-tower, and when he perceived her attire and observed her silence he conceived that some witch or sorceress was coming in that guise to do him some ill turn, and he began to cross himself with great energy. The apparition advanced, and when it reached the middle of the chamber it raised its eyes and saw the energy with which Don Quixote was crossing himself; and if he was frightened at seeing such a figure as hers she was startled at the sight of his, so that as soon as she saw him thus long and yellow with the quilt and the bandages which disfigured him, she gave a loud scream, crying: "Jesus! what do I see?" And with the shock she let fall the candle from her hands, and finding herself in the dark she turned round to fly, and in her fright she tripped on her skirt and came down with a great fall. Don Quixote in his fear began to say:—

"I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art! tell me who thou art, and say what thou wantest of me! If thou art a soul in torment tell me, for I will do for thee all that my powers are equal to, for I am a Christian Catholic and love to do good to all the world. To this end did I take up the order of knight-errantry which I profess, and whose office extends even to the doing good to souls in purgatory."

The bewildered duenna hearing herself thus conjured, by her own fright conjectured Don Quixote's, and answered him in a low plaintive voice:—

"Sir Don Quixote,—if perchance your worship is Don Quixote,—I am no phantom or specter or soul in purgatory, as your worship must have supposed, but Doña Rodriguez, duenna of honor to my lady the duchess, who, in a necessity such as your worship is wont to relieve, have come to you."

"Tell me, Doña Rodriguez," cried Don Quixote, "do you perchance come to me on a mediation of love? Because I would have you know that I am good for no one, thanks
to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. I say, in short, my lady Doña Rodriguez, that if you leave out and put aside all love messages, you can go and light your candle and come again and we will converse of everything you may bid me or is most to your taste,—saving, as I say, all amorous incitements."

"I with a message from any one, sir!" answered the duenna; "little does your honor know me. Indeed, but I am not of an age so advanced as to be driven to such child's work. Praised be God, I have still a soul in my flesh, and all my teeth and molars in my mouth, except a few of which catarrhs have robbed me, so common in this land of Aragon. But let your worship wait a little; I will go out to light my candle and come back in a moment to tell of my griefs to him who is the reliever of all in the world."

And without awaiting a reply she went out of the chamber, where Don Quixote remained expecting her, composed and thoughtful. Presently there occurred to him a thousand reflections about this new adventure, and it seemed to him that it was ill-done and worse conceived to place himself in peril of breaking his pledged faith with his mistress, he saying to himself: "Who knows but that the devil, who is subtle and adroit, would deceive me now with a duenna as he has not been able to do with empresses, queens, duchesses, or countesses? I have heard many wise persons say, oftentimes, that if he can, he would rather give you a flat-nosed one than an aquiline. And who knows but that this solitude, this opportunity, and this silence will awake my sleeping affection, and cause me, at the end of all these years, to fall, where I have never stumbled? In such cases it is better to fly than to await the battle. Yet I cannot be in my right mind if I think and utter these silly things, for it is not possible for a duenna, white-hooded, ample, and spectacled, to stir or raise such a thought in any bosom on earth. Is there by chance in the world a duenna with wholesome flesh? Is there by chance on the globe a duenna who is other than impertinent, affected, and prudish? Avaunt, then, ye duenna crew, useless for any human pleasure! How well done it was of that lady who is reported to have had two carved figures of duennas at the head of her chamber, with their spectacles
and sewing-cushions, as though they were working, which figures were as good for preserving the dignity of her hall as if they had been real duennas!"

Saying this he leapt out of bed with the intention of shutting the door and not letting the lady Doña Rodriguez enter; but as he went to close it the lady Rodriguez was already come back with a lighted candle of white wax.

Don Quixote got into his bed, and Doña Rodriguez remained seated in a chair a little removed from the bedside, without taking off her spectacles or setting down the candle. Don Quixote muffled and covered himself all up, leaving no more than his face revealed, and, the two being settled, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote, who said:—

"Now may you, my lady Doña Rodriguez, unburden and unbosom yourself of all that you have within your sorrowful heart and afflicted bowels, for it shall be listened to by me with chaste ears and relieved by compassionate deeds."

"So I can believe," answered the duenna, "for of your gentle and agreeable presence none but so Christian an answer could be expected. This, then, is the case, Sir Don Quixote, that though you see me seated in this chair and in the middle of Aragon and in the habit of a decayed and forlorn duenna, I am a native of the highlands of Oviedo, and of a family which crosses with that of many of the best in that province. But my ill fate and the improvidence of my parents, which led to their untimely impoverishment, brought me, I know not how or why, to the court of Madrid, where, for the sake of peace, and to save me from further misfortunes, my parents placed me in service as a waiting-maid to a lady of quality; and I would have your worship know that at back-stitch and plain work no one ever surpassed me in all my life. My parents left me in service and returned to their country, and a few years afterwards they went it must have been to heaven, for they were very good people and Catholic Christians. I was left an orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages and scanty favors which are wont to be paid to such servants in a palace. About this time, without my giving him any cause for it, a page of the house fell in love with me—a man already in years, bearded and personable, and above all a gentleman like the king, for
he was of the mountains. We did not manage our loves so closely but that they came to the notice of my lady, who, to save us from talking tongues, married us with the license and approbation of the Holy Mother Church, Roman Catholic, of which marriage was born a daughter to put an end to my good fortune, if I had any, because, a little after, my husband died of a certain shock which he received, and had I the time now to tell of it, I know that your worship would wonder."

Here she began to weep piteously, and said:—

"Pardon me, Sir Don Quixote, I cannot help it, and every time I call to mind my unhappy one my eyes are brimful of tears. Heaven help me! How proudly would he carry my lady behind him on the crupper of a stout mule, black as the very jet! In those days they did not use coaches or chairs, as they say are now in fashion, and ladies rode behind their squires. This, at least, I cannot refrain from telling you, that you may note the good breeding and punctiliousness of my good husband. At the entrance of the street of Santiago in Madrid, which is somewhat narrow, a judge of the court happened to be coming out with two of his officers before him, and as soon as my good squire saw him he turned his mule's rein, as if he designed to wait upon him. My lady, who rode on the crupper, said to him in a low voice: 'What are you doing, you paltry fellow, see ye not that I am here?' The judge, out of politeness, pulled up his horse, and said: 'Take your road, sir, for 'tis I who should wait upon the Lady Casilda,' for such was my mistress's name. Still my husband strove, with cap in hand, desiring to wait upon the judge. Seeing this my lady, filled with rage and spite, drew out a stout pin,—or, I believe, a bodkin,—and ran it into his loins, whereupon my husband gave a loud scream and twisted his body so that he came with his lady to the ground. Two of her lackeys ran up to raise her, and the like did the judge and his officers. The Guadalajara gate was in a hubbub (I mean the idle people who were there). My mistress went away on foot and my husband ran into a barber's shop, crying that his bowels were pierced through and through. My husband's courteousness was so much bruited about that the boys would run after him in the streets; and
for this and because he was somewhat short of sight, my lady dismissed him; the pain of which, I believe, without any doubt brought on the calamity of his death. I was left a widow and helpless, and with a daughter on my shoulders, who went on growing in beauty like the sea-foam. At last, as I had the name of being a great seamstress, my lady the duchess, who was then newly married to the duke, my master, offered to bring me with her to this kingdom of Aragon and my daughter also, where, in process of years, my daughter grew up, and with all the grace in the world. She sings like a lark, dances like a thought, foots it like one of your gay ones, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and reckons like a miser. Of her cleanliness I say nothing, for running water is not cleaner; and she should be now, if I remember right, sixteen years five months and three days, one more or less. To come to an end, there became enamored of this my lass the son of a very rich farmer, who lives in a village of my master the duke, not very far from here. In short, he promised to marry her, and now refuses to keep his word; and though the duke my master knows it, because I have complained to him not once but many times, and prayed him to bid the said farmer marry my daughter, he turns a deaf ear and will scarcely listen to me. The reason is because the father of this joker is rich and lends him money and goes surety for his pranks at every moment, so he will not displease him nor trouble him in any way. Therefore, dear sir, I want your worship to take upon you the charge of redressing this wrong, either by entreaties or by arms; for, as all the world says, you were born into the world to redress wrongs, to right the injured, and to succor the unfortunate. And put before you my daughter's orphan state, her genteelessness, her youth, with all the good points I have told you she possesses; and by Heaven and on my conscience, of all the damsels my lady keeps there is not one who reaches to the sole of her shoe. She they call Altisidora, whom they take to be the gayest and freest, put in comparison with my daughter, comes not within two leagues of her; for I wish you to know, dear sir, that all is not gold that glitters, for this same Altisidora has more boldness than beauty and more freedom than modesty. More-
over, she is not very wholesome, for she has a certain tainted breath which does not allow one to be near her for a moment; and even my lady the duchess—I must be silent, for they say that walls have ears."

"On my life, what of my lady the duchess, Doña Rodriguez?" asked Don Quixote.

Hardly had Don Quixote uttered these words when the doors of the chamber flew open with a great bang, and with the suddenness of the start down fell Doña Rodriguez with the candle in her hand, and the chamber remained dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is. Then the poor duenna felt herself gripped so fast by the throat with two hands that she was unable to squeal, while some one else, without speaking a word, lifted her skirts very nimbly and with a slipper, as it seemed, began to give her so many slaps as were a pity; which though Don Quixote felt, he did not budge from his bed, not knowing what that might be, but lay still and silent, even fearful that the whipping turn and tunding should come to him. Nor were his fears unfounded, for quitting the belabored duenna, who dared not cry out, the silent executioners fell upon Don Quixote, and stripping him of the sheet and the quilt, they pinched him so soundly and severely that he was driven to defend himself with his fists, and all in wonderful silence. The battle lasted nearly half an hour; then the phantoms fled away, Doña Rodriguez gathered up her skirts, and bemoaning her disaster went out of the door without saying a word to Don Quixote. He, pinched and disconsolate, perplexed and pensive, remained alone; where we shall leave him longing to know who was the malign enchanter who had done him this turn. But that will be told in its time, for Sancho Panza calls us, and the order of this history demands that we should go to him.
CHAPTER XLIX

Of what happened to Sancho Panza on going the round of his isle

WE left the great governor vexed and angry with the portrait-painting peasant knave, who, tutored by the steward, as the steward was by the duke, played the fool with Sancho. But he, despite of his ignorance, rudeness, and lumpishness, held his own with them, saying to those about him and to the Doctor Pedro Recio, who, after the matter of the duke's secret letter had been disposed of, had come back into the hall:—

"Verily, now I understand that judges and governors ought to be, and must be, made of brass, that they may have no feeling of the importunities of people in business, who at all hours and seasons would be heard and despatched, looking only to their own affair come what may; and if the fair judge does not hear and despatch, either because he is not able or because that is not the regular time to give them hearing, straightway they revile and backbite him and even pull his family to pieces. Foolish man of business, silly man of business, do not be in a hurry; wait for a season and fit time for your dealings. Come not at the dinner hour nor at bedtime, for judges are of flesh and bone and have to give nature that which she naturally demands of them; unless it is I, who give mine nothing to eat, thanks to Sir Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera yonder, who wants me to die of hunger, and declares that this death is life, which so may God give to him and all those of his breed,—I say, to that of bad doctors, for that of the good ones deserves palms and laurels."

All who knew Sancho Panza wondered to hear him speak so elegantly, nor knew to what to attribute it, unless that offices and grave duties quicken some intellects whilst they deaden others. Finally, the Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera promised to give him something to sup on that night, even
though he should transgress the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was satisfied; and he looked forward with great impatience to the coming of night and the supper hour; and though time, to his seeming, stood still, at length it came, so long wished for, when they gave him for supper a salad of beef and onions and some boiled calves' feet, somewhat stale by keeping. He fell to upon all with greater zest than if they had given him Milan francolins, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, Moron partridges, or Lavajos geese; and turning to the doctor while supping he said to him:—

"Look ye, sir doctor, from henceforth trouble not yourself to give me choice things and far-fetched dainties to eat, for that will take my stomach off its hinges, which is accustomed to kid, to beef, to bacon, hung meat, turnips, and onions, and if by chance they give it any other palace kickshaws it receives them with squeamishness and sometimes with loathing. What the master sewer should do is to get me those they call olla podridas; and the rottener they are the better they smell, and in them he can cram and stuff whatever he will, so long as it is for eating, and I will thank him for it and repay him some day. And let no one fool me; for either we are or we are not; let us all live and eat in good peace and fellowship; for when God makes the dawning it is dawn for all. I shall govern this isle without giving up a right or taking bribe; and let everybody keep his eye open and mind his own bolt; for I would have them know that the devil is loose in Cantillana, and if they give me cause they shall see marvels which will astonish them,—nay, but make yourself honey and the flies will eat you."

"Of a surety, sir governor," said the seneschal, "but there is much reason in what your worship says, and I offer, in the name of all the insulars of this isle, to serve your worship with all exactness, love, and good-will, for the sweet mode of governing which, in these beginnings, your worship has shown us leaves us no room to do or think anything which may be to your worship's disservice."

"I believe it," answered Sancho, "and they would be so many fools if they did or thought anything else; and again I say let them look to my feeding and that of my Dapple, which is the important thing in this business and most to the
purpose. And when the hour comes let us go the rounds, for it is my intention to clear this isle of every kind of impurity, and of your vagabond, lazy, and ill-conditioned gentry. For I want you to know, friends, that idle and vagrant folk in a state are the same as drones in a hive, who eat up the honey the worker bees make. I intend to favor the laboring men, preserve to the gentlemen their privileges, reward the virtuous, and above all respect religion and honor the clergy. What think ye of this, friends? Say I aught, or do I talk idly?"

"Your worship says so much, sir governor," replied the steward, "that I am amazed to find a man like you, without learning (for I understand you have none), say such and so many things full of judgment and of good counsel, so much beyond all that was expected of your wits by those who sent us and by us who are come here. Every day we see new things in the world; jests are turned into earnest, and mockers find themselves mocked."

The night had now come and the governor, with Doctor Recio's leave, having eaten his supper, prepared to set out on his rounds, accompanied by the steward, the secretary, and the seneschal, with the chronicler, whose charge it was to keep a record of his deeds, and officers and scribes so many as would have formed a moderate-sized battalion. In their midst walked Sancho with rod in hand, a goodly sight to see. Having traversed a few of the streets of the place they heard a clashing of knives; and hastening to the spot they found that the men fighting were two only. They, seeing the approach of the authorities, desisted, one of them exclaiming: "Here, in God's name and the king's! What, are they allowed in this town to rob a man in public and to come out to assault one in the middle of the streets?"

"Calm yourself, my good man," said Sancho, "and tell me what is the cause of this dispute, for I am the governor."

Said the other, his adversary: "Sir governor, I will tell you with all brevity. Your worship must know that this gentleman here has just won in this gaming-house, which is opposite, more than a thousand reals, and God knows how; and I, being present, adjudged more than one doubtful cast in his favor, contrary to what my conscience dictated. He
got up with his winnings, and when I expected that he would give me some crown at least for a fee,—as is the use and custom to give to men of quality like me, who stand by to see fair or foul, to back up wrong practises, and to prevent quarrels,—he pocketed his money and went out of the house. I, in dudgeon, went after him, and with fair and civil words asked him to give me some eight reals, for he knows I am an honorable man, and have neither place nor profession, for my parents taught me none nor left me any. And the rascal, who is a greater thief than Cacus and a greater cheat than Andradilla, would not give me more than four reals; so that you may see, sir governor, what little shame he has, and what a conscience; though, i' faith, if your worship had not come up, I would have made him vomit up his winnings and taught him how much there was in the scales."

"What do you say to this?" asked Sancho.

The other replied that what his adversary had said was true, and that he did not care to give him more than four reals, for he often gave him something; and those who expect benevolences should be civil and take what is given them with a pleasant face and not keep a reckoning with winners, unless they know them for certain to be sharpers and their gains to be foully won. And that for a token that he was an honest man and no thief, as was said, there was none better than his not wishing to give anything, for it is the sharpers who are ever the tributaries of the lookers-on, by whom they are known.

"That is so," said the steward; "let your worship consider, sir governor, what is to be done with these men."

"That which is to be done," answered Sancho, "is this: You, winner, fair or foul or indifferent, give to him who would be your knifer instantly a hundred reals, and disburse thirty more for the poor in the prisons; and you, who have neither place nor profession and go about doing nothing in this isle, take those hundred reals immediately, and to-morrow, some time of the day, get you out from this isle, banished for ten years; on pain, if you break the term, of completing it in another life, because I will pay you on a gallows, or at least the hangman will do so by my command; and let none reply or he shall feel my hand."
The one disbursed, the other pocketed; the latter quitted the isle, the former went away home, and the governor went on to say: “I am good for little or I will put down the gambling-houses, for I have an idea they are very hurtful.”

“This one at least,” observed one of the notaries, “your worship will not be able to put down, for a great personage keeps it, and what he loses in the year is more, beyond all comparison, than what he gains by the cards. Upon the gambling dens of lower degree your worship may well use your power, for these are what do the greatest harm and harbor the worst abuses. In the houses belonging to lords and gentlemen of quality the notorious sharpers dare not practise their tricks. And, seeing that the vice of gaming has come to be in common use, it is better they should play in houses of quality than in some low mechanic’s house, where they catch the wretch after midnight hours and skin him alive.”

“I am aware, notary,” said Sancho, “that there is much to be said on that point.” Here there came up a watchman, who had hold of a youth, and said: “Sir governor, this young man was coming this way, and when he spied the watch he turned about and began to run like a stag, a token that he must be some evil-doer. I started after him, and had it not been that he stumbled and fell I should never have caught him.”

“Why did you run away, man?” asked Sancho.

The youth replied: “Sir, to get away from answering the many questions these watchmen ask.”

“What trade are you of?”

“A weaver.”

“And what do you weave?”

“Iron heads for lances, by your honor’s good leave.”

“Is it a wag you are? Would you play your jokes on me? ’Tis well! And where were you going just now?”

“Sir, to take the air.”

“And where do they take the air in this isle?”

“Where it blows.”

“Good: you answer much to the point; you are a knowing youth. But pray reckon that I am the air, and blow astern of you and drive you to jail. Ho! seize him, and
take him away. I will make him sleep there this night without air."

"By the Lord," said the youth, "your honor can as much make me sleep in jail as make me king!"

"Why, then, shall I not make you sleep in jail?" said Sancho. "Have I not power to arrest you and discharge you whenever and as often as I please?"

"Whatever power your honor may have," retorted the youth, "shall not suffice to make me sleep in prison."

"How not?" said Sancho. "Have I not power to arrest you and discharge you whenever and as often as I please?"

"Whatever power your honor may have," answered the youth; "the point is, that not all men living shall make me sleep in the jail."

"Tell me, devil," said Sancho, "have you any angel to deliver you, to free you from the fetters in which I intend to order you to be clapped?"

"Now, sir governor," answered the youth with a pleasant air, "let us reason together and come to the point. Suppose your honor orders me to be taken to the jail, and that there they clasp me in fetters and chains and place me in a cell, laying the jailer under heavy penalties not to let me out, and that he performs all that is ordered him; nevertheless, if I do not please to sleep and remain awake all the night without closing an eyelid, will your honor be able, with all your power, to make me so please if I do not choose to?"

"No, certainly," quoth the secretary; "the man has made out his meaning."

"So that," said Sancho, "you would refrain from sleeping for nothing else than because it is your will, and not because you would go against mine?"

"No, sir," replied the youth; "nor did I think of it."

"Away! go, then, in God's name!" cried Sancho; "go and sleep at home and God send you good slumber, for I would not deprive you of it; but let me advise you that for the future you jest not with justice, or you will light on some one who will give you the jest back on your noodle."

The youth went off, and the governor continued his
rounds; and a little while after there came up two watchmen, who had hold of a man, and said: "Sir, this, who looks like a man, is not one but a woman, and no ugly one, who goes clad in man's attire."

They raised two or three lanterns to her face, and by its light was revealed the countenance of a woman, who seemed to be of some sixteen years of age, or a little more, her hair gathered into a net of gold and green silk, beautiful as a thousand pearls. They viewed her from head to foot and saw that she had on stockings of flesh-colored silk, with garters of white taffeta edged with gold and seed-pearl. Her breeches were of green cloth of gold, her jerkin, or coat, of the same, hung loose, and beneath it she wore a doublet of finest stuff, gold and white; her shoes were white, and like a man's. She wore no sword in her girdle but only a very rich dagger, and on her fingers many very fine rings. In short, the lass made a fair show before them all, and none of them knew her, the natives of the place saying they could not think who she was; and those who were privy to the tricks which were being played on Sancho were they who wondered the most, for that incident and meeting had not been contrived by them, and so they waited anxiously to see how the affair would end. Sancho was struck by the girl's loveliness, and asked her who she was, where she was going, and what had caused her to put on that garb. She, with her eyes fixed on the ground, replied with a modest bashfulness:

"Sir, I cannot tell thus publicly that which it so much concerns me to keep secret. One thing I want you to understand, that I am no thief nor wicked person but an unhappy maiden whom the power of jealousy has compelled to break through the respect due to modesty."

Hearing this the steward said to Sancho: "Sir governor, make the people retire so that this lady may say what she wishes with less embarrassment."

The governor so commanded, and they all went aside, except the steward, the seneschal, and the secretary. Seeing themselves alone, the damsel proceeded: "I, gentlemen, am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, who farms the wool in this village and comes often to my father's house."
"That won't pass, mistress," said the steward, "I know Pedro Perez very well, and know that he has no child, male or female; and more by token you say he is your father, and then add he comes very often to your father's house."

"I had noted that," said Sancho.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I am confused and know not what I am saying," answered the damsel; "but the truth is that I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom all your worships must know."

"Nay, that passes," said the steward, "I know Diego de la Llana too, and know that he is a gentleman of quality and rich, and has a son and daughter, and since he has been left a widower there has been no one in all this place who can say that he has seen his daughter's face, for he keeps her so immured that he does not let the sun see her, and fame reports that she is beautiful in the extreme."

"It is true," answered the damsel, "and that daughter am I; whether fame lies or not as to my beauty, you, gentlemen, will have already discovered, for you have seen me." And here she began to weep pitiously.

The secretary, on seeing this, went up to the steward's ear and whispered: "Without a doubt something serious must have happened to this poor maiden, since she is wandering away from her home, in such a garb and such an hour, and one so respectable too!"

"There is no doubt of that," answered the steward; "her tears confirm that suspicion."

Sancho comforted her with his best arguments and besought her to tell them, without fear, what had happened to her, and that they would all try to help her in very earnest and in every possible way.

"This is the case, gentlemen," said she, "that my father has kept me shut up for ten years, that is, since the earth devoured my mother. Mass is said at home in a rich oratory, and in all this time I have seen but the sun by day and the moon and stars by night; I know not what streets are like, nor market-places, nor churches; nay, nor men, except my father and my brother, and Pedro Perez, the wool-farmer, who, as coming frequently to my house, I took the notion to say was my father so as not to declare my own. This confinement and
the denying me leave to go from home even to church, for many days and months, made me very disconsolate. I longed to see the world, or at least the village in which I was born, it seeming to me that this desire was not contrary to the respect which maidens of quality owed to themselves. When I heard them talk of bull-fighting, of cane-throwing, and playacting, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than I, to tell me what such things were, and many others which I had not seen. He explained them to me by the best means he could; but it all only tended to excite in me the stronger desire to see them. In fine, to shorten the story of my ruin, let me say that I entreated and besought my brother, — oh! that I had never besought or entreated him!” And again she began to weep.

The steward said to her: “Proceed, lady, and finish telling us what happened to you, for your words and tears keep us all in suspense.”

“There remain but few words for me to say,” answered the damsel, “though indeed many tears to shed, for misplaced desires can entail no other atonement than these.”

The maiden’s beauty had sunk deep into the soul of the seneschal, and he held up his lantern again to look at her face, and to him it seemed they were not tears she wept but seed-pearls or dew of the field; nay, he even raised them a point higher, and made Orient pearls of them; and he was hoping that her misfortunes were not so great as her tears and sobs indicated. The governor was in despair at the tardiness of the girl in relating her story, and told her to make an end of their suspense, because it was late and there was much of the town to go over. She, betwixt broken sobs and half-formed sighs, went on to say:—

“My misfortune is naught else nor my sorrow other than that I besought my brother to dress me in the habit of a man with one of his suits, and take me one night to see the whole town while our father was asleep. He, overcome by my entreaties, consented to my desire, and putting on me this attire, and dressing himself in one of mine which became him as though he were born to it, — for he has no down on his chin and looks like nothing so much as a very pretty girl, — this night, it must be an hour ago more or less, we sallied
from home, and guided by our youthful and foolhardy purpose we have made a circuit all about the town, and when we were about to return home we saw a great troop of people coming. My brother said: 'Sister, this must be the round; lighten your feet and put wings to them, and come on behind me, that they may not recognize us, or it will be the worse for us.' And so saying, he turned back and began, I will not say to run but to fly. I, in less than six steps, fell down from fright, and then the officers of justice came up, and brought me before your worship, where as a wicked and whimsical one I see myself brought to shame before so many people."

"So then, lady," said Sancho, "no other mischief has befallen you, nor did jealousy, as you told us at the beginning of your story, take you from home?"

"Nothing has befallen me, nor did jealousy take me out, but only the wish to see the world, which extended no farther than the seeing of the streets of this town."

The truth of what the damsel said was confirmed by two watchmen coming up with her brother, a prisoner, whom one of them had caught when he fled from his sister. He wore nothing but a rich petticoat and a mantle of blue damask with fine gold lacing, his head without any covering, unadorned with anything save the hair alone, which, red and curly, looked like rings of gold. The governor, the steward, and the seneschal took him on one side, and out of his sister's hearing asked him how he came to be in that attire. With no less shame and bashfulness he told the same story as his sister had told, at which the enamored seneschal was much delighted.

"Of a surety, gentlefolks," the governor said, "this has been a very childish freak, and to tell of this folly and rashness not so many nor such long tears and sighings were wanted. With saying we are such-and-such and we went out of our father's house to amuse ourselves in this fashion only from curiosity with no other design, the tale were ended, without all this weeping and wailing and the rest of it."

"That is true," answered the damsel, "but your worship should know that the confusion I was in was so great that I was not able to decide how to act."
“Nothing has been spoilt,” answered Sancho; “let us go and deposit you in your father's house; perhaps he will not have missed you, and henceforth don't show yourselves such children nor so anxious to see the world; for the honest maid and the broken leg are best at home; and the woman and the hen by gadding are lost; and she who is eager to see also longs to be seen; I say no more.”

The youth thanked the governor for the favor he proposed to do them by taking them home, and so they set out towards it. When they arrived there, the lad threw a pebble at the casement. On the instant a maid-servant who was waiting for them came down and opened the door, and they went in, leaving all in wonder not more at their beauty and genteel bearing than at their desire to see the world by night without leaving their village; but they set down everything to their tender years.

The Seneschal remained transfixed through the heart; and he at once resolved to go next day and ask the girl of her father in marriage, being assured that she would not be refused him, a servant of the duke. Even to Sancho there came an idea and wish to marry the young man to Sanchica, his daughter, and he resolved to put the matter in train in good season, believing that to the daughter of a governor no husband would be denied. With this the round was ended for that night, and within two days after the government, by which all Sancho's designs were cut short and annihilated, as shall be seen hereafter.
CHAPTER L

Wherein is declared who were the enchanters and executioners who whipped the duenna and pinched and scratched Don Quixote; with what befell the page who carried the letter to Theresa Panza, Sancho Panza's wife

CID HAMET, that most punctilious investigator of the details of this veracious history, says that at the time when Doña Rodriguez went out of her room to go into Don Quixote's chamber, another duenna, who lay with her, was aware of it; and as all duennas are fond of prying, peering, and sniffing, she went after her so softly that the good Rodriguez did not see her. As soon as she perceived the other one enter Don Quixote's chamber, that she might not fall short of the general custom of all duennas, which is to be tale-bearers, she went instantly to inform the duchess that Doña Rodriguez was in Don Quixote's bedroom. The duchess told the duke, and asked his permission for her and Altisidora to go and see what that duenna wanted with Don Quixote. The duke gave it, and the two, very cautiously and silently, crept up step by step and posted themselves by the door of the room, so close that they could hear every word spoken within. And when the duchess heard the Rodriguez talking about her she could not bear it, nor Altisidora either. So, filled with rage and eager for vengeance, they bounced into the room and pinched Don Quixote and slapped the duenna, in the manner as has been related; for affronts directed at the beauty and self-esteem of women waken their ire exceedingly and inflame their hearts to revenge. The duchess told the duke of what had passed, at which he was much entertained.

In pursuance of her design to amuse herself and get pastime out of Don Quixote, the page who had taken the part of Dulcinea in the device of her disenchantment (which
Sancho in his occupation of governing had clean forgotten) was despatched by the duchess to Theresa Panza, his wife, with her husband's letter, and one from herself, and a great string of rich corals as a present. Now the history says that the page was very sharp and clever, and being eager to serve his lord and lady set off, with a very good will, to Sancho's village. Before entering it he saw a number of women washing in a brook and he inquired of them if they could tell him whether in that village there lived a woman named Theresa Panza, wife of a certain Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote of La Mancha. At the question a girl who was washing stood up and said: "That Theresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho my father, and that knight our master."

"Come then, damsels," said the page, "show me your mother, for I bear her a letter and a present from that father of yours."

"That will I do with all my heart, dear sir," answered the lass, who seemed to be of the age of fourteen years, a little more or less. And leaving the clothes which she was washing to one of her companions, without covering her head or her feet,—for she was barelegged,—and with her hair hanging about her ears, she skipped off in front of the page's horse, crying: "Come, your worship, our house is at the entrance of the town, and my mother is there inside, worried enough at not having heard from my father these many days."

"Well, I bring her news so good," said the page, "that she might well thank God for it."

Jumping, running, and skipping, the girl came at last to the village, and before she got into the house cried aloud at the door: "Come out, mother Theresa, come out, come out, here comes a gentleman who brings letters and other things from my good father!"

At these words Theresa Panza came forth, spinning a bunch of flax, in a short gray petticoat, with a bodice also of gray, and a chemise. She was not very old, though she looked over forty, but strong and hale, robust and sun-dried. Seeing her daughter, and the page on horseback, she cried: "What is this, child? What gentleman is this?"
"He is a servant of my lady Theresa Panza," answered the page. So saying, he leapt from his horse, and went up with much humility and threw himself on his knees before the lady Theresa, crying: "Bestow your hands on me, my lady Doña Theresa, as the lawful and particular wife of my lord Don Sancho Panza, own governor of the isle Barataria."

"Ah, dear sir, get up from there, don't do that!" exclaimed Theresa; "I am none of your palace ones, but a poor peasant woman, daughter of a day-laborer, and wife of an esquire errant, and not of any governor."

"Your ladyship," said the page, "is the most worthy wife of a most arch-worthy governor, and in testimony that this is true accept this letter and this present." And he drew out of his pocket a string of coral beads with gold points, and threw it over her neck, saying: "This letter is from the Lord Governor, and another which I bring and these corals are from my lady the duchess, who sends me to your worship."

Theresa stood wonderstruck, and her daughter no less, and the girl said: "May I die if our master Don Quixote is not in this, and must have given father the governorship or countship which he promised him so often!"

"That is the truth," replied the page. "It is on account of Don Quixote that the lord Sancho is now governor of the isle Barataria, as will be seen by this letter."

"Let your worship read it to me, gentleman sir," said Theresa, "for though I can spin I cannot read a bit."

"Nor I either," added Sanchica; "but wait for me here and I will go and fetch one who will read it, either the priest himself or the bachelor Samson Carrasco, who will come right gladly to hear news of my father."

"There is no need to fetch any one," said the page, "for though I cannot spin I can read, and I will read it." And so he read it all, which is not given here for it has been quoted already; and then he took out another letter from the duchess, which ran in this manner: —

"FRIEND THERESA: — The excellent qualities of goodness and wit in your husband Sancho have moved and compelled me
to beg of my husband the duke to bestow on him an isle, one of many which the duke has. I am informed that he governs it like a gerfalcon, whereby I am much pleased, and so of course is the duke, my lord; therefore I give thanks to Heaven for not having been deceived in choosing him for the said governorship, for I would have the lady Theresa know that it is with difficulty one finds a good governor in the world, and may God do for me as well as Sancho governs. I send you herewith, my dear, a string of corals with gold points. I would have been glad had it been one of Oriental pearls, but who gives thee a bone does not wish thee dead. The time will come when we shall know each other and converse with each other; and God knows what shall be. I commend me to Sanchica your daughter; and tell her on my behalf to hold herself ready, for I mean to marry her highly when she least expects it. They tell me there are in your village some fine fat acorns. Send me a couple of dozen, and I will value them greatly as coming from your hand. And write me a long letter, advising me of your health and well-being, and if you need anything, it is but to open your mouth and it shall be filled; and may God keep you. From this place, your friend who loves you well,

"The Duchess."

"Ah!" cried Theresa, on hearing the letter read, "what a good, what a simple, what a lowly lady! Bury me with such ladies, say I, and not the madams one is used to in our town, who think because they are gentlefolk the wind must not touch them, and go to church as fantastical as though they were very queens, that seem to think it a dishonor to look at a peasant woman. See here where this good lady, though she is a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal, and equal may I see her to the highest steeple there is in La Mancha! As to the acorns, dear sir, I will send her ladyship a peck, which shall be so fat that they will come to see them for a show and a wonder. Now, Sanchica, see you make much of this gentleman; look after his horse, and get some eggs out of the stable and cut plenty of bacon, and let us give him a dinner as to a prince, for the good news he has brought us, and his pretty face, deserve no
less. Meanwhile I will go out and tell my neighbors the news of our good fortune and the father priest and Master Nicholas, who are and have been such good friends of your father's."

"Yes, that I will, mother," answered Sanchica; "but look, you must give me half of that necklace, because I do not take my lady the duchess to be so foolish as to have sent you all."

"It is all for thee, daughter," said Theresa; "but let me wear it on my neck for a few days, for truly it seems to gladden my heart."

"You will be glad also," quoth the page, "when you see the packet I bring in this portmanteau, a suit of the finest cloth which the governor wore but one day out hunting, all of which he sends to the lady Sanchica."

"May he live a thousand years for me!" cried Sanchica, "and the bringer no less,—two thousand if need be."

Thereupon Theresa ran out of the house with the letters and the string of corals about her neck, beating the letters as she went along as if they had been a tambourine, and, meeting by chance with the priest and Samson Carrasco, she began to dance and to say:—

"I' faith, but there's no poor relation now! We've got a little government! Nay, but let your gayest gentle-dame have with me now, and I'll give her a setting down as an upstart!"

"What is this, Theresa Panza? What mad freak is this? What papers are these?"

"There is no other mad freak only that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these which I wear on my neck are fine corals, the Ave Marias and paternosters are of beaten gold, and I am a governor's lady!"

"By Heaven! we do not understand you, Theresa, nor know what you are saying."

"There you see it," answered Theresa. And she gave them the letters. The priest read them out so that Samson Carrasco could hear, and Samson and the priest looked at one another with astonishment at what they had read. The bachelor asked who had brought the letters. Theresa, for reply, bade them come home with her and see the messenger, a youth as fine as a gold brooch, who had brought her another present worth twice as much. The priest took the corals off
her neck and looked at them, and looked again, and being convinced they were good, his wonder grew afresh and he said:—

"By the habit I wear, but I know not what to say or to think about these letters and these presents. On one hand I see and feel the fineness of these corals, and on the other I read that a duchess sends to beg for two dozen of acorns."

"Trim me the balance between the two," said Carrasco; "let us go now and see the bearer of this packet, and from him we may learn something of the mystery here presented."

They did so, and Theresa went back with them. They found the page sifting some barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to pave it with eggs for the page's dinner. His looks and fine appearance pleased them both greatly, and after they had saluted him courteously and he them, Samson asked him to give them news both of Don Quixote and of Sancho Panza. Though they had read the letters of Sancho and of the duchess yet they were puzzled, they said, nor could they make out what that could be about Sancho's government, and especially about an isle, — all those or most of them which are in the Mediterranean belonging to his Majesty. To this the page replied:—

"That Sancho Panza is a governor there is no doubt; but what may or may not be the isle which he governs, that is no concern of mine. Enough that it is a place of more than a thousand inhabitants; and in regard to the acorns, let me say that my lady the duchess is so simple and lowly that her sending to beg acorns of a country woman is nothing, for it has happened to her to beg the loan of a comb from her neighbor. I would have your worship to know that the ladies of Aragon, though they are of as high degree, are not so punctilious and haughty as the Castilian ladies; they treat people with more affability."

While they were in the midst of this conversation, Sanchica came out with her lap full of eggs and asked the page: "Tell me, sir, does my father, mayhap, wear laced breeches since he is governor?"

"I have not taken note of it," answered the page; "but doubtless he should wear them."

"Ah, dear life!" cried Sanchica, "and what a sight it must
be to see father in tights! Is it not strange that ever since I was born I had a longing to see my father in trunk-hose?"

"Your grace shall see things like these if you live," answered the page. "By the Lord he is in a fair way to be traveling in a close bonnet, should his government last but two months."

The priest and the bachelor easily perceived that the page spoke waggishly, but the fineness of the corals and the hunting-suit which Sancho had sent (for Theresa had shown them the clothes) undid all; nor could they refrain from laughter at Sanchica's wish, especially when Theresa said:—

"Sir priest, make inquiry about here if there is anybody going to Madrid or Toledo, that he may bring me a round farthingale, all proper and complete, and let it be o' the fashion, and of the best there are. Indeed and indeed, I have to do honor to the government of my husband as much as I can; aye, and if they vex me I'll go to that court and set up a coach like the rest of them, for she who has a governor for a husband can very well have and keep one."

"And why not, mother?" quoth Sanchica; "please God, it be rather to-day than to-morrow, though they should say who saw me going seated with my mother in the coach, 'Look at that good-for-nothing daughter of the garlic-stuffed, how she goes seated and stretched in a coach as if she were a she pope!' Let them tramp through the clods, and let me go in my coach, with my feet off the ground. A bad year and a bad month, for all the backbiters there are in the world, and let folks laugh so I go warm! Say I not well, mother mine?"

"Well, indeed!" answered Theresa; "all those chances and even better did my good Sancho prophesy for me; and thou'lt see, daughter, how that he'll not stop till I am made a countess, for in luck the start is everything. As I have heard thy good father often say (and he is as much the father of saws as of thee), 'when they offer thee the calf, run with the rope; when they give thee a government, hold it tight; when they give a countship, claw it; and when they whistle to thee with something good, gulp it down.' Nay, never lie sleeping but answer to the good chances and things which come knocking at your house door."
“And what matters to me,” added Sanchica, “that they should say who see me puffed up and high-flown, ‘the dog saw himself in linen breeches,’ and the rest of it?”

On hearing this the priest said: “I cannot but think that all of this family of the Panzas are born each one with a bundle of proverbs in his body. None of them have I seen who did not pour them out at all times and in every talk they had.”

“That is true,” said the page, “the Lord Governor Sancho utters them at every turn, and, though many do not come pat, still they give pleasure, and my lady the duchess and the duke delight in them greatly.”

“But, do you still affirm it to be true, sir,” said the bachelor, “this about Sancho’s government, and that there is a duchess in the world who sends him presents and writes to him? We, though we have handled the presents and read the letters, do not believe it; and reckon this to be one of Don Quixote’s affairs, who imagines everything to be done by enchantment; and therefore I am for saying that I should like to touch and feel you, to see whether you are an ambassador of the imagination or a man of flesh and bones.”

“Gentlemen,” answered the page, “I can say no more of myself than that I am a real ambassador, and that Sir Sancho Panza is a governor in fact, and that my master and mistress, the duke and duchess, can bestow and have bestowed such government, and that I have heard say that the said Sancho Panza bears himself most worthily therein. Whether in this there is enchantment or not, let your worships settle it among you, for that’s all I know, by the oath I swear, which is by the life of my parents, who are alive and whom I regard and love very much.”

“It may be so,” quoth the priest, “but ‘dubitat Augustinus.’”

“Let him doubt who may,” replied the page; “the truth is what I have spoken, and what will always rise over the lie like oil over water, and, if not ‘operibus credite et non verbis.’ Let one of your worships come with me, and he shall see with his eyes that which he does not believe with his ears.”

“That journey is for me,” quoth Sanchica; “take me, sir,
on the crupper of your nag and I will go right gladly to see my father."

"The daughter of governors," replied the page, "must not travel alone through the highways, but attended by coaches or litters, with a great company of servants."

"By Heaven," answered Sanchica, "I can go as well upon an ass as upon a coach. You take me for one of your squeamish ones."

"Peace, wench," said Theresa, "for you don't know what you say. This gentleman is right, for as the time so is the touch. When Sancho, Sancha; when governor, lady. I know not if I am right."

"The lady Theresa says more than she thinks," said the page; "now, let me have my dinner and despatch me at once, for I intend to return this evening."

"Your worship shall come and do penance with me," said the priest; "the lady Theresa has more good-will than good cheer to entreat so worthy a guest."

The page excused himself, but in the end had to comply, to his own bettering; and the priest took him away with himself, very glad to have an opportunity of questioning him at his leisure about Don Quixote and his doings. The bachelor offered to write the letters in answer to Theresa's, but she did not wish him to meddle in her affairs, as she took him for a bit of a wag; so she gave a roll and a couple of eggs to a shaveling friar who knew how to write, and he wrote for her two letters, one to her husband and another to the duchess, dictated out of her own head; which are not the worst quoted in this famous history, as will be seen by and by.
CHAPTER LI

Of the progress of Sancho Panza's government, with other matters such as they are

The day dawning, succeeding the night of the governor's round, which the seneschal had passed without sleep, his mind occupied by the face, the bearing, and the beauty of the disguised damsel, while the steward spent what remained of it in writing to his master and mistress of what Sancho Panza did and said, as much amazed at his sayings as at his doings, — his words and his acts were so mingled with streaks of shrewdness and of simplicity.

The Lord Governor rose at length, and by order of the Doctor Pedro Recio they made him break his fast upon a little conserve and four drafts of cold water, which Sancho would have exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes. But finding it was a matter rather of compulsion than of choice, he submitted to it with sufficient grief of heart and pain of stomach, Pedro Recio making him believe that light and delicate viands quickened the intellect, which was most essential to persons appointed to commands and grave offices, wherein was occasion not so much for strength of body as for that of mind. By this sophistry Sancho was made to suffer hunger, and that so keen that in secret he cursed his government, and even him who had given it. However, with his hunger and his conserve he sat in judgment that day; and the first thing which came before him was a question which a stranger submitted, the steward and the rest of the attendants being present, as follows: —

"Sir, there is a deep river which divided a certain lord's estate into two parts (and pray, your worship, attend, for the case is of importance and some difficulty); I say, then, that upon this river was a bridge, and at the end of it a gallows and a kind of court-house, in which there usually sat four
judges, who administered the law imposed by the owner of the river, the bridge, and the domain, which ran thus: If any one passes by this bridge from one side to the other, he must first swear whither and for what he is going; and if he shall swear truly, they may let him pass, and if he shall tell a lie, let him die for it, hung on the gallows there put up, without any remission. With the knowledge of this law and the rigorous conditions imposed, many passed, and as it appeared that they swore truly, the judges let them pass freely. Now, it fell out that on putting the oath to a certain man, he swore and said that by the oath he had taken, he was going to die on that gallows which stood there, and nothing else. The judges deliberated upon the oath, and said: ‘If we let this man pass free, he lied in what he swore, and, according to the law, he should die; and if we hang him, he swore that he went to die on that gallows, and having sworn truly, by the same law he ought to go free.’ We ask your worship, Lord Governor, what shall the judges do with this man, for they are still in doubt and perplexity; and having been informed of your worship’s acute and exalted intellect they have sent me to pray your worship, on their part, to give your opinion on this intricate and doubtful case.”

To this Sancho made response: “Of a surety, those gentlemen, the judges, who send you to me might have spared themselves the trouble, for I am a man who am more dull than acute. But, nevertheless, repeat to me the matter once more, so that I may understand it, and maybe I shall hit the nail upon the head.”

The questioner repeated what he said once and again, when Sancho said:—

“Methinks I can make this business plain in a twinkling; and it is thus: The said man swears that he goes to die on the gallows, and if he dies on it, he spoke the truth, and by the law as it stands he deserves to be free and to pass the bridge; and if they did not hang him, he swore a lie, and by the same law deserves to be hanged.”

“It is as the Lord Governor says,” said the messenger; “and so far as regards the right stating and understanding of the case there is no more question or doubt.”

“Then I say now,” replied Sancho, “that of this man that
part which swore the truth let them pass, and that which told a lie let them hang; and in this manner shall the conditions of the passage be complied with to the letter."

"But, sir governor," said the querist, "it will be necessary to divide such man into two parts, into the lying and the truthful; and if he is divided, perforce he must die; and so nothing is fulfilled of what the law demands, and it is absolutely necessary that we should fulfil it."

"Look here, good sir," said Sancho, "either I am a blockhead, or there is the same reason for this passenger to die as to live and pass the bridge, for if the truth saves him, the lie equally condemns him; and this being so, as it is, I am of opinion that you should tell those gentlemen who sent you to me that since the reasons for condemning him and absolving him are in an equal balance, they should let him pass freely, for to do good is always more praiseworthy than to do ill. This I would give under the signature of my name if I knew how to sign; and I, in this case, have not spoken of my own judgment, but there came to my mind a precept which, among many others, my master, Don Quixote, gave me the night before I came to be governor of this isle, which was that when justice was in doubt I should bend and lean to mercy, and God hath pleased that I should now remember it to come to this case as if made for it pat."

"It is true," said the steward, "and, for my part, I opine that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedaemonians, could not give a better decision than that which the great Panza has given; and with this, let the hearing be ended for this morning, and I will give orders that the governor shall dine very much to his content."

"That's all I ask, and fair play," quoth Sancho; "let them give me to eat, and let it rain cases and questions upon me, for I will snuff 'em into the air."

The steward kept his word, thinking it to be a load on his conscience to kill so wise a governor with hunger, especially as he intended to finish with him that night, playing him the last trick he was commissioned to play. And it happened that the governor dined that day against all the rules and aphorisms of the Doctor Tirceafuera, and upon the cloth being removed there arrived a courier with a letter for him from
Don Quixote. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and if he found nothing in it to make a secret of, to recite it aloud. The secretary obeyed him, and after glancing over it said: "It may well be read out loud, since that which Sir Don Quixote writes to your worship is worthy of being inscribed and engraved in letters of gold. Thus doth he say:—

"Letter of Don Quixote of La Mancha to Sancho Panza, Governor of the Isle Barataria

"When I looked to hear news of thy blunders and impertinences, friend Sancho, I heard tidings of thy wise doings, for which I gave special thanks to Heaven, which from the dung-hill can raise up the poor, and of fools make wise men. They tell me thou governest as though thou wert a man, and art a man as though thou wert a dumb beast, such is the humbleness with which thou bearest thyself. And I would thou shouldst take heed, Sancho, that oftentimes it is fitting and necessary for authority in office to go counter to the heart's humility. For the right carriage of the person who is appointed to weighty charges has to be conformable with what these demand, and not with the measure of that to which his own humble disposition inclines him. Clothe thyself well, for a stick well dressed looks not like a stick. I do not say that thou shouldst wear gewgaws or trinkets, or that, being a judge, thou shouldst clothe thyself like a soldier, but that thou shouldst be attired in the garb such as thy office requires, so that it be neat and well made. To gain the goodwill of the people thou governest two things among others thou hast to do: the one is, to be civil with all (though this I have told thee once already); and the other, to provide an abundance of the necessaries of life, for there is nothing which more vexes the hearts of the poor than hunger and want.

"Make not many statutes, and if thou dost, endeavor to make good ones, and, above all, that they are kept and fulfilled; for statutes not kept are the same as though they were not; they rather serve to show that the prince who had wisdom and authority to make them had not courage to have them observed; and laws which intimidate and are not ex-
cuted come to be like the log, king of the frogs, who at the beginning frightened them, but in time they despised him and mounted upon his back.

"'Be a father to the virtues, and a stepfather to the vices. Be not always harsh nor always mild; choose the mean between the two extremes, for in this is the point of wisdom.

"'Visit the prisons, the slaughter-houses, and the markets, for the presence of the governor in such places is of much importance; it comforts the prisoners who await a speedy liberation; it is a bugbear to the fleshers, who for the time have to use just weights; and is a terror to the market-women for the like reason.

"'Show not thyself covetous (even though by chance thou beest so, which I do not believe), inclined to women, nor gluttonous, for the people and those who deal with thee, learning of thy ruling inclination, will on that side open their batteries till they have brought thee down to the depths of perdition.

"'Consider and reconsider, view and review, the counsels and instructions which I gave thee in writing before thou wentest away hence to thy government; and thou shalt see how that in them thou wilt find, if thou observest them, an additional help to ease thee over the troubles and difficulties which at every step are presented to governors.

"'Write to thy lord and lady, and show thyself grateful to them, for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins which is known; and the person who is grateful to those who have done him a benefit gives token that he will be so to God also, who has bestowed, and continues to bestow, so many blessings on him.

"'The duchess has despatched a messenger with thy clothes and another present to thy wife, Theresa Panza. Every moment we expect an answer. I have been a little indisposed from a certain cat-clawing which befell me, not much to the advantage of my nose; but it was nothing, for if there are enchanters who maltreat me, there are also those who defend me. Let me know whether the steward who is with thee had to do with the business of the Trifaldi as thou didst suspect; and of anything which may happen to thee thou shouldst keep me advised, for the distance is short; the more especially since I intend soon to quit this idle life in which I am, for I was not
born for it, and certain business is offered to me, which I think will involve me in disgrace with the duke and duchess; but though it concerns me much it affects me nothing, for after all, and in fine, I have to comply rather with my profession than with their liking, according to the saying: "Amicus Plato sed magis amica Veritas." I repeat this Latin to thee, for I suppose that since thou art become a governor thou hast learnt it. And I commend thee to God, that He may guard thee so that none shall do thee harm.

"Thy Friend,

"Don Quixote of La Mancha.'"

Sancho listened to the letter with great attention, and it was commended and held to be judicious by those who heard it. He then rose from the table, and, calling the secretary, shut himself up with him in his chamber, and at once, without more delay, wished to reply to his master Don Quixote. He told the secretary to write what he dictated, without adding or subtracting anything, and so it was done; and the letter in answer was of the following tenor:

"Letter of Sancho Panza to Don Quixote of La Mancha

"The pressure of my business is so great that I have not leisure to scratch my head, nor even to cut my nails, and so I wear them thus long, which may God remedy. This I say, dear master of my heart, that your worship may not be surprised if till now I have given you no account of my well or ill faring in this government, in which I suffer more from hunger than when we went, we two, wandering in the woods and wilds.

"My lord the duke wrote to me the other day, giving me notice that certain spies had come into this isle to kill me. Till now I have discovered none but a certain doctor, who gets a salary in this town for killing all the governors who come here. His name is Doctor Pedro Recio, and he is a native of Tirteafuera, from which name let your worship see whether I have no fear of dying at his hands. This said doctor says about himself that he cures no infirmities which are, but only
prevents them from coming, and the medicines he uses are diet and again diet, so as to put the person into clean bones, as if leanness were not a worse malady than fever. In short, he is killing me with hunger, and I find myself dying of spite; when I thought to come to this government to eat hot and drink cold, and to refresh my body between Holland sheets and upon feather pillows, I have come to do penance as if I were a hermit, and as I do it not willingly, I fear that in the end,—in the end, the devil will take me.

"Until now I have touched no perquisite nor taken bribe, and I cannot think where this is to end, for they have told me here that the governors who are wont to come to this isle, before entering either have given them or those of the town have lent them, much money, and that this is the usual custom among those who go to governments; nor only in them.

"Going the rounds the other night I came upon a very beautiful damsnel in the dress of a man, and a brother of hers in the habit of a woman. With the girl my master-sewer is in love, and has chosen her in his mind for a wife, he says, and I have chosen the boy for my son-in-law. To-day we two will make known our intentions to the father of them both, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian, as one may desire.

"I visit the markets, as your worship counsels me; and yesterday I found a shop-woman who was selling new hazel-nuts, and I discovered that she had mixed with one bushel of new nuts another of old, worthless and rotten. I seized them all for the charity-boys, who will well know how to distinguish them, and I sentenced her not to enter the market for a fortnight. They have told me I did bravely. What I can say to your worship is that it is the report in this town that there are no worse people than the market-women, for they are all shameless, profligate, and ill-bred; and I believe so from what I have seen of those in other towns.

"About my lady the duchess writing to my wife Theresa Panza and sending her the present your worship speaks of, I am very well satisfied, and will try to show myself grateful in the proper time. Kiss her hands for me, and tell her that I say that she has not thrown her favors into a torn sack, as shall be seen by the end. I would not like your worship to
have disputes of unpleasantness with my lord and lady, for if your worship falls out with them, it is clear that it must re-dound to my mischief; and it will not be well, since you give me advice to be grateful, that your worship should not be so for all the favors they have done you, and for the good cheer with which they have treated you in their castle.

"That about the cat-clawing I do not understand, but imagine it must be some of the ill tricks which the wicked enchanters are wont to play your worship. I will learn about it when we see one another. I would like to send your worship something, but know not what to send, unless it be some clyster-pipes, to be used with bladders, which they make in this isle—very curious; but if my office lasts, I will send something, by hook or by crook. If my wife Theresa Panza should write to me, pay the postage and send me the letter, for I have a great longing to know of the state of my house, of my wife and children. And so may God deliver your worship from evil-disposed enchanters, and send me well and in peace out of this government—which I doubt, for I expect to leave it only with life, as the Doctor Pedro Recio is treating me.

"Your Worship's Servant,

"Sancho Panza the Governor."

The secretary sealed the letter and despatched the courier at once; and those who were carrying on the joke with Sancho met and arranged among themselves how to make an end of his government. That evening Sancho passed in framing some ordinances concerning the well-governing of what he supposed to be an isle. He decreed that there should be no regraters of provisions in the state, and that they might bring in wine from anywhere they pleased, on condition that they declared the place from which it came, in order to fix the price, according to its value, goodness, and reputation; and that he who watered it or changed the name should lose his life for it. He lowered the price of all foot-furniture, especially of shoes, the current price of which he deemed exorbitant. He fixed the rate of servants' wages, which were increasing at a headlong pace. He imposed the heaviest
penalties on those who sang lewd and disorderly songs, whether by night or by day. He decreed that no man should chant of a miracle, if he did not bear authentic testimony of its being true, believing that most of those of which the blind sing are feigned, to the prejudice of those that are real. He created and appointed an inspector of the poor,—not to molest them but to examine them, whether they were so, for under the mask of feigned poverty and of counterfeit sores go sturdy thieves and hale drunkards. In short, he ordained so many good things that to this day they are preserved in that place and called "The Constitutions of the great Governor Sancho Panza."
CHAPTER LII

Wherein is recounted the adventure of the second dolorous or distressed duenna, otherwise called Doña Rodriguez

C ID HAMET relates how that Don Quixote, being now cured of his scratches, bethought him that the life he led in that castle was against all the rule of the knighthood which he professed, and therefore he resolved to beg leave of the duke and duchess to let him depart for Zaragoza, as the festival drew near at which he hoped to win the armor which in such jousts is contended for. As he was one day at table with the duke and duchess, and on the point of carrying out his intention and asking for leave, behold on a sudden there entered by the door of the great hall two women, as afterwards they appeared, covered with black from head to foot, one of whom, going up to Don Quixote, threw herself on the ground at his feet at full length, glueing her mouth to them, and giving forth moans so sad, so deep and doleful, that all who saw and heard her were thrown into confusion; and though the duke and duchess believed it to be some jest which their servants wished to fling upon Don Quixote, still, seeing with what earnestness the woman sighed, moaned, and wept, they were in doubt and perplexed until Don Quixote, moved by pity, raised her from the ground and made her reveal herself and take the cloak off her tearful face. She having done so, it proved what they never could have imagined, for she disclosed the face of Doña Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; and the other in mourning was her daughter, whom the rich farmer's son had deluded. All those who knew her wondered, and the duke and duchess more than any; for though they knew her for a booby and a soft one, yet not to such a degree as to do these mad things. Doña Rodriguez, at last, turning to her master and mistress, said: —
“I pray your Excellencies that ye be so good as to give me leave to go a little apart with this knight, for so it behooves me to do in order to come well out of a business into which the impudence of an ill-conditioned villain has brought me.”

The duke said he gave his leave and that she might go aside with Don Quixote as much as she pleased. She, turning her face and voice to Don Quixote, said: “Some days ago, valiant knight, I gave you an account of how injuriously and perfidiously a wicked farmer had used my dear beloved daughter, who is this unfortunate here present, and you promised me to stand out for her, redressing the wrong they have done her, and now I am informed that you wish to depart from the castle in quest of good ventures which God may send you. Therefore I want you, before you slip away to those highways, to challenge this stubborn rustic, and make him marry my daughter in fulfilment of the vow he made her that he would be her husband. To think of the duke, my master, doing me justice is to ask for pears of the elm-tree, for the reason which I have declared to your worship in private, and so may Our Lord grant you much health and leave us not without succor.”

To these words Don Quixote made reply, with much gravity and solemnity:—

“Good duenna, moderate your tears, or rather dry them, and be sparing of your sighs. I take on my charge the relief of your daughter, for whom it had been better had she not been so facile in crediting the vows of men in love, who for the most part are quick to promise but slow to perform. Therefore, by leave of my lord the duke I will depart immediately in search of this profligate youth, and I will find, and will challenge, and will slay him, in case he should refuse to comply with his plighted word; for the chief business of my order is to spare the humble and chastise the proud; I mean, to succor the wretched and to destroy their oppressors.”

“There is no need,” answered the duke, “for your worship to put yourself to any trouble in seeking the rustic of whom this good duenna complains, neither is it necessary for you to ask my leave to challenge him, for I grant him duly challenged and engage to make him know of this challenge and accept it, and that he will come to answer for himself to this
my castle, where I will provide you both a fair field, observing all the conditions which in such affairs are wont and ought to be observed,—securing justice equally to each, as all princes are under obligation to do who offer free field to those who do battle within the bounds of their domains."

"With that assurance then, and by your highness's good leave," replied Don Quixote, "I say that I hereby for this once waive my rank of gentleman, and lower and level myself to the lowliness of the offender, and make myself equal with him, to qualify him for the right of combat with me. Thus, though absent, I defy and challenge him that he did evil in defrauding this poor girl, and that he shall fulfil the pledge he gave her of becoming his lawful spouse or die in the ordeal."

Then taking off a glove he flung it into the middle of the hall, and the duke took it up, repeating what he had already said that he accepted such challenge in the name of his vassal, fixing the date at six days hence, the place in the castle square, and the arms those customary among knights,—lance and shield, and laced armor, with all the other pieces, without deceit, trick, or any supernatural charm, viewed and examined by the judges of the lists. "But before all things it is requisite," said the duke, "that this good duenna and this bad maiden should place the avenging of their right in the hands of Sir Don Quixote, for no otherwise could anything be done nor such challenge be brought to the due issue."

"Yea, I do place it," responded the duenna.

"And I also," added the daughter,—all tearfully, all ashamed, and with a sorry grace.

This formality being settled, and the duke having arranged what was to be done in the business, the mourners went away, the duchess giving orders that henceforth they were to be treated not as her servants, but as lady adventurers who had come to her home to demand justice. So they gave them a room to themselves and waited on them as strangers, to the wonderment of the other servants, who knew not where the folly and presumption of Doña Rodriguez and her ill-faring daughter were to stop.

At this point, to crown the feast and give a good end to the dinner, there entered into the hall the page who had
taken the letters and presents to Theresa Panza, wife of the governor Sancho Panza. At his coming the duke and duchess were much gladdened, longing to know how he had sped on his journey. Being questioned about it, the page replied that he could not speak thus publicly nor in a few words, praying their Excellencies would be pleased to let it be till they were alone, and meanwhile they might be entertained with the letters. And taking out two he put them into the duchess's hands. One bore for its superscription: "Letter for my lady the duchess of I know not where"; and the other: "To my husband, Sancho Panza, governor of the Isle of Barataria, whom may God prosper more years than me."

The loaf did not bake for the duchess, as the saying is, till she read her letter. Having opened and read it to herself, and finding she could read it aloud, she did so, that the duke and the bystanders might hear. Thus it ran: —

"Letter of Theresa Panza to the Duchess"

"The letter which your highness wrote to me, dear lady, gave me much pleasure, and in truth I had mightily longed for it. The string of corals is very fine, and my husband's hunting-suit goes not behind it. That your ladyship should have made my consort Sancho a governor, gives great pleasure to all this village, though there is no one who believes it, more particularly the priest, and Master Nicholas the barber, and Samson Carrasco the bachelor; but that gives me no concern, for since it is indeed so, let every one say what he will; though if I were to speak the truth, were it not for the coming of the corals and the dress, neither should I have believed it; for in this village they all take my husband for a blockhead, and except for the government of a flock of goats they cannot imagine for what governing he can be good. May God contrive it, and put him in the way he should go according to his children's needs. I, lady of my heart, am determined, by your worship's leave, to take this good day home, and go to court to loll in a coach, to burst the eyes of a thousand enviers I have already; and therefore I beseech your Excellency to bid my husband send me some coin, and let it be plenty, for at court the expenses are great, for the
loaf goes to a real and meat to thirty maravedis a pound, that it is wonderful; and if he wishes me not to come, let him advise me in time, for my feet are dancing to get on the road. And my friends and neighbors tell me that if I and my daughter make a show and dash about the court, my husband shall come to honor by me rather than I by him, for many will be found to ask, 'Who are these ladies in this coach?' Our servant will answer: 'The wife and the daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the isle Barataria'; and in this answer Sancho will be known, and I made much of; and to Rome for everything. It vexes me as much as it can vex me that this year they have not gathered acorns in this village; however, I send your highness about half a peck, which I went to the forest myself to pick and choose, one by one; and I found no more bigger. I could wish they were like ostrich eggs.

"Let not your Pomposity forget to write to me, and I will take care to answer, advising you of my health and of all there may be to tell you from this place, where I remain, beseeching Our Lord to preserve your Greatness, and that you may not forget me. Sancha, my daughter, and my son kiss your grace's hands.

"She who desires more to see your ladyship than to write,

"Your servant,

"Theresa Panza."

Great was the pleasure all received at listening to Theresa Panza's letter, especially the duke and duchess; and she asked Don Quixote's opinion whether it would be right to open the letter which had come for the governor, for she conceived it would be an excellent one. Don Quixote said that he would open it to please them. He did so and saw that it ran in this fashion:—

"Letter of Theresa Panza to Sancho Panza her husband

"Thy letter I received, Sancho of my heart, and I protest and vow as a Christian Catholic that I was not two fingers short of turning mad for happiness. See, friend, when I came
to hear you are governor, I thought to fall down dead there of pure joy, for you know it is said that sudden gladness kills like a great grief. The dress you sent me I had before me, and the corals which my lady the duchess sent me round my neck, and the letters in my hands, and the bearer of them there present, and with all that I thought and believed it was all a dream what I saw and what I touched; for who could have thought that a tender of goats could come to be a governor of isles? But you know, friend, what my mother used to say, that one should live long to see much; I say so because I think to see more if I live longer, for I do not intend to stop till I see you a farmer of rents or a tax-gatherer, which are trades which, though the devil takes those who use them ill, indeed and indeed always hold and handle money. My lady the duchess will tell you of the longing I have to go to court; look to it and let me know of your pleasure, for I will try to do credit to you by going about in a coach.

"The priest, the barber, the bachelor, and even the sacristan cannot believe that you are a governor, and say it is all juggling or an affair of enchantment, as are all those of Don Quixote, your master, and Samson says he shall go to seek you and drag the government out of your head and Don Quixote's madness out of his noodle; I do nothing but laugh and look at my necklace, and plan how to make up the suit I have of yours for our daughter. I sent some acorns to my lady duchess, and wish they had been of gold. Send me some strings of pearls, if they are in fashion in that isle. The news of this place is that Berrueca has married her daughter to a painter of a scurvy sort, who has come to this town to paint what may turn up. The town council gave him an order to paint his Majesty's arms over the doors of the council-house, for which he wanted two ducats. They gave them to him in advance; he worked for eight days, and at the end of those he had painted nothing, and said he had no turn for painting such trumpery. He returned the money, and for all that he is married under the name of a good workman. True it is he has thrown away the pencil and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. The son of Pedro de Lobo has taken orders and shaven his crown, meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's granddaughter, heard of
it, and is suing him for having given her a promise of marriage. This year there are no olives, nor is a drop of vinegar to be found in the whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here, taking on their road three girls of this town; I will not tell you who they are; perhaps they will come back, and they will be sure to find some to take them for wives, with all their blemishes, good or bad.

"Sanchica makes bone-lace; she gains eight maravedis a day clear, which she puts by in a money-box to help her dower; but now she is a governor's daughter you will give her a portion without her working for it. The spring in the marketplace is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they all fall. I wait for an answer to this, and how it is settled about my going to court; and with this may God preserve you for me more years than myself, or as many, for I could not leave you without me in this world.

"Your wife,

"Theresa Panza."

The letters called forth applause, laughter, approbation, and wonder; and for a finishing stroke there arrived the courier who bore the letter which Sancho had sent to Don Quixote, which also was publicly read, and raised some doubts as to the governor's simplicity. The duchess retired in order to learn from the page what had happened to him in Sancho's village. He told her of everything at length, without omitting any particular, and gave her the acorns, and also the cheese with which Theresa had presented him as being very good and better than those of Tronchon. The duchess received it with very great pleasure; and there we will leave her, to tell of the end of the governorship of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insular governors.
CHAPTER LIII

Of the troublous end and conclusion of Sancho Panza's government

To think that in this life the affairs thereof have always to remain in one state is a vain imagination. Rather doth it seem that it all goes in a round, I would say, roundabout. Summer follows spring, harvest summer, autumn the harvest, winter autumn, and spring winter; and so time revolves with ceaseless wheel. Only human life speeds to its end swifter than time, without hope of renewal, unless it be in another life, which has no term or limit. So says Cid Hamet, the Mohammedan philosopher; for many by the light of nature, without the illumination of faith, have come to understand the swiftness and instability of life present, and the endurance of that life eternal which is hoped for. Here our author says so, because of the speed with which Sancho's government was ended, was consumed, was undone,—vanished into shadow and smoke. He, on the seventh night of the days of his governorship, lying in bed, sated neither with bread nor with wine but with judging and giving sentences, with making laws and statutes,—just when sleep, in spite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyelids,—heard so loud a clamor of bells and of voices as seemed as if the whole island was going to the bottom. He sat up in his bed, and listened with great attention to see if he might make out what could be the cause of so great an uproar. But not only was he unable to learn what it was, but to the noise of the voices and the bells being added that of an infinite number of trumpets and drums, he was left more confused, and full of fear and alarm. Leaping out of bed he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the floor, and without a dressing-gown or anything of the sort he went out of the chamber door, at the very time when he saw coming towards him along the corridors more than
twenty persons with blazing torches in their hands and drawn swords, all crying in a loud voice:—

"Arm! arm! sir governor, arm! for a countless number of enemies have entered this island, and we are undone if your skill and valor do not succor us!"

With this noise, fury, and tumult they came up to where Sancho stood,—dazed and stupefied at what he heard and saw,—and when they were near him, one of them cried: "Arm immediately, your lordship, if you would not be lost and all this isle be lost!"

"What have I to do with arming?" replied Sancho, "and what do I know of arms or of succors? These things had better be left for my master, Don Quixote, who will despatch them and set them right in a twinkling; for I, sinner that I am to God, understand naught of these tumults."

"Alack! sir governor," cried another, "what faintheartedness is this? Arm, your worship, for here we have arms of offense and defense, and come out to the market-square and be our guide and our captain, since that by right pertains to you as our governor."

"Let them arm me then, and welcome," replied Sancho. And instantly they brought a couple of large shields, with which they had come provided, and fixed them over his shirt, not letting him put on any other clothing, one shield in front and another behind, thrusting his arms through some holes they had made in them and tying him up very tightly with cords, so that he was left walled and boarded, straight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees or stir a step. They put a spear into his hands, on which he had to lean to keep himself on his feet. When they had got him thus they told him to march, and lead them on and put life into them all, for with him as their pole-star, their lantern, and light, their affairs would have a happy issue.

"How am I to march, unhappy me," retorted Sancho, "when I cannot bring my kneepans into play, through these boards hindering me which I have sewn to my flesh? What you must do is to take me up in your arms and lay me across or standing at some postern, which I will keep, either with this lance or with my carcass."

"Go to, sir governor," said another,— "it is more fear than
the boards which prevents your walking. Have done, and bestir yourself. It is late, and the enemies increase, and the cries are louder, and the danger presses."

Thus urged and upbraided, the poor governor tried to move, and down he went to the ground with such a clatter that he thought he must be broken in pieces. He lay like a tortoise enclosed and covered in its shell, or like half a pig for salting between two boards, or as though he were a boat bottom up on the strand. And though they saw him fall, no compassion had that playful crew for him, but rather, extinguishing their torches, they began again to shout and to call to arms with a great hurly-burly, trampling on top of poor Sancho, dealing him innumerable blows upon his shield, insomuch that, had he not shrunk himself up and tucked his head in for fear, between them it would have fared ill with the luckless governor as, squeezed up in that narrow shell, he sweated and sweated again, praying to God, with all his heart, to deliver him from that danger. Some tripped over him, others fell, and there was one who stood on top of him a good while, and thence, as from a watch-tower, directed the forces, shouting in a loud voice: —

"Here, our fellows! On this side the enemies bear most heavily! Guard that postern! Secure yon gate! Down with the scaling-ladders! Hand up the grenades, the pitch, the resin, and the kettles of boiling oil! Barricade the streets with mattresses!" In short, he called out in his frenzy all the terms of war, all the implements and engines which are used for the defense of a city against assault. The battered Sancho, who heard and suffered it all, said to himself: —

"O that it would please the Lord to make an end of this losing of the isle, and that I found myself either dead or out of this great anguish!"

Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected it he heard voices crying: "Victory! victory! The enemy begins to fly! Ho, sir governor, rise and come and enjoy your conquest, and divide the spoils which have been taken from the enemy by the valor of that invincible arm!"

"Lift me up," said the dolorous Sancho, in a woebegone voice. They helped him to rise, and as soon as he was on his feet, he said: —
“The enemy which I have conquered, I would you nailed
him to my forehead. I want to divide no spoils of enemies,
—only I beg and beseech some friend, if I have one, to give
me a drink of wine, for I am dry, and wipe off me this sweat,
for I am turning to water.”

They wiped him down; they brought him wine; they
untied the shields; and he sat upon his bed, and from the
fear, the sudden assault, and the fatigue he fainted away.

Those who were in the jest began now to repent that they
had carried it so far, but Sancho coming to himself moderated
their pain at his fainting. He asked what o’clock it was;
they replied it was now daybreak. He was silent, and, with-
out uttering another word, began to dress himself, buried in
silence, all gazing at him and waiting to see what would be
the end of his dressing himself so hastily. At last, having
put on his clothes slowly and painfully, for he was so bruised
he could not do much, he took his way to the stable, all fol-
lowing him who were there. Going up to Dapple he em-
braced him, and gave him the kiss of peace on the forehead,
and not without tears in his eyes thus addressed him:—

“Come hither, dear companion and friend of mine, par-
taker of my trials and sorrows! When I went along with
you, and had no other thoughts than to care for the mending
of your gear and the feeding of your little carcass, happy
were my hours, my days, and my years! But since I have
left you, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, there
have entered into my heart a thousand miseries, a thousand
troubles, four thousand tribulations.”

And all the while he was uttering these words he went on
paneling his ass, without anybody saying anything to him.
Dapple being empaneled, with great pain and difficulty he
mounted on his back, and addressing himself to the steward,
the secretary, the seneschal, and Pedro Recio the doctor, and
as many others as were there present, he said:—

“Make way, gentlemen, and let me return to my old lib-
erty; leave me to seek my past life, that I may rise again
from this present death. I was not born to be a governor,
nor to defend isles or cities from the enemies who want to
attack them. I understand better about plowing and dig-
ging, the pruning and lopping of vines, than the giving of
laws, or defending provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is very well at Rome; what I would say is, that each one is well practising the trade to which he was born. The reaping-hook is more to my hand than the governor's scepter. "I love better to fill me on bread salads than to be subject to the mercy of a meddling doctor, who would kill me with hunger; and I love better to lie down under the shade of an oak-tree in summer, and wrap myself in a shepherd's cloak of two skins in winter, with my liberty, than to sleep between Holland sheets and be clothed in chibal skins, with the restraint of government. God be with your worships, and say to the duke my lord that naked I was born, naked I find me; I neither lose nor win; I would say that without a doit I came into this government and without a doit I go out,—much the contrary of how governours are wont to leave other isles. Make way for me and let me go; I go to plaster myself, for I believe I have all my ribs crushed,—thanks to the enemies who this night have been walking over me."

"It must not be so, sir governor," said Doctor Recio, "for I will give your worship a draft against falls and bruises, which will immediately restore you to your pristine health and vigor, and, in the matter of dining, I promise I will mend,—letting you eat plentifully of all that you wish."

"It is too late," answered Sancho; "I would as soon turn Turk as stay from going. These jokes are not to be played twice. 'Fore God, I would as soon remain in this or accept any other government, though they gave it to me between two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all stubborn, and if once they cry odds, odds they shall be, though they may be even,—in spite of all the world. Here in this stable let the ant's wings remain which carried me up in the air for martins to eat me and other birds, and let us come back to tread ground with plain feet; and if slashed Cordovan shoes shall not adorn me, there will not be wanting rough hempen sandals. Every ewe to her mate and let no one stretch his leg more than his sheet is long; and now let me pass, for it grows late."

To which said the steward: "Sir governor, right willingly will we let your worship go, though it will grieve us much to lose you, for your wit and your Christian behavior constrain
us to covet your presence; but it is well known that every
governor is obliged, before he absents himself from the place
where he has governed, first to go into residence. Let your
worship do so for the ten days you have held the government,
and then go with God's peace."

"No one can ask it of me," answered Sancho, "unless it
be some one appointed by the duke my lord. I go to see
him, and to him shall be given an exact account. Moreover,
coming out as I do bare, there is no other token needed to
show that I have governed like an angel."

"By Heaven, but the great Sancho is right," quoth Doctor
Recio; "I am of opinion that we should let him go, for the
duke will be infinitely pleased to see him."

To that they all agreed, and they suffered him to depart,
first offering him their company and everything he desired
for the comfort of his person and the convenience of his
journey. Sancho said that he wanted for nothing but a little
barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for him-
self; for seeing that the journey was so short a one, there
needed no more or better provision. They all embraced him,
and he, with tears, embraced them all, and left them in admi-
ration, as much of his words as of his determination, so reso-
lute and sensible.
CHAPTER LIV

Which treats of matters relating to this history, and not to any others

The duke and the duchess resolved that the challenge which Don Quixote had given to their vassal for the cause already mentioned should go forward, and as the youth was in Flanders,—whither he had fled rather than have Doña Rodriguez for his mother-in-law,—they arranged to put in his stead a Gascon lackey, called Tosilos, instructing him first very carefully in all that he had to do. Two days afterwards the duke told Don Quixote that his opponent would come in four days and present himself in the field, armed as a knight, and maintain that the damsel had lied by half the beard,—nay, by the whole entire beard,—if she affirmed that he had given her a promise of marriage. Don Quixote received the news with great satisfaction, promising himself to do wonders on the occasion, and held it for a great good fortune that an opportunity had offered in which the valor of his potent arm might be displayed; and so with much content and complacency he waited during the four days, which, reckoned by his anxiety, went for four hundred centuries.

Let us leave them to pass, as we leave other things, and go to bear Sancho company, who between joyful and sad went journeying upon Dapple to seek his master, whose companionship pleased him more than to be governor of all the isles in the world. Now it happened that having gone not far from the isle of his governorship (he never troubled to inquire whether it was isle, city, town or village which he had governed) he saw on the road by which he was traveling six pilgrims approaching, with their staves,—foreigners such as those that beg for alms by singing. On coming up to him they placed themselves in a row, and, lifting their voices all together, began to sing in their language something which
Sancho could not understand; but there was one word which clearly signified alms, whence he gathered that it was alms they asked for in their song. And since he, as Cid Hamet says, was very charitable, he drew out of his wallet the half loaf and half cheese with which he had come provided, and gave it to them, making signs that he had nothing else to give them. They accepted them very gladly, but cried, "Geld! geld!"

"I don't understand what it is you want of me, good folk," said Sancho.

Then one of them drew a purse from his bosom and showed it to Sancho, who by that perceived that it was money they wanted. Putting his thumb to his throat and extending his hand upwards, Sancho gave them to understand that he had no money, and pressing Dapple forward he broke through them. On passing, one of them, who had been looking at him very intently, rushed up to him and flinging his arms around his waist cried out in a loud voice and in good Castilian:

"God bless me! what is it I see? Is it possible I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good townsman, Sancho Panza? Yes, without doubt I do, for I am neither dreaming nor drunk, as yet."

Sancho was astonished at finding himself called by his name, and seeing himself embraced by the foreign pilgrim, and after having looked at him, without speaking a word, very attentively, was unable to recognize him. Seeing his perplexity the pilgrim said:

"What! Is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, that thou dost not know thy neighbor Ricote, the Morisco, the shop-keeper of thy village?"

Sancho then looked with more attention, and began to recall his features, and at last knew him perfectly, and without getting off from the ass threw his arms round his neck, saying:

"Who the devil would have known you, Ricote, in that mummer's dress you wear? Tell me who has thus Frenchified you? And how have you the boldness to return to Spain, where if they catch and recognize you, you will fare hardly enough?"
“If you did not betray me, Sancho,” answered the pilgrim, “certain am I that in this disguise there will be no one to know me. Let us go off the road into that grove of poplars which is yonder in sight, where my comrades wish to eat and to rest, and you shall eat with them, for they are very pleasant fellows. I will have leisure to tell thee of what has happened to me since I left our village, in obedience to his Majesty’s proclamation which threatened the unhappy people of my nation with so much rigor, as you have heard.”

Sancho did so, and Ricote, speaking to the other pilgrims, they withdrew into the poplar grove, a good way off from the highroad. They flung aside their staves, and took off their hoods or pilgrims’ weeds, remaining in their jackets. They were all young and very well made men, except Ricote, who was advanced in years. They all bore wallets, which were all, as it seemed, well stored with provocatives, such at least as call to thirst at two leagues’ distance. They lay down on the ground, and, making a table-cloth of the turf, placed upon it bread, salt, onions, walnuts, pieces of cheese, clean ham bones, which, if they did not bear being gnawed, were not past sucking. They produced also a black condiment which they say is called “caviar,” made of the roes of fish, a great awakener of thirst. Olives were not wanting, though dry and without any pickle, but tasty and pleasant. But that which made the bravest show in that banquet-field were six bottles of wine, each of the men providing his own from his wallets. Even the worthy Ricote, who had transformed himself from a Morisco into a German or Dutchman, brought out his own, which in bigness vied with the other five. They fell to eating with great zest and much at leisure, dwelling upon each mouthful, which they took at the point of the knife,—a very little of everything,—and then all together at the instant raised their elbows and their bottles into the air, mouth pressed to mouth, their eyes nailed to the sky, so that they seemed to be taking aim at it, and so, wagging their heads from side to side in token of the pleasure they received, they remained a good while transferring into their stomachs the bowels of those vessels. All this Sancho beheld and at nothing was he grieved; rather, in order to fulfil the proverb which he knew very well, of “when
at Rome do what you see them do," asked Ricote for the bottle, and took his aim with the rest, and with no less relish than they. Four times did the bottles bear being uplifted, but a fifth was not possible, for they were now as sapless and dry as a rush, which parched the mirth they had till then exhibited. Every now and then one of them would thrust his right hand into Sancho's and say: "Spaniard and Dutchman all one goot fellow," and Sancho would answer, "Goot fellow, I vow, by Gad!" and would burst out into a laugh which would last an hour without a thought for the time of anything that had happened to him in his government; for over the time of eating and drinking cares hold but little sway. In the end, the finishing of the wine was the beginning of a drowsiness which seized upon them all, they falling asleep on the very tables and table-cloth. Ricote and Sancho only kept awake, for they had eaten more and drunk less; and Ricote taking Sancho apart, they sat down at the foot of a beech-tree, leaving the pilgrims buried in sweet sleep, and without once stumbling into his Moorish tongue Ricote spoke to him as follows, in pure Castilian:—

"Well you know, O Sancho Panza, my neighbor and friend, how the mandate and proclamation which his Majesty ordered to be issued against those of my nation filled us all with terror and dismay, at least me they did, in such a sort that even before the time had expired which was allowed us for our departure from Spain, methought the rigor of the law was already executed on my person and on my children. Accordingly I arranged, prudently as I think (as a man does who knows that by such a time they will deprive him of the house where he lives and who secures another to which to remove)—I arranged, I say, to go out alone, and without my family, from the village, and seek for a place to which I could transport them conveniently and without the hurry in which the rest took their departure; for I saw well, as did all our elders, that those proclamations were not merely threats, as some said, but positive laws which would have to be enforced at their appointed time; and the knowledge I had of the dangerous and wild intentions of our people compelled me to believe this true; so that methought it was a divine inspiration which moved his Majesty to put into effect
so gallant a resolution, not because all of us were guilty, —
for some were true and steadfast Christians, — but they were
so few that they could not make head against those who were
not so, and it was not well to nourish the snake in your
bosom and have enemies within your own home. In fine,
with good reason were we punished with the sentence of
banishment,—light and soft as it was in the opinion of some,
but in ours the most terrible which could be inflicted. Where-
ever we are we weep for Spain, for, after all, there we were
born, and that is our native country. Nowhere do we find
the reception our misfortune demands. In Barbary and in
all the parts of Africa, where we most counted upon being
received, cherished, and welcomed, there is where they abuse
and ill-treat us the worst. We knew not our happiness till
we had lost it, and such is the longing that all of us have to
return to Spain, that the most of those, and they are many,
who know the language as I do, return to her, and leave
their wives and children yonder unprotected, so great is the
love they bear her; and now do I know and experience
what they are wont to say, that sweet is the love for one’s
country.

"I departed, as I am saying, from our town, and went into
France, and though there they made us welcome I had a
mind to see everything. I passed into Italy; I came to Ger-
many, and there methought I could live with more freedom,
for its inhabitants do not look into niceties: each lives as he
pleases, for over the greater part of the country they enjoy
liberty of conscience. I took a house in a town near Augs-
burg, and leaving it, I joined with these pilgrims, who have
a custom, many of them, to come to Spain every year to visit
her sanctuaries, which they regard as their Indies and their
surest harvest and certain gain. They wander over almost
the whole of it, nor is there a village where they do not take
their meat and drink, as they say, and a real at least in money.
And at the end of the journey they go off with more than
a hundred crowns clear, which, changed into gold, either in
the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their cloaks,
or by such device as they can, they carry out of the kingdom
and pass into their own country, in spite of the guards at the
posts and ports where they are searched. Now, it is my
intention, Sancho, to take up the treasure which I left buried, which I can do without risk, for it is outside of the village; and then write, or go myself, from Valencia to my wife and daughter, who I know are in Algiers, and contrive a way of bringing them to some port in France, and thence take them to Germany, where we shall wait for whatever God may be pleased to do for us. For in effect, Sancho, I know for certain that Ricota, my daughter, and Francisca Ricota, my wife, are Catholic Christians, and though I am not as much as that, still I am more of Christian than of Moor, and I pray ever to God to open the eyes of my understanding and make me know how to serve Him. What I wonder at is that, I do not know why, my wife and daughter went to Barbary rather than to France, where they could live like Christians."

To which Sancho replied: "Look ye, Ricote, that might not have been of their choice, for Juan Tiopieyo, thy wife's brother, took them away; and as he must be a rank Moor he would go to the safest place; and I can tell thee another thing, that I believe you go in vain to look for what you left buried, for we had news that they stripped your brother-in-law and your wife of many pearls and much money in gold, which they carried with them to be passed."

"That can well be," replied Ricote; "but I know, Sancho, that they did not touch my hoard, for I did not reveal where it was, fearing some mischance; and therefore, Sancho, if you will come with me and help me to take it up and conceal it I will give thee two hundred crowns, with which you may relieve your necessities, for you know I know you have many."

"I would do it," answered Sancho, "but I am not at all covetous; and were I so, I quitted a place this very morning out of which I could have made the walls of my house of gold, and, before six months came over, eaten off silver plates; therefore, for this reason, as well as because methinks I would be acting treason to my king in favoring his enemies, I would not go with you if, — as you have promised me two hundred crowns, — you gave me four hundred counted down."

"What place is it you left, Sancho?" inquired Ricote.
“I have left being governor of an isle,” answered Sancho, “and such a one as, i’ faith, I may not find another like it easily.”

“Where is this isle?” asked Ricote.

“Where?” answered Sancho; “two leagues from here, and it is called the isle Barataria.”

“Peace, Sancho,” said Ricote; “there are isles yonder in the sea but no isles on the mainland.”

“How no isles?” replied Sancho; “I tell you, Ricote, this morning I came out of it, and yesterday I was governing therein at my ease, like a sagittary; for all that I have left it, for methinks it is a risky office that of governor.”

“And what have you gained by the government?” asked Ricote.

“I have gained,” answered Sancho, “the knowledge that I am not good at governing, except it be a herd of cattle; and that the riches which are got in such governments are at the price of losing one’s soul and sleep and even one’s food; for in isles governors must eat little, especially if they have doctors to look after their health.”

“I don’t understand you, Sancho,” said Ricote; “but methinks all you say is foolishness, for who would give you isles to govern? Are there wanting in the world men abler than you are for governor? Hold your tongue, Sancho, and come to your senses; and consider if you will go with me, as I have said, to help me to dig up the treasure I have hidden. In truth it is so much as it may be called treasure, and I will give you wherewithal to live, as I have told you.”

“And I have told you already, Ricote,” replied Sancho, “that I will not; be content that through me you shall not be betrayed and go your way in a good hour and leave me to go mine, for I know that what is well got may be lost, and what is ill got—both itself and the owner.”

“I do not wish to wrangle, Sancho,” said Ricote; “but tell me, were you in our village when my wife, my daughter, and my brother-in-law went away?”

“Yes, I was,” answered Sancho, “and can tell you that your daughter went away looking so beautiful that all in the village came out to see her, and all declared she was the prettiest creature in the world. She went away weeping,
and embraced all her friends and acquaintances and as many as had come to see her, praying all to commend her to our Lord and our Lady His Mother. And this with so much feeling that she made me weep; and I am not used to be much of a weeper; and i' faith there were many desired to hide her away, and go and take her off on the road; but the fear of going against the king's decree prevented them. But he that showed himself most affected was Don Pedro Gregorio, that rich young heir you know of, for they said he loved her dearly; and since she is gone away he has never appeared in the village, and we all think he went after her to steal her away, but till now nothing has been learnt of it."

"I ever had a shrewd suspicion," said Ricote, "that this gentleman loved my daughter; but confiding in my Ricota's sense, the knowledge never troubled me. You must have heard, Sancho, that Mooresses seldom or never mingle with the old Christians; and my daughter, who, as I believe, minded more her religion than her love, would not regard this young heir."

"God grant it," replied Sancho; "else it would be bad for them both. Let me now depart, friend Ricote, for I wish to reach this night where my master Don Quixote is."

"God go with you, brother Sancho, for now my mates are stirring, and it is time for us also to pursue our journey." Then the two embraced, and Sancho got upon Dapple, and Ricote seized his staff, and they parted.
CHAPTER LV

Of the things which happened to Sancho on the road, and others the best that can be

The stay with Ricote left Sancho no time to reach the duke's castle that day, though he arrived within half a league when night fell on him, somewhat dark and overclouded. But as it was summer, that did not give him much concern, so he went aside from the road with the intention of waiting till morning. And as his scant and misguided luck would have it, in seeking for a spot where he might best settle himself, he and Dapple fell into a deep and dark pit which there was among some very old buildings. As he fell he commended himself to God with all his heart, imagining that he was not to stop until he reached the bottom of the abyss. But it was not so, for at little over three fathoms Dapple touched ground, and Sancho found himself still on his back, without having received any wound or hurt. He felt his body all over and drew in his breath to see if he were sound, or with a hole made in any part of him, and finding himself well, right and catholic in health, he could not give thanks enough to God Our Lord for the mercy which had been done him, for he thought verily he must be broken into a thousand pieces. He groped also with his hands along the walls of the pit to see if it were possible to come out of it without help, but he found them smooth and without any hold. At this he was sore grieved, especially when he heard Dapple begin to lament piteously and dolefully; and it was no wonder nor did he cry out of wantonness, for in truth he was in a sad plight.

"Alack," quoth Sancho then; "what unthought-of accidents do happen at every turn to those who live in this wretched world! Who would have said that he who yesterday saw himself sitting on a throne, governor of an isle,
giving orders to his servants and to his vassals, to-day
should find himself buried in a pit without there being any
soul to relieve him, nor servant or vassal to come to his
succor? Here we shall have to perish of hunger, I and my
ass, if we do not die beforehand, he of being bruised and
broken and I of grieving. At the least I shall not be so
lucky as was my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, when
he went down below into the cave of that enchanted Mon-
tesinos, where he found them who treated him better than
if he had been at home; for belike he went to a table laid
and a bed made. There he saw beautiful and delightful
visions, and here I shall see, as I take it, toads and snakes.
Unhappy me! and to what a pass have my follies and
fancies brought me! From out of this they will dig out
my bones, whenever it is Heaven's will that they find me,
—clean, white, and scraped, and those of my good Dapple
with them,—by which mayhap it will be known who we
are, at least by those who have been told that never did
Sancho Panza part from his ass nor his ass from Sancho
Panza. Once more I say, wretched we! whose ill luck would
not let us die in our own country and among our people,
where, if no relief should be found for our mishap, there
would not be wanting some one to bewail it and in the last
hour of our breath to close our eyes. O my comrade and
friend! what scurvy return have I made you for your good
services! Forgive me, and pray to fortune in the best man-
er you can to deliver us from this miserable strait in which
we are cast, we two, and I promise to place on your head a
crown of laurels, that you may pass for no less than a poet
laureate, and give you double fees."

In this manner did Sancho Panza make lament, and his ass
listened to him without answering any word, such was the
distress and anguish the poor creature was in. At last, all
the night having passed in bitter plaints and lamentations,
came day, by whose light and shining Sancho saw that it
was beyond all impossibility impossible to get out of that pit
without being assisted; and he began to wail and shout, to
find whether any one was within hearing, but all his cries
were spent on the wilderness, for in all those parts there was
no soul to heed them, and then he gave himself over for dead.
Dapple was lying on his back, and Sancho managed to set him on his feet, which he could hardly keep; and taking from his wallet, which had also shared their fate in the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it to the ass, who disliked it not—Sancho saying to him, as if the beast understood him: "With bread all griefs are less."

Now he spied on one side of the pit a hole in which a man, by stooping and shrinking, might be contained. Sancho Panza made for it, and squatting down was able to enter it and to see that it was long and spacious; and seeing was possible, since through by what might be called the roof there fell a ray of the sun which revealed all within. He found likewise that it opened and widened into another spacious cavity; seeing which he went back to where the ass was standing, and with a stone began to break away the earth from the hole, so that in a short time he made a passage into which the ass could easily enter, as he did; and so taking him by the halter he began to travel forward through that grotto to see if he could find a way out by the other side. Sometimes he went in darkness and sometimes without much light, but never without fear.

"God Almighty help me," said he to himself; "this which for me is misventure would for my master Don Quixote be rather adventure. He verily would take these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens and palaces of Galiana, and would think to come out of these dark and narrow ways into some blooming meadow. But I, luckless one, without resource and without heart, expect at every step there will open suddenly under my feet another pit deeper than this one which will swallow me up; well, let evil come so it comes single."

In this manner and with these reflections he seemed to himself to have traveled a little more than half a league, when at the end he observed a confused light which looked like that of day, entering from some side, which gave tokens of opening somewhere into a road which to him seemed to the other world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli leaves him, and returns to tell of Don Quixote, who with joy and much contentment was looking forward to the appointed time of the battle which he had to fight for the honor of Doña Rodriguez's daughter.
Now it happened, that sallying out one morning to prepare and exercise himself for what he had to do in the affair in which he expected the next day to be engaged, putting Rosinante into a charge or short gallop, he came to pitch his feet so near to a cave that had he not reined him in tightly, it had been impossible for him to avoid falling in. He pulled him up at length, and did not fall in; and drawing a little nearer, looked, without dismounting, into that chasm; and as he was looking he heard loud cries from within, and listening closely he could make out and understand what he who uttered them was saying:

"Ho up there! Is there any Christian who hears me? Or any charitable gentleman that will take pity on a sinner buried alive,—on an unhappy dis governed governor?"

It seemed to Don Quixote that he heard the voice of Sancho Panza, whereat he was puzzled and astounded; and raising his own voice as high as he could, he exclaimed:

"Who is there below? Who is it that complains?"

"Who can be here or who should complain," was the answer, "but the forlorn Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and his ill fare, of the isle Barataria, squire that was of the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha."

Hearing this, Don Quixote's wonder was doubled and his agitation increased, the thought occurring to him that Sancho Panza must be dead and his soul was there in torment. Carried away by this idea he exclaimed:

"I conjure thee by all which I can conjure thee by, as a Catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art; and if thou art a soul in torment, tell me what you wish that I should do for thee, for since it is my profession to help and succor those of this world who are in need, it shall be so also to succor and to aid the distressed of the other world, who are unable to help themselves."

"At that rate," replied the voice, "your worship who speaks to me should be my master Don Quixote of La Mancha;—nay, by the tone of the voice, for certain it is no other."

"Don Quixote I am," replied Don Quixote, "he who professes to succor and aid in their needs the living and the dead. Therefore tell me who thou art, for thou art keeping me in amaze, for if thou art my squire Sancho Panza and art
dead, since the devils have not carried thee off and by the mercy of God thou art in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church hath offices such as will deliver thee from the pains which thou art in, and I will plead with her on my part as far as my means will go. Therefore declare thyself and tell me who thou art."

"I vow by this and by that," the voice answered, "and I swear by the nativity of whoever your worship pleases, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza and that I have never been dead in all the days of my life; but having quitted my government, for matters and causes which need some time to tell you of, I fell last night into this pit where I am fixed, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie,—more by token he is here with me."

And it seemed as if the ass understood what Sancho said, for at that moment he began to bray so strongly that the whole cave resounded.

"A famous witness!" Don Quixote cried; "I know the bray as well as if I had been its mother. I hear thy voice, my Sancho; wait for me; I will go to the duke's castle, which is near here, and bring some one who will deliver thee out of this pit into which thy sins must have cast thee."

"Go, your worship," said Sancho, "and come back soon for God's sake, for I cannot bear being here buried alone, and I am dying of fear."

Don Quixote left him and went to the castle to tell the duke and duchess of Sancho's accident, at which they marveled not a little, though they well understood how he must have fallen through, knowing of the grotto which from time immemorial had there existed; but they could not think how he had left the government without their having advice of his coming. At last, as it is said, they brought ropes and fastenings, and by dint of many hands and much labor they dragged Dapple and Sancho Panza from that darkness into the sun's light. A certain student, seeing him, observed:—

"In this wise should all bad governors come out of their governments as the sinner comes out of the depths of the abyss,—perishing of hunger, pale, and, as I suppose, without a farthing."
Sancho heard him and said: "Eight or ten days it is, brother giber, since I went to govern that isle they gave me, in all which days I never, not for one hour, had my belly full. During that while doctors have persecuted me and enemies have trampled my bones. I have neither had time to take bribes nor to collect dues, and this being as it is, I did not deserve, to my thinking, to be dragged out in this fashion. But man proposes and God disposes; and God knows best what is good for every one; and as the time so the trial; and let some say of this water I will not drink, for where one looks for flitches there are no hooks; and God understands me; let that be enough; I say no more, though I could."

"Be not angry, Sancho, nor vex thyself at what thou mayst hear," said Don Quixote, "for that will be never to have done. Come with a clear conscience, and let them say what they will. To wish to tie the tongues of evil speakers is to wish to put doors to an open field. If the governor comes out from his government rich, they say of him that he is a thief; and if he comes out poor, that he is a good-for-nothing and a blockhead."

"Of a surety," replied Sancho, "this time they have to take me rather for a fool than a thief."

Thus discoursing, surrounded by a crowd of boys and other people, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess were waiting in a gallery for Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. But Sancho would not go up to see the duke till he had first put up Dapple in the stable, for the ass, he said, had passed a very bad night in his lodging. And then he went up to see his lord and lady, and kneeling before them he said:—

"I, your highnesses, because your grandeurs willed it so, without my own deserving, went to govern your isle Barataria, which I entered naked and naked am I still. I neither win nor lose. Whether I have governed well or ill, witnesses I have had over there, who will say what they please. I have decided questions, judged lawsuits, and all the while dying of hunger, since the Doctor Pedro Recio, native of Tirteafuera, wished it so,—insular and governorish physician. Enemies set upon us by night, and after having put us to a great tussle, the people of the isle say we came
off free and victorious by the valor of my arm; and may they have such saving of God as they speak the truth! In short, in this while I have taken the measure of the charges and the duties which governing brings along with it, and I have found by my reckoning that my shoulders cannot bear them. They are not a load for my ribs nor arrows for my quiver. And therefore, before the government flung me over, I wanted to fling over the government; and yesterday morning I left the isle as I found it, with the same streets, dwellings, and roofs which it had when I entered it. I have borrowed from nobody, nor mixed in any profits; and though I thought to have made some useful laws, never a one did I make, fearing they would not be kept, for so to make them is the same as not to make them. I left the isle, as I say, without any other company but that of my Dapple. I fell into a pit; I went along it till this morning, by the light of the sun, I spied a way of escape, but not so easy, for if Heaven had not sent me my master Don Quixote, there I would have abided till the end of the world! So my lords, duke and duchess, here is your governor, Sancho Panza, who only in the ten days that he has held the government has reaped this knowledge, that he would not give a straw to be a governor,—I say not of an isle only but of all the world. And this being the case, kissing your worships' feet and imitating the boys' game, who say, 'jump thou and give me one,' I give a jump from the government and pass into the service of my master Don Quixote, for with him at least, though I eat my bread by starts, I have my belly full; and for me, so I am full, it is all one to me whether it's with carrots or partridges."

With this, Sancho brought his long speech to an end, Don Quixote ever dreading that he would utter thousands of absurdities; and when he saw him finish with so few he gave thanks to Heaven in his heart; and the duke embraced Sancho, saying that it grieved him to the soul that he had left his government so soon, but he would so manage as to give him on his estate a certain office, of less charge and more profit. The duchess embraced him also and ordered them to entertain him well, for he showed signs of having been badly bruised and worse treated.
CHAPTER LVI

Of the prodigious and unparalleled battle which took place between Don Quixote of La Mancha and the lackey Tosilos, in the defense of the duenna Doña Rodriguez's daughter

The duke and duchess did not repent of the trick which had been played upon Sancho Panza, in the matter of the government they had given him; especially when, the same day, their steward came and recounted to them minutely all the words and deeds which Sancho had said and done in those days; and in conclusion he gave them a flowery account of the assault upon the isle, and of Sancho's terror and of his departure, from which they received no little entertainment. After this the history relates that the appointed day of the combat arrived; and the duke, having again and again tutored his lackey Tosilos how he had to deal with Don Quixote so as to overcome him without wounding or slaying him, commanded the steel heads to be taken off the lances, saying to Don Quixote that the Christian feeling upon which he valued himself did not allow this battle to be fought with so much risk and peril of lives, and that he was content to give them a fair field in his domain (though it went against the decree of the Holy Council which prohibited such duels), and did not desire to carry that affair to extremity. Don Quixote said that his Excellency might arrange the matter as he best pleased; he would obey him in everything. The dreaded day being now come, and the duke having ordered a spacious scaffold to be set up in front of the castle square, where the judges of the list and the duennas, mother and daughter, the appellants, might take their station, an infinite number of people from all the towns and villages thereabout flocked in attracted by the novel spectacle of that combat; such a one as had never then been seen nor heard of in that country by those of the present or the past generation.
The first who entered the field and the lists was the marshal of the ceremonies, who surveyed the ground and paced it all over, so that there might be no foul play there, nor anything hidden by which one could be tripped up and fall. Then the duennas entered and took their seats, hooded to the eyes and even to the bosoms, with demonstrations of no small sorrow as Don Quixote presented himself in the lists. A little while after, heralded by many trumpets, there appeared on one side of the square, mounted upon a powerful steed which shook the whole place, the great lackey Tosilos, his vizor down and himself wholly encased in a strong and shining suit of armor. His horse was clearly a Frieslander, massive and fleabitten, with a quarter of a hundredweight of hair about each of his fetlocks. The valorous combatant came on, well instructed by the duke his master how he had to behave himself towards the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha,—warned that in no case was he to slay him, but to try to avoid the first shock, to prevent the risk of death, which was certain if they met in full career. He paced the square, and coming to where the duennas were seated, he stopped for some while, gazing on her who sought him in marriage. Then the marshal of the field summoned Don Quixote, who was already present in the square; and side by side with Tosilos he spoke to the duennas, asking them if they consented that Don Quixote of La Mancha should maintain their right. They answered “Yes,” and that they would accept all he did in that cause as well done, final, and valid. By this time the duke and duchess were stationed in a gallery which looked upon the lists, which were thronged by an infinite number of people, expecting to witness that stern, unparalleled encounter. A condition was imposed on the combatants that if Don Quixote conquered, his antagonist had to marry Doña Rodríguez’s daughter; and if he were vanquished, his opponent was quit of the promise which had been exacted from him without giving any other satisfaction. The marshal of the ceremonies parted the sun between them, and placed the two each in the spot where he was to stand. The drums beat, the sound of the trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled under their feet; the hearts of the gazing crowd were in suspense, some fearing, others hoping, the
good or the evil issue of that affair. Finally, Don Quixote, commending himself with all his heart to God our Lord and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting for them to give him the preconcerted signal for the onset. Our lackey, however, had very different thoughts: he was thinking of nothing but of what I will now tell you. It seems that as he looked upon his fair enemy, she appeared to him to be the most beautiful woman he had seen in all his life; and the little blindling boy, who along these streets is commonly called Love, could not lose the opportunity which presented itself of triumphing over the lackey's heart and adding it to the list of his trophies; and so, coming up to him softly, without any one seeing him, he ran a six-feet dart into the poor lackey's left side and pierced his heart through and through; which he could quite well do safely, for Love is invisible and enters and goes out where he will without any one bringing him to account for his actions.

I say then, that when the signal for the onset was given, our lackey was in a transport, thinking on the beauty of her he had already made the mistress of his free will; and so he paid no heed to the sound of the trumpet, as Don Quixote did, who charged as soon as he heard it, and at the utmost speed Rozinante would allow, at his enemy, Sancho Panza, his good squire, when he saw him start, crying aloud:

"God guide you, cream and flower of knights errant! God send you the victory, for you bear the right on your side!"

And though Tosilos saw Don Quixote coming at him he did not stir a step from his post, but called loudly upon the master of the lists, saying to him, as he came up to see what he wanted:

"Sir, is not this battle to be fought as to whether I should marry yonder lady or not?"

"It is so," was the answer.

"Then," said the lackey, "I am afraid of my conscience, and would put on it a great burden if I went any farther with this battle; so I say that I yield myself vanquished and that I am willing to marry that lady at once."

The marshal of the lists was astonished at Tosilos's words, and as he was one of those privy to the contriving of that affair, did not know how to answer him a word. Don Quix-
ote stopped in mid-career, seeing that his enemy did not come on. The duke could not conceive why they did not proceed with the combat; but the marshal went up and told him what Tosilos had said, at which he was much surprised and extremely angry. While this was passing Tosilos went up to where Doña Rodriguez sat, and said in a loud voice:—

"I, lady, am willing to marry your daughter, and I would not obtain by strife and contention that which I am able to get peacefully and without peril of death."

Hearing this, the valiant Don Quixote exclaimed:—

"Since this is so, I am free and absolved of my promise. Let them marry, in God's name, and since our Lord hath given her to him may Saint Peter lend his blessing."

The duke had descended to the castle square, and going up to Tosilos said: "Is it true, knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, impelled by your timorous conscience, you wish to marry that damsel?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tosilos.

"He does very well," quoth Sancho Panza at this juncture, "for what you have to give the mouse give to the cat, and you will get out of trouble."

Tosilos went off to unlace his helmet, praying them to assist him promptly for his breath was failing him, and he could not bear to be pent up so long in that straitened lodging. They relieved him of it with all speed, and then there remained exposed and patent the lackey's face; seeing which Doña Rodriguez and her daughter cried out aloud:—

"This is a cheat! this is a cheat! They have put Tosilos, my master the duke's lackey, in place of our true husband! Justice from God and the king for this trickery—not to say villainy!"

"Be ye not concerned, ladies," said Don Quixote, "this is neither trick nor villainy. And if it be, it is not the duke who has enacted it but the wicked enchanters who persecute me, who, jealous of the glory which I had to gain by this victory, have transformed the face of your husband into that of him who you say is the duke's lackey. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry with him, for without doubt he is the very man you desire for a husband."
The duke hearing this was ready to vent all his anger in laughter, saying:

"The things which befall Sir Don Quixote are so extraordinary that I am inclined to think this is not my lackey; but let us adopt this device and plan: let us delay the marriage a fortnight if they will, and keep this person, of whom we are doubtful, confined; in the course of which time it may be he will return to his original shape; for the rancor the enchanters entertain towards Don Quixote should not endure so long, especially as these tricks and transformations are of so little avail to them."

"O sir!" cried Sancho, "these evil-doers are well used and accustomed to change things relating to my master from one to another. A knight whom he conquered in days gone by, called him of the Mirrors, they changed into the figure of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, a native of our village and a great friend of ours; and my lady Dulcinea del Toboso they have turned into a rustic peasant woman, and so I imagine this lackey has to die and live lackey all the days of his life."

Upon which said Doña Rodriguez's daughter:

"Let him be what he will who asks me for wife, I am grateful to him, and I would rather be the lawful wife of a lackey than the cast-off lover of a gentleman."

In short, all these tales and doings ended in Tosilos being shut up to see what his transformation would come to. The victory was adjudged to be Don Quixote's by general acclamation, though most of them were sad and melancholy at finding that the long-looked-for combatants had not hacked one another to pieces, just as the boys are sorry when the man whom they wait for is not brought out to be hanged because he is pardoned either by the injured party or the judge. The crowd dispersed; the duke and duchess went back into the castle; they shut up Tosilos; Doña Rodriguez and her daughter were very content at finding that by one way or another that marred affair had to end in marriage; and as for Tosilos, he hoped for no less.
CHAPTER LVII

Which tells of how Don Quixote took leave of the duke, and of what happened to him with the witty Altisidora, damsel to the duchess.

IT now appeared to Don Quixote to be right that he should quit the lazy life he was leading in that castle, for he fancied he was guilty of a great default in permitting himself to be buried idly in the midst of the countless luxuries and delights with which the owners of the castle treated him, in his character of knight errant; and he felt that he had to render a strict account to Heaven of that indolence and seclusion. So one day he begged of the duke and duchess permission to take his departure, which they granted him, with tokens of their great sorrow at his leaving. To Sancho Panza the duchess gave his wife’s letters, over which he shed tears, saying:—

“Who would have thought that hopes so grand as those which the news of my governorship begot in the breast of my wife Theresa Panza would have to end in my going back to the draggle-tail adventures of my master Don Quixote of La Mancha? With all that I am glad to see that my Theresa behaved like herself, sending the acorns to the duchess, for, had she not sent them, I would have been vexed and she would have shown herself ungrateful. What comforts me is that to this gift they cannot give the name of bribe, for I had got the government when she sent them; and it is right that they who receive a kindness should prove themselves grateful, even though it be in the way of trifles. After all, naked I went into the government and naked I came out of it, and so I am easy with a safe conscience, which is not a little; naked was I born; naked I am; I neither lose nor win.”

Thus said Sancho to himself the day of their departure; and Don Quixote, having taken leave of the duke and
duchess the night before, presented himself on the morning in full armor in the courtyard of the castle. All the people of the castle watched him from the galleries, and the duke and duchess also came out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, with his wallets, valise, and provision, well pleased because the duke's steward—the same who had been the Trifaldi—had given him a little purse, with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the needs of the road, without Don Quixote's knowledge. Whilst they all were gazing at him, of a sudden, from amidst the other duennas and damsels of the duchess who were among the beholders, the witty Altisidora lifted up her voice and in a piteous tone began to say:

"Listen, cruel knight,
Check thy reins awhile,
Weary not the flanks
Of thine ugly beast;
False one, see, thou fleest
From no serpent fierce,
But a tender lambkin,
Not quite grown to sheep.
Thou hast fooled, monster,
Sweetest maid that ever
Saw Diana in her woods, or
Venus in her groves.
O cruel Bireno, runaway Æneas!
Go, wicked one, and join thee with Barabbas!

"Impious one! thou bearest,
In thy savage talons,
Heart-strings of a lowly
And enamored damsel;
Kerchiefs three hast lifted,—
Garters too a pair,—
From some legs of marble
Polished, white, and black:
Sighs two thousand also,
Which, if fire, were burning
Troys two thousand, if so
Many Troys there were.
O cruel Bireno, runaway Æneas!
Go, wicked one, and join thee with Barabbas!

"Of thy squire, that Sancho,
Stiffened be the bowels,
That thy Dulcinea
Turn not from her witchment;
For thy crime the pain
Let her doleful take;
Sinners in my country
For the righteous pay.
May thy best adventures
To misadventures turn;
All thy joys be dreams,
All thy deeds be bubbles!
O cruel Bireno, runaway Æneas!
Go, wicked one, and join thee with Barabbas!

"False be still thou known from
Seville to Marchena;
From Granada to Loja,
At reinado if you play,
At piquet or primera,
Mayst thou ne'er draw king, or
See an ace or seven.
When thy corns thou cuttest,
May the place be blooded;
When they draw thy grinders,
May the stumps remain in!
O cruel Bireno, runaway Æneas!
Go, wicked one, and join thee with Barabbas!"

Whilst the woeful Altisidora was making her plaint in the manner we have told, Don Quixote stood looking at her, and, without answering her a word, he turned to Sancho and said: "By the life of my forefathers, my Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me truth; say, hast thou taken by any chance the three kerchiefs and the garters of which this love-lorn damselspeaks?"

To which Sancho answered: "Yes, I have the three kerchiefs, but as for the garters, — they are over the hills of Ubeda."

The duchess was surprised at Altisidora's proceedings, for though she knew her to be bold, and merry, yet not to a degree to venture upon such freedoms; and, as she had not been informed of this jest, her wonder grew the more. The duke, wishing to carry on the sport, said: —

"Sir knight, it does not look well that you, having received the good entertainment you have had in this my castle, should make bold to carry off at least three kerchiefs, if not a pair of garters besides, belonging to my handmaiden."
These are indications of a naughty heart and signs not corresponding with your fame. Return her the garters or I defy you to mortal combat, without being afraid of your good-for-nothing enchanters transforming me or changing my face, as they have done that of Tosilos, my lackey, who engaged with you in battle."

"God forbid," answered Don Quixote, "that I should unsheathe my sword against your most illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favors. The kerchiefs I will return, for Sancho says he has them; as for the garters it is impossible, for I have not taken them nor he either, and if this your maiden would look in her hiding-places I warrant she will find them. I, sir duke, have never been a thief, nor think to be one as long as I live, if God lets me not out of His keeping. This damsel speaks, as she confesses, like one love-stricken. Of that I bear not the blame, and so I have no reason to ask pardon, either of her or of your Excellency, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me, and give me leave once more to pursue my journey."

"May God send thee so good a one, Sir Don Quixote," cried the duchess, "that we may ever hear good news of your exploits; and go ye, in God's name, for the longer you stay the more you kindle a fire in the bosoms of the damsels who look upon you; and as for this one of mine, I will punish her so that henceforth she shall not transgress either with her eyes or her tongue."

"One word only I beseech you to hear, O valorous Don Quixote," said Altisidora, "and it is this, that I ask your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters, for by Heaven and my soul I have them on, and I have fallen in the same blunder as he who went searching for his ass mounted on his back."

"Did I not say it?" quoth Sancho; "a pretty one am I for hiding stolen things! Had I wished to do so, I should have had a fine opportunity in my government."

Don Quixote bowed his head, and, making an obeisance to the duke and duchess and to all the bystanders, he turned Rozinante's rein and, with Sancho following him upon Dapple, sallied out of the castle, directing his way to Zaragoza.
CHAPTER LVIII

Which tells of how adventures came pouring upon Don Quixote, so many that they gave no room one to another

WHEN Don Quixote found himself in the open country, free and disembarrassed of Altisidora's amorous attentions, he felt as if he was in his element, with his spirits revived, for the pursuing his scheme of chivalries once more; and, turning to Sancho, he said:—

"Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts which Heaven has bestowed on man. With it no treasures can be compared which the earth contains or the sea conceals. For liberty, as for honor, one can and should adventure life; and, on the other hand, captivity is the greatest evil which can befall men. This I say, Sancho, for thou hast witnessed the luxury, the abundance, we have had in this castle we are leaving. Yet in the midst of those high-seasoned banquets and those drinks cool as snow, methought I was suffering the straits of hunger, for I enjoyed them not with the same freedom as if they had been mine own; since those obligations which benefits and favors received impose, are bonds which will not let the mind range freely. Happy the man to whom Heaven has given a crust of bread, without the obligation of thanking any for it but Heaven itself!"

"For all that your worship says," quoth Sancho, "it is not well for us to be without thankfulness on our part for the two hundred crowns of gold which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse, which, as a plaster and comforter, I carry next my heart against what may turn up, for we shall not always find castles in which to regale ourselves, and now and then we shall fall in with inns where they may cudgel us."

With these and other such discourses our errant knight and squire were jogging along, when, having gone a little more than a league, they espied about a dozen men clad
like laborers, who were taking their dinner on a little green meadow, with their cloaks spread on the grass. Close by them they had what looked like some white sheets which covered something beneath; some upright and some lying flat, at short distances from each other. Don Quixote went up to those eating and, first saluting them courteously, inquired of them what it was that their linen cloths covered. One of them answered:

"Sir, under these linen cloths are some sculptured images that are to be used in a show we are setting up in our village. We carry them covered up so that they may not be tarnished, and on our shoulders that they may not be broken."

"If it please you," replied Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them, for by the care you take of them they must doubtless be good ones."

"Aye, and that they are," quoth the other, "seeing what they cost. In truth there is not one of them which does not stand in more than fifty ducats; and that your worship may see that this is true, wait and see with your own eyes."

And, rising up, he left his dinner and went to take the covering off the first image, which proved to be that of Saint George mounted on horseback, with a serpent twined about his feet and a spear thrust through the mouth, with all the fierceness with which he is wont to be depicted. The whole image looked like one blaze of gold, as they say. On seeing it Don Quixote said:

"This knight was one of the best of the errants the Army of Heaven ever had; he was called Don Saint George, and he was, moreover, a defender of damsels. Let us see this other one."

The man uncovered it, and it proved to be Saint Martin on horseback, who divided his cloak with the beggar; and as soon as he saw it Don Quixote exclaimed:

"This knight also was one of the Christian adventurers, and I believe he was even more generous than valiant, as thou canst see, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with the poor man and giving him half; and doubtless it should have been winter at the time, for otherwise he would have given him the whole, seeing he was so charitable."

"It should not be so either," quoth Sancho; "but he must
have held with the proverb which says, that 'to give and to keep hath need of brains.'"

Don Quixote smiled, and prayed them to take off another of the cloths, under which was disclosed the image of the patron of Spain, on horseback, his sword all blood-red, trampling on Moors and treading on their heads; and on seeing it Don Quixote said: —

"Aye, this is a knight, and of the squadrons of Christ; this one is called Don Saint James the Moor-slayer, one of the most valiant saints and knights that ever the world had and heaven has now."

Then they uncovered another cloth, which showed Saint Paul tumbled from his horse, with all the details which are wont to be painted in the picture of his conversion. When Don Quixote beheld him, painted so like life that you would have said Christ was speaking to him and Paul answering, he said: —

"This was the greatest enemy which the church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have—a knight errant by his life, and a peaceful saint by his death, an untiring toiler in the vineyard of the Lord, teacher of the Gentiles, who had the heavens for his school, and Jesus Christ Himself for his professor and master."

There were no more images, and so Don Quixote bade them cover them up again, saying to those who were carrying them: —

"I hold it for a good augury, brothers, to have seen what I have seen, for these saints and knights professed what I profess, which is the calling of arms. The only difference there is between me and them is that they were saints, and fought after the heavenly manner, and I am a sinner and fight after the human. They conquered heaven by force of arms, for heaven suffereth violence, and I till now know not what I conquer by force of my toils; but should my Dulcinea del Toboso get out of those she suffers, my fortune being bettered and my mind righted, it may be that I may direct my steps along a better road than that which I am taking."

"God hear it and sin be deaf," said Sancho to this.

The men were amazed as much at the figure as at the words of Don Quixote, without understanding one half of
what he meant by them. Having finished their dinner they shouldered their images, and taking leave of Don Quixote they proceeded on their journey. Sancho was moved afresh, as if he had never known his master, with wonder at his learning, thinking that there was no history in the world or event which he had not at his fingers' ends and fixed in his memory, and he said to him:—

"In truth, our master, if this which has happened to us to-day can be called adventure, it has been of the softest and sweetest which has befallen us in the whole course of our wanderings. We have come out of it without beatings and without any fright; nor have we laid hands to our swords, nor battered the earth with our bodies nor been left ahungered. Blessed be God, who has let me see such a thing with my own eyes!"

"Thou sayest well, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but thou must consider that all times are not one nor run the same course. And these which the vulgar commonly call omens, which are not founded upon any grounds in nature, ought to be held and judged for happy accidents by him who is wise. One of these omen mongers, rising betimes in the morning, goes out of his house, meets with a friar of the order of the blessed Saint Francis, turns him back, as if he had encountered a griffin, and goes home again. Another, a Mendoza, spills the salt upon his table and straight is melancholy spilt on his heart; as if nature were obliged to signify coming disasters by things of such little moment as the aforesaid. The wise and Christian man ought not by these trifles to attempt to fathom the will of Heaven. Scipio arrives in Africa and stumbles in leaping ashore; his soldiers take it for an ill omen; but he, embracing the ground, exclaims:— 'Thou canst not escape me, Africa. I have thee fast between my arms.' So, Sancho, the meeting with these images has been for me a very happy event."

"I believe it," responded Sancho; "but I wish your worship would tell me what is the reason why Spaniards say, when they are about to give battle, invoking that Saint James, the Moor-killer:— 'Santiago and close Spain!' Is Spain, perchance, open, so that it is necessary to close her? Or what is this ceremony?"
“Thou art very simple, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote. “Look ye, God hath given to Spain for her patron and protector this great Knight of the Red Cross, especially in the desperate contests which the Spaniards had with the Moors, and therefore they invoke and call him as the defender in all the battles they wage, and oftentimes they have seen him visibly in them, routing, trampling, destroying, and slaughtering the Hagarene squadrons; and of this I could produce thee many examples which in the truthful Spanish histories are recorded.”

Changing the conversation, Sancho said to his master: “I am astonished, sir, at the boldness of Altisidora, the duchess’s waiting-maid. Cruelly must he they call Love have hurt and mauled her; and they say he is a little blind boy, who, though he is blear-eyed, or rather without sight, if he takes a heart for his mark, however small it is, he hits it and pierces it through from side to side with his arrows. I have heard tell, also, that in the modesty and reserve of young damsels Love’s darts are blunted and dulled; but in this Altisidora it seems they are more whetted than blunted.”

“Look you, Sancho, Love minds no restraints, nor shows any rules of reason in his proceedings, but is of the same temper as Death, who attacks the lofty palaces of kings as well as the humble cottages of shepherds; and when he takes entire possession of a heart, the first thing he does is to divest it of timidity and shame. So Altisidora, being devoid of shame, revealed her love, which engendered in my bosom rather confusion than compassion.”

“O notable cruelty!” cried Sancho. “O unheard-of ingratitude! For me, I can say I would have surrendered and been her servant at the least loving word from her. The jade! And what a heart of marble! What bowels of brass! What a soul of rough-cast! But I cannot think what it is this damsel saw in your worship thus to yield and submit herself. What grace was it,—what gallant bearing,—what sprightliness,—what good looks,—what anything of these by itself or all together captivated her? For indeed and in truth, I often stop to look at your worship from the sole of your feet to the topmost hair of your head, and I see more things to scare than to bewitch; and having heard, too, that beauty is the first and chief thing that breeds love, as your
worship has none, I cannot guess what the poor thing fell in love with."

"Consider, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that there are two sorts of beauty, one of the soul and the other of the body. That of the soul shines forth and displays itself in intelligence, in chastity, in good conduct, in liberality, and in good breeding; and all these parts are contained and may exist in an ugly man, and when the attention is set at this kind of beauty and not at that of the body, love is wont to be raised with great violence and persistence. I, Sancho, am well aware that I am not beautiful, but I know, also, that I am not ungainly; and it is enough for a man of worth not to be a monster in order to be well loved, should he possess those endowments of the soul I have told thee of."

Thus talking and conversing, they passed into a wood which extended beyond the road; and suddenly Don Quixote found himself unawares enmeshed in some nets of green thread which were stretched from tree to tree. Unable to conceive what that might be he said to Sancho:—

"Methinks, Sancho, this affair of these nets should be one of the strangest of imaginable adventures. May I die, if the enchanter who persecute me do not want to entangle me in them and stop my journey, as though in vengeance for the rigor I have shown to Altisidora. But I will make them know that though these nets, instead of green threads, had been of hardest adamant or stronger than that wherewith the jealous god of the blacksmiths enclosed Venus and Mars, I would break them as though they had been of bulrushes or cotton yarn."

As he sought to push forward and break through it, all of a sudden there appeared in front, coming out from among the trees, two most lovely shepherdesses, — at least, two clad like shepherdesses, except that their sheepskins and smocks were finest brocade, — their smocks, I say, were petticoats of richest gold tabby. They wore their hair, which in ruddiness might vie with the rays of the very sun, loose about their shoulders, and they were covered with garlands woven of green laurel and red amaranth. Their age seemed to be not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen. This was a sight to make the sun stop in his course, which struck Sancho with
wonder and confounded Don Quixote. All four remained in a wondering silence. At last one of the shepherdesses, being the first to speak, said to Don Quixote:

"Stop, sir knight, nor break the nets, which not for your hurt but for our pastime we have spread there; and, as I know you will ask why they are placed and who we are, I will tell you in a few words. In a village which is some two leagues from this, where there are many people of good quality, gentle and rich folk, it was agreed among some friends and connections that, with their own sons and daughters, neighbors, friends, and relations, we should come to make merry in this spot, which is one of the pleasantest in all these parts; forming among us all a new pastoral Arcadia, the girls dressing themselves up like shepherdesses and the young men like shepherds. We have got up the eclogues, one by the famous poet Garcilaso and another by the most excellent Camoëns, in his own Portuguese tongue, which, till now, we have not represented. Yesterday was the first day of our coming here. We have pitched some field-tents, as they call them, among these bushes on the margin of a flowing streamlet which fertilizes all these meadows. Last night we spread these nets among these trees, to beguile the silly little birds, who, startled by the noise we made, might be caught in them. If you please, sir, to be our guest, you shall be liberally and courteously entertained, for into this spot, for the present, no care nor melancholy shall enter."

She stopped and said no more. To which Don Quixote replied: "Of a surety, fairest lady, not Actaeon could be lost in a greater wonder and amazement when, unawares, he spied Diana bathing in the waters than I am struck with astonishment at the sight of your beauty. I applaud your scheme of diversions and thank you for your offers; and if I can serve you, you may command me with the certainty of being obeyed, for none other is my profession than to show myself complaisant and benevolent with every kind of people, more especially of the quality such as your persons denote; and if so be that these nets, which fill but a small space, were to occupy the whole rotundity of the globe, I would seek new worlds through which to pass, to avoid breaking them. And that ye may give some credence to these my high-flying words,
know that he who makes this promise is Don Quixote of La Mancha, no less—if so be that this name has reached your ears."

"Ah, friend of my soul!" then cried the other shepherdess, "and what great good luck has happened to us! Seest thou this gentleman we have before us? Prithee, I'd have you know that he is the most valiant, the most love-lorn, and the most courteous knight the whole world contains,—unless a history of his exploits, which is in print and which I have read, lies and is deceiving us. I would wager that this good man who comes with him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, to whose pleasantry there are none equal."

"That is true," quoth Sancho, "for I am that droll and that squire your grace speaks of, and this gentleman is my master, the very Don Quixote of La Mancha, historified and aforesaid."

"Oh," quoth the other damsel, "let us beseech him, dear, to stay. Our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased with it, and I also have heard of his valor and of his graces the same as you have spoken of; and, above all, they say of him that he is the stanchest and most loyal lover known, and that his lady is one Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom in all Spain they give the palm of beauty."

"And rightly do they give it," said Don Quixote; "unless indeed your matchless loveliness places it in doubt. But trouble not yourselves, ladies, to detain me, for the urgent obligations of my profession leave me in no case to repose."

Hereupon, there came up to where the four were a brother of one of the shepherdesses, dressed also as a shepherd with a richness and splendor which corresponded to theirs. They told him that he who was with them was the valourous Don Quixote of La Mancha, and the other his squire Sancho, of whom he had some knowledge through having read their history. The gay shepherd made his compliments, and besought his company to their tents. Don Quixote had to comply. Then the beaters came up, and the nets were filled with different kinds of birds which, deceived by the color of the meshes, fell into the danger they tried to avoid.

More than thirty persons were assembled on that spot, all gallantly dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses. They were
informed at once who Don Quixote and his squire were, and were no little delighted, for they had already been acquainted with him through his history. They repaired to the tents, where they found the tables set out—sumptuous, plentiful, and elegant, at which Don Quixote was honored with the highest place. They all gazed at him, wondering at the sight. At length, the cloth being removed, Don Quixote, with much gravity, lifted up his voice and said:—

“Of the greater sins which men commit, though some say it is pride, I say it is ingratitude, abiding by the common saw that hell is full of the ungrateful. This sin, inasmuch as to me has been possible, I have endeavored to avoid from the moment that I had the use of reason. And if I am unable to repay the good works done me by other works, I put in their stead the desire of doing them; and when that suffices not, I publish them, for he who declares and publishes the good works of which he is the recipient, would even recompense them with others if he had the power, because for the most part those who receive are inferior to those who give. Thus is God above all, for He is a giver above all, and the gifts of man cannot correspond in quality with those of God, on account of the infinite distance between them. For this meagerness and deficiency, gratitude, in a certain measure, makes up. I, then, grateful for the civility which has been done me here, powerless to respond in like manner, being contained within the narrow limits of my ability, offer that which I can and what I have in my power. And, therefore, I say that for two natural days, in the middle of this high-road which goes to Zaragoza, I will maintain that these ladies here, counterfeit shepherdesses, are the most beauteous and the most courteous damsels in the world, only excepting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, unique mistress of my thoughts—without offense, be it said, to as many of both sexes as hear me.”

On hearing this, Sancho, who had been listening with great attention, cried out with a loud voice: “Is it possible that there are in the world persons who dare to say and to swear that this, my master, is mad? Tell me, your worships, gentle-men shepherds, is there a village priest, however wise or learned he may be, who could say what my master has said? And is
there knight errant, let him be ever so famed for valor, who could offer what my master has here offered?"

Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and with an inflamed countenance and wrathful, said to him:—

"Is it possible, O Sancho, that there should be on all this globe any person to say that thou art not a blockhead, lined with the same— with I know not what fringes of malice and roguery? Who set thee to meddling with my affairs, and to inquiring whether I am sane or crazy? Hold thy tongue, and make no reply, but saddle me Rozinante, if he is unsaddled. Let us go and give effect to my offer, for with the right which is on my side you can reckon as vanquished all who would gainsay it."

And with great fury and tokens of indignation he rose from his seat, leaving the company amazed, and in doubt whether to take him for mad or sane. In short, they would have persuaded him not to put himself on such an ordeal, since they held his grateful intention to be established and no new demonstrations were needed to make known his valorous spirit, those being enough which are related in the history of his exploits. Nevertheless Don Quixote persisted in his resolution, and mounted upon Rozinante, bracing his shield and wielding his lance, planted himself in the middle of a highway which ran not far from the green meadow. Sancho followed him upon Dapple, together with all those of the pastoral flock, curious to see the issue of that arrogant and unheard-of challenge.

And now, posted in the middle of the road, as has been said, Don Quixote wounded the air with words like these:—

"O ye passengers and wayfarers, knights, squires, men on foot or on horseback, that pass by this road, or that have to pass within the two days following, know that Don Quixote, knight errant, is posted here to maintain that the beauty and the courtesy contained in the nymphs, inhabitants of these woods and meadows, exceed all those in the world, setting on one side the lady of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso. Therefore, let him who may be of a contrary opinion come on, for here I await him."

Twice he repeated these same words, and twice were they unheard by any adventurer. But fortune, which continued
to advance his affairs from better to better, ordained that in a little while there appeared on the road a multitude of men on horseback, many of them with lances in their hands, journeying all crowded together, tumultuously and in great haste. As soon as the company with Don Quixote saw them they turned about and got out of the road, perceiving that if they stayed they might incur some danger. Don Quixote alone, with undaunted heart, remained still, Sancho Panza shielding himself behind Rozinante's hind quarters. The troop of spear-men came up, and one of them who rode in front began in a loud voice to shout to Don Quixote:

"Out of the way, devil of a man, or these bulls will rend thee to pieces!"

"Go to, rascals," replied Don Quixote; "for me, I care for no bulls, let them be the fiercest that were ever bred on the banks of Jarama. Confess, miscreants, all of you in a lot, that it is true what I have here proclaimed; or if not, do battle with me."

The herdsmen had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way if he would, and so the troop of wild bulls and that of tame bell-oxen, with the multitude of herdsmen and others who were taking them to be confined in a place where the next day they were to be baited, passed over Don Quixote and over Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, bearing them all to earth and sending them rolling on the ground. There lay Sancho stunned, Dapple pummeled, and Rozinante not very sound. After a while they all rose, and Don Quixote, staggering and stumbling, set off in great haste after the herd, crying out loudly:

"Hold ye! stay, miscreant scoundrels! for a single knight awaits you, one who is not of the sort or the mind of those who say that to the flying foe build a bridge of silver!"

But the runaways stopped none the more for this, nor made more account of his menaces than of last year's clouds.

Weariness brought Don Quixote to a stop, and more enraged than avenged he sat down on the road, waiting for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple to come up. They arrived; master and man remounted; and without turning to take leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia they, with more humiliation than contentment, pursued their journey.
CHAPTER LIX

Wherein is recounted the extraordinary event, which might pass for an adventure, which happened to Don Quixote

A CLEAR and limpid spring, which they discovered in the midst of a shady clump of trees, relieved Don Quixote and Sancho of the dirt and fatigue they had got from the uncivil behavior of the bulls. There, by its margin, the two downtrodden ones, master and man, sat them down,—letting Rozinante and Dapple loose, without headstall and bridle. Sancho had recourse to his larder in the wallets, and drew therefrom what he was wont to call his fodder. He rinsed his mouth and Don Quixote washed his face, and from refreshment their jaded spirits recovered their tone. Out of pure vexation Don Quixote ate not, nor did Sancho, out of pure politeness, venture to touch the viands before him, waiting for his master to be his taster. But seeing that, wrapt in his meditations, he forgot to carry the bread to his mouth, Sancho said nothing but, trampling upon every canon of good breeding, began to cram into his stomach the bread and cheese before him.

"Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote; "sustain life; it imports to thee more than to me; and leave me to die through the medium of my thoughts and by force of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayst see that I speak the truth in this look at me,—me printed in histories, famous in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, solicited by maidens,—in the end, in the end,—when I looked for palms, triumphs, and crowns, won and merited by my valorous exploits, have I seen myself this morning trampled, kicked, and pounded by the heels of unclean and filthy animals. This consideration blunts my teeth, dulls my grinders, benumbs my hands, and robs me wholly of the desire of eating; so that I think
of letting myself die of hunger,—a death the cruelest of deaths."

"At that rate," said Sancho, munching apace all the while, "your worship will not approve of the proverb which says: 'Let Martha die but die with her belly full.' Leastways I, I am not thinking to kill myself, but rather I mean to do as the cobbler, who pulls the leather with his teeth till he makes it reach where he would. I will pull out my life eating, till I reach the end which Heaven has fixed. And know, sir, there is no madness greater than to think of dying of despair as you do; believe me, and after having eaten stretch yourself out for a little sleep on the green mattress of this turf, and you will see as how, when you awake, you will find yourself a little easier."

Don Quixote did so, thinking that Sancho reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool, saying to him:—

"If thou, O Sancho! couldst do for me that which now I will tell thee, my relief would be more certain and my anxiety lessened. It is this—that, while I sleep in compliance with thy advice, thou wilt step aside a little way hence, and baring thy carcass to the air give thyself, with Rozinante's bridle, three or four hundred lashes, on account of those three thousand and odd thou hast to give thyself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, for it is no small pity that the poor lady remains enchanted through thy carelessness and negligence."

"There is much to be said on that point," quoth Sancho; "let us sleep now, both of us, for the present, and afterwards,—God has said what will be. Know, your worship, that this same whipping of a man in cold blood is a hard thing; the more if the lashes fall upon a body ill-nourished and worse fed. Let my lady Dulcinea del Toboso have patience and, when she least thinks it, she will see me riddled with stripes; and until death all is life—I mean that I have it yet, together with the desire to perform what I have promised."

Don Quixote thanked him and ate a little, and Sancho a good deal; and both threw themselves down to sleep, leaving those two constant companions and friends, Rozinante and Dapple, to graze at their own free will and without restraint on the rich herbage in which that meadow abounded. They awoke somewhat late, remounted, and resumed their journey,
pressing on to reach an inn which was in sight, about a league off. I say that it was an inn, for Don Quixote so called it, contrary to his fashion of calling all the inns castles. Having arrived there, they asked the landlord if there was lodging. He answered "Yes," with all the comfort and good cheer they would find at Zaragoza. They dismounted, and Sancho put away his larder in a chamber of which the host gave him the key. He took the beasts to the stable, gave them their food, and went to see what orders Don Quixote, who was sitting on a stone bench, had for him, giving special thanks to God that to his master that inn had not seemed a castle. The supper hour having arrived, they repaired to their room. Sancho asked the landlord what he had to give them to eat, to which the host replied that his mouth should be the measure; let him ask for what he would, for with the birds of the air, the fowls of the earth, and the fishes of the sea was that inn provided.

"Less than that will serve," answered Sancho; "with a couple of chickens roasted for us we shall do well enough. My master is delicate and eats little, and I am no great glutton."

The host replied that he had no chickens, as the kites had extirpated them.

"Then," said Sancho, "let sir landlord tell them to roast us a pullet, so it be tender."

"A pullet! My father!" answered the landlord; "indeed and indeed, but I sent yesterday to the city to sell more than fifty; but pullets apart, let your worship ask for anything you wish."

"In that case," said Sancho, "there will not be wanting veal or kid."

"Just now," replied the host, "we have none in the house. It is all finished; but by next week we shall have it and to spare."

"Much the better are we for that," retorted Sancho. "I'll bet that all these defects will come to be made good by the plenty there should be of bacon and eggs."

"By Heaven," cried the innkeeper, "but it is a rare soft one my guest is; I am telling him I have neither pullets nor hens, and he wants me to have eggs! Discuss, if you will, of other delicacies, but give up asking for chicken."
“Body of me,” cried Sancho, “let us decide on something. Tell me, in fine, what you have, and leave off your discussions.”

“Master guest,” said the innkeeper, “that which I have really and truly is two cow-heels that look like calves’ feet, or two calves’ feet which look like cow-heels. They are stewed with their chick-peas, onions, and bacon; and at this very minute as is they are crying out, ‘Eat me! eat me!’”

“I mark them for mine own from this minute,” cried Sancho. “Let nobody touch them, and I will pay for them better than any one else. To my mind nothing could be looked for of better savor, nor does it matter to me that they are feet so that they be heels.”

“No one shall touch them,” said the innkeeper; “for other guests have I, people of high quality, who bring with them their own cook, steward, and larder.”

“If you go in for quality,” quoth Sancho, “there’s none better than my master; but the office he bears allows of no pantries or butteries. We just stretch ourselves in the middle of a field, and fill our bellies with acorns or medlars.”

Such was the conversation which Sancho had with the innkeeper, without his caring to go further with his answers, for he had already been questioned as to what was his master’s office or profession.

The supper hour was now come, and the host having brought in the stew, such as it was, Don Quixote betook himself to his room and sat him down to sup very comfortably. In another apartment, which was next to where Don Quixote was, divided from it by nothing more than a thin partition, it appeared to Don Quixote that he overheard some one say: —

“I entreat you, Don Gerónimo, let us read, while they are bringing in our supper, another chapter of the second part of ‘Don Quixote of La Mancha.’”

Scarce did Don Quixote hear his name pronounced when he started to his feet, and listened with quickened ears to what they were saying about him; and he heard Don Gerónimo, who had been addressed, answer: —

“Why, Sir Don Juan, would you have us read of those absurdities? How is it possible for one who has read the first part of the history of ‘Don Quixote of La Mancha’ to take pleasure in reading this second?”
“Nevertheless,” said Don Juan, “it would be well to read it, for there is no book so bad but has some good thing. That which displeases one most in it is that it depicts Don Quixote disenamored of Dulcinea del Toboso.”

On hearing this, Don Quixote, full of wrath and indignation, raised his voice and cried:—

“Whosoever shall say that Don Quixote of La Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him learn, with equal arms, that he departs widely from the truth! The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso neither can be forgotten nor is Don Quixote capable of forgetting. His motto is constancy, and to preserve it with gentleness and without constraint is his profession.”

“Who is he that answers us?” asked they from the other apartment.

“Who should he be,” answered Sancho, “but the very Don Quixote of La Mancha, himself, who will make good all that he has said; aye, and what he will say; the good paymaster is not troubled for pledges!”

Scarce had Sancho said this when there ran in through the door of the room two gentlemen, for so they appeared, one of whom, flinging his arms round Don Quixote’s neck, said:—

“Your presence, sir knight, cannot belie your name, no more can your name discredit your presence. You, sir, are without doubt the true Don Quixote of La Mancha, cynosure and morning star of knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him who has sought to usurp your name and to extinguish your deeds, as the author of this book, which here I deliver to you, has done.”

And he put into his hands the book which his companion was carrying. Don Quixote took it, and without speaking a word began to turn over the leaves. After a little while he returned it, saying:—

“In the little which I have seen I have found three things in this author worthy of reprehension. The first is some words which I have read in the prologue; another, that the language is Aragonese, for now and then he writes without articles; and the third, which must stamp him for an ignoramus, is that he blunders and deviates from the truth in what
is the important thing in the history. Here he says that the wife of Sancho Panza, my squire, was named Mari Gutierrez, and she is not so named, but Theresa Panza; and he who errs in so considerable a point as this, there is much fear that he will err in all the rest of the history.

At this, cried Sancho: "A pretty thing of a historian indeed! He must be well acquainted with our affairs, seeing he calls Theresa Panza my wife, Mari Gutierrez. Take the book again, sir, and look whether I am there, and if they have changed my name."

"By what I have heard of your talk, friend," said Don Gerónimo, "doubtless you must be Sancho Panza, the squire of Don Quixote."

"Yes, I am," answered Sancho, "and I am proud of it."

"Then, i' faith," said the gentleman, "this modern author does not handle you with the decency which is shown in your person. He paints you as a gourmandizer and a fool, and not at all humorous, and very different from the Sancho who is described in the first part of your master's history."

"May God pardon him for it!" cried Sancho. "He might have let me alone in my corner without remembering me at all, for let him twang who knows the strings, and Saint Peter in Rome is well at home."

The two gentlemen besought Don Quixote to come into their room and sup with them, for well they knew that in that inn was nothing proper for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was ever polite, yielded to their request and supped with them. Sancho remained with the stew with full and absolute dominion, sitting at the head of the table, and with him the innkeeper, who, no less than Sancho, was a lover of their calves' feet and cow-heels.

In the course of the supper Don Juan asked of Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; if she were married; whether she were mindful of the amorous solicitations of Sir Don Quixote?

To which he replied: "My passion is more constant than ever, our correspondence upon the old footing, and her beauty transformed into that of a coarse peasant wench." And then he went on to tell them, in detail, of the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea, and of what had happened in the
Cave of Montesinos, with the instructions which the sage Merlin had given him for her disenchancing, which was through the flagellation of Sancho. Extreme was the delight which the two gentlemen took in hearing Don Quixote relate the strange incidents of his history, and they were as much amazed at his follies as at his elegant manner of recounting them. At one time they took him for a wise man, at another he slid into the crazy, without their being able to decide what grade to give him between sanity and madness. Sancho finished his supper, and leaving the innkeeper in a fuddled condition came into the room where his master was, saying on his entrance:

"May I die, gentlemen, but the author of this book your worship has got has no mind that we should be well acquainted. As he calls me glutton, as you say, I wish he may not call me drunkard too."

"Yes, he does call you so," said Don Gerónimo; "but I do not remember in what way, though I know his words have an ill sound and are false to boot, as I can see in the physiognomy of the good Sancho who is before me."

"Believe me, your honors," quoth Sancho, "the Sancho and the Don Quixote of that history must be other than those which figure in that composed by Cid Hamet Benengeli; which are we,—my master, valiant, wise, and amorous; and I, simple, droll, and neither sot nor glutton."

"I believe it," said Don Juan, "and if it were possible would have it decreed that no one should dare to treat of the affairs of the great Don Quixote but only Cid Hamet, his first author, just as Alexander decreed that none should dare to paint him but Apelles."

"Let him paint me who will," said Don Quixote, "but let him not mis-paint me; patience is often wont to stumble when they load her with injuries."

"To Sir Don Quixote none can be done," said Don Juan, "for which he is not able to take vengeance, unless he wards it off with the buckler of his patience, which I believe to be mighty and great."

In these and other such discourses was spent a great part of the night; and although Don Juan wished Don Quixote to read more of the book to see what it treated of, he could
not be prevailed upon, saying that he took it as read and approved it for wholly stupid; and he did not choose that the author, if by any chance it came to his ears that Don Quixote had held it in his hands, should flatter himself with the thought that he had read it; for our thoughts should be kept apart from things filthy and obscene, much more our eyes.

They asked him which way he had decided to travel. He answered to Zaragoza, to be present at the jousts for the suit of armor, which are wont to be held every year in that city.

Don Juan told him that the new history related how that Don Quixote, let him be who he might, had been there in a tilting at the ring — barren of invention, poor in devices, miserably poor in the costume, although rich in absurdities.

"For that same reason," answered Don Quixote, "I will not set foot in Zaragoza; and thus will I expose to the world the falsity of that modern historian and let the people see that I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of."

"You will do very right," said Don Gerónimo, "there are other jousts at Barcelona, where Sir Don Quixote will be able to display his valor."

"This I intend to do," said Don Quixote, "and pray give me leave, for it is now the hour, to retire to bed; and place and reckon me among the number of your greatest friends and servants."

"And me, too," quoth Sancho; "perhaps I may be good for something."

With this they took leave of each other, and Don Quixote and Sancho withdrew to their chamber, leaving Don Juan and Don Gerónimo wondering to see the medley he had made of his wisdom and his folly; and verily they believed that these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those which the Aragonese author had described.

Don Quixote rose early, and, tapping at the partition of the other chamber, bade farewell to his entertainers. Sancho paid the innkeeper magnificently, advising him, however, to laud the provisions of his inn less or to have that better provided.
CHAPTER LX

Of what happened to Don Quixote on going to Barcelona

The morning was cool, and the day gave promise of being so too, on which Don Quixote took his departure from the inn, having first informed himself of the readiest way to go to Barcelona without touching at Zaragoza,—such was his eagerness to prove that new historian a liar, by whom, they said, he had been so greatly maligned. Now it so fell out that for more than six days nothing happened to him worthy of being set down in writing; at the end of which, on going out of the wood, night overtook him among some thick oaks or cork-trees, for on this point Cid Hamet does not observe the precision usual to him in other things. Master and man alighted from their beasts, and setting themselves against the trunks of the trees, Sancho, who had taken a luncheon that day, let himself enter promptly into the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whom his imagination much more than his hunger kept awake, could not close his eyes. On the contrary, his thoughts carried him to and fro by a hundred sorts of places. Now he fancied himself to be in the Cave of Montesinos; now seeing Dulcinea transformed into a peasant wench, jump and skip upon the back of her ass; now there sounded in his ears the words of the sage Merlin, who pronounced the conditions which were to be observed and the means to be taken for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. He was filled with despair in reflecting upon the remissness and little charity of Sancho his squire, for, as he understood, only five lashes had he given himself, a number disproportionate and paltry compared to the infinite many still outstanding; and hence he conceived so much chagrin and rage that he took counsel with himself thus:—

“If the great Alexander cut the Gordian knot saying, ‘to cut is as good as to untie,’ and none the less came to be uni-
versal lord of the whole of Asia, neither more nor less should happen in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if I lash Sancho in his own despite; for if the condition of this remedy consist in this, that Sancho receives three thousand and odd stripes, what matters it to me whether he gives them to himself or another gives them to him, seeing the essential thing is that he receives them, come they whence they may come?"

With this idea he went up to Sancho, having first taken Rozinante's bridle, and having arranged it so that he might flog with it he began to untie Sancho's points (though it is thought he had but the one in front, by which he kept up his breeches). But hardly had he got there when Sancho started up fully awake, and cried: "What is this? Who is touching me and undressing me?"

"It is I," answered Don Quixote, "who am come to make good thy deficiencies and to relieve my troubles. I come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge in part the debt to which thou art bound. Dulcinea perishes; thou livest in idleness; I die of desire; and, therefore, strip of thine own free will, for mine is to give thee, in this retirement, at the least two thousand lashes."

"Not so," said Sancho; "pray your worship keep quiet; if not, by the true God, the deaf shall hear us. The stripes for which I bound myself have to be given voluntary and not by force; and at present I have no mind to lash myself. Enough that I give your worship my word to flog and flap myself when the fancy takes me."

"There is no leaving it to thy courtesy, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art hard of heart and though a clown tender of flesh." And so he tried and strove to undress him.

Finding it to be so, Sancho got on his feet, and closing with his master gripped him by main force, and giving him the back trip brought him to the ground, face uppermost. Placing his right knee upon his breast, he caught Don Quixote's hands with his own, in such a manner that he could neither stir nor breathe. Don Quixote cried out:—

"How, traitor? rebellest thou against thy master and natural lord? Presumest thou against him who gives thee thy bread?"
"I neither make king nor mar king," said Sancho, "but help myself who am my own lord. Let your worship promise me to be quiet and not offer to whip me now, and I will let you free and loose; if not —

"'Here thou diest, traitor, Enemy of Doña Sancha!'"

Don Quixote gave his promise, and swore by the life of his thoughts not to touch a hair of Sancho's clothing, and to leave him to his own free will and pleasure to scourge himself when he would. Sancho rose up and went away a short distance from that spot, and as he was about to lean against another tree felt something touching his head, and putting up his hands encountered a man's feet with shoes and hose. He fell a-trembling with fear; he moved to another tree, and the same thing happened. He roared out, calling to Don Quixote to come to him. Don Quixote did so, and asking him what was the matter and what he was afraid of, Sancho replied that all these trees were full of human feet and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and at once guessed what it should be, and said to Sancho:

"Have no fear, for these feet and legs which you feel and do not see, doubtless belong to some outlaws and bandits who are hanged upon these trees. Justice about here is accustomed to hang them as it catches them, in twenties and thirties, and by this I perceive that we must be near to Barcelona."

And such was the truth, as he had supposed. When the morning dawned they lifted up their eyes, and saw that the clusters in those trees were the bodies of brigands. It was now day, and, if the dead had frightened them, not less were they troubled by some forty live bandits who on a sudden surrounded them, bidding them in the Catalan tongue to stand and remain there till their captain came. Don Quixote found himself on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance resting against a tree, and, in fine, void of all defense; and so he thought it best to cross his arms and to bow his head, reserving himself for a better time and opportunity. The robbers set to work to rifle Dapple, not leaving a single thing which was borne in the wallet and the valise; and it was well for
Sancho that he carried the duke's ducats and those he had brought with him from home in a belly-band which he had girt round him. But for all that those good folk would have cleaned him out and searched him even to see what he had hidden between his skin and his flesh, if at that moment their captain had not come up. He seemed to be about thirty-four years of age, robust, of more than middle height, of a stern aspect, and a bronze complexion. He rode a powerful horse and was clad in a coat of mail, with four pistols (such as in that country are called petronels) at his sides. Seeing that his squires (for so they call those who engage in that trade) were going to despoil Sancho Panza, he ordered them to desist, and was at once obeyed; and so the belly-band escaped. He wondered to see a lance resting against a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armor, and immersed in thought, with the saddest and most melancholy figure which sadness itself could wear. Going up to him, he said:

"Be not so sad, good man. You have not fallen into the hands of some cruel Osiris but into those of Roque Guinart, which are more compassionate than cruel."

"My sadness is not," answered Don Quixote, "through having fallen into thy power, O valorous Roque! whose fame has no limits on earth; but for my negligence being such that your soldiers have seized me unbridled,—I being bound, according to the order of knight-errantry which I profess, to live continually on the alert, being at all times sentinel of myself. Let me tell thee, O great Roque! that if they had found me on horseback, with my lance and my shield, it would not have been very easy to make me yield, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, he of whose achievements the whole globe is full."

Roque Guinart at once perceived that Don Quixote's infirmity touched more on madness than on valor; and though at times he had heard him spoken of, he had never taken his doings for truth, nor could persuade himself that such a humor could reign in the heart of man. And he was exceedingly glad to have encountered him, to have a near proof of what he had heard of from afar. So he said to him:
"Valorous knight, vex not yourself, nor hold it for a sinister fortune this in which you find yourself, for it may be that in these stumbles and trips your crooked lot shall straighten itself; for Heaven, by strange, unheard-of, roundabout ways—by men inconceivable—is wont to raise the fallen and enrich the poor."

Don Quixote was about to thank him when they heard behind them a noise as of a troop of horses, though it turned out to be only one, upon which there came riding at full speed a youth who seemed to be about twenty years of age, clothed in green damask laced with gold, breeches and a loose frock, with a cap cocked in the Walloon fashion; waxed, tight-fitting boots; gilt spurs, dagger and sword; a small firelock in his hands, and two pistols at his sides. Roque turned his head at the noise and saw this handsome apparition, which, coming up to him, said:

"I came in search of you, O valiant Roque! in order to find in you, if not a cure, at least a relief, for my affliction; and not to keep you in suspense, for I see you have not recognized me, I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Gerónima, daughter of Simon Forte, your particular friend, and sworn enemy to Clauquel Torrellas, who is yours also, being one of the opposite faction. You know that this Torrellas has a son, who is called Don Vicente, or at least was so called two hours ago. He, then,—to cut short the story of my misfortune, I will tell you in brief what he has caused to me,—he saw me, courted me; I listened to him; I fell in love with him, unknown to my father. In short, he promised to be my husband, and I gave him my word I should be his wife, without proceeding any farther. Yesterday I learnt that, forgetful of his obligations to me, he was about to marry another, and this morning was going to plight his troth,—news which distracted my senses and bereft me of my patience. And, my father not being in the town, I found means to dress myself in the garb you see, and pressing on my horse I overtook Don Vicente about a league from here; and without stopping to utter reproaches, or to hear excuses, I fired this gun at him, and these two pistols besides, and I believe I must have lodged more than two bullets in his body, opening doors through which my honor, steeped in his blood, may escape."
I left him there in the midst of his servants, who either dared not or could not interfere in his defense. I come to seek you that you may pass me into France, where I have relatives with whom I may live, and to entreat you also to protect my father, that Don Vicente's many friends may not venture to take a cruel revenge upon him."

Roque, struck with the gallantry, boldness, handsome figure, and adventure of the beautiful Claudia, said to her: —

"Come, lady, let us go and see if your enemy is dead, and afterwards we will consider what may be best for you."

Don Quixote, who had been listening attentively to what Claudia said and Roque answered, cried: —

"Let no one trouble himself to defend this lady, for I take it upon myself. Let them give me my horse and arms and await me here, and I will go to seek this gentleman. Dead or alive, I shall make him fulfil the word he has pledged to beauty so exceeding."

"Let nobody doubt of this," said Sancho; "my master has a rare hand for match-making. It is not many days since he made another man marry who also failed of his promise to another maiden, and were it not that the enchanters who persecute him changed the man's real figure into that of a lackey, the marriage would have taken place by this time."

Roque, who was taken up more with thinking of the beautiful Claudia's adventure than with the speeches of master and servant, paid no heed to them, but, commanding his squires to give back to Sancho all that they had plundered from Dapple, he directed them also to return to the place where they had been quartered the night before, and immediately set off with Claudia, in all haste, in search of the wounded or dead Don Vicente.

They reached the spot where Claudia had encountered him, but found nothing there except blood newly spilt. Looking round about them, however, they perceived some people on the side of a hill, and judged, as was the fact, that it must be Don Vicente whom his servants were carrying, either alive or dead, to heal or to bury him. They made haste to overtake them, which, as the others were moving leisurely, they easily did. They found Don Vicente in the arms of his servants. With a weary and feeble voice he was
praying them to leave him there to die, for the pain of his wounds would not allow him to go any farther. Claudia and Roque flung themselves off their horses and approached him.
The servants were afraid at the presence of Roque, and Claudia was troubled at the sight of Don Vicente. She went up to him and seizing his hands said, half tenderly, half severely: "Had you given me these, according to our compact, you would never have come to this pass."
The wounded gentleman opened his all but closed eyes, and recognizing Claudia, said:—
"Now I see, fair and deluded mistress, that it is you who have slain me, — a punishment neither deserved nor due to my intents, with which and with my acts I neither wished nor could do you wrong."
"Then is it not true," exclaimed Claudia, "that you were going this morning to marry Leonora, the daughter of the rich Balvastro?"
"No, in truth," answered Don Vicente; "it was my ill luck must have brought you this news that you might in jealousy bereave me of my life, which since I leave in your hands and in your arms, I reckon my lot happy. To assure you of this truth, hold my hand and receive me for your spouse, if you will, for I have no better satisfaction to give for the injury which you fancy you have received from me."
Claudia wrung his hand, and wrung was her heart, so that she fell fainting on Don Vicente's blood and breast, as the death spasm seized him. Roque was perplexed, and knew not what to do. The servants ran to find water to throw in their faces, and having brought some, bathed them with it. Claudia recovered from her swoon, but not Don Vicente from his paroxysm, for his life was ended. When Claudia perceived this, when she realized that her sweet spouse no longer lived, she rent the air with her sobs; she wounded the heavens with her plaints; she tore her hair, giving it to the winds; she disfigured her face with her hands, showing all the signs of grief and sorrow that could be imagined to come of a wounded heart.
"O rash and cruel woman!" she cried, "how easily were you moved to carry out your evil intent! O raging force of jealousy, to what desperate end you lead her who shelters you
in her bosom!  O husband mine, whose luckless fate, through your pledge to me, has borne you from the bridal bed to the sepulcher!"

Such and so grievous were the lamentations of Claudia, that they drew tears from the eyes of Roque, little used to show them on any occasion. The servants wept aloud; Claudia swooned again and again; and all around seemed a field of sorrow and a site of misfortune. Finally, Roque Guinart ordered Don Vicente's servants to bear the body to his father's place, which was near thereby, that they might give it burial. Claudia told Roque that she would retire to a nunnery of which the abbess was an aunt of hers, where she designed to end her days, in the company of another and more eternal spouse. Roque commended her good resolve, and offered to accompany her whithersoever she pleased, and to defend her father against Don Vicente's relatives, and against all the world, should they seek to injure her. Claudia would in no wise accept his company, but, thanking him for his offers in the best words she could use, took her leave of him, weeping. The servants of Don Vicente bore away his corpse, and Roque returned to his companions. So ended the loves of Claudia Gerónima. What wonder, seeing that the cruel and invisible might of jealousy wove the web of her doleful story?

Roque Guinart found his squires where he had ordered them to be, and Don Quixote among them, mounted on Rozinante, making a speech to them, in which he was persuading them to give up that mode of life, as perilous for the soul as for the body. But as the most of them were Gascons, a rude and lawless people, Don Quixote's harangue did not much impress them. Roque, upon his arrival, asked Sancho Panza if they had returned and restored to him the jewels and effects they had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered "Yes, except that three kerchiefs were missing, which were worth three cities."

"What sayst thou, fellow?" cried one of the band; "it is I who have them, and they are not worth three reals."

"That is true," said Don Quixote, "but my squire rates them at what he has said for the sake of her who gave them to me."
Roque Guinart commanded them to be returned at once; then, ordering his men to form a line, directed them to bring forth before him all the clothing, jewels, and money, and anything they had taken since the last distribution. Then, briefly making a valuation, and turning whatever could not be divided into money, he distributed it among all his band with so much judgment and exactness that he neither went a point beyond nor fell short of strict distributive justice. This done, whereby they all remained contented, rewarded, and pleased, Roque said to Don Quixote:—

“If I did not observe this scrupulousness with these men, it were not possible to live with them.”

Whereupon Sancho said: “By what I have here seen justice is so good a thing that one must use it even amongst thieves.”

One of the squires, on hearing this, raised the butt of his musket, with which he doubtless would have split open Sancho’s head, if Roque Guinart had not called to him to hold. Sancho was frightened, and resolved to unclose his lips no more whilst he was among those gentry. At this moment there ran up one of those squires who had been posted as scouts in the woods to watch the people who came along and give notice to their chief of what passed, and said he:—

“Sir, not far off, along the road which goes to Barcelona, there comes a great troop of people.”

To which Roque answered: “Hast thou made out if they are such as seek us or such as we seek?”

“They are none but those whom we seek,” replied the squire.

“Then go out all of you,” said Roque, “and bring them here before me at once, without letting one escape.”

They did as they were ordered, Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque alone remaining, waiting to see what the squires would bring. Meanwhile Roque said to Don Quixote:—

“A novel mode of life must this of ours seem to Sir Don Quixote; strange adventures, strange incidents, and all full of peril. Nor do I marvel that so it should appear, for I confess that there is no mode of life more unquiet or more full of alarms than ours. I was led into it by I know not what desires of vengeance, which have power enough to dis-
turb the most equable minds. I, by natural disposition, am compassionate and good-natured, but, as I have said, the wish to take vengeance for a wrong done me so bears to earth all my good inclinations that I persevere in this career in spite and in defiance of what I feel; and as deep calleth unto deep and one sin to another sin, vengeances have linked themselves so that I take on me not only my own but those of others. But God is so good that, though I see myself in the midst of a maze of entanglements, I lose not the hope of escaping from it to a safe haven.”

Don Quixote was surprised to hear Roque speak so well and so sensibly. He had imagined to himself that amongst those engaged in trades such as thieving, highway robbery, and murder, there could be none of right understanding; and he answered: —

“Sir Roque, the beginning of health is in the knowledge of the disease, and in the patient being willing to take the medicines which the physician prescribes him. You are sick; you know your complaint; and Heaven, or rather God, who is our physician, will apply medicines to cure you, medicines which are wont to heal slowly and not suddenly and by miracle. Moreover, sinners of understanding are nearer amendment than the foolish. And seeing that you have in your speech displayed your sound sense, you have only to keep a good heart and hope for the recovery of your sick conscience. If you would shorten the journey and turn easily into that of your salvation, come you with me, and I will teach you to be a knight errant, in which path are suffered such toils and mishaps as, being taken for penance, should carry you in a twinkling to heaven.”

Roque laughed at Don Quixote’s counsels and, changing the subject, recounted the tragic adventure of Claudia Gerónima, by which Sancho was greatly touched, for the girl’s beauty, boldness, and spirit had pleased him not a little.

By this time the squires came up with their prize, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, with some half a dozen servants, mounted and on foot, who were of their company, with other two muleteers of the gentlemen’s train. The squires set them in their midst, victors and vanquished, preserving a profound
silence, waiting for the great Roque Guinart to speak. He then inquired of the gentlemen who they were, where they were going, and what money they had about them. One of them replied:

"Sir, we are two captains of Spanish infantry; our companies are at Naples, and we go to embark on board of four galleys which they report to be at Barcelona, under orders to sail for Sicily. We have two or three hundred crowns with us, with which we esteem ourselves rich and content, for the ordinary poverty of soldiers allows of no greater treasures."

Roque questioned the pilgrims as he had done the captains. They answered that they were on their way to take ship to pass over to Rome, and that between the two they might have about sixty reals. He desired to learn also who were traveling in the coach and whither, and what money they had; and one of the mounted men said:

"My mistress, Doña Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the president of the Tribunal at Naples, with a little daughter, a maid, and a duenna, are they who go in the coach. We six servants are in attendance upon her, and the money we carry is six hundred crowns."

"So that," said Roque Guinart, "we have here nine hundred crowns and sixty reals. My soldiers will be about sixty. See how much this comes to a head, for I am a bad accountant."

On hearing this, the robbers raised a shout, crying: "Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of the rogues who seek his ruin!"

The captains showed signs of distress; the lady president looked sad; nor were the pilgrims very cheerful on seeing their goods confiscated. Roque left them awhile in suspense; but he had no mind to prolong their affliction, which was now visible a bow-shot off, so turning to the captains he said:

"Be so good, gentlemen captains, as of your courtesy to lend me sixty crowns, and the lady president eighty, in order to satisfy this troop who attend me, for the abbot dines by what he chants, and then you can go on your journey free and unmolested, with a safe-conduct which I will give you, so that if others of my band which I have scattered about in these parts should fall in with you they will do you no harm, for it is not my desire to molest soldiers nor any woman, especially if she be of quality."
Infinite and heartily expressed were the phrases with which the captains thanked Roque for his courtesy and generosity, for such they regarded the leaving them their own money. The lady Doña Guiomar de Quiñones would have flung herself out of the coach to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque, but he would in no wise permit her to do so, beseeching her pardon rather for the injury he was forced to do her in order to comply with the obligations of his wicked office. The president’s lady bade one of her servants give him the eighty crowns at once which had been assessed as her portion. The captains had already disbursed their sixty. The pilgrims were about to give up all their dole but Roque bade them keep quiet, and turning to his men he said:—

“Of these crowns two go to each of you, and there are twenty men. Let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this good squire, that he may be able to speak well of this adventure.”

And, bringing out his writing materials, with which he always went provided, Roque gave them a written safe-conduct to the chiefs of his bands, and taking farewell of them he left them to go free, filled with admiration of his magnanimity, his gallant bearing, and strange conduct, they regarding him rather as an Alexander the Great than a notorious thief.

One of the squires, in his Gascon-Catalan, remarked: “This captain of ours is more of the friar than of the highwayman! If he wants to be generous in future, let him be so with his own property and not with ours.”

The unlucky man spoke not so low but that he let Roque hear him, who, drawing his sword, almost cleft the man’s head in two, saying: “Thus do I chastise insolent malaperts!”

They were all terror-stricken and none dared say a word, so great was the awe in which they held him. Roque drew a little apart, and wrote a letter to one of his friends at Barcelona, letting him know that the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, that knight errant of whom there had been so much talk, was with him; and telling him that he was the pleasantest and cleverest man in the world, and that in four days thence, which would be on the day of Saint John the Baptist, he would present himself in the middle of the city Strand, in
full armor, riding on Rozinante his steed, together with his squire Sancho upon an ass; and bidding him give notice of this to his friends the Niarros, so that they might divert themselves with him, for he wished that his enemies the Cadells should lack that treat; though that were impossible, because Don Quixote's deeds of madness and of good sense, and the pleasantries of his squire Sancho Panza, could not fail to give general entertainment to the whole world. Roque despatched this letter by one of his squires, who, exchanging the highwayman's garb for that of a peasant, entered Barcelona and gave it to the person to whom it was addressed.
CHAPTER LXI

Of what befell Don Quixote on entering Barcelona, with other things which have more of the true than of the wise

THREE days and three nights Don Quixote abode with Roque, and had it been three hundred years he would not have wanted matter for observation and wonder at his mode of life. Here they began the day; there they dined; sometimes they fled they knew not from whom; other times they waited for whom they knew not. They slept on their feet, their sleep being interrupted by shifts from place to place. It was all setting of spies, listening to scouts, blowing the matches of their firelocks,—though of these they had but few, for they all used flint-guns. Roque would pass the night apart from his men, in places to them unknown, for the many proclamations which the viceroy of Barcelona had issued against his life made him restless and uneasy. Nor could he trust in anybody, fearing lest his own men should either slay him or deliver him to justice,—a life truly miserable and wearisome. Finally, by unfrequented roads, by cross-ways and hidden paths, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, with six other of the squires, set out for Barcelona. They arrived in the Strand on the eve of Saint John, in the night, and Roque, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho (to whom he handed over the ten crowns he had preserved, but until then not given), left them with a thousand offers of service made on the one part and on the other. Roque having gone back, Don Quixote remained awaiting the day on horseback, just as he was; and it was not long before the face of fair Aurora began to peep from the balconies of the East, gladdening the grass and the flowers, if not the ears; although at the same instant the ears also were gladdened by the sound of many kettle-drums and clarions, the ringing of bells, the "tramp, tramp! make way!"
make way!” of horses and wayfarers, who appeared to be coming from the city. The dawn gave place to the sun, that with a face broader than a target came rising slowly from below the horizon. Don Quixote and Sancho cast their eyes around on all sides; they beheld the sea, till then unseen by them. It looked to them very large and spacious, somewhat bigger than the lagoons of Ruidera which they had seen in La Mancha. They saw the galleys along the Strand, which, having lowered their awnings, appeared decked with streamers and pennants, which trembled to the breeze and kissed and swept the water; while from within there rang out clarions, trumpets, and hautboys, which near and afar filled the air with sweet martial notes. They then began to move, and to execute a kind of skirmish upon the calm waters; and in the same manner, in concert, as it were, with them, an infinite number of gentlemen issued forth from the city, mounted upon handsome horses and in sumptuous apparel. The soldiers in the galleys discharged a number of guns, to which those who were on the city walls and forts responded, and the heavy artillery rent the air with their horrid din, replied to by the cannon on board the galleys. The lively sea, the jocund earth, the clear sky, though now and then darkened by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to create and infuse a sudden gaiety among all the people. Sancho could not conceive how these great masses which moved along the sea could have so many feet.

By this time there came galloping up with cries, huzzas, and shouting the horsemen in gay attire to where Don Quixote was standing, amazed and confused; and one of them, which was he who had been advised by Roque, cried in a loud voice to Don Quixote:

“Welcome to our city, mirror, beacon, star, and cynosure of all knight-errantry! — with all the rest of it, etc. Welcome, I say, the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha! — not the false, not the fictitious, not the apocryphal whom in lying histories they have lately shown us, — but the true, the legitimate, and the genuine, whom Cid Hamet Benengeli, flower of historians, has described to us!”

Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers expect him to answer, but wheeling about with the rest of
their followers they began to execute an elaborate caracoling
round about Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said:
"These people clearly have recognized us; I will wager they
have read our history, and also that of the Aragonese, lately
imprinted."

Once more the horseman who had spoken to Don Quixote
addressed him, and said: "Sir Don Quixote, come with us,
we are all your servants and great friends of Roque Guinart."

To which Don Quixote replied: "If courtesies breed
courtesies, yours, sir knight, is a daughter, or very near
relative, of those of the great Roque. Take me where you
please, I have no will but yours, especially if you please to
employ it in your service."

With words no less polite than these the cavalier answered
him, and placing him in the midst of them, to the sound of
the hautboys and the kettle-drums they set out with him to
the city; at the entrance to which the Evil One, who orders
all mischief, and the boys, who are more evil than the Evil
One,—two of them, mischievous and impudent, went in
amongst the crowd, and one raising Dapple's tail and the
other Rozinante's, applied and fastened to each some bunches
of furze. The poor animals felt the novel spurs, and clapping
their tails to, they aggravated their torment, so much so that,
cutting a thousand capers, they brought their masters to
to earth. Don Quixote, affronted and angry, hastened to rid
his beast's tail of its plumage, and Sancho Dapple's. They
who were escorting Don Quixote had a mind to chastise the
boys for their insolence, but it was not possible, since they
got in among more than a thousand others that were follow-
ing. Don Quixote and Sancho remounted, and accompanied
by the same acclaim and music arrived at the house of their
guide, which was large and princely, in short, like that of
some rich gentlemen;—where we shall leave him for the
present, for such is the will of Cid Hamet.
CHAPTER LXII

Which treats of the adventure of the Enchanted Head, with other frivolities which cannot be left untold

DON ANTONIO MORENO was the name of Don Quixote's host, a rich and witty gentleman and a lover of honest and civil diversion, who, finding Don Quixote in his house, cast about to seek for ways of drawing out his extravagances without harm to him, for they are no jests which wound nor are pastimes of any worth if attended with pain to another. The first thing he did was to make Don Quixote take off his armor, and let him be shown in his tight chamois-skin doublet (such as we have elsewhere spoken of and described) at a balcony which overhung one of the principal streets of the city, in view of the populace and of the boys, who gazed at him as though he had been a monkey. The cavaliers in the gala dress began afresh to career before him, as though they had put it on solely on his account and not to celebrate that festive day; and Sancho was much delighted, imagining that he had found, unawares, another Camacho's wedding,—another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, another castle like the duke's. There were dining that day with Don Antonio some of his friends, who did all honor to Don Quixote, treating him as a knight errant, at which, puffed up with vainglory, he could not contain himself for pleasure. As for Sancho, his good sayings were such that all the servants of the house and as many as heard him hung upon his lips. Sitting at table Don Antonio said to Sancho:

"They tell us here, good Sancho, that you have such a liking for blanc-mange and force-meat balls that if you have any left, you keep them in your bosom for another day."

"No, sir, it is not so," answered Sancho, "I am rather cleanly than gluttonous, and my master Don Quixote, who is
here present, knows well that with a handful of acorns or nuts we two are wont to go eight days together. True it is that sometimes if it happens to me that they give me the heifer I run with the rope; I mean to say, that I eat what they give me and use the times as I find them; and whoever has said that I am an uncommon eater and not cleanly, take it from me that he does not hit it; and I would say it in another way, were it not that I respect the honorable beards that are at the table."

“For certain,” said Don Quixote, “the abstemiousness and cleanliness with which Sancho eats might be written and engraved on tablets of brass, to remain an everlasting memorial to succeeding ages. It is true that when he is hungry he appears somewhat ravenous, for he eats fast and masticates on both sides of his mouth. But cleanliness he ever observes to a scruple, and during the time he was governor he learnt to eat delicately, so that he would eat grapes, and even the grains of pomegranate, with a fork.”

“What!” cried Don Antonio, “has Sancho been a governor?”

“Yes,” answered Sancho, “of an isle called Barataria. Ten days I governed it as well as any one can desire; during them I lost my rest and learnt to despise all the governorships in the world. I fled away from it, hot foot; I fell into a cave, where I thought me dead, and I came out alive by a miracle.”

Don Quixote related in detail the whole episode of Sancho's governorship, from which the hearers derived great amusement. The cloth being removed, Don Antonio took Don Quixote by the hand, and entered with him into a room a little way off, where there was no other furniture than a table, which seemed to be of jasper, supported by a leg of the same, upon which was placed a head from the breast upwards, apparently of bronze, after those of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio paced up and down the room with Don Quixote, taking several turns round the table, after which he said:

“Now, Sir Don Quixote, that I am assured that no one is listening or can hear us, and the door is closed, I will tell you of one of the rarest adventures or rather novelties,
which can be imagined, on condition that what I have to say
to you must be kept lodged in the inmost recesses of secrecy."
"I swear it," responded Don Quixote; "and will clap a
flagstone thereupon for greater security. I would have you to
know, Sir Don Antonio" (for he had now learnt his name),
"that you are addressing one who though he has ears to hear
has no tongue to speak, therefore you can with safety con-
vey what you have in your bosom into mine, and reckon that
you have cast it into the abysses of silence."
"On the faith of that pledge," answered Don Antonio, "I
shall set you wondering at what you shall see and hear,
and give myself some relief for the pain which is caused to
me through having none to whom I may communicate my
secrets, which are not such as may be confided to all."

Don Quixote was puzzled, and waited to see what would
be the issue of these extraordinary precautions. Then Don
Antonio, taking hold of his hand, passed it over the head of
bronze and along the table and down the leg of jasper upon
which it stood, and then said:—

"This head, Sir Don Quixote, has been wrought and con-
trived by one of the greatest enchanters and sorcerers whom
the world ever possessed,—a Pole, I believe, by nation, and
a disciple of the famous Escotillo,—of whom so many mar-
vels are related. He was here in my house, and for the
price of a thousand crowns, which I gave him, constructed
this head, which has the virtue and property of answering
any question asked at its car. He took the bearings, he
traced the characters, he studied the stars, he marked the
moments; finally, he brought it to the perfection which we
shall see to-morrow, for on Fridays it is mute, and as to-day
is Friday we shall have to wait until to-morrow. In the
mean time you will be able to determine what you will ask
of it, and I know by experience that it speaks the truth in
whatever it answers."

Don Quixote was amazed at the virtue and properties of
the head, and was inclined not to believe Don Antonio; but
seeing how little time there was for making a trial, he would
not say anything, but thanked him for having confided to
him so great a secret. They left the room, and Don Antonio
having locked the door they went into the hall where the
other gentlemen were assembled. During this time Sancho had told them of many of the adventures and incidents which had happened to his master.

That same afternoon they took Don Quixote out for a stroll, not in armor but in street dress, habited in a long coat of tawny cloth, which would have made ice itself sweat at that season. They gave orders to their servants to entertain Sancho, so as not to let him go out of the house. Don Quixote rode not upon Rozinante, but upon a tall, easy-stepping mule, very richly caparisoned. They put the long coat on him, and at the back, unperceived by him, they stitched a parchment, on which they wrote in large letters, "This is Don Quixote of La Mancha." As soon as they began their march, the scroll drew the eyes of all who came to see him, and as they read "This is Don Quixote of La Mancha," Don Quixote wondered to find how many knew and named him of those who looked at him; and turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his side, he said:—

"Great is the prerogative which is inherent in knight-errantry. It makes known and famous him who professes it through all the bounds of the earth: for pray observe, Sir Don Antonio, that even the boys of this city, who have never seen me, know me."

"It is so, Sir Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio; "for as fire cannot be hidden and confined, so virtue cannot help being known, and that which is achieved by the profession of arms outshines and excels all others."

Now, it fell out that as Don Quixote was riding along, amidst the acclamations which have been mentioned, a certain Castilian who read the scroll at his back lifted up his voice, saying:—

"The devil take Don Quixote of La Mancha! What! have you got to this without being dead of the infinite drubbings you have had upon your shoulders? You are a lunatic, and if you were so alone and within the doors of your folly, the evil would be less; but you have the property of turning into zanies and madmen all who deal and consort with you. Only look at these gentlemen who accompany you! Go back home, idiot, and look after your estate, your wife, and your children, and get rid of these vanities,
which eat away your brain and drain your understanding!"

"Brother," said Don Antonio, "go your way, and keep your counsels for those who ask for them. Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha is a man of sense, and we who keep him company are no fools. Virtue has to be honored wherever it is found. Get you gone and bad luck to you, and do not meddle where you are not wanted."

"In faith, you are right," answered the Castilian. "To give counsel to this good man is to kick against the pricks; but for all that it grieves me much that the good understanding which they tell me this blockhead has in all things should run to waste by the channel of this knight-errantry; and the bad luck you spoke of light on me and on all my progeny if from this day forward, though I should live to more years than Methusalem, I give counsel to any one, even though he ask it."

The man of counsel departed and the procession went on; but so great was the throng of boys and the people to read the scroll that Don Antonio had to take it off, under the pretense of doing something else. Night having fallen, they returned to the house, and a dance of ladies took place; for Don Antonio's wife, who was a lady of distinction, gay, handsome, and witty, had invited some of her friends to come to honor their guest and enjoy his strange freaks. Several came, and having supped sumptuously, they commenced the dance about ten at night. Among the ladies were two of a roguish and frolicsome humor, and, though modest enough, somewhat free in looking out for jokes which should divert without annoyance. These two were so urgent in making Don Quixote dance, that they racked not only his body but his soul. It was a sight to see Don Quixote's figure, long, gaunt, thin, and yellow, tightly encased in his habit, uncouth, and above all none of the nimblest. The ladies flirted with him on the sly and he, too, slyly repulsed them; but finding himself hard-pressed by their blandishments he lifted his voice and cried: "'Fugite, partes adversæ!' Leave me in peace, untoward thoughts! Away, ladies; tame your affections! for she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, doth suffer none but her own to enslave and subdue me!"
So saying, he sat him down in the middle of the hall on the floor, tired out and shaken to pieces by so much dancing exercise. Don Antonio made them take him up bodily and carry him off to his bed, and the first who laid hold of him was Sancho, saying:—

"What the plague, master mine, put you upon the dancing? Think ye that all the valiant ones are dancers and all the knights errant caperers? Let me tell you, if you think so, you are wrong; a man there may be who shall dare to kill a giant rather than cut a caper. Had you been for the shoe-clattering, I would supply your place for I jig it like a gerfalcon, but as for dancing, I cannot move a stitch."

With this speech and other such Sancho set the dancers laughing; and he put his master to bed, covering him up with clothes that he might sweat out the chill caught in his dancing.

The next day Don Antonio thought it well to make the trial of the Enchanted Head, and, with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two others, his friends, besides the two ladies who had tormented Don Quixote at the ball, and who had stayed the night with Don Antonio's wife, locked himself in the chamber where the head was. He told them of the property it had, and charged them with the secret, saying that this was the first day on which the virtue of the said Enchanted Head was to be put to the proof. No other person except Don Antonio's two friends knew of the mystery of the enchantment; nay, if Don Antonio had not beforehand revealed it to his friends, they also would have been as much astonished as the others; for not to be so was impossible,—so artfully and cunningly was it contrived. The first who went up to the ear of the head was Don Antonio himself, who said in a subdued voice, yet not so that he could not be heard by all:—

"Tell me, Head, by the virtue which is contained in thee, what are my thoughts at present?"

And the head made response, without moving its lips, in a clear and distinct voice, in these words: "I do not judge of thoughts."

On hearing this they were all struck with amazement, the more since in all the room, nor anywhere about the table, was there a human being who could have given the answer.
"How many are we here?" again asked Don Antonio; and he was answered in the same key, slowly: —
"You are, yourself and thy wife, with two of thy friends, and two friends of hers, and a famous knight called Don Quixote of La Mancha, and one his squire, who has for name Sancho Panza."

Here, indeed, was matter for wonderment afresh; now did the hair of them all stand on end with fear. Don Antonio, betaking himself apart from the head, said: —
"This suffices to convince me that I was not cheated by him who sold thee to me, learned Head, talkative Head, responsive Head, wonderful Head! Let some one else come and ask it what he wishes."

As women are commonly prompt and inquisitive, the first who went up was one of the two friends of Antonio's wife, and the question she put was: —
"Tell me, Head, what shall I do to become very handsome?"

And she was answered: "Be very chaste."
"I ask no more," said the questioner.
Her companion then went up and said: "I would learn, O Head! if my husband loves me well or not."
The answer was: "Think of what he does for you, and you shall find out."

The married one stood aside, saying: "This answer did not need a question; for indeed it is deeds which declare the love of him who does them."

Then came up one of Don Antonio's two friends, and asked: "Who am I?" And was answered: —
"You know."
"I did not ask that," said the gentleman; "but to tell me whether you know me."
"Yes, I know you," was the answer; "you are Don Pedro Noriz."
"I would learn no more. This is enough to assure me, O Head, that you know everything."

He, drawing aside, the other friend came up and put the question: "Tell me, Head, what are the wishes of my son and heir?"
"I have already said," was the answer, "that I judge not
of thoughts; but, nevertheless, I can tell you that such as your son has are to bury you."

"That is," said the gentleman, "what I see with my eyes I touch with my fingers; and I ask no more."

The wife of Don Antonio went up and said: "I know not, Head, what to ask you; only I would learn whether I shall enjoy my good husband many years."

And the answer was: "Yes; you shall enjoy him, for his good constitution and his temperate mode of living promise many years of life, which many are wont by intemperance to cut short."

Next came Don Quixote, and said: "Tell me, thou who answerest, was it the truth or a dream that I relate of what happened to me in the Cave of Montesinos? Will the whippings of Sancho, my squire, be fulfilled? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea be effected?"

"In the matter of the Cave," was the answer, "there is much to be said; it has something of either. The whippings of Sancho shall go on leisurely. The disenchantment of Dulcinea shall reach due consummation."

"I wish to know no more," said Don Quixote; "for so I may see Dulcinea disenchanted, I will reckon that all good fortune which I may desire has come to me at once."

The last questioner was Sancho, and what he asked was: "Shall I, perforce, O Head, have another governorship? Shall I get out of this hard life of squire? Shall I see my wife and children again?"

To which the response was: "You shall govern in your house; and if you return thither you shall see your wife and children; and in giving up service you shall give up being squire."

"Good, egad," cried Sancho Panza; "I could have told all this to myself; the prophet Perogrullo could say no more."

"Beast," exclaimed Don Quixote, "what didst thou want for an answer? Is it not enough that the replies which this head hath given correspond with what is asked?"

"Yes, it is enough," answered Sancho, "but I would that it spoke plainer and told me more."

With this the questions and answers were brought to an end; but the wonder was not ended in which all were left,
except the two friends of Don Antonio, who understood the secret. This Cid Hamet Benengeli would at once explain, so as not to keep the world in suspense, in the belief that there was some magic or extraordinary mystery contained in the head. And thus he says, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of another head that he saw at Madrid, designed by a die-cutter, manufactured this one at home for his own diversion and to puzzle the ignorant. Its construction was in this wise: the top of the table was of wood, painted and varnished to look like jasper, and the leg on which it stood was of the same, with four eagle’s claws, which stood out from it to support the weight more firmly. The head, which looked like a bust and figure of a Roman emperor, of the color of bronze, was all hollow, and equally so was the top of the table, into which it fitted so exactly that no sign of a junction was apparent. The feet of the table were in the like manner hollow, to correspond with the throat and chest of the bust, and the whole was made to communicate with another room which was underneath that in which the head stood. Through all this hollow of foot, table, throat, and chest of the said bust and figure there ran a pipe of tin, very well fitted, so that it could be seen by nobody. In the room below, corresponding with that above, was placed he who had to answer, his mouth applied to the same pipe, so that the voice from above reached below and from below above, as through an ear-trumpet, in clear articulate words; and thus it was impossible to discover the deception. A nephew of Don Antonio, a sharp, witty student, was the answerer, and having been informed by his uncle of those who were to enter the chamber of the head with him that day, it was easy for him to answer with readiness and precision to the first question. The rest he answered at hazard, and, being a clever man, cleverly. And Cid Hamet says, moreover, that this marvelous machine stood for some ten or twelve days; but it being spread about the city that Don Antonio kept a magic head in his house which answered all questions, fearing lest it might reach the ears of those watchful sentinels of our faith, he gave an account of the matter to the inquisitors, who ordered him to take it to pieces and use it no further, in order that the ignorant vulgar might not be scandalized. But in the
opinion of Don Quixote and of Sancho the head was still an enchanted and a responsive one, more to Don Quixote’s satisfaction than to Sancho’s.

The gentlemen of the city, out of complaisance for Don Antonio and for the entertainment of Don Quixote, and to give him an opportunity for the display of his eccentricities, had arranged a tilting at the ring in six days from that time, which did not take place through the accident that shall be told hereafter.

Don Quixote had a desire to take a turn about the city privately and on foot, fearing that if he went on horseback the boys would persecute him; and so he and Sancho, with two other servants Don Antonio gave him, sallied out to take a walk. Now it fell out that, going along a street Don Quixote lifted his eyes, and saw inscribed over a door in very large letters: “Books printed here”; at which he was much pleased, for, till then, he had not seen any printing, and he wished to learn how it was done. He entered with all his retinue and saw them drawing off the sheets in one place, correcting in another, composing in this, revising in that,—in short, all the processes which are to be seen in large printing-offices. Don Quixote went up to one department and inquired what it was they were doing there. The workmen told him; he looked on with wonder, and passed on. He came up to one among others, and asked what he was doing. The workman replied: “Sir, this gentleman here” (and he pointed out a man of very good presence and figure and of a certain gravity) “has translated an Italian book into our Castilian tongue, and I am setting it up for the press.”

“What is the title of the book?” asked Don Quixote.

To which the author replied: “Sir, the book in Italian is called ‘Le Bagattelle.’”

“And what answers to ‘Le Bagattelle’ in our Castilian?” asked Don Quixote.

‘‘Le Bagattelle,’” said the author, “is as though in our tongue we should say ‘Trifles’; and though this book is humble in title it contains and includes things very good and solid.”

“I,” said Don Quixote, “know something of Tuscan, and value myself upon singing some of Ariosto’s stanzas. But, tell me, sir (and I ask this not to test your faculty, but for
curiosity — nothing more), have you ever come across in your reading such a word as 'pignata'?

"Yes, often," answered the author.

"And how do you turn it into Castilian?" inquired Don Quixote.

"How is it to be turned," replied the author, "unless you say 'olla'?

"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote, "and how forward you are in the Tuscan idiom! I will lay a good wager that where the Tuscan says 'piece,' you say 'please,' and where it says 'piu,' you say 'more'; and the 'sù' is rendered by 'above,' and the 'giù' by 'beneath.'"

"Yes, so I render them, certainly," said the author; "for such are the proper equivalents."

"I dare swear," said Don Quixote, "that you are not appreciated by the world, ever averse from crowning the choice wits and their commendable works. What abilities are there lost! What talents obscured! What virtues unappreciated! But yet it seems to me that the translating of one language into another, unless it be those queens of the languages, Greek and Latin, is like viewing Flemish tapestries on the wrong side, which, although the designs are seen, are full of threads that obscure them so that the bloom and smoothness of the fabric are absent; nor does the translating of easy languages argue either wit or mastery of words any more than the transferring or copying one paper from another. But neither do I wish to imply that this exercise of translation is not praiseworthy, for a man might be occupied in things more mischievous and less profitable. I put out of the question two famous translators, the one, Doctor Cristóbal de Figueroa, in his 'Pastor Fido,' and the other, Don Juan de Jáuregui, in his 'Aminta,' in which they happily leave in doubt which is the translation and which the original. But, prithee, tell me, sir, is this book being printed on your own account or has the copyright been sold to a bookseller?"

"I print it on my own account," answered the author, "and I expect to gain at least a thousand ducats by this first edition, which is to be of two thousand copies. They will go off in a trice at six reals apiece."

"You are mighty good at the reckoning," responded Don
Quixote; "it is very clear that you do not know the ins and the outs of the publishers, and the understandings they have with one another. I promise you that when you are saddled with two thousand copies of a book you will find your shoulders so sore as to frighten you, especially if the book is a little out of the common and nothing piquant."

"What, then," cried the author, "do you want me to give it to a bookseller, who will pay me three maravedis for the copyright, and even think that he does me a favor in giving me that? I do not print my books to win fame in the world, for I am already known therein by my works. Profit is what I want, for without it fame is not worth a doit."

"God send you good fortune," answered Don Quixote, and passed on to another compartment, where he saw they were correcting a sheet of a book entitled "Light of the Soul"; and on seeing it he said:—

"These are the books that ought to be printed, though there are many of the kind, for many are the sinners in fashion and there is need of infinite light for the number of the benighted."

He passed on farther, and saw them also correcting another book, and on his asking the title they answered him that it was called "The Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha," etc., etc., composed by such a one, native of Tordesillas.

"I have heard of this book already," said Don Quixote; "and in truth and on my conscience I thought it had been burnt and done to ashes for its impertinence; but its Martinmas will come to it as to every hog. For feigned histories are so far good and delightful as they touch the truth, or the semblance thereof; and the true ones are better the truer they are."

Saying this he went out of the printing-office with looks of annoyance. That same day Don Antonio arranged that he should be taken to see the galleys which were on the Strand, at which Sancho rejoiced greatly, for he had never seen any in his life. Don Antonio gave notice to the commodore of the galleys that he would bring his guest to see them that afternoon,—the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, of whom the commodore and all the inhabitants of the city had already heard. What happened there shall be told in the chapter following.
CHAPTER LXIII

Of the disaster which happened to Sancho Panza on his visit to the galleys, and the novel adventure of the beautiful Mooress

PROFOUND were the meditations of Don Quixote over the response of the Enchanted Head, without any of them hitting upon the deceit, but all centered on the promise, which he regarded as sure, of Dulcinea's disenchantment. Upon that he dwelt again and again, exulting within himself in the belief that he would see it speedily accomplished. As for Sancho, though he hated being a governor, as has been said, he still had a longing to rule once again and to be obeyed; for this ill fortune does authority, though it be a mock one, bring in its train.

In the afternoon Don Antonio Moreno, their host, and his two friends, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the galleys. The commodore had been apprised of the coming of the two famous ones, Don Quixote and Sancho, and no sooner did they arrive at the shore than he made the galleys strike their awnings and sound their clarions; and immediately a pinnace was launched into the water, covered with rich carpets and cushions of crimson velvet, on which, when Don Quixote had set foot, the captain's galley discharged her midship gun and the other galleys did the same; and upon Don Quixote's mounting by the starboard ladder the whole crew saluted him, as is the practise when a person of distinction comes on board of a galley, crying "Hu, hu, hu," three times. The general, for so we shall call him, who was a Valencian gentleman of rank, gave Don Quixote his hand, and embraced him saying: "This day I shall mark with a white stone, for it is one of the best I think to spend in my life, having seen Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha,—a day and a mark to signify that he is one in whom is enclosed and epitomized the whole worth of knight-errantry."
Don Quixote responded to him in words no less courtly, being delighted beyond measure at finding himself treated in this lordly fashion. They all went on the poop, which was very gaily decorated, and seated themselves on the side benches. The boatswain passed along the gangway amidships and gave a signal with his whistle for the crew to "off shirts," which was done in an instant. Sancho, on seeing so many people naked to the skin, was startled, and more so when he saw them set the awning so quickly as that it seemed to him that all the devils were working there. But all this was tarts and gingerbread to what I shall now tell. Sancho was seated by the stantrel near the aftermost oarsman, on the starboard side. He having been instructed in what he had to do, seized him and hoisted him up in his arms; and then, the whole crew standing ready, beginning on the starboard side, sent him flying along so fast from bench to bench upon their arms that poor Sancho lost the sight of his eyes, and doubtless imagined that the very devils of hell were carrying him off; nor did they cease with him till they had sent him round the larboard side, and set him again on the poop. The poor fellow was left bruised, panting, and all in a sweat, without being able to conceive what it was that had happened to him. Don Quixote, when he saw Sancho's flight without wings, asked the general if such ceremonies were usual with those who came on board the galleys for the first time; for if by chance it were so he, who had no intention of being initiated in them, desired not to perform similar exercises; and he swore to God that if any one came to take hold of him to make him fly he would kick his heart out. And he arose and laid his hand on his sword. At the same moment they lowered the awning, and with a very great noise they let fall the lateen-yard from aloft. Sancho thought the sky was loosened from its hinges and was coming down upon his head, so ducking in a great fright he thrust it between his legs. Nor did Don Quixote altogether like it, for he too shrunk up his shoulders and lost the color from his cheeks. The crew hoisted the yard with the same swiftness and noise with which they had lowered it, all the while silent themselves as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain gave the signal to weigh anchor, and jumping on to the middle of
the gangway, commenced with his rope's-end to flog the shoulders of the crew, and slowly to put off to sea. When Sancho saw so many red feet (for such he thought the oars to be) moving together, he said to himself:—

"These, indeed and of a truth, are things of enchantment, and not those of which my master speaks. What have these unfortunates done that they flog them so? And how does this single man, who goes whistling about here, have the boldness to flog so many people? Now I say that this is hell, or at least purgatory."

Don Quixote, who noted the attention with which Sancho regarded what was passing, said to him:—

"Ah, friend Sancho! how quickly and at what little cost you could, if you would, strip your body naked from the middle upwards and place yourself among these gentlemen, and finish off the disenchantment of Dulcinea! For amid the torment and pain of so many you would not much feel your own; besides, it may be that the sage Merlin will reckon each stroke of these lashes, as being given with good-will, for ten of those which ultimately you will have to give yourself."

The general would have inquired what lashes these were and what was the disenchantment of Dulcinea, when a seaman called out:—

"Monjuich is making signals that there is a vessel with oars on the coast to the westward."

Hearing this the general leapt onto the gangway and cried: "Pull away, my sons! let her not escape us; some brigantine of the Algerine corsairs this must be which the fort signals to us."

The other three galleys then came up to the captain-galley to learn what orders there were. The general directed two of them to stand out to sea, and he with the other would keep along the shore, for then the vessel could not escape them. The crew bent to their oars, driving the galleys so furiously that they seemed to fly. Those who went out to sea sighted, when about ten miles off, a vessel which they took to be of about fourteen or fifteen banks; and this was the fact. The vessel, as soon as she perceived the galleys, beat a retreat, with the object and hope of escaping by her speed. But it
fell out badly for her; for the captain-galley was one of the swiftest vessels which navigated the seas, and therefore gained upon her so fast that those in the brigantine clearly perceived that they could not escape, and therefore her commander desired his men to cease rowing and surrender, so as not to exasperate the captain who commanded our galleys. But fortune, directing the issue otherwise, so ordered it that when the captain-galley had got up so near that those in the vessel could hear the shouts from her calling to them to yield, two Toraquis, that is to say, two drunken Turks, who were in the brigantine with some dozen others, discharged their pieces, by which two soldiers upon the forecastle were killed. Seeing this, the general swore not to leave a man of them alive whom he should find in the vessel, and as he bore down furiously to the attack she slipped away under the oars. The galley shot ahead a little space; those in the bark seeing they had been missed, made sail while the galley was turning, and once more set off to flee with sail and oar. But their diligence profited less than their daring had harmed them, for the captain-galley, overtaking them in a little more than half a mile, clapped her oars upon them and took them all alive. By this time the other two galleys had come up, and all four, with the prize, returned to the shore, where a vast number of people were waiting, curious to see what they had taken. The general cast anchor near the land, and perceiving that the viceroy of the city was on the Strand he ordered the skiff to be launched to bring him on board, and bade them lower the lateen-yard to hang the captain and the other Turks off-hand who had been taken in the vessel, about thirty-six men, all lusty fellows, for the greater part Turkish musketeers. The general inquired who was the master of the brigantine; and he was answered by one of the prisoners in Castilian (who afterwards proved to be a Spanish renegade): "This young man, sir, whom you see here is our captain." And he pointed out one of the most beautiful and gallant youths which the imagination of man could paint. His age did not seem to reach twenty years. The captain questioned him: "Tell me, ill-advised dog, what moved you to kill my soldiers, since you saw that it was impossible for you to escape? Is this the respect you have for captain-galleys? Do you not
know that rashness is not valor? Faint hope should make men bold but not rash."

The captain would have replied, but the general could not then listen to his answer, having to go to receive the viceroy, who had come on board the galley and with him some of his attendants and several people of the city.

"You have had a fine chase, sir general," said the viceroy.

"As fine," answered the general, "as your Excellency shall see presently, hanging from the yard-arm."

"How so?" asked the viceroy.

"Because," answered the general, "against every law and against all right and usage of war, they have slain two of my soldiers, the best I had in the galley; and I have sworn to hang all I have captured, especially this youth, who is the captain of the brigantine."

And he pointed out him who had his hands already tied and the rope bent round his neck, awaiting death.

The viceroy looked at him, seeing him so beautiful, so gallant, and so meek, and his beauty gave him at that moment a letter of recommendation, so there came to the viceroy the desire to save him from death. So he asked him:—

"Tell me, captain, are you a Turk by nation, or Moor, or renegade?"

To which the youth made answer, in the same Castilian tongue:—

"I am no Turk, nor Moor, nor renegade."

"Then what art thou?" asked the viceroy.

"A Christian woman," replied the lad.

"A woman and a Christian! and in that dress and in such a situation? It is a thing more marvelous than credible."

"Oh, gentlemen, suspend the execution of my death sentence!" said the youth; "you will not lose much in deferring your vengeance, while I relate to you the story of my life."

Who could be of a heart so hard as not to be softened by those words, at least to listen to what the sad and pitiful youth wished to say? The general told him to say what he pleased, but not to hope for pardon for his flagrant offense. With this permission the youth began to speak as follows:—

"Of that nation more unhappy than wise, upon which there has rained in these days a sea of woes, was I born, the
child of Moorish parents. In the course of their calamity I was carried away by my two uncles to Barbary, it availing me nothing to say I was a Christian, as indeed I am, and not one of the pretended and feigned ones but of the true and Catholic. It was of no use for me to utter this truth with those who had the charge of our miserable banishment, nor would my uncles believe it, taking it rather for a lie and an invention of mine, in order to remain in the land where I was born; and so by force rather than by my free will they took me with them. I had a Christian mother and a father, a man of sense and also a Christian. I sucked the Catholic faith with my mother's milk. I was nurtured in good principles; neither in them nor in my tongue did I ever, as I think, give token of being a Mooress. In equal pace with my virtues, as I think them to be, grew my beauty, if I have any; and though my reserve and my seclusion were great, they were not such as to prevent me being seen by a young gentleman, called Don Gaspar Gregório, eldest son of a man of quality, whose estate adjoins our village. How he saw me, how we spoke together, how he lost himself for me, and how I was no gainer by him, it were too long to recount, especially at a time when I am fearing that between tongue and throat may interfere the cruel rope which threatens me, and so I will only say how that Don Gregório wished to accompany me in my exile. He mingled with the Moriscoes who came from other places, for he knew the language very well, and on the voyage he made friends with my uncles, who were taking me with them; for my father, prudent and far-sighted, as soon as he heard of the first edict of our banishment, quitted his village and went to seek some other in a foreign country, to shelter us. He left a number of pearls and stones of great price, with some money in crusadoes and doubloons of gold, concealed and buried in a place known only to me. He commanded me in no wise to touch the treasure he left behind, in the event of our being expelled before his return. I obeyed him, and with my uncles, as I have said, and other relatives and friends passed over into Barbary, and the spot where we settled was Algiers, which is as though we had taken up in hell itself. The king got news of my beauty, and fame told him of my wealth, which in part was my good
fortune. He summoned me before him, asked me from which part of Spain I was, and what money and jewels I had. I told him the place, and how the jewels and money were there buried; but that they could easily be recovered if I myself went back for them. All this I told him that his covetousness might prevail over my beauty to blind him. While he was thus discoursing with me, information reached him how that there had come with me one of the most gallant and beautiful youths imaginable. I knew at once that they were speaking of Don Gaspar Gregório, whose good looks are beyond all extolling. The king commanded him to be brought into his presence that he might see him, and asked me if it was true what they said of that youth. Then I, almost as if forewarned by Heaven, said yes, it was; but that he must know that it was no male but a woman like myself; and I besought him to let me go and dress her in her natural garb, in order that she might show to the full her beauty and appear before his presence with less bashfulness. He told me I was free to go, and that next day he would speak with me of the measures to be taken for my returning to Spain to bring off the hidden treasure. I spoke with Don Gregório. I told him of the danger he ran in appearing like a man; I dressed him like a Moress, and that same evening brought him into the presence of the king, who on seeing him was struck with admiration, and formed the design of reserving her for a present to the Grand Signor; and in order to avoid the peril she might run in the seraglio of his own women, he ordered her to be placed in the house of a Moorish lady of rank, who was to guard her and serve her; thither she was immediately taken. What we both suffered (for I cannot deny that I love him) I leave to be considered by those who love and are parted. The king presently got up a scheme for my returning to Spain in the brigantine, accompanied by two Turks, who are they who killed your soldiers. There came also with me this Spanish renegade (pointing out the man who had first spoken), of whom I know well that he is a Christian in disguise and has a greater desire to remain in Spain than to return to Barbary. The rest of the crew of the brigantine are Moors and Turks, who only serve at the oars. The two Turks, covetous and insolent,
regardless of the order to set me and this renegade ashore at the first Spanish land we should touch, in the habit of Christians with which we came provided, wished first to scour this coast and make some prize if possible, fearing that if they put us ashore first, some accident might happen to us which would make it known that the brigantine was at sea and they might be taken, if by chance there should be any galleys on this coast. Last night we sighted this shore and knowing nothing of these four galleys we were discovered, and that has befallen us which you have seen. The end of it is that Don Gregório remains in the habit of a woman among women, and I find myself with my hands bound, expecting or rather dreading to live that life of which I am full weary. This, gentlemen, is the end of my doleful story, as true as it is luckless. What I pray of you is that you may let me die like a Christian woman, since, as I have told you, in nothing have I been guilty of the crime into which those of my race have fallen.”

And then she ceased, her eyes surcharged with moving tears, in which many of those present bore her company.

The viceroy, melted by compassion, without saying a word went up to her and with his own hands loosed the rope which bound the lovely ones of the Mooress.

Now, while the Christian Mooress was telling her strange story, an ancient pilgrim, who had gone on board the galley with the viceroy, had his eyes fixed on her; and scarcely had she ended her narrative when he flung himself at her feet and, clasping hold of them, in words broken by a thousand sobs and sighs, said to her: “O Anna Felix, unhappy daughter mine! I am thy father, Ricote, who am returned to seek thee, not being able to live without thee, who art my soul!”

At which words Sancho opened wide his eyes and raised his head, which he had kept lowered, brooding on his late disastrous adventure, and, seeing the pilgrim, knew him to be the same Ricote whom he had met on the day he fled from his government, and was convinced that this was his daughter. She, being now unbound, embraced her father, mingling his tears with her own. He, turning to the general and the viceroy, said:—
“This, sirs, is my daughter, less happy in her fate than in her name. Anna Felix she is called, with the surname of Ricote, famous as much through her beauty as through my wealth. I left my country to seek in foreign kingdoms one to harbor and shelter us, and having found it in Germany, I returned in pilgrim’s habit, in company with other Germans, to look for my daughter and to dig up moneys which I left hidden. I did not find my daughter, but I found the treasure, which I have with me; and now, by the strange turn ye have seen, I have found the treasure which enriches me still more, which is my beloved daughter. If our guiltlessness and her tears and mine can avail to open the gates of mercy, through the strictness of your justice, extend it to us, who never had a thought of wronging you nor in any way consented with the designs of our people, who have been justly expelled.”

Then said Sancho: “I know Ricote well and I know that it is true what he says of Anna Felix being his daughter, but in the other little matters of going and coming, of having good or ill intention, I meddle not.”

While all present were struck with wonder at the strangeness of the case the general said: —

“In very deed your tears will not let me fulfill my oath. Live, beautiful Anna Felix, the years of life which Heaven has allotted to you, and let them suffer the penalty of their crime, the insolent and audacious who committed it.”

And he commanded them at once to hang from the yard-arm the two Turks who had slain his two soldiers. But the viceroy besought him earnestly not to let them be hanged, for their offense had been rather madness than insolence. The general did what the viceroy asked of him, for vengeance is not well taken in cold blood. Then they sought to devise a plan for delivering Don Gregório from the peril in which he lay. Ricote offered towards it more than two thousand ducats which he had in pearls and jewelry. Many schemes were discussed, but none was so good as that of the renegade Spaniard, who has been mentioned. He proposed to return to Algiers in a little vessel of some six banks manned by Christian rowers, for he knew where, how, and when he could and should disembark, nor was he ignorant of the house
where Don Gregório was lodged. The general and the vice-
roy were in doubt whether to rely on the renegade, or to con-
fide to him the Christians who had to row at the oars. But
Anna Felix answered for him, and Ricote her father said he
would pay the ransom of the Christians if by chance they
were betrayed. Their plans being thus settled, the viceroy
disembarked, and Don Antonio Moreno took the Mooress
and her father along with him, the viceroy charging him
to receive and cherish them as best he could, offering them
on his part whatever was in his house for their entertainment;
so great was the benevolence and charity which the beauty of
Anna Felix had infused into his bosom.
CHAPTER LXIV

Which treats of the adventure which gave more pain to Don Quixote than all which till then had befallen him

The wife of Don Antonio Moreno, the history relates, derived very great pleasure in seeing Anna Felix in her house. She received her with great kindness, having fallen as much in love with her beauty as with her wit, for in the one and in the other did the Mooress excel; and all the people of the city flocked to see her as though at the ringing of the bell. Don Quixote said to Don Antonio that the scheme they had adopted for the liberating of Don Gregório was not a good one, for there was more of danger in it than of advantage; and that it were better to land him in Barbary with his arms and his horse, for he could deliver him, maugre all Moordom, as Don Gaiferos had done his spouse Melisendra.

"Consider, your worship," said Sancho, on hearing this, "that Sir Don Gaiferos fetched away his spouse from the mainland and took her to France by the mainland; but here, if mayhap we deliver Don Gregório, we have no way by which to bring him to Spain, for the sea is between."

"There is a remedy for everything excepting for death," answered Don Quixote; "it is but for a vessel to arrive on the shore and we can embark therein, though the whole world hinder us."

"Your worship paints it well and makes it easy," quoth Sancho; "but 'twixt said and done is a long run, and I stick to the renegado, who looks to me a very likely fellow and a good heart."

Don Antonio said that if the renegade should not succeed in the affair they would adopt the expedient of the great Don Quixote's passing over into Barbary. In two days from that time the renegade departed in a light bark of six
oars on a side, manned with a very able crew; and two days afterwards the galleys set sail for the Levant, the general having besought the viceroy to keep him informed of what happened in respect of the deliverance of Don Gregório and the affair of Anna Felix. The viceroy promised to do what he was asked.

One morning, Don Quixote sallying forth to take the air upon the Strand, armed at all points (for, as ofttimes he would say, "his ornaments were arms, his rest the battle fray," and he was never a moment himself without them), he saw coming towards him a knight, armed likewise in full armor, bearing painted on his shield a shining moon, who, when he drew near enough to be heard, cried in a loud voice, directing his words to Don Quixote: —

"Illustrious knight and never-as-he-ought-to-be-extolled Don Quixote of La Mancha! I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of deeds, perhaps, may bring him to thy remembrance. I come to do battle with thee and to try the force of thine arm, to the end that I may make thee acknowledge and confess that my lady, let her be who she may, is, without comparison, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboso; the which truth, if thou confessest candidly, shall save thyself from death and me the trouble of putting thee to it; and if thou shouldst fight and I vanquish thee, I desire no other satisfaction than that, forsaking arms and abstaining from the quest of adventure, thou shalt withdraw and betake thee to thy village for the space of one year, during which thou must live without putting hand to thy sword, in tranquil peace and profitable ease, for so it is best for the increase of thy estate and the safety of thy soul. And if thou shouldst vanquish me my head shall remain at thy discretion, and the spoils of my armor and steed shall be thine, and the fame of my exploits pass to thine. Consider which is better for thee, and answer quickly, for to-day is the only day I have to despatch this business."

Don Quixote stood confounded and amazed, as much at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon as at the reason for the challenge; and he responded with calmness and a severe countenance: —

"Knight of the White Moon! whose exploits till now
have not come to my knowledge, I will make you swear
that you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea, for if you
had seen her I know you would have taken care not to
engage in this issue, for the sight of her must have unde-
ceived you that either there has been or could be beauty
which could be compared with hers; and therefore, not
saying that you lie but that you are mistaken in your state-
ment, upon the conditions you have recited I accept your
challenge, and at once, so that the day to which you are
limited shall not expire; and I only except from the condi-
tions the one that the fame of your deeds shall pass to me,
for I know not what they may be; I am content with my
own, such as they are. Take then the side of the field
which you wish and I will do the same; and to whom God
shall give it let Saint Peter bless!"

The Knight of the White Moon had been perceived
from the city, and the viceroy was told that he was parley-
ing with Don Quixote. The viceroy, believing that this
was some new adventure got up by Don Antonio Moreno,
or other gentlemen of the city, immediately rode out to the
Strand, with Don Antonio and many other gentlemen in
his company, at the very time when Don Quixote wheeled
Rozinante round to take up what was needful of the field.
The viceroy, seeing that both were on the point of turning
for the encounter, interposed between them, inquiring what
was the cause which moved them to do battle so suddenly.
The Knight of the White Moon answered that it was a
matter of precedency of beauty, and in a few words repeated
to him what he had said to Don Quixote and the acceptance
of the conditions of the challenge by both parties. The
viceroy then went up to Don Antonio and asked him, in
an aside, whether he knew who this Knight of the White
Moon was, or if it were some jest they wished to play on
Don Quixote. Don Antonio replied that he neither knew
who he was nor if the challenge were in jest or in earnest.
This answer perplexed the viceroy, leaving him in doubt
whether he should let them go on with the combat or not;
but not being able to persuade himself that it was other than
a jest he drew apart, saying:—

"Sir knights, if there is here no other remedy but to
confess or die, and if Sir Don Quixote persists in saying black and you of the White Moon white, in the hand of God be it and fall on."

He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy in courteous and well-chosen terms for the license he gave them, and the same did Don Quixote, who, commending himself to Heaven with all his heart and to his Dulcinea, as was his wont at the outset of battles, wheeled about to take up a little more ground, for he saw that his adversary was doing the same; and, without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument to give them the signal for the onset, they both turned their steeds about at the same moment; and, as he of the White Moon was the more agile, he met Don Quixote at two thirds of the course and there encountered him with such impetuous force that, without touching him with the lance (which he seemed to hold up on purpose), he brought Rosinante and Don Quixote to the ground with a parlous fall. He was at once upon him, and, setting the lance to his vizor, cried:

"You are conquered, knight,—aye, dead, if you do not confess according to the articles of our combat!"

Don Quixote, battered and stunned, without lifting his vizor, said in a feeble and broken voice, as if he spoke from within a tomb: "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world and I the most unfortunate knight upon earth; and it is not well that my weakness should discredit this truth. Thrust home thy lance, knight, and rid me of life since thou hast bereft me of honor."

"That, certes, shall I not do," said he of the White Moon; "let the renown of the lady Dulcinea's beauty live in its entirety; for the only satisfaction I ask is that the great Don Quixote of La Mancha should retire to his village for a year, on such terms as I shall prescribe, as we agreed upon before entering upon this battle."

All this the viceroy and Don Antonio, with many others who were there, overheard, and they heard also Don Quixote respond, that since nothing was demanded of him to the prejudice of Dulcinea, all the rest he would accomplish like a punctilious and truthful knight.

This confession being made, he of the White Moon turned
rein and, making obeisance with his head to the viceroy, rode into the city at a hand-gallop. The viceroy commanded Don Antonio to go after him, and by all means to learn who he was. They raised up Don Quixote, and, uncovering his face, they found him colorless and in a sweat. Rozinante, out of sheer bad plight, for the time was unable to move. Sancho, all sad and sorrowful, knew not what to say or what to do. It seemed to him that all this episode passed in a dream, and all this business was matter of enchantment. He saw his master overthrown, and bound not to take up arms for a twelvemonth. He imagined the luster of the glory of his exploits to be obscured, the hopes of his late promises dissipated as the wind dissipates smoke. He feared that Rozinante would remain a cripple forever, and his master dismembered,—it were no small luck if he were also dismaddened. In the end they carried him into the city on a hand-chair which the viceroy sent for, the viceroy also returning thither, longing to know who was the Knight of the White Moon, who had left Don Quixote in so sad a plight.
WHEREIN IS REVEALED WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS; WITH THE DELIVERANCE OF DON GREGORIO, AND OTHER INCIDENTS

DON ANTONIO MORENO followed the Knight of the White Moon, and a great many boys also followed and even pursued him till they had him lodged in an inn within the city. Don Antonio entered there too, being eager to become acquainted with him. A squire came out to receive and disarm him. He shut himself up in a lower room, and with him Don Antonio, who could not rest till he learned who he was. Then the Knight of the White Moon, finding that the gentleman would not leave him, said:

"I know very well, sir, for what you are come, which is to find out who I am; and, since there is no need to hide it from you, while my servant is taking off my armor I will give you the truth of the matter, without bating one jot. Know, sir, that they call me the bachelor Samson Carrasco. I am of the same village as Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose madness and folly move all who know him to pity, and I have been one of those who have felt it most; and believing that his health depends on rest and on his being at home in his own country, I devised a stratagem to make him stay there. Accordingly, about three months since, I sallied out into the road as a knight errant, styling myself 'The Knight of the Mirrors,' with the intention of fighting with him and overcoming him, without doing him any hurt,—making it a condition of our combat that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the victor; and what I intended to demand of him,—for I looked upon him as already conquered,—was that he should return to his village and not go out thence for a whole year, in which time he might be cured. But fate ordered it otherwise, for he overcame me and threw me from
my horse, and so my project failed. He pursued his journey and I returned home, vanquished, beaten, and ashamed with my fall, which was moreover a dangerous one. But, nevertheless, I did not give up the design of again seeking him and vanquishing him, as to-day has been seen. And seeing that he is so exact in observing the ordinances of knighthood, he will, without any doubt, keep that which I have laid upon him in fulfilment of his word. This, sir, is the whole matter, and I have nothing more to say. I beseech you do not betray me nor tell Don Quixote who I am, that my good design may have effect, and his understanding be restored to a man who has a very sound one, if the follies of chivalry should but leave him."

"Oh, sir!" said Don Antonio, "may God forgive you the injury you have done to the whole world in wishing to restore to his senses the most humorous madman who is therein! See you not, sir, that the advantage to be gained by Don Quixote's sanity cannot outweigh the pleasure he gives by his vagaries? I fancy that all the arts of sir bachelor will not suffice to turn sane a man so consummately mad. And were it not against charity, I would say let Don Quixote never be cured, for with his recovery we shall lose not only his humors but those of Sancho Panza, his squire, and either of them can turn melancholy itself to mirth. However, I will hold my peace and say nothing, to see whether I am right in suspecting that the means taken by Señor Carrasco will have no effect."

The bachelor answered that the business was now, in any case, in a fair way, out of which he hoped for a prosperous issue; and, Don Antonio having offered to do whatever he might command, the other took leave of him, and, having caused his armor to be packed on a mule, got upon the horse on which he had done battle, and departed out of the city the same day, and returned to his country without anything happening to him which is worthy of record in this truthful history.

Don Antonio related to the viceroy all that Carrasco had told him, at which the viceroy was not overpleased, for by Don Quixote's retirement was ended the entertainment which his follies had given to all those who knew of them.
Six days did Don Quixote stay in bed, dejected, sorrowful, pensive, and in ill case, brooding over the unhappy accident of his overthrow. Sancho consoled him, saying, among other things:—

"Hold up your head, sir, and cheer up if you can, and thank Heaven that though you were thrown to the ground you got off without a broken rib, for you know that where they give them they take them; and there's not always flitches where there are hooks; and a fig for the doctor, for there is no need of him to cure you in this ailment. Let us return to our homes and give up this rambling in search of adventures in countries and places we know not; and if it is rightly considered, it is I am the greater loser, although it is your worship is in the worse pickle. I, who gave up with my government the wish to be any more a governor, did not give up the desire of being a count, which will never come to anything if your worship gives up becoming a king by leaving off your calling of knighthood; and so my hopes are come to be turned to smoke."

"Peace, Sancho, thou seest that my seclusion and retreat is not to last over a year. Then I will return to my honored calling, and I shall not be lacking a kingdom to win and some countship to give to thee."

"God hear it," quoth Sancho, "and let sin be deaf; for I have ever heard that a good hope is better than a bad holding."

They were so engaged when Don Antonio entered, saying with extreme joy:—

"A largess, Sir Don Quixote! Don Gregório and the renegade who went to bring him off are in the port. Do I say in the port? They are in the viceroy's house, and will be here this moment."

Don Quixote was a little cheered, and said: "Verily I was about to say that I should have rejoiced had it fallen out otherwise, for then I should have been bound to go over to Barbary, where, by the force of my arm, I could give deliverance not to Don Gregório only, but to all the Christians, as many as are captive in Barbary. But what do I say? Am I not he that was vanquished? Am I not he that was overthrown? Am I not he who must not take arms within a
twelvemonth? What then do I promise? Of what am I boasting, seeing that it befits me rather to use the distaff than the sword?"

"Give over that, sir," cried Sancho; "let the pullet live, though with the pip; and it's to-day for thee, to-morrow for me; and in these matters of shocks and thwacks there is no use in troubling about them, for he who is down to-day may be up to-morrow, unless he has a mind to lie in bed,—I mean, to be faint-hearted, and not pluck up a new heart for new fights. Let your worship get up now and receive Don Gregório, for methinks the folk are all in a bustle, and he must be now in the house."

And such was the fact, for Don Gregório and the renegade having given an account to the viceroy of their voyage and return, Don Gregório, eager to see Anna Felix, came with the renegade to Don Antonio's house. And though Don Gregório when they took him away from Algiers was in a woman's dress, he changed it in the boat for that of a captive who escaped with him. But in whatever dress he had come he would have looked like a person to be envied, courted, and esteemed, for he was beautiful exceedingly, and his age to all seeming seventeen or eighteen years. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears and the daughter with blushes. They did not embrace one another, for where there is much love there is not wont to be overmuch freedom. The two beauties in conjunction, Don Gregório and Anna Felix, struck all who were present with admiration and wonder. It was silence spoke for the two lovers, and their eyes were tongues which unveiled their chaste and happy thoughts. The renegade told of the plan and the means which he had adopted for the release of Don Gregório. Don Gregório told of the perils and conflicts in which he had found himself among the women with whom he had stayed, with no long story but in brief words, whereby he showed that his discretion was in advance of his years. In conclusion, Ricote liberally compensated and satisfied both the renegade and those who had rowed at the oar. The renegade was reconciled and restored to the church, and from a rotten member was made clean and whole through penance and repentance.

Two days afterwards the viceroy discussed with Don An-
tonio what measures to take for retaining Anna Felix and her father, thinking it not improper that a daughter so Christian and a father to all appearance so right-minded should remain in Spain. Don Antonio offered to go to the capital to arrange the matter, where of necessity he had to be on other business, intimating that at court, through the medium of favor and bribes, many difficult things are accomplished.

"No," said Ricote, who was present at this interview; "there is nothing to hope for from favors or bribes, for with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, Conde de Salazar, to whom his Majesty has committed the duty of our expulsion, no prayers, promises, bribes, or pity are of any avail. Though it is true that he mingles mercy with justice, as one who sees that the entire body of our race is tainted and rotten, he applies to it rather the cautery which burns than the salve which soothes; and thus by prudence, by sagacity, by diligence, by terrors which he employs, he has carried upon his strong shoulders the weight of his vast scheme to its due execution, without our arts, stratagems, solicitations, and wiles having power to dazzle his Argus eyes, which are continually on the watch. Thereby there is not left behind nor concealed any of our people who, like a hidden root, may in time hereafter bud and bear poison fruit in Spain, now purged and disembarrassed of the fears in which our numbers held her. Heroical resolve of Philip the Third, and unheard-of wisdom in committing it to the charge of this Don Bernardino de Velasco!"

"At any rate, when I am there," said Don Antonio, "I will take all possible pains, and let God send whatever he may please, Don Gregório shall go with me to relieve the anxiety which his friends must feel at his absence. Anna Felix shall remain with my wife at my house or in a nunnery, and I know that the viceroy will be glad to have the good Ricote stay with him in his, until he sees how I manage."

The viceroy consented to all that was proposed; but Don Gregório, learning what had passed, cried that in no wise could he, or would he, leave Doña Anna Felix. Reflecting, however, that he might contrive to come back for her after he had seen his parents, he came into the arrangement which
they had made. Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio’s wife, and Ricote in the viceroy’s house.

The day of Don Antonio’s departure arrived, and also that of Don Quixote and Sancho two days later, for the knight’s fall did not permit him to take to the road any sooner. At the leave-taking between Don Gregório and Anna Felix there were tears, sighs, sorrowing, and sobbing. Ricote offered Don Gregório a thousand crowns if he wanted them, but he took none, only five which Don Antonio lent him, promising to repay him at the capital. With this the two departed, and Don Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as has been said,—Don Quixote unarmed, and in a traveling-dress, Sancho on foot, for Dapple went laden with the armor.
CHAPTER LXVI

Which treats of what he who reads shall see or who listens to the reading shall hear

On leaving Barcelona, Don Quixote turned to view the spot where he had fallen, and said:—

"Here Troy was; here my evil luck, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glories; here Fortune made me the sport of her shifts and changes; here my deeds were eclipsed; here, in fine, fell my happiness, never to rise again."

Hearing which, said Sancho: "'Tis as much, dear sir, the part of valiant hearts to have patience in misfortune as to be glad in prosperity. And this I judge by myself, for whereas when I was a governor I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot I am not sad; for I have heard say that she they call hereabouts Fortune is a drunken, whimsical dame, and, above all, blind, and so sees not what she does, nor knows whom she casts down or whom she sets up."

"Thou art much of a philosopher, Sancho," responded Don Quixote. "Thou talkest very discreetly; I know not who teaches thee. What I can say to thee is, that there is no Fortune in the world, nor do the things which happen, be they good or bad, proceed by chance but by the particular providence of Heaven; and hence comes the saying that every man is the artificer of his own destiny. I have been so of mine, but not with the needful prudence, and therefore my presumption has brought me to grief, for I ought to have reflected that Rozinante's feebleness could not withstand the mighty bulk of the horse of him of the White Moon. In short, I stood the brunt; I did what I could; I was overthrown; and though I lost my honor I lost not, nor can I lose, the merit of fulfilling my vow. When I was a knight errant, daring and valiant with my hands and my
work, I brought credit on my exploits; and now that I am a wayside squire, I will bring credit on my words, fulfilling the promise I have made. Trudge on then, friend Sancho, and let us go to spend in our own country the year of probation, by which seclusion we shall gather new virtue to return to the never-by-me-forgotten calling of arms."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "the trudging on foot is not so pleasant a thing as to move or incite me to make long marches. Let us leave these arms hung up on some tree in place of some hanged one, and, me occupying the back of Dapple, my feet raised from the ground, we shall make the journeys just as your worship may wish and deem meet; for to think I have to foot it and make long marches is to think what is vain."

"Thou hast said well, Sancho," responded Don Quixote; "let my arms be suspended for a trophy, and at their feet, or somewhere about them, let us carve on the trees what was written on the trophy of the arms of Orlando:—

"‘Let none these arms remove
But he who dares Orlando's might to prove.’"

"That, methinks, is much to the point," answered Sancho; "and were it not that we should feel the want of him for the journey, it would not be amiss to hang up Rozinante too."

"Neither him nor the armor," replied Don Quixote, "would I have hung, that it may not be said, 'To a good servant an ill guerdon.'"

"Your worship says well," answered Sancho, "for, in the opinion of the knowing ones, the ass's fault should not be laid on the panel; and since 'tis you have the blame of this business you should punish your own self, not let your anger be vented upon your armor, now all battered and bloody, nor upon Rozinante's meekness, nor upon my tender feet, wishing them to travel more than is fair."

In these arguments and confabulations they passed all that day and other four following, without there happening to them anything to trouble their journey. On the fifth day, at the entrance into a village, they found a great crowd of people
round the inn door, where, it being a holiday, they were amusing themselves. Upon Don Quixote coming up to them, a peasant raised his voice and said:—

"One of these two gentlemen here coming, who know not the parties, shall say what is to be done about our wager."

"Yes, that I will, surely," answered Don Quixote; "with all equity, if I can manage to understand it."

"The case is this, then, good master," said the peasant, "that a man of this village, who is so fat that he weighs twenty stone, has challenged another, his neighbor, who weighs no more than nine, to run with him. The condition was that they had to run a course of a hundred yards, at even weights; and the challenger having been asked how the weights could be equalized, said that the challenged, who weighs nine stone, should carry eleven stone of iron on his back, and so the twenty stone of the lean one would be equal to the twenty of the fat one."

"Not so," here Sancho struck in, before Don Quixote could answer; "and it's for me, who but a few days ago gave up being a governor and judge, as all the world knows, to settle these doubts and give judgment on the whole case."

"Answer and welcome, friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for I am not fit to give crumbs to a cat, my wits are so shaken and upset."

With this license, said Sancho to the peasants, who thronged about in a crowd with mouths open expecting his decision: "Brethren, that which the fat one asks is unreasonable and has not a shadow of justice. If it be true what is said, that he that is challenged can choose his weapons, it is not right that the other should choose for him such as would hinder and obstruct him coming off conqueror; and therefore my decision is that the fat challenger should prune, peel, pare, scrape, trim, and clear away eleven stone of his flesh, somewhere or other from his body, as it may seem and be best for him; and so, running in nine stone weight of flesh, he shall be equal and level with the nine of his adversary, and they will be able to run on even terms."

"I vow," cried a peasant who heard Sancho's decision, "this gentleman has spoken like a saint and decided like a canon!"
But I warrant me the fat one has no mind to part with an ounce of his flesh, much less eleven stone."

"It were better they did not run at all," answered another, "for then the lean one may not break down under the load nor the fat one be unfleshed. Let the half of the wager go into wine, and let us carry these gentlemen to the tavern which has the best, and the cloak be on me when it rains."

"I thank you, gentlemen," answered Don Quixote, "but I cannot stop a moment, for sorrowful thoughts and affairs force me to appear discourteous and to travel in haste."

And so, putting spurs to Rozinante, he moved forward, leaving them in astonishment at the spectacle, at once of his strange figure and of the wisdom of his servant, for such they took Sancho to be. And one of the peasants said:—

"If the servant is so wise, what must the master be! I bet that they are going to study at Salamanca and in a trice they will come to be judges at court; for it is all a game — only study and more study, and get favor and luck, and when a man least thinks it, he finds himself with a wand in the hand and a bonnet on his head."

That night master and man passed in the middle of the fields under the bare open sky, and next day, pursuing their journey, they saw coming towards them a man on foot with a wallet round his neck, and a javelin or pike in his hand, like the fashion of a foot-courier. When he came near Don Quixote, he mended his pace and, half running, came up to him; and embracing him by the right thigh, for he could not reach higher, he cried, with signs of great joy:—

"O my lord Don Quixote of La Mancha! what pleasure will come to the heart of the duke, my master, when he knows that you are coming back to his castle, for he is still there with the duchess!"

"I know you not, friend," replied Don Quixote, "nor can guess who you are, if you do not tell me."

"I, sir," answered the courier, "am Tosilos, the lackey of the duke my master, who would not fight with you about the marrying of Doña Rodriguez's daughter."

"God help us!" cried Don Quixote, "is it possible that
you are he whom the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into that lackey you speak of, to defraud me of the honor of that battle?"

"Chut, good sir," replied the footman; "I was as much the lackey Tosilos when I entered the lists as Tosilos the lackey when I came out; there was not any enchantment nor any change of face. I thought to marry without fighting, for the girl pleased me well, but my desire turned out otherwise, for as soon as your worship departed from the castle, the duke, my master, made them give me a hundred blows of the stick for having disobeyed the orders he had given me before entering on the battle, and it has all ended in the wench becoming a nun and Doña Rodriguez returning to Castile; and I am going now to Barcelona to carry a packet of letters to the viceroy which my master is sending. If your worship would like a drink, pure though warm, I have here a calabash full of the best, with some slices of Tronchon cheese which shall serve to call and wake up thirst, if so be it is sleeping."

"I like the offer," quoth Sancho; "and let the rest of the compliment go; and pour out, good Tosilos, despite all the enchanters there are in the Indies."

"In short, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art the greatest glutton in the world and the greatest booby on earth, since thou canst not be persuaded that this courier is enchanted and this Tosilos transformed. Stay with him and take thy fill, and I will go on slowly, looking for what may come."

The lackey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, unwalleted his cheese, and, taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the green grass, and in good peace and fellowship despatched and put an end to the whole store in the wallet with such good vigor that they licked the packet of letters because it smelt of cheese. Said Tosilos to Sancho: "Without doubt this master of thine, friend Sancho, ought to be reckoned a madman."

"Why ought?" answered Sancho. "He owes nothing to nobody, for he pays it all, and especially when the coin is madness. I see it plain enough, and plainly enough will I tell him of it; but what is the use?"
that he is done for, for he is beaten by the Knight of the
White Moon."

Tosilos asked him to tell what had happened; but Sancho
said it was uncivil to let his master wait for him, but another
day, if they met, there would be time for it. So rising up,
after having shaken his doublet and the crumbs from his
beard, he drove Dapple before him, and bidding good-by to
Tosilos left him and overtook his master, who was waiting for
him under the shade of a tree.
CHAPTER LXVII

Of the resolution which Don Quixote formed to turn shepherd and lead a rural life till the year of his pledge had expired, with other passages truly diverting and excellent

If many were the reflections by which Don Quixote was hampered before his overthrow, much more were they which harassed him after his fall. He lay under the shade of a tree, as has been mentioned, and there his thoughts, like flies about honey, assailed and stung him. Some of them dwelt on the disenchantment of Dulcinea; others upon the life he had to lead in his enforced retirement. Sancho came up and spoke to him in praise of the liberal disposition of the lackey Tosilos.

"Is it possible," said Don Quixote, "that thou still thinkest him to be a real lackey? Methinks thou hast forgotten having seen Dulcinea turned and transformed into a peasant wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco,—works all of the enchanters who persecute me. But tell me now, didst thou ask of that Tosilos, as thou callest him, what God has done with Altisidora; whether she has bemoaned my absence or whether she has already committed into the hands of oblivion those amorous thoughts which tormented her in my presence?"

"Mine were not of the kind," answered Sancho, "to give me time to be asking after fooleries. Body of me, sir! is your worship now in a condition to inquire after another's thoughts, especially amorous ones?"

"Look, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "there is much difference between the acts which are done out of love and those which are done out of gratitude. It may well be that a knight is not in love; but it cannot be, speaking in all strictness, that he should be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me well; she gave me the three kerchiefs thou knowest of;
she wept on my departure; she cursed me, she abused me; regardless of shame she complained of me publicly; all signs that she adored me, for the anger of lovers is wont to vent itself in maledictions. I had neither hopes to give her nor treasures to offer her, for my hopes I hold pledged to Dulcinea, and the treasures of knights errant are like those of the fairies, delusive and false. I can give her naught else but the memories I have of her; without prejudice, however, to those I have of Dulcinea, whom thou art wronging by thy remissness in scourging thyself and castigating that flesh of thine — may I see it devoured of wolves! — which thou wouldst preserve rather for the worms than for the relief of that poor lady."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "if the truth is to be spoken, I cannot persuade myself that the flogging can have anything to do with the disenchanting of the enchanted, which is as if any one should say: 'If your head aches anoint your knee-pans.' At least, I would dare swear that in all the histories your worship has read which treat of knight-errantry, there has not been found any one unbewitched through stripes. But whether or no, I will give them to me, when I have a mind to and time gives me the conveniency of punishing myself."

"God grant it," responded Don Quixote, "and may Heaven give thee grace to bethink thee of and own the obligation incumbent on thee to aid my lady, who is thine too, seeing thou art mine."

Thus discoursing they went on their way, when they reached the very place and spot where they had been trampled on by the bulls. Don Quixote recognized it, and said to Sancho:

"This is the field where we fell in with the gay shepherdesses and the gallant shepherds, who had a mind to revive and imitate the pastoral Arcadia, — a conceit at once novel and ingenious, — in imitation of which, if so be that thou thinkest well of it, I would wish, O Sancho! that we should turn shepherds, at least for the time I have to live retired. I will buy some sheep and all the rest of the things which are needful for the pastoral profession, and calling myself — I, the shepherd Quixotiz, and thou, the shepherd Panzino, — we will wander about through the mountains, through the woods and the meadows, here singing, there
bemoaning, drinking of the liquid crystals of the springs, or the limpidbrooklets, or the swelling rivers. The oaks shall give us of their sweetest fruit with bountiful hand; the trunks of the hard cork-trees afford us seats; the willows, shade; the roses, perfume; the spacious meads, carpets embellished with a thousand colors; the air, clear and pure, shall supply us breath; the moon and the stars, light, spite of the darkness of night; song, delight; tears, gladness; Apollo, verses and love conceits, whereby we shall be able to make ourselves famous and eternal, not only in the present age but in those to come."

"'Fore God," said Sancho, "but this kind of life squares, nay corners, with me exactly; moreover, if the bachelor Samson Carrasco and Master Nicholas the barber do but get a sight of it, they will want to follow it too and turn shepherds along with us. Nay, God grant it may not come into the priest's mind to enter the fold, too; he is so frolicsome and fond of enjoying himself."

"Thou hast said well," answered Don Quixote, "and the bachelor Samson Carrasco could call himself if he comes into the pastoral pale, as doubtless he will, the shepherd Samsonino or the shepherd Carrascon. Barber Nicholas might call himself Nicholoso, even as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso. To the priest I know not which name we will give, unless it be some derivative of his title, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses, of whom we have to be the lovers, we can choose the names of them like pears, and since that of my mistress squares as well with that of a shepherdess as of a princess, there is no need to weary myself in seeking another to fit her better. Thou, Sancho, shalt give to thine what name thou pleasest."

"I intend not to give her any other," answered Sancho, "than that of Theresona, which will fit well with her fatness and her own name, as she is called Theresa; and especially when, in celebrating her in my verses, I come to reveal my chaste affection, for I am not one to go fooling for better bread than is made of wheat in others' houses. For the priest, he had better not be taking a shepherdess, for good example's sake; and should the bachelor want to have one his soul is in his hand."
“God bless me,” cried Don Quixote, “what a life we shall lead, Sancho, my friend! What hautboys shall fill our ears! What Zamora bagpipes, what tambourines, what timbrels, what rebecs! And then, if among these different kinds of music there sound the albogues, there will almost all the pastoral instruments be there.”

“What are ‘albogues’?” asked Sancho; “for never have I heard tell of them nor seen them in all my life.”

“Albogues,” answered Don Quixote, “are thin plates of copper like flat candlesticks, which, stricken one against another on the concave or hollow side, give out a sound which, if not very agreeable or harmonious, is not displeasing and accords with the rusticity of the bagpipes and the tambourine; and this word ‘albogue’ is Moorish, as are all those in our Castilian tongue which begin with ‘al’; to wit, ‘almohaza,’ ‘almorzar,’ ‘alhombra,’ ‘alguacil,’ ‘alhuzema,’ ‘almacén,’ ‘alcância,’ and others like these, which are a few more; and only three does our language contain which are Moorish and end in ‘i.’ They are ‘borceguí,’ ‘zaquizamí,’ and ‘maravedí’; ‘alhelí’ and ‘alfaquí,’ as much by the initial ‘al’ as the final ‘i,’ are known as Arabic. This, by the way, I have told thee, it being brought to my mind through the occasion of naming ‘albogue’; and it will help us much to put this calling into practise, I being, as thou knowest, something of a poet and the bachelor Samson Carrasco likewise a consummate one. Of the priest I say nothing; but I will wager he has some smack and trick of the poet, and that Master Nicholas has been also, I never doubt, for all or most of barbers are guitarists and ballad-mongers. I will wail about absence; thou shalt praise thee in the constant lover; the shepherd Carrasco in the character of the disdained one; and the priest Curiambro in that which may please him best; and so the business will go on to our hearts’ desire.”

To which Sancho replied: “I am so unlucky, sir, that I am afraid the day will never come in which I see myself in such a calling. Oh, and what pretty spoons I’ll make when I see myself a shepherd! What bread puddings, what cream cheeses, what garlands and shepherds’ knickknacks! — which, though they may not win me the name of a wise one, will not fail to get me one for a genius. Sanchica, my
daughter, shall bring us our dinner to the fold. But look out,—for she is a buxom wench, and your love-makings are wont to be about the fields as well as the cities, and about shepherds' cots as kings' palaces, and do without the cause and you do without the effect; and what the eyes don't see, the heart does not rue; and a leap over the hedge is better than good men's prayers."

"No more proverbs, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "for any one of those thou hast uttered suffices to let us know thy mind; and ofttimes have I counseled thee not to be so prodigal of proverbs and restrain thyself in delivering them; but methinks it is to preach in the desert; and my mother beats me, and I whip the top."

"Methinks," said Sancho, "that your worship is like what they say: 'Quoth the frying-pan to the kettle, get out, black eyes!' You are chiding me for uttering proverbs and you string them together in couples."

"Observe, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that I bring out proverbs to the purpose, and they come when I say them like a ring to the finger; but thou bringest them in by the hair so that thou draggest them instead of guiding them; and if I recollect rightly, once before I have said to thee that proverbs are brief sentences drawn from the experience and observation of our wise men of old; and the proverb which does not come to the purpose is rather an absurdity than an apothegm. But let us leave this, and since darkness is now coming on let us retire from the highroad a little space to where we may pass the night, and God knows what shall be to-morrow."

They retired accordingly; they supped late and ill, little to Sancho's liking, to whom were brought to mind the hardships of knight-errantry practised among woods and forests, though sometimes plenty showed itself in castles and houses, as in that of Don Diego de Miranda, and at Camacho's wedding, and at Don Antonio Moreno's; but he reflected that it would not be always day nor always night, and so that night he passed in sleeping and his master in watching.
CHAPTER LXVIII

Of the bristly adventure which happened to Don Quixote

The night was somewhat dark although the moon was in the sky, though not in a part where she could be seen, for sometimes Madam Diana goes for a trip to the Antipodes and leaves the mountains black and the valleys obscure. Don Quixote yielded to nature, sleeping his first sleep without giving way to a second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, for his sleep lasted him from night till morning, wherein he showed his good constitution and his freedom from cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him awake, so much so that he aroused Sancho, saying to him:

"I am amazed, Sancho, at the carelessness of thy temper. I believe thou art made of marble or solid brass, in whom there is neither emotion nor feeling. I watch when thou sleepest, I weep when thou singest, I faint from fasting when thou art lazy and torpid from pure satiety. It is the part of good servants to share their master's pains and to feel for his sorrows, were it but for the sake of good appearance. Observe the serenity of this night, the solitude around us, which invites us to mingle some vigil with our slumber. Rise up, for thy life, and withdraw a little apart from this, and with a good heart and cheerful spirit give thyself three or four hundred stripes on account of those for the disenchanted Dulcinea; and this I entreat thee as a favor, for I do not wish to have a tussle of arms with thee as before, since I know that thine are heavy. After thou hast laid them on to thyself, we will pass the rest of the night in singing,—I my severance, thou thy constancy,—making a start from now of the pastoral profession we have to exercise in our village."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I am no monk to rise in the middle of my sleep and flog myself, and less, methinks, can
we pass from the extreme of pain, from whippings to the state of music; let your worship suffer me to sleep nor press me in the matter of scourging, for you will make me swear an oath never to touch a hair of my coat, not to speak of my flesh."

"O obdurate heart! O squire without pity! O bread ill-bestowed, and favors ill-considered,—those which I have done thee and intend to do! Through me thou hast seen thyself a governor and through me thou seest thyself in near expectation of being a count, or getting some other equivalent title; nor shall their accomplishment be delayed any longer than till this year be passed; for 'post tenebras spero lucem.'"

"I know not what that is," replied Sancho; "I only know that while I sleep I have no fear, nor hope, nor trouble, nor glory; and good luck to him who invented sleep, a cloak which covers all a man's thoughts, the meat which takes away hunger, the water which quenches thirst, the fire which warms the cold, the cold which tempers the heat; to end up, the general coin with which all things are bought, the balance and weight which levels the shepherd with the king and the fool with the wise man. There is only one thing, as I have heard say, is bad about sleep, and it is that it looks like death, for between the sleeping and the dead there is very little difference."

"Never have I heard thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "speak so eloquently as now, whence I come to know the truth of the proverb which thou art wont sometimes to repeat: 'Not with whom thou art bred but with whom thou art fed.'"

"Egad, sir master mine," replied Sancho, "it is not I who string proverbs now, for they fall from your mouth also, two by two, better than from mine; only there is this difference between mine and yours, that your worship's come in season and mine are untimely; but anyhow they all are proverbs."

They were at this point when they heard a deafening clamor and harsh noise which spread through all the valleys about. Don Quixote started to his feet and clapped his hand to his sword. Sancho skulked under Dapple, putting the
bundle of armor on one side of him and his ass's pack-saddle on the other, trembling as much from fear as Don Quixote from excitement. The noise gradually increased and came nearer to the two tremblers,—or at least to one, for as to the other his valor is sufficiently known. The matter was this,—that some men were driving above six hundred swine to sell at a fair, with which they were traveling at that hour, and so great was the noise they made, grunting and snorting, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not guess what it might be. The long-extended herd came on grunting pell-mell and, without paying any respect to the dignity of Don Quixote or to that of Sancho, passed on to the fair, demolishing Sancho's entrenchments and not only upsetting Don Quixote but sweeping Rozinante away to boot. The thronging, the grunting, the pace at which the unclean animals came on, threw into confusion and brought to rout the pack-saddle, the armor, Dapple, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote.

Sancho raised himself up as well as he was able and asked his master for his sword, saying he wanted to kill half a dozen of those gentry, the unmannerly swine, for he had discovered now what they were.

Quoth Don Quixote: "Let them be, friend; this affront is the penalty of my sin, and a just chastisement from Heaven it is for a vanquished knight errant that jackals should eat him, that wasps should sting him, and hogs trample upon him."

"It must be a chastisement from Heaven, too," answered Sancho, "that flies should sting the squires of vanquished knights errant, that lice should eat them, and hunger assail them. Were we, the squires, the sons of the knights whom we serve or very near relatives of theirs, it were not much that the penalty of their faults should reach us, up to the fourth generation. But what connection have the Panzas with the Quixotes? Well, well, let us get to rights again and sleep out the little that is left of the night, and God will send us day and we will be in better case."

"Sleep thou, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for thou wert born to sleep as I was born to watch; during the time which remains from this till dawn I will give rein to my
thoughts, and vent them in a little madrigal which to-night, unknown to thee, I have composed in my mind."

"To me it seems," said Sancho, "that the thoughts which give room for the making of verses can be no great things. Let your worship verse it as much as you please and I will sleep all I can."

Then taking up as much ground as he wanted, he coiled himself up and slept a sound sleep, undisturbed by bonds, or debts, or any care. Don Quixote, leaning against the trunk of a beech or cork-tree (for Cid Hamet does not specify what tree it was), sang in this strain to the music of his own sighs:

"Love, when I think upon
The wounds which thou dost deal to me,
I speed to death, in hope my agony
In dying to have done.

"To the pass when I arrive,
The haven in the sea of my sad ills;
At sight of death such joy my bosom fills,
I cannot die — I live.

"Thus by life I'm slain;
Untoward state, thus mingling life with death!
I living die, and with its welcome breath,
Death makes me live again."

Each one of these lines he accompanied with many sighs and not a few tears, like one whose heart was pierced through and through with the pain of his discomfiture, and with the estrangement from Dulcinea.

And now the day appeared and the sun darted his beams into Sancho's eyes. He awoke and shook himself, and stretching his drowsy limbs regarded the havoc which the swine had made in his stores, and cursed the herd and more besides. At length the two resumed their journey and at the fall of the evening saw coming towards them some ten men on horseback and four or five on foot. Don Quixote's heart was thrilled with emotion and Sancho's quailed with terror, for the people who were coming up to them bore lances and targets, and advanced in very warlike form. Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said to him:
“If I were able, Sancho, to use my arms, and my promise had not tied my hands, this mass which is coming against us I would reckon but tarts and gingerbread. But perhaps it may be something other than what we fear.”

Here the mounted men came up and, raising their spears, without speaking a word, surrounded Don Quixote and pointed them at his back and breast, menacing him with death. One of those on foot, putting a finger to his lips as a sign for him to be silent, seized Rozinante’s bridle and led him off from the road; and the rest of the footmen, driving Sancho and Dapple before them, all preserving a marvelous silence, followed in the steps of those who conducted Don Quixote. Two or three times the knight would have asked them whither they were taking him and what they wanted, but as soon as he began to open his lips, they made as if they would shut them with the points of their spears; and the same happened to Sancho, for scarce did he make a motion to speak, when one of the men on foot punched him with a goad, doing the same to Dapple as though he wished to speak too. The night closed in; they hastened their pace; the fears of the two prisoners increased, and the more when they heard them mutter from time to time: “Get on, Troglodytes; silence, you barbarians; pay up, you Anthropophagi; grumble not, you Scythians; keep your eyes shut, murderous Polyphemes, bloodthirsty lions”; and other names like to those, with which they tortured the ears of the wretched master and servant. Sancho went along, saying to himself: “We ortolans? We barbers and andrew-popguns? I like not these names; to an ill wind goes this grain. All the mischief comes to us together like blows on the dog; and please God it may stop here with what this adventure, so ill-venturous, threatens.”

Don Quixote rode on confounded, not being able to divine, with all his thinking about it, to what end were those abusive epithets which they flung at him, from which he gathered that he had to look for no good and to fear much evil. About an hour after dark they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote knew well to be the duke’s, where a little while ago he had stayed.

“God bless me!” he cried, as soon as he recognized the
mansion; "and what should this be? Verily in this house all is courtesy and good entertainment, but for the vanquished the good is turned into bad and the bad into worse."

They entered the principal courtyard of the castle, which they perceived to be decorated and arranged in a manner which increased their astonishment and doubled their fears, as will be seen in the following chapter.
CHAPTER LXIX

Of the rarest and most novel adventure which happened to Don Quixote in the whole course of this great history

The horsemen dismounted, and together with those on foot, catching up Don Quixote and Sancho forcibly in their arms, bore them into the courtyard, around which there blazed about a hundred torches, set in their sconces, and about the corridors of the court more than five hundred lamps, so that, in spite of the night, which lowered somewhat darkly, the want of daylight was not perceived. In the center of the court was raised a tomb some two yards above the ground, covered all over with a spacious canopy of black velvet, round which, along the steps, tapers of white wax were burning upon more than a hundred silver candlesticks. On the top of the tomb was displayed the corpse of a damsel so lovely that by her beauty she seemed to make death itself beautiful. She lay with her head upon a pillow of brocade, crowned with a garland woven of various sweet-smelling flowers, her hands crossed upon her bosom and between them a branch of yellow victor's palm. On one side of the court there was erected a stage, and seated upon two chairs two personages who, by their having crowns on their heads and scepters in their hands, appeared to be kings either real or counterfeit. By the side of this stage, which was ascended by steps, were two other chairs, upon which they who carried the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all the while silent, and making the two to understand by signs that they also had to keep silence, which they, without such signs, would have done, for amazement at what they saw kept their tongues tied. Two persons of distinction then ascended the stage with a great retinue, at once recognized by Don Quixote as his hosts, the duke and duchess, who seated themselves on two richly ornamented chairs by the side of the two who looked like kings. Who would not have been wonder-struck
at this, — when, in addition to it, Don Quixote knew the dead body which lay on the tomb to be that of the lovely Altisidora? As the duke and duchess ascended the stage, Don Quixote and Sancho rose and made them a profound obeisance, which the ducal pair acknowledged with a slight inclination of their heads. Then an officer came across, and going up to Sancho threw over him a robe of black buckram all painted with flames of fire, and taking off Sancho's cap placed on his head a miter like those worn by the penitents of the Holy Office, whispering him in the ear that he must not open his lips, or they would put a gag on him or take his life. Sancho looked at himself from top to toe and saw that he was all ablaze with flames; but as they did not burn him, he cared not two doits for them. He took off his miter, and saw that it was painted with devils. He put it on again, saying to himself: "Nay, then, neither do those burn me nor these carry me off."

Don Quixote also gazed at Sancho, and though fear kept his senses in suspense he could not keep from smiling to see Sancho's figure. And now, from beneath the tomb, to all seeming, there began to come a low, pleasant sound of flutes, which, though being unbroken by any human voice (for silence itself kept silence in that spot), rang soft and amorous. Then of a sudden there appeared, close to the pillow of the seeming corpse, a beautiful youth clad in a Roman garb, who, to the music of a harp which he himself played, sang, in a sweet and clear voice, these two stanzas:

"Until, by cruel Quixote slain,
Altisidora to herself return;
Whilst in the fairy court the train
Of dames in somber sackcloth mourn;
And whilst my lady sad is fain
To clothe her maids in baize forlorn;
So long shall I her beauty and disgrace
Lament in tones more sweet than his of Thrace.

"Nor think that death shall end my song,
Or my lament shall cease to flow;
For still, though dead and cold, my tongue
Shall pay to thee the tribute due;
And as the Stygian lake along
Released my soul doth go,
Thee still I'll celebrate — thee still I'll sing,
Until the waters of Oblivion ring."
“No more,” exclaimed one of the two seeming kings at this point; “no more, songster divine! It were an endless process to recall to us the death and the charms of the peerless Altisidora,—not dead, as the ignorant world deems, but living in the tongues of fame and in the penance which, in order to bring her back to the lost light, Sancho Panza, who is here present, has to undergo. And therefore, do thou, O Rhadamanthus! who together with me judgest in the gloomy caverns of Dis,—for thou knowest all that the inscrutable fates have decreed concerning the resurrection of this damsel,—speak and declare it at once, so that the happiness we expect from her revival be no longer deferred.”

Scarce had Minos the companion-judge of Rhadamanthus said this when Rhadamanthus, rising to his feet, exclaimed:—

“Ho! officers of this household, high and low, great and small, haste hither one and all, and seal the face of Sancho with four-and-twenty smacks, and a dozen pinches give him, and half a dozen pricks with a pin on the arms and loins; for in this ceremony consists the salvation of Altisidora.”

On hearing this Sancho broke silence, and cried out:—

“I swear, by this and by that, I will as soon let my face be sealed or my cheeks be fingered as turn Moor. Body o’ me! What has the handling of my face to do with the resurrection of this damsel? The old wife was tickled with the spinach—They enchant Dulcinea, and they flay me that she may be disenchanted. Altisidora dies of ailments God was pleased to send her, and to revive her they must needs deal me four-and-twenty smacks, and cripple my body with pin-pricks and gall my arms with pinches. Try these jokes on a brother-in-law! I’m an old dog, and it is not ‘tus, tus’ with me.”

“Thou shalt die,” cried Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice. “Relent, tiger! Humble thyself, proud Nimrod! Suffer, and be silent, for they ask no impossibilities of thee; concern not thyself with discussing the difficulties of this business. Smacked thou hast to be; pricked thou hast to see thyself; pinched, thou shalt groan; and so, officers, I say, execute my commands! Or, by the faith of an honest man, ye shall see for what you were born!”
Hereupon there appeared some six duennas, who came along the court in procession, one behind another, four of them with spectacles, and all with their right hands held aloft, and with their wrists bared to the depth of four fingers to make their hands appear larger, as is now the fashion. No sooner did Sancho see them than, bellowing like a bull, he cried:

"I might let myself be humbled by all the world, but to allow duennas to touch me—never! Let them cat-claw my face as they did my master's in this same castle; let them run me through the body with sharp-edged daggers; let them tear my arms with burning pincers; and I will bear it in patience, to serve these gentlefolks; but for duennas to touch me,—I will not consent to it, though the devil carry me away!"

Don Quixote also broke silence, saying to Sancho:—

"Have patience, my son, and give these gentlefolk pleasure, and render many thanks to Heaven for having put such virtue in thy person as that by its martyrdom thou mayest disenchant the enchanted and resuscitate the dead."

The duennas were now about Sancho, and he, become quieter and more resigned, settling himself well in the chair, lent his face and beard to the first one, who dealt him a smack very well planted, and then made him a deep courtesy.

"Less courtesy,—less paint, my lady duenna!" said Sancho, "for egad, your hands have a smell of vinegar-wash."

In fine all the duennas smacked him and many of the household pinched him; but what he could not abide was the pin-pricking, and so he started up from his chair all in a fury, and, seizing a lighted torch which was near him, went after the duennas and after all his tormentors, saying:—

"Away with you, ministers of hell! I am not made of brass to be proof against these uncommon tortures!"

At this moment Altisidora, who must have been tired of having lain supine so long, turned to one side; seeing which the bystanders all cried out loudly: "Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!"
Rhadamanthus bade Sancho lay aside his anger, since the object they aimed at was now achieved. When Don Quixote saw Altisidora begin to move he went and knelt before Sancho, saying:

"Now is the time, son of my bowels,—my squire no more!—to give thyself some of those stripes thou art engaged to give for the disenchanting of Dulcinea! Now is the time, I say, when thou hast thy virtue seasoned and effective, to work the good expected of thee!"

To which Sancho made answer: "Methinks that this is prank upon prank and not honey upon pancakes. A good thing, indeed, that after pinchings and smackings and pin-prickings there should come lashes! They have nothing more to do than to take a big stone and tie it round my neck and toss me into a well!—which I would not much mind if, to cure other folks' ailments, I am to be made the wedding-heifer. Leave me alone, or, 'fore God, I'll fling out all to the dozen,—aye, though I spoil the market!"

Here Altisidora sat up on her tomb, and at the same moment the clarions sounded, accompanied by the flutes, and by all their voices, who exclaimed: "Live Altisidora! Live Altisidora!"

The duke and duchess, and the kings, Minos and Rhadamanthus, arose, and all in a body, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive Altisidora and bring her down from the tomb. She, putting on a faint and languid air, bowed to the duke and duchess and to the kings, and looking across at Don Quixote thus addressed him:

"God forgive thee, loveless knight! for through thy cruelty have I been, as seems to me, nine thousand years in the other world; and thee, O the most compassionate squire the world contains, I thank for the life I now possess! From this day forth, friend Sancho, thou mayest command six of my smocks which I bequeath to thee, of them to make other six for thyself; and if they are not all whole at least they are all clean."

Sancho kissed her hands for the gift, his knees on the ground and the miter on his head. The duke bade them relieve him of this, and to return him his cap and put on him his overcoat, and take away the robe of flames. Sancho
besought the duke to let him keep the robe and miter, which he wished to carry away to his own country for a token and a memorial of that unheard-of incident. The duchess replied that he should have them, for he must know already how great a friend of his she was.

Then the duke ordered them to clear the courtyard and all to retire to their own rooms, and Don Quixote and Sancho to be taken to those with which they were already acquainted.
CHAPTER LXX

Which follows the sixty-ninth, and deals with things not to be dispensed with for the clear understanding of this history

SANCHO slept that night in a truckle-bed in the same room with Don Quixote, a thing he would have avoided had he been able, for he knew well that with questions and answers his master would not let him sleep; nor was he in a mood for much talking, for he was still feeling the pain of his late martyrdom, which did not leave his tongue at liberty, and he would have preferred to sleep in a hovel alone than in that rich chamber with company. This apprehension proved to be so true and his suspicion so well founded, that his master had scarcely got into bed when he said:—

"What thinkest thou, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and potent is the force of careless disdain, as with thine own eyes thou hast seen Altisidora dead, not by any other arrows, not by any other sword, not by any other warlike weapons or lethal poisons, save through the rigor and scorn with which I have ever treated her."

"She might have died and welcome, when she liked and how she liked," answered Sancho, "and left me alone to myself, since neither did I enamor her nor disdain her in all my life. I know not, nor can I think, how it is that the health of Altisidora, a damsel more whimsical than wise, has to do, as I have said before, with the torturing of Sancho Panza. Now indeed do I come to see clearly and distinctly that there are enchanters and enchantments in this world, from whom may God deliver me! for I cannot deliver myself. For all that I pray your worship to let me go to sleep, and ask me no more questions if you would not have me throw myself out of window."

"Sleep, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote; "if so be the pin-prickings and the pinchings thou hast received and the slaps on the cheek will let thee."
“No pain,” replied Sancho, “came up to the affront of the cheek-slappping, for nothing else than because it was given me by duennas, confound them! And again I beseech your worship to let me sleep, for sleep is the relief of the woes which are suffered awake.”

“So be it,” said Don Quixote; “and God be with thee.”

The two fell asleep; and Cid Hamet, the author of this great history, would in this interval write and give an account of what it was that moved the duke and duchess to construct the elaborate device which has been spoken of; and he says that the bachelor Samson Carrasco, not forgetting how, when the “Knight of the Mirrors,” he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote,—which defeat and overthrow spoilt and destroyed all his schemes,—resolved to try his hand again, hoping for a more fortunate issue than the last. And so, having learnt from the page who brought the letter and present to Theresa Panza, Sancho’s wife, where Don Quixote was, he looked out for a fresh horse and armor and put upon his shield the white moon, carrying it all upon a mule which was led by a peasant, not by Tomé Cecial, his old squire, lest he should be recognized by Sancho or by Don Quixote. He came to the duke’s castle, who informed him of the road and course which Don Quixote had taken with the intention of being present at the jousts at Zaragoza. The duke told him also of the tricks that had been played upon the knight, with the scheme for Dulcinea’s disenchantment to be effected at the cost of Sancho’s posteriors. Finally, he gave him an account of the trick which Sancho had practised upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench, and of how his wife, the duchess, had made Sancho believe that it was he himself who had been deceived, seeing that Dulcinea really was enchanted; at all which the bachelor laughed not a little and was amazed, thinking of Sancho’s cunning and simplicity, as well as of Don Quixote’s extraordinary madness. The duke begged him if he found the knight, whether he vanquished him or not, to return by that same way and let him know of what happened. The bachelor promised he would do so. He departed on his quest, and not finding Don Quixote at Zaragoza passed on farther, and met with the adventure which has been related.
He returned by the duke's castle and told him of everything, with the conditions of the combat, and how Don Quixote was coming back in order to fulfil, like a good knight errant, his pledge of retiring to his village for a year,—in which time it might happen, said the bachelor, that he would be cured of his madness; for this was the motive which had induced him to put on those disguises, as it was a pitiful thing that a gentleman so well endowed with parts as Don Quixote should be a lunatic. Thereupon he took leave of the duke and went back to his village, to wait there for Don Quixote, who was coming after him. Thus it was that the duke took occasion to play off this last jest upon our knight, so great was the delight he took in everything relating to the affairs of Sancho and of Don Quixote, having had all the roads round the castle, far and near, occupied on all sides by which he thought Don Quixote was to return, by a number of his retainers on foot and on horseback, in order, by force or free will, to bring him to the castle, should they find him. They found him, and gave notice to the duke, who had already arranged what was to be done. As soon as he received word of Don Quixote's coming he ordered them to light the torches and the lamps in the courtyard, and to place Altisidora upon the tomb, with all the apparatus which has been described, so well acted and to the life that it differed but little from reality. And Cid Hamet says, moreover, that for his part he holds the two mockers to be as mad as the mocked, and that the duke and duchess were not two fingers' breadth of looking like fools, seeing they were so earnest in playing their pranks upon a pair of fools.

Upon them, one sleeping in sound sleep and the other wide awake with his unbridled fancies, the day fell with the desire to rise; for to Don Quixote, whether conquered or conqueror, the feather bed of sloth never gave pleasure. Altisidora, in Don Quixote's opinion come back from death, following up the humor of her master, entered Don Quixote's chamber crowned with the same garland she had worn in the tomb, and clad in a gown of white taffeta flowered with gold, her hair loose upon her shoulders, leaning upon a staff of finest ebony. At her appearance Don Quixote, troubled and confounded, shrank down and covered himself up wholly under
the sheets and quilts of his bed, dumfounded and unable to offer her any courtesy. Altisidora sat herself down in a chair close to his head, and giving vent to a deep sigh, said to him in a tender and feeble voice:—

"When women of condition and maidens of reserve tread honor under foot and give their tongues license to break through every impediment, informing the public of the secrets buried in their hearts, they sure are reduced to a sore extremity. I, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha, am one of these,—smitten, vanquished, love-lorn,—but still patient and modest, and through being so my heart burst through my silence and I lost my life. Two days it is since, through feeling of the rigor with which thou hast treated me,—oh, harder than marble to my plaints, stony-hearted knight!—I have been dead,—at least, held to be so by those who saw me,—and were it not that Love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there I should have remained in the other world."

"Love could just as well have placed it in those of my ass," said Sancho, "and I should have thanked him for it. But tell me, mistress,—and so may Heaven accommodate you with another lover kinder than my master,—what did you see in the other world? How is it in hell?—For who dies in despair must perforce rest there."

"The truth I will tell you," answered Altisidora; "I could not have been dead outright, seeing that I did not go into hell, for had I gone in there verily I could not have got out had I wished. The truth is that I arrived at the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at ball, all in their breeches and waistcoats, collars trimmed with Flanders lace and ruffles of the same that served for cuffs, with four fingers' breadth of arm exposed, to make their hands seem the longer, in which they held rackets of fire. What astonished me most was that, in place of balls, they used books which seemed to be stuffed with wind and fluff,—a thing marvelous and novel. But this did not strike me so much as to see that, whereas it is usual with gamesters for the winners to be glad and the losers to be sorry, in that game down there all were grumbling, and snarling, and cursing one another."
"That is no wonder," observed Sancho; "devils, in play or no play, never can be content, win or not win."

"So it must be," said Altisidora, "but there is another thing which also astonishes me,—I mean, which astonished me then,—and it was that at the first toss the ball was spent nor was of any use a second time; and so they whirled away books, old and new, which was a marvel. To one of these, brand new and smartly bound, they gave such a whack that they knocked out its guts and scattered all the leaves about. Said one devil to another, 'Look what book that is'; and the devil replied, 'This is the second part of the "History of Don Quixote of La Mancha," not composed by Cid Hamet, its original author, but by an Aragonese, who calls himself a native of Tordesillas.' 'Away with it out of here,' answered the other devil, 'and plunge it into the depths of hell; let not mine eyes see it again.' 'Is it so bad?' quoth the other. 'So bad,' replied the first, 'that were I myself deliberately to set about to make it worse I should not succeed.' They pursued their game, tossing about other books; and I, because I heard them name 'Don Quixote,' whom I so much love and adore, retained this vision in my mind."

"A vision beyond a doubt it must be," said Don Quixote; "there is no other I in the world; and that history is being bandied about from hand to hand, but stays in none, for all give it the foot. I have not been disturbed by hearing that I wander like a phantom body about the shades of hell, any more than in the brightness of earth, for I am not he of whom that history treats. Were it good, faithful, and true, it would have centuries of life; but if it be evil, from its birth to its burial the road would not be long."

Altisidora was about to proceed with her complaint of Don Quixote, when the knight said to her: "I have told you many times, madam, it distresses me that you should set your inclinations upon me, for by mine they can only be acknowledged and not relieved. I was born to belong to Dulcinea del Toboso; and the fates, if such there be, have dedicated me to her; and to think that any other beauty shall occupy the place she holds in my heart is to think an impossibility. This is a sufficient disillusion for you to cause you to retreat, for no one can be bound to do what is impossible."
On hearing this, Altisidora, pretending to be angry and troubled, cried:—

"God's life, Don Stock-fish, soul of brass mortar! stone of date!—stubborner you are and harder than clown besought when he is taking aim at the mark; and if I come at you I will tear your eyes out! Think you, perchance, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgeled One, that it is for you I died? All that you have seen to-night has been feigned, nor am I a woman who, for such camels, would let myself grieve the black of a finger nail—much less die!"

"That I can well believe," said Sancho; "this dying for love is a thing to laugh at; they may tell of it, but as for doing it,—believe it, Judas!"

While they were thus talking there entered the tuneful singer and poet who had sung the two stanzas above recited. Making a profound obeisance to Don Quixote, he said: "Sir knight, let me be reckoned and numbered among your most faithful servants, for it is many days since I have been much affected to you, as much for your fame as for your achievements."

Don Quixote answered him: "Sir, tell me who you are, that my courtesy may respond to your deserts."

The youth replied that he was the musician and the panegyrist of the previous night.

"Certes, then," said Don Quixote, "you have a perfect voice, though what you sang did not seem to me much to the purpose; for what have the stanzas of Garcilaso to do with this lady's dying?"

"Wonder not at that," answered the songster; "with the unshorn poets of our age it is the fashion for each to write what he pleases and to steal from whom he will, whether it be to the point or not; and there is no silliness sung or written nowadays but is set down to poetic license."

Don Quixote would have replied, but he was interrupted by the duke and duchess coming in to see him. With them there passed a long and delightful discourse, in the course of which Sancho uttered so many droll and sharp things as to leave the duke and duchess in greater admiration than ever at once of his simplicity and of his acuteness. Don Quixote prayed them to give him leave to depart that same day, for it were more becoming for vanquished knights like
himself to inhabit a pigsty than a royal palace. They granted his request very willingly, the duchess asking him whether Altisidora was still in his good graces.

He answered her: "Dear madam, let your ladyship know that all this damsels's malady springs from idleness, the remedy whereof is virtuous and continuous occupation. She has informed me just now that lace is worn in hell, and since she must needs know how to make it, let it never be out of her hands, so that, occupied in agitating her bobbins, the image or images of what she longs for will not agitate themselves in her imagination; this is the truth, this is my opinion, and this my advice."

"And mine," added Sancho; "in all my life, I have never seen a lace-maker who died for love, for maids at work set their minds more at finishing their tasks than on thinking of their loves. I speak for myself, for, whilst I am digging, I mind me not of my deary—I mean my Theresa Panza, whom I love better than my eyelids."

"You say well, Sancho," cried the duchess; "I shall make my Altisidora employ herself hereafter in some kind of needle-work, which she knows how to do to perfection."

"There is no occasion, madam, to resort to that remedy," replied Altisidora. "The thought of the cruelties which this ill-conditioned vagabond has used to me will blot him out of my memory without any other device. And, by your highness's leave, I would retire, so that I may not see before my eyes, I don't say his 'rueful figure,' but his ugly, abominable countenance."

"This puts me in mind," said the duke, "of the common saying: 'He who rails is near to forgive.'"

Altisidora made a show of wiping her tears with a handkerchief and, making a courtesy to her master and mistress, went out of the room.

"Poor maid!" cried Sancho; "ill-betide you,—ill-betide you, say I! for you have had to do with a soul of rush and a heart of timber! 'Faith, if you had to do with me another kind of cock would crow for you.'"

The conversation here ended; and Don Quixote dressed himself and dined with the duke and duchess, and departed that afternoon.
CHAPTER LXXI

Of what happened to Don Quixote and his squire on the way to their village

The vanquished and wayworn Don Quixote went along, very melancholy on one account and very cheerful on another. His sadness was caused by his defeat and his cheerfulness by the consideration of Sancho's virtue, as had been demonstrated in the revival of Altisidora; although it was with some reluctance that he persuaded himself that the amorous damsel had been really dead. As for Sancho, he went along not at all cheerful, for he was saddened by finding that Altisidora had not kept her word in the matter of giving him the smocks; and turning this over in his mind he said to his master:

"In truth, sir, I am the unluckiest doctor to be found in the world, in which are physicians who for killing the sick man they treat seek to be paid for their trouble, which is nothing but signing a little bit of paper for medicines which not he but the apothecary makes up, and lo, 'tis done; and me, whom the curing of another cost drops of blood, smacks o' the face, pinchings, pin-prickings, and whippings, they give never a farthing. I take my oath then that if they bring me another such one into my hands they will have to grease them before I cure him; for the abbot dines by what he chants; and I will not believe that Heaven has gifted me with the virtue I have that I should communicate it to others free gratis for nothing."

"Thou art right, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and Altisidora has done very ill in not giving thee the promised smocks, though the virtue thou hast was given thee gratis, and has not cost thee any study more than the studying how to receive torturings in thy person. For myself, I can tell thee that if thou wouldst have payment for
the whippings on account of Dulcinea's disenchantment, I would have given thee what was fair; but I know not whether the pay will go well into the cure, and I would not have the reward hinder the medicine. Nevertheless, methinks nothing will be lost in trying it. Look, Sancho, what thou wouldst have, and presently whip thyself and pay thyself down out of thine own hand, for thou hast my money."

At this offer Sancho opened his eyes and his ears a span wider, and consented in his heart to be whipped heartily, and said he to his master:—

"Well now, sir, I would dispose myself to give your worship satisfaction in what you desire for my profit; and my love for my children and my wife makes me seem selfish. Tell me how much you will give me for every lash I give myself."

"Were I to pay thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "according to what the greatness and importance of this remedy deserves, the treasures of Venice, the mines of Potosi, were little for thy recompense. Reckon up what thou hast of mine, and put a price upon each stroke."

"They are three thousand three hundred and odd," said Sancho, "of which I have given myself about five; the rest remain. Let these five go for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand and three hundred, which, at a quarter of a real apiece,—and I will not take less though all the world should bid me,—come to three thousand three hundred quarter-reals, which three thousand are one thousand and five hundred half-reals and the three hundred make a hundred and fifty half-reals, which go to seventy and five reals, which being added to the seven hundred and fifty are in all eight hundred and twenty and five reals. These I will take from those I have belonging to your worship, and I will go home rich and contented, though well whipped, for trout are not caught—and I say no more."

"O blessed Sancho! O amiable Sancho!" cried Don Quixote; "how much shall we, Dulcinea and I, be bounden to serve thee in all the days of life which Heaven shall give us! If she is restored to her lost state (and it is impossible but that she will be), her misfortune shall prove her good
fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph. And look, Sancho,—when will you begin the discipline? For if thou wilt hasten it I will add a hundred reals more."

"When? This night, without fail," Sancho replied. "Do you but order that we pass it in the fields under the open sky, and I will lay open my flesh."

The night came longed for by Don Quixote with all the anxiety in the world, it seeming to him that the wheels of Apollo's chariot must have been broken and that the day was prolonged more than was customary, just as happens with those in love, who are never able to adjust the time to their desires. They entered at length among some pleasant trees which stood a little way off the road, where, emptying Rozinante's saddle and Dapple's panel, they laid them down upon the green turf and supped out of Sancho's store. He, making a strong and flexible whip out of Dapple's halter and head-stall, retired some twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. On seeing him go off briskly and resolutely Don Quixote called out to him: "Take care, Sancho, that thou dost not lash thyself to pieces; give time for one stroke to await another; thou shouldst not hurry thyself so much in thy career as to fail of breath in the middle of it; do not, I say, lay on so warmly as for thy life to fail thee before reaching the required number; and that thou mayst not lose by a card too much or too little, I will stand by at a distance, and reckon on this, my rosary, the lashes thou givest thyself. May Heaven favor thee, as thy good purpose deserves!"

"The good paymaster is not troubled for pledges," answered Sancho; "I mean so to lay on to myself as to hurt me without killing, for in this should consist the substance of this miracle."

He then stripped himself naked from the waist upwards, and seizing the whip began to lay on, and Don Quixote to count the lashes. About six or eight had Sancho given himself when it appeared to him to be a burdensome joke and the price of it very low; so, stopping awhile, he said to his master that he appealed against a fraud, for each stroke of them deserved to be paid at the rate of half a real, not a quarter.
"Proceed, friend Sancho, and be not faint-hearted," said Don Quixote; "I double the stake."

"In that case," cried Sancho, "in God's hand be it and let it rain lashes."

But the rogue left off giving them to himself on the back and laid on to the trees, every now and then giving forth such groans as made believe that with each one of them his soul was being uprooted. Don Quixote had a tender one himself, and fearful lest Sancho might put an end to his life and that through his imprudence he might not attain his desire, he exclaimed:

"Let the matter rest here, for thy life, friend; for this, methinks, is a very rough kind of physic, and it were well to proceed bit by bit, for Zamora was not won in an hour. More than a thousand lashes, unless I have miscounted, hast thou given thyself. Let these suffice for the present, for the ass, to speak in homely phrase, bears the load but not the overload."

"No, no, sir," responded Sancho; "it must not be said of me 'money paid, the arms broken.' Stand you aside a little more, and let me give myself another thousand lashes at any rate, for in two bouts we shall have finished this job and even have stuff to spare."

"Since thou art in so excellent a disposition," said Don Quixote, "may Heaven help thee, and stick to it, for I will withdraw."

Sancho returned to his lash with so much fervor that he had a number of the trees now stripped of their bark, such was the severity with which he lashed himself; and once, raising his voice and dealing a tremendous stroke on a beech-tree, he cried out:

"Let Samson die now and all along with him."

Don Quixote ran up at the sound of that piteous cry and that stroke of the remorseless whip, and seizing the twisted halter which had served Sancho for a whip, said:

"Fate forbid, Sancho friend, that for my pleasure thou shouldst lose thy life, which has to serve for the support of thy wife and children! Let Dulcinea stay for a better season, for I will contain myself within the bounds of proximate hope, and wait till thou gainest new strength to conclude this business to every one's liking."
“Since your worship, master dear, wishes it so,” answered Sancho, “let it be, in God’s name, and fling your cloak over these shoulders, for I am sweating and don’t want to catch cold; ’tis a danger your new disciplinants run.”

Don Quixote did so, and, remaining himself in his doublet, covered up Sancho, who fell asleep until the sun awoke him; and then they pursued their journey, which for that day they brought to an end at a village three leagues farther. They alighted at an inn, recognized by Don Quixote to be such and not a castle, with deep moat, turrets, portcullises, and drawbridge; for since his defeat he judged of all things more sensibly, as will now be seen. They lodged him in a lower room, round which, in place of leather hangings, were some old painted serges, as the fashion is in villages. On one of them was depicted, by some very vile hand, the rape of Helen, at the moment the bold guest was carrying her off from Menelaus; and in another was the history of Dido and Æneas,—she upon a lofty tower making signals with half a bed-sheet to the fugitive guest, who was flying over the sea in a frigate or brigantine. On the two pieces it was noticeable that Helen went with no very ill grace, for she was smiling to herself on the sly; but the lovely Dido seemed to be dropping tears as big as walnuts from her eyes.

On seeing this Don Quixote observed: “These two ladies were most unhappy in not being born in this age, and I above all unhappy in not being born in theirs, for had I encountered those gentlemen, neither would Troy have been fired nor Carthage destroyed; since by the slaying of Paris only all these misfortunes had been avoided.”

“I will wager,” quoth Sancho, “that before long there will not be a liquor-house, a tavern, an inn, or a butcher’s shop where they will not see painted the story of our deeds; but I would wish that some better painter’s hand painted them than he who has painted these.”

“Thou art right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “this artist is like Orbanaja, a painter there was in Ubeda, who, when they asked him what he was painting, answered, ‘whatever it might turn out’; and if by chance he painted a cock, he would write underneath, ‘This is a cock,’ lest they should think it was a she fox. Of this kind, Sancho, methinks must
be the painter or writer (for it is all one) who published the history of this new Don Quixote which has come out, who painted or wrote whatever it might turn out; he must have been like a poet who frequented the court in years gone by, called Mauleon, who was wont to answer offhand any question asked of him, and on their asking him what 'Deum de Deo' meant, answered, 'Let him give where he will give.' But leaving this aside, tell me, Sancho, if thou art disposed to give thyself another turn to-night, and whether thou wouldst have it under a roof or in the open air."

"Egad, sir," answered Sancho, "as to what I have a mind to give myself it may be given me in house or in field; yet for all that I should prefer it to be among trees, for methinks they keep me company and help me marvelously to bear my trouble."

"It must not be thus, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but that thou mayst recover thy strength we will reserve it for our village, where we shall arrive the day after to-morrow at the latest."

Sancho replied that it might be as his master pleased, but that for his part he wanted to finish that business out of hand in hot blood and while the mill was a-grind, for in delay there was oft wont to be danger, and with praying to God and plying the hammer, and better is one take than two I-will-give-thees, and a sparrow in the hand than a vulture on the wing.

"No more proverbs, Sancho, by the one God!" cried Don Quixote; "methinks thou art returning to 'as it was in the beginning': speak plainly, simply, and not confusedly, as oft-times I have told thee, and thou shalt see how one loaf becomes to thee as good as a hundred."

"I know not what bad luck it is of mine," rejoined Sancho, "for I cannot utter reason without a proverb nor a proverb which does not seem to me reason. But I will mend if I can."

And with this their discourse ended for that occasion.
CHAPTER LXXII

Of how Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their village

All that day Don Quixote and Sancho stayed in that village and inn waiting for the night, one to make an end of the job of his flagellation in the open fields and the other to see it accomplished, in which consisted the accomplishment of his desires. In the mean time there arrived at the inn a traveler an horseback with three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be their master: "Here, Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship can pass your siesta to-day, for the lodging seems clean and cool."

On hearing this Don Quixote said to Sancho: "Look, Sancho, when I was turning over the leaves of that book of the second part of my history, I chanced to come upon the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe."

"It may be so," answered Sancho; "let him dismount, and afterwards we will ask him about it."

The cavalier alighted, and the hostess gave him a room on the ground floor opposite to the apartment of Don Quixote, bedecked with some painted serges like those in Don Quixote's room. The newly arrived gentleman put on a summer undress, and coming out into the inn porch, which was spacious and cool, where Don Quixote was walking up and down, asked him: —

"Pray, gentle sir, which way is your worship traveling?"

Don Quixote responded: "To a village which is near here, of which I am a native. And whither, sir, is your worship bound?"

"I, sir," replied the gentleman, "am going to Granada, which is my country."

"And a good country," rejoined Don Quixote; "but of your courtesy tell me, sir, your name; methinks it concerns me to know it more than I can well tell you."

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“My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe,” answered the guest.

On which Don Quixote replied: “Then, without doubt, I believe you must be that Don Alvaro Tarfe who is in print in the second part of the history of Don Quixote of La Mancha, that was lately printed and given to the world by a modern author.”

“The same am I,” answered the cavalier; “and the said Don Quixote, the principal subject of that same history, was a very great friend of mine, and it was I who took him out of his country, or, at least, persuaded him to go to some jousts which were being held at Zaragoza, whither I was myself going; and verily and truly I did him many kindnesses; and saved him from having his shoulders slapped by the hangman for being overdaring.”

“And tell me, your worship, Don Alvaro, do I at all resemble that Don Quixote you speak of?”

“No, indeed,” answered the guest; “in no wise.”

“And that Don Quixote,” said our one, “did he have with him a squire named Sancho Panza?”

“Yes, he did,” answered Don Alvaro; “and, although he had the reputation of being a great wag, I never heard him say anything that had humor in it.”

“That I can well believe,” here Sancho broke in; “to utter good things is not for everybody, and that Sancho your worship speaks of, gentle sir, must be some very great knave, dullard, and thief together, for I am the real Sancho, who has more humors than are rained from the sky. Nay, let your worship make trial of me and walk behind me a year, and no more, and you shall see how they fall from me at every step, such and so many that often without my knowing what it is I say I make every one laugh who hears me. And the true Don Quixote of La Mancha, the famous, the valiant and wise, the enamored, the undoer of wrongs, the guardian of minors and orphans, the support of widows, the killer of damsels, — he who has the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso for his sole mistress, — is this gentleman here present, who is my master. Every other Don Quixote whatever, and every other Sancho Panza, is a mockery and a dream.”

“’Fore God, then, I believe so,” answered Don Alvaro; “you have uttered more good things, friend, in the few words
you have spoken than the other Sancho Panza in all that I ever heard him speak, which were many. He had more of the glutton in him than the good talker, and more of the fool than the wag; and I have no doubt that the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote the Good have had a mind to persecute me with Don Quixote the Bad. But I know not what to say, for I durst swear that I left him shut up in the Nuncio's House in Toledo for treatment, and now here starts another Don Quixote, though very different from mine."

"I," said Don Quixote, "know not whether I am good, but I can say that I am not the bad. For a proof of which I would have you know, dear Sir Don Alvaro Tarfe, that I have never been at Zaragoza in all the days of my life; the rather, it having been told me that the fantastical Don Quixote had betaken himself to the jousts in that city, I cared not to go there in order to proclaim in the face of the world his lie, and so I passed over openly to Barcelona, that repository of courtesy, asylum of strangers, hospital of the poor, native land of the valiant, avenger of the injured, grateful mart of sincere friendships—in site and in beauty unique. And though the events which happened to me therein were not of much pleasure but rather of much grief, I bore them without repining, through having seen it. In short, Sir Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the same of whom fame speaks, and not that miserable one who sought to usurp my name and to exalt himself with my ideas. I pray you, by your obligation as a gentleman, be so good as to make a declaration before the mayor of this town, that you never saw me in all the days of your life till now, and that I am not the Don Quixote written of in the Second Part, nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, is he whom your worship knew."

"I will do this with all my heart," answered Don Alvaro, "though it surprises me to see two Don Quixotes and two Sanchos at the same time as like in the names as different in their actions; and again I say and affirm that I have not seen that which I have seen, nor has there happened to me what has happened."

"Doubtless," said Sancho, "your worship must be enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and would to Heaven that your disenchantment lay in my giving myself
other three thousand and odd lashes as I am giving myself for her. I would give them without any interest."

"I understand not this about lashes," said Don Alvaro.

Sancho answered that it was a long story, but he would tell him if by chance they were going the same road.

The dinner-hour being now arrived, Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together. There happened to come into the inn the mayor of the village with a notary, before whom Don Quixote laid a petition showing that it concerned his right that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should declare before his worship that he knew not Don Quixote of La Mancha who was there present, and that he was not the one who was written about in a story entitled "Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha," composed by one Avellaneda, native of Tordesillas. In brief, the mayor despatched the matter judicially; the declaration was made with all the formal terms used in such cases, whereby Don Quixote and Sancho were very well pleased as though such declaration was of great importance to them, and as though their works and words did not plainly demonstrate the difference between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos. Many courtesies and offers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed such discernment as to undeceive Don Alvaro Tarfe of the error in which he had lain, which made him think that he must have been enchanted since his hand had touched two such opposite Don Quixotes. The evening having set in they departed from that village, and about half a league on their two roads diverged, the one which led to Don Quixote's village and the other which Don Alvaro had to take. In this small interval Don Quixote had told him of the misfortune of his defeat and of the enchantment and relief of Dulcinea, all of which set Don Alvaro wondering afresh. Embracing Don Quixote and Sancho he went on his way, leaving Don Quixote to his.

That night they passed among some trees, so as to give Sancho an opportunity to accomplish his penance, which he completed in the same manner as the night before, more at the expense of the bark of the beech-trees than of his back, of which he took so much care that the lashes would not have disturbed a fly, if there had been one there. The
befooled knight lost not a single stroke of the count, and found that, with those of the night before, they came up to three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun seemed to have made haste to rise early to see the sacrifice, and by its light they resumed their journey, talking among themselves of Don Alvaro's mistake and what a good thought it had been to take his declaration before the justice and so authentically. That day and that evening they traveled without anything happening to them worthy of being mentioned, except that at nightfall Sancho finished his task, and Don Quixote was pleased beyond measure, longing for the daylight to see whether he might encounter on the road his now disenchanted lady, Dulcinea. As he went along he met no woman to whom he did not go up to see if she were Dulcinea del Toboso, being firmly persuaded that Merlin's promises could not lie. With these fancies and longings they got to the top of a hill whence they descried their town, on seeing which Sancho went down upon his knees and cried: "Open thine eyes, O long-wished-for country! and look at thy son Sancho Panza returning,—if not very rich, very well flogged! Open thine arms and receive also thy son Don Quixote, who, if he was conquered by another's arms, comes conqueror of himself, which, according to what he has told me himself, is the greatest victory that can be desired! Money I bring; and if it was a good whipping they gave me, it's a fine mount I have!"

"Give up these fooleries," said Don Quixote, "and let us go with right foot foremost to enter our village, where we will give scope to our fancies and to the scheme of the life pastoral we have to adopt." With this they descended the hill, and went towards their town.
CHAPTER LXXIII

Of the omens with which Don Quixote met on his entering his village, with other incidents which embellish and accredit this great history

AT the entrance to the village, as Cid Hamet relates, Don Quixote saw two boys quarreling on the village thrasing-floor, and said one to the other:—

"Fret not thyself, Periquillo, for thou wilt not see it in all the days of thy life."

Don Quixote heard this and said to Sancho: "Dost thou not heed, friend, what that boy has said, 'thou shalt not see it in all the days of thy life?'"

"Well, and what then?" said Sancho; "what does it matter that the boy said so?"

"What?" rejoined Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that, applying that word to my desires, it would signify that I shall see Dulcinea no more?"

Sancho would have replied, when he was stopped by the sight of a hare which came flying over the country pursued by several greyhounds and huntsmen, and which in terror ran to shelter and hide herself under the feet of Dapple. Sancho took her up safe in his hands and presented her to Don Quixote, who was exclaiming: "'Malum signum, malum signum!' a hare flies; hounds pursue her; Dulcinea appears not!"

"Your worship is a strange one," said Sancho; "let us suppose that this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these hounds who chase her are the vagabond enchanter who have transformed her into a peasant wench. She flies; I catch her, and place her in your worship's power, who hold her in your arms and caress her. What bad token is this, or what ill omen can be taken here?"

The two boys who had been quarreling went up to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them why they had been
wrangling. And he was answered by him who had said, "thou shalt not see it again in all thy life," that he had snatched from the other boy a cage of crickets, which he did not intend to restore in all his life. Sancho took four quarter-reals from his pocket, and gave them to the boy for his cage, and placed it in Don Quixote's hands, saying:—

"Here, sir, are your omens broken up and come to nothing, which have no more to do with our affairs, as I imagine, though I am a fool, than with last year's clouds. And if I don't remember ill I have heard the priest of our place say, that it is not for Christians and sensible people to regard these childish things; aye, and even your worship has told me so in days gone by, giving me to know that they were fools, all those Christians who minded augurs. There is no need to make a fuss about this, but let us pass on and come into our town."

The huntsmen came up, and asked for their hare. Don Quixote gave her to them. They passed on, and at the entrance to the village they fell in with the priest and the bachelor Carrasco, in a little meadow, at their devotions. Now it should be known that Sancho Panza had cast over Dapple and the bundle of armor, by way of sumpter-cloth, the buckram robe painted with fiery flames with which they had clothed him at the duke's castle, the night that Altisidora was restored to herself. He had fitted the miter also upon its head, which was the strangest transformation and adornment that ass ever underwent in the world. The two were immediately recognized by the priest and the bachelor, who went up to them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted and embraced them closely; and the boys, who are lynxes whom nothing can escape, espying the miter on the ass, ran up to see it, calling out one to another:—

"Come on, lads, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass finer than Mingo, and Don Quixote's beast leaner to-day than ever!"

Thus, at length, surrounded by the boys and attended by the priest and the bachelor, they entered the town and went to Don Quixote's house, at the gate of which they found the housekeeper and the niece, whom already the news of his coming had reached. It had come also to Sancho's wife,
Theresa Panza, who, disheveled and half-naked, dragging her daughter Sanchica by the hand, ran to see her husband; and, seeing him not so well equipped as she thought a governor ought to be, said to him: "How come you thus, husband mine? Methinks you come on foot and foot-foundered, —more like some misgoverned than a governor."

"Peace, Theresa," answered Sancho; "there are often hooks where there are no flitches, and let us away to our house, where thou shalt hear wonders. I bring money, which is the main thing — got by my own industry and without wrong to anybody."

"Bring you money, my good husband," cried Theresa, "and let it be got here or there, for however you may have got it you will not have made a new fashion in the world."

Sanchica embraced her father, and asked him whether he brought her anything, for she was longing for him as for rain in May. She took hold of him on one side by the girdle and his wife on the other by the hand, the daughter leading Dapple, and they went away to their house, leaving Don Quixote in the care of his niece and his housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without waiting for time and season, that same moment took the bachelor and the priest apart, and in brief words told them of his defeat and the obligation which he lay under not to leave his village for a year, which he intended to observe to the letter, without infringing it in one atom, as became a knight errant bound by the strict rule and order of knight-errantry; and how he proposed to become a shepherd for that year, and to take his diversion in the solitude of the fields, where he would be able to give a loose rein to his amorous meditations, occupying himself in that pastoral and virtuous calling. And he besought them, if they had not much to do, and were not hindered by business more important, to agree to become his companions, and he would purchase sheep and stock sufficient to qualify them for shepherds; and he let them know that the principal part of the business was already done, for he had put names on them which would fit them exactly. The priest asked him to say what they were. Don Quixote answered that he was to call himself the shepherd Quixotiz, and the bachelor the shepherd Carrascon, the
priest the shepherd Curiambro, Sancho Panza the shepherd Panzino. They were all amazed to perceive Don Quixote's new craze; but in order not to have him again going away from the village on his chivalries, in the hope that he might be cured within that year, they fell in with his precious design and applauded his folly as though it were a wise idea, offering to become his companions in its exercise.

"More by token," said Samson Carrasco, "as all the world knows, I am a very celebrated poet, and at every turn I will compose verses pastoral or courtly, or such as may best answer our purpose, so that we may divert ourselves in those deserts where we have to wander; but what is most needful, gentlemen, is that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess whom he purposes to celebrate in his verses, and that we should leave no tree, how hard soever it be, on which her name is not inscribed and cut, as is the use and custom of love-stricken shepherds."

"That's to the point," said Don Quixote, "though for myself I am exempt from seeking the name of any imaginary shepherdess, since there is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, glory of these river shores, the ornament of these meads, the stay of beauty, the cream of the graces, and, in fine, the object on which all praise may settle, however hyperbolical it be."

"That is true," said the priest; "but, for us, we shall have to look out here for accommodating shepherdesses, whom, if they do not square with us, we may corner."

To which Samson Carrasco added: "And should they fail us we will give them names from those figured and printed, of whom the world is full; your Filidas, Amaryllises, Dianas, Fléridas, Galateas, and Belisardas, whom, seeing they are sold in the market-places, we can well buy and keep for our own. Should my lady — or my shepherdess I should rather say — by chance be called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda, and if Francisca, I will call her Francenia, and if Lucia, Lucinda; for it will all come to that. And Sancho Panza, if he is to enter our confraternity, will be able to celebrate his wife, Theresa Panza, under the name of Theresaina."

Don Quixote smiled at the application of the name, and the priest greatly extolled his chaste and honorable resolve,
offering anew to keep him company all the time he could spare from attending to his compulsory duties. With this they took leave of him, advising and pressing him to take care of his health by dieting himself on what was wholesome.

Now fate so willed it that the niece and housekeeper overheard the conversation of these three, and, as soon as the others were gone, they both went in with Don Quixote, and the niece said to him:—

“What is this, uncle? Now that we were thinking that you were come to bide at home and pass a quiet and decent life there, you want to entangle yourself in new labyrinths, turning yourself into ‘Gentle shepherd, thou who goest; gentle shepherd, thou who comest.’ In truth, then, the straw is too old to make pipes of.”

To which the housekeeper added: “And will your worship be able to stand, out in the fields, the hot afternoons of summer, the night dews of winter, and the howling of the wolves? No, for such is the employment and office of robust men, trained and reared for such work almost from their swaddling-clothes; nay, bad for bad, better is it to be knight errant than shepherd. Look ye, sir, take my advice, which is not given from a stomach full of bread and wine but fasting and on fifty years that I am of age,—stay at home, attend to your estate, confess frequently, be good to the poor; and upon my soul be it if ill befall you.”

“Peace, daughters,” Don Quixote answered; “I know well what I have to do: lead me to bed, for methinks I am not very well; and be assured that whether now I am knight errant or wandering shepherd I will never fail you at your need, as you shall find in the trial.”

And the good daughters, for such indeed they were, took him up to his bed, where they gave him to eat and comforted him as much as possible.
CHAPTER LXXIV

Of how Don Quixote fell sick, and of the will he made and of his death

As, however, things are not eternal, being ever on the decline from their beginnings till they reach their last end, especially the lives of men, and as Don Quixote had no privilege from Heaven to detain the course of his, so its end and finish arrived when he least thought of it; for whether it was of the melancholy which his being vanquished caused him, or by the disposition of Heaven which so ordained it, a fever seized him which kept him in bed six days, during which he was many times visited by the priest, the bachelor, and the barber, his friends,—his good squire Sancho Panza never leaving his bedside. They, believing that chagrin at being defeated and at not seeing his wish accomplished in the deliverance and disenchantment of Dulcinea brought him to that fate, endeavored to cheer him in every way possible, the bachelor telling him to be of good heart and arouse himself in order to begin his pastoral employment, for which he had already composed an eclogue which would put Sannazaro’s nose out of joint; and that he had already purchased with his own money a couple of farm dogs to guard the flock, one called Barcino and the other Butron, which a herdsman of Quintanar had sold him. But all this did not dispel Don Quixote's sadness. His friends called in a physician, who felt his pulse, and did not give much comfort, saying that in any case he should attend to the safety of his soul, for that of his body was in great danger. Don Quixote heard this with a tranquil mind, but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who began to weep piteously, as if he were already dead before them. The doctor’s opinion was that melancholy and disappointments were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote prayed them
to leave him alone, for he would sleep a little. They did so and he slept at a stretch, as the saying is, more than six hours, so that the housekeeper and niece thought he would pass away in his sleep. He awoke at the end of that time, and in a loud voice cried:

"Blessed be the Almighty God, who has vouchsafed to me so great a boon! Indeed, His mercies are without end, nor do the sins of men limit or hinder them!"

The niece was attentive to all her uncle's words, and they seemed to her to be more rational than such as he was wont to utter, at least in that illness; so she asked him:

"What is it, sir, that you say? Is there anything new? What mercies are these or what sins of men?"

"The mercies, niece," answered Don Quixote, "are those which God at this moment hath shown to me, to which my sins, as I have said, are no impediment. My judgment is now free and clear from the murky shadows of ignorance, which were laid upon me through my fanciful and continuous reading of the detestable books of chivalry. Now do I know their absurdities and their delusions, and I am grieved only that this discovery has come so late that it leaves me no time to make amends by reading other books, which might be a light to my soul. I feel myself, now, at the point of death: I would fain meet it in such a manner as to make it understood that my life has not been so bad as to leave me the character of a madman; for, granting that I have been one, I would not confirm this truth in my death. Call in to me, my dear, my good friends the priest, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will."

But from this trouble the niece was saved by the entrance of the three. Hardly had Don Quixote seen them when he exclaimed: "Give me joy, good sirs, in that I am not Don Quixote of La Mancha but Alonso Quixano, the same to whom for his deeds was given the name of the Good. Now am I an enemy of Amadis of Gaul and all the endless brood of his progeny! Now are odious to me all the profane stories of knight-errantry! Now do I know my folly and the peril in which the reading of them involved me! Now, by God's mercy, tutored by mine own experience, do I abhor them!"
When the three heard him say this they believed for certain that some new craze had possessed him. And Samson said to him:

“What, Sir Don Quixote! now that we have news that the lady Dulcinea is disenchanted, do you come out with that? And now that we are just on the point of being shepherds, to pass our lives singing like any princes, does your worship wish to turn hermit? No more of that, on your life; return to yourself, and leave off your idle tales.”

“Those which hitherto,” replied Don Quixote, “have been true ones to my damage—those my death, with the aid of Heaven, shall turn to my profit. I feel, sirs, that I am dying with all speed; lay aside your jesting, and bring me a confessor to confess me and a notary to make my will, for in such straits as this a man must not play with his soul; and so I pray you, while the priest is confessing me, send for the notary.”

They looked at one another, wondering at Don Quixote’s words, and though in doubt they were inclined to believe him. And one of the signs by which they conjectured he was dying was his having changed so easily from mad to sane, for to the words already uttered he added many others, so well spoken, so Christian-like, and so connected, that they came to be wholly resolved of their doubts and to believe that he was sound of mind. The priest made all the people leave the room, and stayed with him alone and confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary, and in a little while returned with him, and with Sancho Panza; while Sancho (who had learnt by the bachelor’s news in what state his master was), finding the housekeeper and the niece crying, commenced to blubber and to shed tears. The confession being ended, the priest came out, saying: “Truly he is dying, and truly is he sane, Alonso Quixano the Good. We had better go in that he may make his will.”

This news gave a terrible shock to the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza, his good squire, so that it caused the tears to burst out afresh, and a thousand groans from their bosoms; for, in truth, as has been sometime said, that whether he was plain Alonso Quixano the Good, or whether he was Don Quixote of La Mancha, he
was ever of an amiable disposition and pleasant behavior, and therefore was well beloved, not only by those of his household but of all as many as knew him. The notary entered with the rest, and after having written the preamble to the will, and Don Quixote had disposed of his soul with all those Christian circumstances which are requisite, coming to the bequests he said:—

"Item, it is my will that of certain moneys which Sancho Panza, whom in my madness I made my squire, retains, that because there have been between him and me certain accounts, receipts, and disbursements, I wish that he be not charged with them, nor that any reckoning be asked from him, but that, if there should be any surplus after he has paid himself what I owe him, the residue should be his, which will be very little, and may it do him much good. And if I, being mad, was a party to giving him the governorship of the isle, now, being sane, I would give him that of a kingdom, were I able, for the simplicity of his nature and the fidelity of his behavior deserve it."

And, turning to Sancho, he said to him: "Pardon me, friend, that I have given thee occasion to appear mad like myself, making thee fall into the error into which I fell, that there were and are knights errant in the world."

"Alack!" responded Sancho, weeping, "don't you die, your worship, dear master, but take my advice and live many years, for the maddest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die, without more ado, without anybody killing him, nor other hands to finish him off than those of melancholy. Look you, do not be lazy but get out of that bed, and we will go into the country, dressed like shepherds, as we have arranged. Mayhap behind some hedge we shall find the lady Doña Dulcinea disenchanted, and as fine as may be seen. If so be that you are dying of fretting at being conquered, put the fault on me, and say they overthrew you because I girthed Rozinante badly; more by token, as your worship must have seen in your books of chivalries, that it was a common thing for some knights to overthrow others, and he who is conquered to-day may be conqueror to-morrow."

"It is so," said Samson, "and honest Sancho is very true about these matters."
"Gently, sirs," said Don Quixote, "for in last year's nests you look not for birds of this year. I was mad, and now am sane. I was Don Quixote of La Mancha, and to-day I am, as I have said, Alonso Quixano the Good. May my repentance and my sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me, and so let Master Notary go on.

"Item, I bequeath all my estate, without reserve, to Antonia Quixana, my niece, who is present, there being first deducted from it, as may be most convenient, what is needed for the satisfaction of the bequests which I have made; and the first payment to be made I desire to be of the salary due to my housekeeper from the time she has been in my service, with twenty ducats more for a gown. I leave as my executors Master Priest and Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, who are present. Item, it is my wish that if Antonia Quixana, my niece, is inclined to marry, she should wed a man of whom she shall first have evidence that he knows not what books of chivalries are; and in case it shall be discovered that he does know, and yet my niece wishes to marry with him and does so marry, that she shall forfeit all that I have bequeathed her, which my executors are empowered to distribute in pious works at their pleasure. Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that if good fortune should bring them to know the author who, they say, wrote a history which is current hereabout under the title of 'Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote of La Mancha,' that they will on my behalf beg him, as earnestly as they can, to pardon the occasion which I unwittingly gave him for writing so many and such enormous follies as therein be written, for I quit this life with some tenderness of conscience for having given him a motive for writing them."

With this he concluded his testament, and being taken with a fainting-fit he lay extended at full length upon the bed. They were all alarmed and ran to his assistance, and during the three days that he lived after the day on which he made his will he fainted very frequently. The house was all in confusion; however, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza was cheerful; for this inheriting of something dulls or tempers in the inheritor the memory of the pain which the dead man naturally leaves behind.
At last came Don Quixote's end, after he had received all the sacraments, and after he had expressed, with many and moving terms, his horror at the books of chivalries. The notary was present, and said that never had he read in any book of chivalries that any knight errant had died in his bed so tranquilly and so Christian-like as Don Quixote, who, amidst the tears and lamentations of all who stood by, gave up his spirit,—that is to say, died.

On seeing this the priest asked the notary to give him a certificate that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote of La Mancha, had passed out of this present life and had died a natural death; declaring that he sought such certificate in order to take away from any other author than Cid Hamet Benengeli the excuse falsely to resuscitate him and write interminable histories of his deeds.

This was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, whose village Cid Hamet desired not to indicate precisely, in order to let all the cities and towns of La Mancha contend among themselves for the honor of giving him birth and adopting him for their own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. The lamentations of Sancho, of the niece, and the housekeeper of Don Quixote are here omitted, as well as the new epitaphs upon his tomb; but this was what Samson Carrasco put there:

"A valiant gentleman here lies,
Whose courage reached to such a height,
Of death itself he made a prize,
When 'gainst death he lost the fight.

"He recked not of the world a jot,—
The world's great bugbear and the dread;
Strong was his arm, and strange his lot;
Stark mad in life,—when sober, dead."

And said the most sagacious Cid Hamet to his pen:—
"Here shalt thou rest suspended from this rack and by this copper wire, goose-quill of mine!—whether well cut or badly nibbed I know not,—where thou shalt live long ages, if presumptuous and felonious historians do not take thee down to profane thee. But before they touch thee, mayst thou warn them and say to them as best thou canst:—}
"Take care, take care, ye scoundrels base!
I must be touched of none:
For this emprise, my worthy king,
Is kept for me alone.

"For me alone Don Quixote was born, and I for him. It was he could act, and I could write. We two alone are in one maugre and in spite of the fictitious and Tordesillescan scribe, who has dared, or shall dare, to write with coarse and ill-trimmed ostrich quill of the deeds of my valorous knight, for it is no burden for his shoulders nor subject for his frost-bound genius. Him, if perchance thou gettest to know him, thou shalt warn that he must suffer the weary and now moldering bones of Don Quixote to repose in the grave, nor seek, against all the canons of death, to carry him off to Old Castile, making him come out of the vault where he really and truly lies stretched at full length, powerless to make a third expedition and new sally; for sufficient to cast ridicule upon the many which the many knights errant have made are the two which he made, so much to the delight and entertainment of the people to whose knowledge they have come, as well in these as in foreign kingdoms. Thus shalt thou comply with thy Christian profession, giving good counsel to him who wishes thee evil; and I shall remain content and proud to be the first who ever enjoyed the fruit of his writings in their entirety as I desired, seeing that my desire has been no other than to inspire mankind with an abhorrence of the false and absurd stories of the books of chivalries, which by means of those of my true Don Quixote are already tottering, and have, without any doubt, to fall wholly and forever. Farewell!"